

**EXPLOSIVE: JIMMY SWAGGART'S OTHER WOMAN**

# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



MARCH 1989

**U.S. EDITION**

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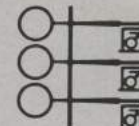
# PENTHOUSE®

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Our cover features Pet of the Month Sunny Woods, who was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Her pictorial begins on page 71. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 154.

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# HOUSECALL



## JIMMY SWAGGART'S OTHER WOMAN

**Catherine Mary Kampen** had just turned 37. Her cat had just died. Her marriage was not great. And gas was gushing all over her at a New Orleans self-service pump. It was just the moment for a Prince Charming to materialize—and sure enough, she says, he did. Arriving in a luxury Lincoln sedan, promising her “help with anything,” America’s most powerful televangelist took her phone number and assured her that “Jesus loves you.” Thus began a six-month emotional roller-coaster ride, reports **Art Harris**, in which the Louisiana housewife says she found herself an accessory in **Jimmy Swaggart’s** sexual con game. “My husband always warned me I’d get in trouble one day for picking up stray animals and stray people,” she told Harris. But the housewife couldn’t save the preacher, and Swaggart, she says, wound up dragging her down into the depths of his own darkly sexual obsessions. Spelling out the lesson that too many Americans have learned to their bitter regret about too many self-appointed moral watchdogs,



Cathy’s husband told Harris that he backs his wife going public with her relationship with Swaggart, despite the personal pain. “Someone has to show just what a hypocrite he is. . . . He needs to be taught a lesson.”

## SCOOPS

As any *Penthouse* reader knows, we pride ourselves on our investigative reporting, those stories that require the extra edge in commitment and tenacity that can make a difference between an article that provides a good read and one that actually changes things. **Larry Schultz** and **David Weller**, who wrote this month’s “Advise & Dissent”—“Satscam: Beating the College Boards”—are probably our youngest investigative reporters ever. They were seniors at New York’s prestigious Stuyvesant High School when they exposed the ease with



which the vital Scholastic Aptitude Tests can be infiltrated by paid impersonators. They’re now freshmen in college, and we have no doubt that we will be hearing much more from them in the future. . . . **Gary Null’s** byline, on the other hand, is a familiar hallmark of quality to our national audience, thanks to his ground-breaking investigations into medical politics and malfeasance that have appeared in *Penthouse* and numerous books during the past decade. This month, in response to reader requests, he debuts a new column on health and “wellness” in addition to filing a major report on “New AIDS Advances”—breakthroughs that the medical establishment has typically ignored in its nonstop race for fame, money, and power.

## ODDBALLS

Quick! What do **Jesse “the Body” Ventura** and **Gilbert Gottfried** have in common? Answer: America is probably the only country in the world in which two such weirdos could thrive—and more to the point, they’re both profiled in this issue of *Penthouse*. In

“Sporting Life” and “Stand-Up Guys,” longtime contributor **Larry Linderman** and longtime Art Director **Richie Bleiweiss** take on, respectively, these two very different postmodern eccentrics and show how the possession of a garish appreciation of the absurd can pave the road to show-biz heaven. . . . And Games Editor **Gerard Van der Leun** introduces us to the demented and delicious world of “zines,” underground publications with titles like *Bad Attitude*, *The Upright Ostrich*, *Big Dick Comics*, and *I Came to You Hot and Horny!* (for real!)—created for passion, not profit, and yours sometimes for just the price of a stamp.

## ELEMENTS OF STYLE

Clothes no longer “make the man,” as the old cliché would have it. But there’s no doubt that these days a finely tuned sense of style helps ensure the inevitability of a man’s accomplishments. Fast-track fashion—be it the most luxurious of cashmere coats or the most practical in hard-knocks athletic gear—has become a vital ingredient of a man’s self-assuredness and success. **Pieter O’Brien**, who creates the images that have achieved marketing triumphs for some of the world’s top designers, tells Fashion Editor **Lynn Kearcher** how he got to the pinnacle of a business whose visions of leisurely elegance often cover up a cutthroat reality. . . . Our *Penthouse Pets*, by contrast, are themselves the embodiment of a much more elemental elegance and style. These beauties require no image makers to assure their triumphs . . . as your eyes will tell you, their sensuous reality demands no cover-up whatsoever. 

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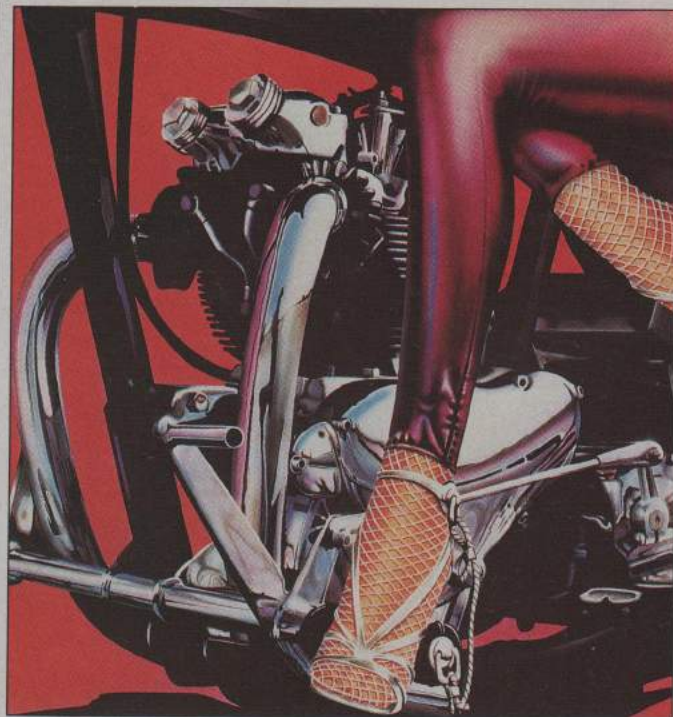
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She gripped the handlebars as they sped through the ecstasy of the night and exploded into undulating, passionate bursts of power and energy.

## PENTHOUSE FORUM



### MOTORCYCLE MAMA

The best one-night stand is the one that both participants accept, the one that is a brief respite from our lives—no promises, no commitments. It is what happens one night and one night only. Isn't it?

He saw her across the library. And she saw him. They played games with their eyes, each trying to get a glimpse of the other without being seen. He finally approached her to break the heavy, mysterious silence between them and sat across from her. Wavy brown hair was pulled back from her sun-bronzed face, which accentuated her bright green eyes and lush black lashes. Under her simple sundress he saw the outline of her large round breasts, taunting him with a touch of cleavage.

In turn, she noticed his straight black hair that hung to just above his shoulders, along with his well-built torso. She imagined the strength of an embrace within his arms and against his chest. She blushed.

"Hi."

"Hi."

They stared at each other, discerning a yearning and a slight apprehension in each other's eyes.

"I was just getting ready to leave and wanted to know if you'd like to take a walk outside?" he said in a deep voice that exuded self-confidence. Not a trace of uncertainty, she thought.

"I'd like that," she answered, gathering her books and following him out the door into the cool summer air. They began to walk and they felt their hands join together. Just

then a motorcycle rushed past them on the street.

"Have you ever ridden on a motorcycle?"

"Yes, once before," she said.

"When two ride on a motorcycle, you feel as one."

She recalled the feeling and asked, "Do you have a bike?"

"Yeah, but I don't have a license for it yet."

They continued to walk away from the busy streets and into darker passages. They crossed several streets, and although she did not know exactly where they were headed, she knew it was her destiny. He stopped her, taking her face in his hands. Her lips were red and full and seemed to beg for a kiss. She looked into his eyes and felt his lips press against hers in a brief moment of ecstasy. And then they began to walk again.

They arrived at his house, an old white two-story with dark-brown borders. He asked her in, stopping at the door. He felt the urge to kiss her again, and this time his hands fell on her shoulders as she pulled his head closer to her. She could feel a large hard lump against her lower waist, and her head fell back as he kissed her neck.

They walked up the stairs that appeared after they entered the front door and went into his room.

"It's so quiet," she whispered in a sultry voice.

"My roommates are gone for the week," he said as they walked closer to his bed that lay beneath a window. Moonlight seemed to give their skin an iridescent glow. He stood behind her and

unbuttoned her dress, letting it drop to the ground. Then he unsnapped her bra so that she stood in just a pair of pink lacy underpants. Her breasts were round and voluptuous, not drooping but sitting on her chest like two fresh blooms. His fingers traced her nipples and his hands touched every last patch of bare skin.

Meanwhile her hands had fallen to his waist and he suffered her agonizing teasing as she slowly unbuttoned his shorts. She then pulled his boxers down his legs as she dropped to her knees, kissing his belly and finally getting to where he had patiently waited for her mouth. He gasped as her lips slowly climbed up his long penis, and she pulled back and forth with an easy steady motion, deep-throating him as easily as if she were breathing. Her increasing movements created an unbelievable rising of energy that he finally released to her careful swallows.

"You taste so good I want to eat you," she said, leaving him moaning on the bed. As she left the room, he wondered if this was really happening and if she'd return. He heard the faucet run briefly, and then she split the darkness with her curves of flesh. She smiled.

"I want to show you something," he said with a mischievousness in his eyes as he walked to the door. She bent down for his shirt.

"Leave it," he commanded.

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(U.S. edition)

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MARCH

"Remember, my roommates aren't home." She followed him down the stairs, uncertain of what was to come next. They walked into an extra, uninhabited bedroom on the first floor, and there in the darkness gleamed a mass of leather and chrome.

He sat on the bike and invited her on as well. She straddled him as he began to drag his penis up and down the length of her clitoris. She shivered in the heat of the room and groaned softly and slowly.

"Turn around," he said. She carefully got off the bike and repositioned herself, putting her feet on the pedals and her hands on the handlebars. He began to tease her again, and when she couldn't stand it anymore, he entered her with tormenting ease. Suddenly they became one and began to move in synchronicity. As they increased speed, they traveled to heights of orgasm they had never quite experienced before. She gripped the handlebars as they sped through the ecstasy of the night and exploded into undulating, passionate bursts of power and energy.

After what seemed an endless ride down the steepest hill, they slowly subsided into a peaceful grasp of each other, his arms around her waist, her arms along his legs. They rested. A slight breeze from the window blew against their faces to cool the heat of the night. Again they followed the steps to his bed and slept.

She awoke from a deep but brief sleep. There beside her lay a smiling man peacefully dreaming of good things. She would not disturb his sleep and ever so quietly dressed herself. She walked over to his desk and learned for the first time that his name was Michael. How unimportant it seemed, but she was glad to know. She picked up a pen and wrote, "My name's Dori," then walked down the stairs one last time, mysteriously satisfied.—Name and address withheld

## HORNY HONEY

I am a 32-year-old happily married woman, but I have animal instincts just like anyone else. I teach at the local high school, so I have summers off. For the past two months I have watched as tan young men put their broad-shouldered bodies to work at the construction site next door. Usually I'd watch them through the sliding-glass door while eating lunch or reading a book. I'd get really horny thinking about what they'd do to me. Most of the time I'd end up running my hands down my slender body, along my thighs, then up to the edge of my short denim skirt, stopping at my drenched panties. But today I was too horny to be satisfied just by watching.

At two o'clock, when the sun was hottest, I opened the back door to get the attention of an innocent yet well-built young man. I was wearing my short shorts, and though my breasts have always been big, I tucked in my tight white T-shirt to make them look even more vo-

luptuous. He was wearing blue jeans.

I told him that a glass of water would be his reward for helping me move some furniture up to the second story. He glanced around, then nodded his head and hesitantly followed the stepping-stones to my back door. He came inside as I closed the shades and locked the door behind him. Having him in the house made my pulse race. I was hot and thirsty, so I asked him if he'd like that cold drink now. He looked up and said, "Sure, but I haven't done anything yet." I smiled and sat him down on the couch while I went to the freezer to get some vodka. I filled two glasses and brought them into the living room. Thinking it was water, he raised it to his lips, then stopped when the alcohol touched his tongue. He looked at me, and all I could think to say was, "Race ya!"

We slammed our empty glasses onto the coffee table in unison. I was warm all over and let my hands roam over his body. His hands ran up my thighs to where my crotch was hot and wet. His dick bulged and pressed against his jeans. I kissed down his chest, undid his pants, and licked his dick to attention. He was getting the feel for it now, and quickly removed my clothes.

I was so horny, all I wanted was his huge dick deep inside me, but he kept sucking on my tits until I thought I would go crazy. I could stand it no more. I grabbed his dick and put it in a more useful position. He got the idea and didn't hesitate to stick it in deep and hard. He began to pump, long and furiously. And he kept going till I thought I would die.

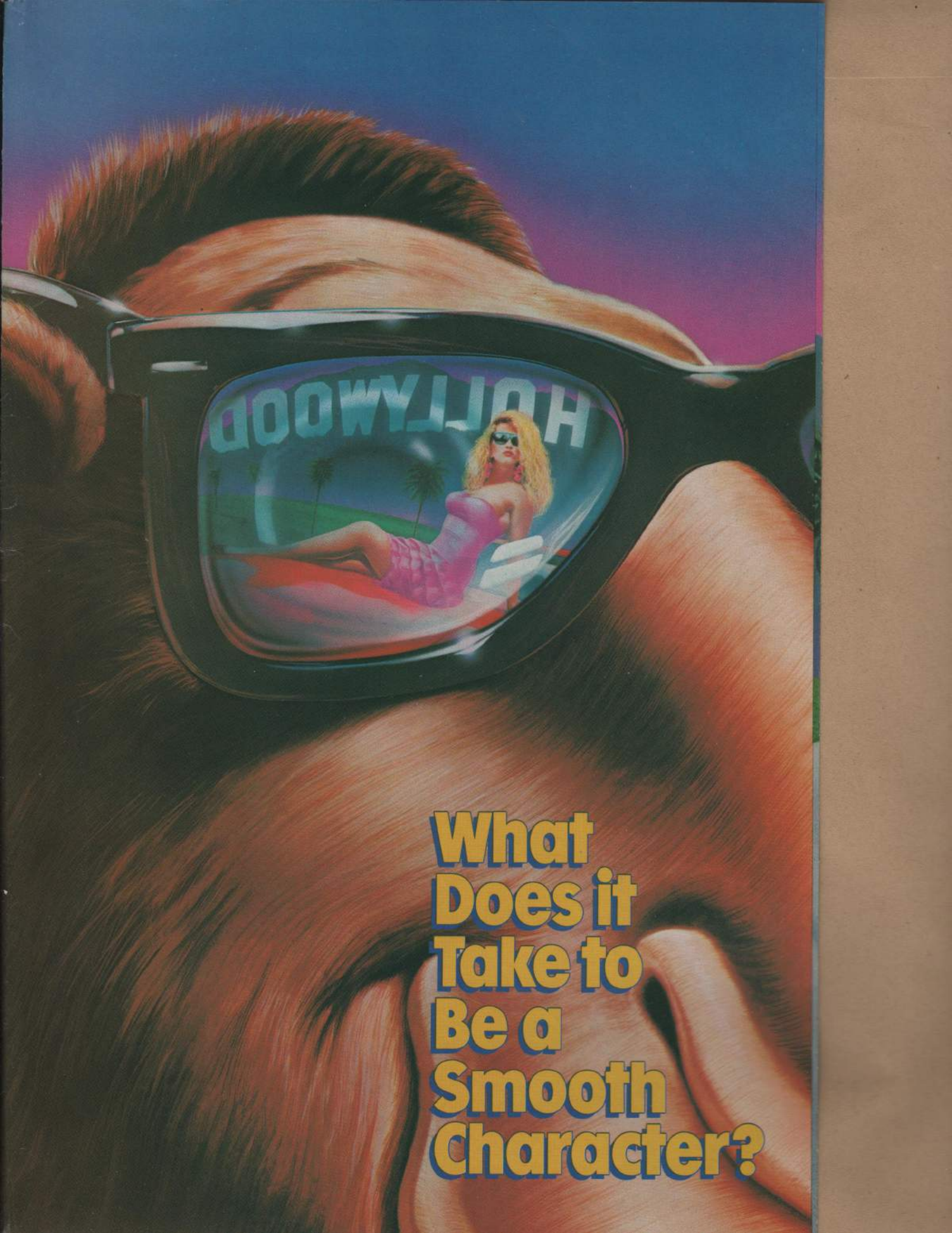
When I finally came, my legs wrapped around him, I was making so much noise I thought they might hear me outside, but he just kept going. It seemed that I couldn't get enough until sweat covered our bodies and I came again. My body shook and my back arched. My hands broke free and clenched his back. Just when I thought it would never end, he came in deep, undulating thrusts. His trembling body collapsed. When he recovered, he lifted his head and said, "I'd better go now."

He put on his pants and walked out into the hot sun. I was still shaking as I thought to myself, *If I had known it was going to be that easy, I wouldn't have waited so long.*—Name and address withheld

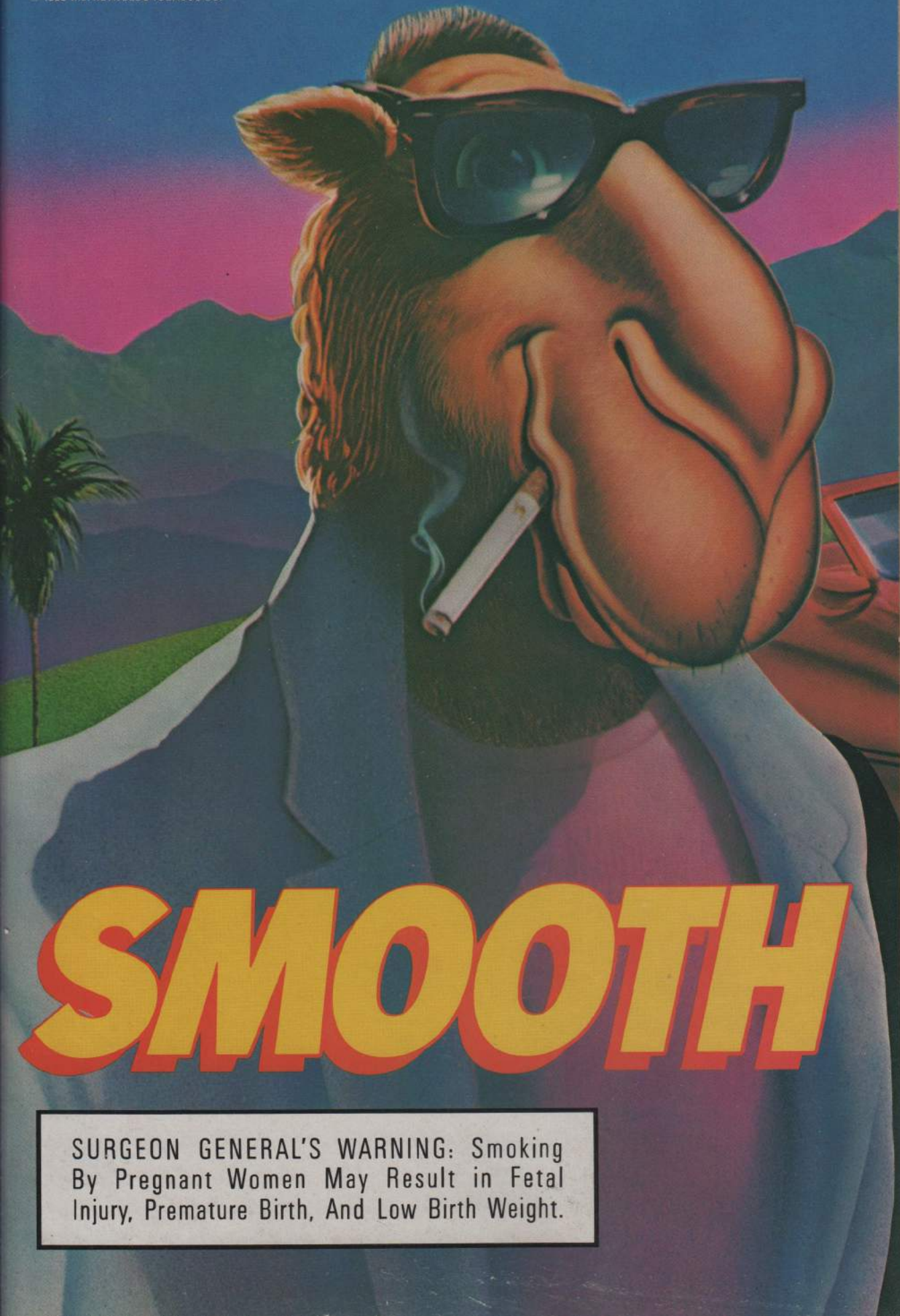
## MOVERS AND SHAKERS

We are office-furniture movers for a major company and avid readers of *Penthouse*. Many times we have read the "Forum" section during our lunch hour. The four of us always dreamed of having an encounter so that we could write in. Most of the time we work in pairs—Kevin and Brad, Julius and myself. Each of us is approximately six feet tall and well proportioned in all areas.

We work the eight-to-five shift, but sometimes there are major office moves



**What  
Does it  
Take to  
Be a  
Smooth  
Character?**



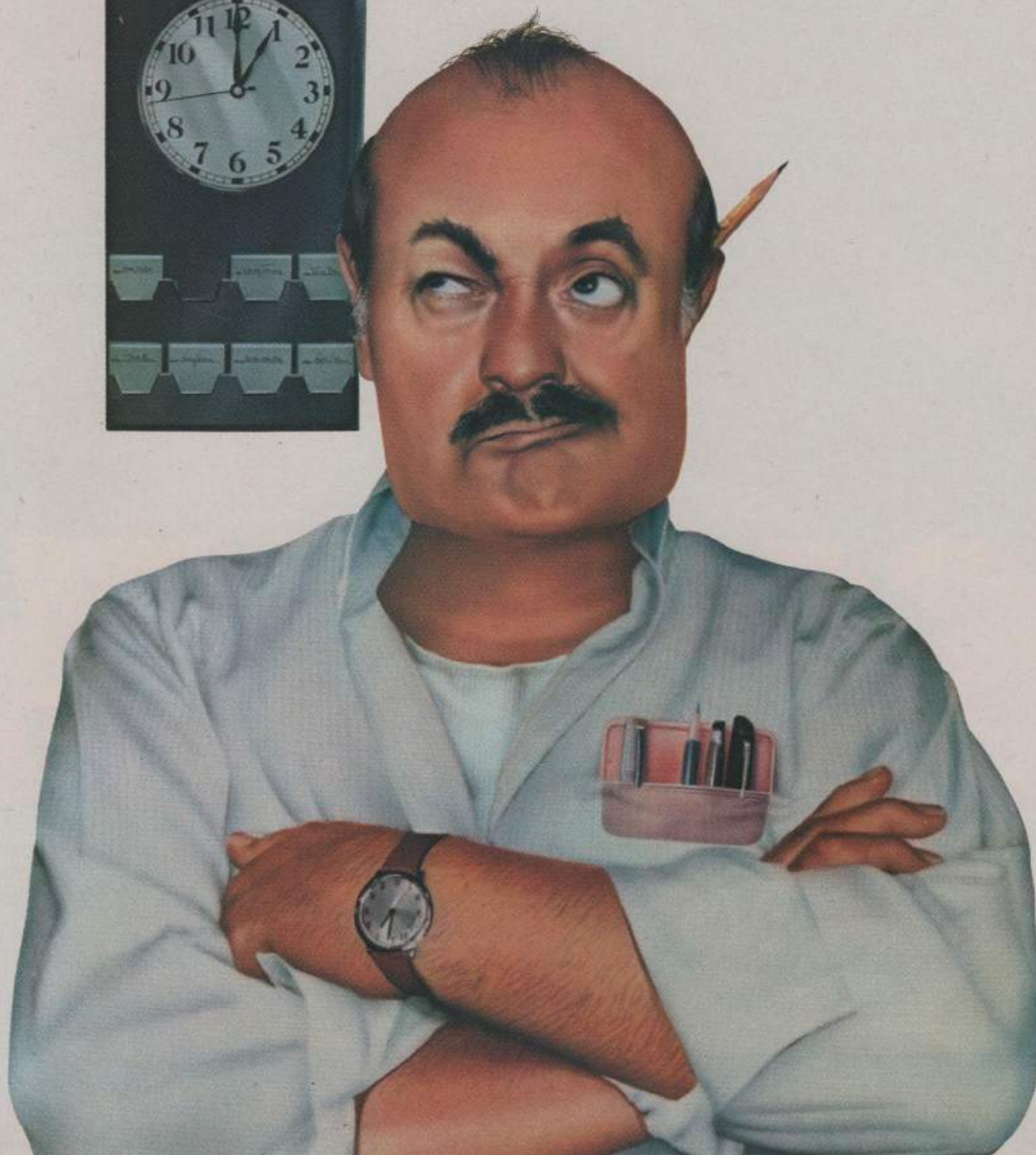
# SMOOTH

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

# What to tell your boss when you're late for work.

## SMOOTH MOVE #313

1. "I was kidnapped by aliens who took me into their space pod for twelve years, but when they returned me to earth it was only an hour later."
2. "My house blew up. But I'm ok."
3. "As long as you're already angry, can I leave an hour early too?"
4. "Before I start, can I get you some Camels?"



# How

## SMOOTH

1. Drive  
motor  
living
2. Tell  
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3. Ask  
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4. Tell  
and c



# How to make a good impression on your future in-laws.

## SMOOTH MOVE #237

1. Drive into the house on your motorcycle and park it in the living room.
2. Tell her mom that her food is much better than the slop you had to eat when you were in the slammer.
3. Ask them where the bathroom is, but don't go. It'll keep them thinking.
4. Tell them that you're really a swell guy and offer them a Camel.



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# How to explain why your apartment has no furniture.

## SMOOTH MOVE #81

1. "!!!!!! I've been ripped off!"
2. "It needs a woman's touch. And I think you are that woman."
3. "I used to have furniture, but it was too much trouble moving it around every time I wanted to play hockey."
4. "Anyway, relax, pull up a couple of cinder blocks and have a Camel."



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LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar",  
12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, FILTER

# SMOOTH MOVE #79

If you missed the offer  
on the inside,  
here's how to order your  
**FREE CAMEL T-SHIRT**

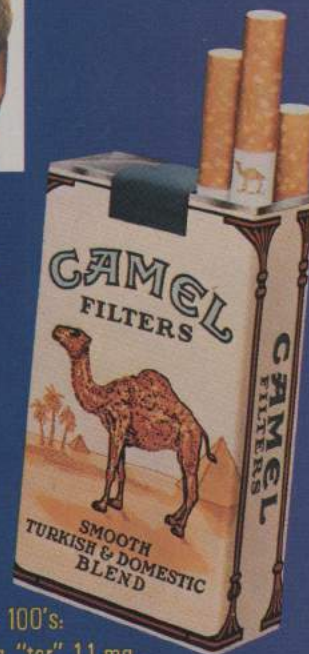
1. Call 1-800-4-CAMEL-T\*  
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2. Order the free T-shirt.  
(L or XL)
3. Turn back to the inside.
4. Light up a Camel, and enjoy  
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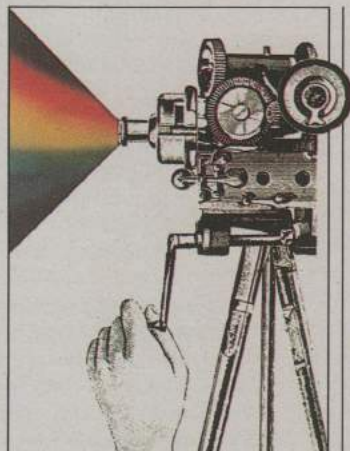


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Dustin Hoffman outdoes himself in *Rain Man*, *The Accidental Tourist* hovers, and *Beaches* begins as *Rich and Famous* and ends as *Terms of Endearment*.

# FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



• The idea behind director Lawrence Kasdan's *The Accidental Tourist* (\*\*½)—and the Anne Tyler novel on which it's based—is that men, who generally prefer to be coddled exactly as they are, need to learn when to get out of their groove. William Hurt plays a guy who hopes never to be nudged off his path in life and who, with intentional parallelism, writes the travel guides of the title that tell you how to go abroad without ever feeling that you've left home. His ex-wife (Kathleen Turner), his oddball girlfriend (Geena Davis), and even his timid sister (Amy Wright) make all the moves. *The Accidental Tourist* has the expectant, hovering feel that comes from so much time spent on a character who quietly wants to remain as he is; yet at the same time Kasdan is almost over-obvious in describing inertia and announcing the film's lessons about the importance of change. In short, the tone of *The Accidental Tourist* is its most problematic and intriguing subject, outstripping the actors' adept perfor-

mances. At once hesitant and emphatic, it lingers, withholds, and then plunges—like a certain style of seduction that some find teasing and others, unformed.

• Gary Marshall's *Beaches* (\*\*) begins like a remake of *Rich and Famous*, which was a remake of *Old Acquaintance*, that bitchy buddy movie with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. Bette Midler plays a brash New York Jew and Barbara Hershey, a refined California WASP (casting is not one of this film's mysteries) who met as children decades ago and who've loved and lost and fought and kissed and made up over the years. Add to this a few reels from *Terms of Endearment*, where a fatal illness appears in the last act, and the formula is complete. Hershey is as ingenuous and restrained here as she was determined in *A World Apart*. Midler—though at times too much a caricature of a Broadway ball-buster—sings with her wonderful gutsiness, and Mayim Bialik, who plays Midler as a child, is the best 11-year-old brassy Bronx hooper since Ethel Merman was in knickers.

• In 1932 Ernst Lubitsch made *Trouble in Paradise*, an affectionate poke of a film about two adorable swindlers, a guy and a gal, who hood-wink dough and diamonds off unsuspecting millionaires—and I'll be damned if *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* (\*\*½) isn't a go at the same story. Directed by Frank Oz, this update has lost the delicious silliness of studio-era movies, but Michael Caine, who's making the word *dapper* into a career, is perfect in the

role of a professional seducer. Steve Martin, as the arriviste crook who plays Eliza Doolittle to Caine's Professor Higgins, is bested only by his dazzling dueling scene in *Roxanne*. One wishes Oz had dared to be more outlandish and much more cutting, a deficiency only partially remedied by the surprise ending engineered by Glenn Headly, whose performance is perhaps the only thing in the film that has enough of both sass and intelligence.

• Dustin Hoffman, favored child of tormented roles, outdoes himself in *Rain Man* (\*\*\*). Directed by Barry Levinson (*Diner*, *Tin Men*, *Good Morning, Vietnam*), Hoffman plays an autistic man with a fantastic agility with numbers—what we used to call an idiot savant and what we now can call the graduate of *The Graduate*. With a cockeyed stance, impenetrable stare, and layers of ritualized, repetitive monologues, he connects to the rest of the cast only according to some internal logic impossible to predict or rely on. The pieces of this performance are a technical tour de force; put together, they're lip-biting stuff. Levinson's collaboration with cinematographer John Seale is fit to match—imagine miles of aluminum windmills whirling. Rarely has a road movie been shot with such poignant elegance—and this is just what *Rain Man* is, a variation of the buddy-road film, where one brother, Tom Cruise, is an enterprising foreign-car dealer and the other is off inside his simple head. The Cain-and-Abel reunion may be trite, but with a

performance and footage like this, one forgives other sins.

• I don't care what faults *See You in the Morning* (\*\*½) has, it's an excuse to see Alice Krige—and, like Greta Scacchi in *White Mischief*, that's sufficient. One of England's great beauties, Krige plays a woman on her second marriage in an uneven screenplay written and directed by Alan J. Pakula. The story is good on the tense dependence between men and women, but it's self-consciously advisory about children and perfectly drippy about men and women and children together. I'd like a nickel for every time someone announced that "we are a family." The script certainly isn't up to *The Sterile Cuckoo*, *Klute*, *All the President's Men*, or *Sophie's Choice*, to pick a few from Pakula's work, in spite of finely tuned performances by Krige, Jeff Bridges, Frances Sternhagen, and Farrah Fawcett.

• Of all the films that try to illuminate female adolescence, Catherine Breillat's *36 Fillette* (\*\*) is among the most probing and honest. In a strikingly persuasive performance, Delphine Zentout plays a 14-year-old girl trying to figure out how far she should go with which guy—and most women will remember, with smiles and wincing, when they were guilty of her back-and-forthing, teasing she can't follow through on, and pouty frustration while desperately trying to make men and boys like her. One of the best portraits of girlhood sexuality in a provocative, frank film. **O+**

Crippled by polio at the age of six months, actress Christopher Templeton struggles to overcome another kind of handicap—Hollywood's typecasting disease.

# Women

BY ANDREA DARVI PLATE



Whether it's Elizabeth Taylor (the AIDS fight) or Paul Newman (nuclear disarmament), celebrities are often motivated to promote charities on the basis of ego gratification and public image as much as unadulterated altruism. But one striking blue-eyed blond celebrity who is becoming a well-known charity activist did not pick her cause. Rather, it picked *her*—when she was crippled by polio at the age of six months.

Christopher Templeton is perhaps best known for her role as Carol Robbins on the CBS-TV daytime soap "The Young and the Restless." In Hollywood circles she is thought of as one actress who is making it entirely on talent—which she has in abundance.

By racking up prominent guest appearances on a number of highly rated shows past and present—"Hill Street Blues," "Dallas," "Simon and Simon"—she has managed to make it even in the land of the body beautiful. Steely determination has triumphed over a cruel childhood handicap. Now Christo-

pher (her parents named her after the famous children's-book character Christopher Robin) has established herself as an eloquent disability activist in the entertainment world.

Her main struggle today is to overcome another kind of handicap: Hollywood's typecasting disease. Says Christopher, "Thirty-six million Americans are disabled. In reality these people have all kinds of jobs. But in Hollywood there is still the prejudice that viewers' eyes will be drawn [only] to the disability." Adds this 35-year-old looker, who wears a leg brace and walks with a light but distinct limp, "We need a star who's a gimp, and I'm willing to be the one. But I'm certainly not glad I got polio!"

Although she has on rare occasions landed parts for the nondisabled—when her walk and brace could go unseen—Christopher is seen by industry insiders as primarily a specialist in playing characters with disabilities. But unlike many Hollywood actresses who have found their niche, Christopher can't quite accept the show-biz system. Instead, she has become a forceful advocate of the idea that while Hollywood should hire the handicapped, they should not be typecast.

She has played a very active role in and is now a vice president of the California-based Media Access Office—a casting clearinghouse that promotes disabled actors for TV, movies, commercials, and print ads, and that encourages script consultations with entertainment executives "aimed

at achieving more positive portrayals of the disabled."

Her occasional impatience and militancy may annoy television executives, but Christopher says she is simply making up for lost time. "I was 28 years old before I realized that I could turn my life around." Weighing in at 150 pounds—"I was a fat, unhappy kid"—she sulked through high school and, despite a long-standing interest in acting, felt discouraged from pursuing that dream until friends encouraged her to shape up, lose weight, and head out to Hollywood.


There she found that one of the most serious handicaps facing actors is an unemployment rate of 85 percent. Ironically, it was Christopher's disability that made her stand out in the crowd. A CBS V.P. saw the fledgling actress in a showcase put on by Media Access, then recommended her to Bill Bell, writer, creator, and executive producer of "The Young and the Restless." Says Bell, who instantly cast her in a recurring role, "Chris is opening doors for thousands of disabled actors who are not getting work. She is a fine actress with enough talent to make it otherwise."

"They didn't know what to do with me," the actress says of her early days on the series. "I was frustrated." So she set out to write herself a better part on another show. Managing to interest the enlightened producer of "Simon and Simon," she then co-wrote a script with a friend that became a season-ender. Says a proud Christopher, "That part was an

incredible breakthrough for disabled actors. When I first started in this business, the tone [of scripts] was always inspirational gimpism—a poor, disheartened cripple would be encouraged by some able-bodied person who happened to come along. It was disgusting." By contrast, the "Simon" script cast her as a disability-rights-activist lawyer who not only scores a legal victory, but also scores with the series' star, Jameson Parker. On a roll, she then went back to "The Young and the Restless" and conspired to mate Carol Robbins with an able-bodied man.

Christopher scores almost everywhere else, too. Mattel, the toy superpower, booked her as a commercial spokesperson for Hal's Pals—a line of dolls with crutches and braces. "Kids playing with these dolls won't have all those prejudices and fears," she says. And Rotary International, in its PolioPlus campaign to raise money to buy the vaccine for third-world countries, has used her for a TV public-service announcement and numerous speaking engagements.

All of which is nice, Christopher says, but her ability to successfully promote her cause is directly related to the status of her career in TV and movies. "That's what it takes to develop star quality, and to draw people into you, so that they don't see you as [primarily] disabled. Most of us don't relate to Stevie Wonder as though he's blind, do we?"

"More disabled performers—and people—should be raised to that position." 

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# HEALTH

BY GARY NULL



*Vitamin supplements come in a variety of forms. Is it better to take them as a tablet or a liquid?*

Consumers are often confused about what type of supplement to choose. Vitamins exist in so many different forms because people have so many different needs. Experiment until you find what is best for you. Tablets are the most common form. They are easy to store and carry, and usually last longer than other kinds of supplements because they are protected by fillers and binders. Fat-soluble vitamins, such as A, D, and E, frequently come in capsule form so the consumer can avoid the unpleasant taste of the fish and vegetable oils used to make them. Generally more expensive than tablets, they are also convenient to carry and store, although they are less resistant to high temperatures.

Time-release capsules contain tiny amounts of vitamins in small pellets that dissolve over time at differing rates, providing a continuous

supply for six to 12 hours. Although they are generally superior in their ability to minimize vitamin loss and maximize tissue saturation, some individuals are unable to fully absorb the vitamins into their system.

Powders and crystals are useful for those who have trouble swallowing pills or capsules, or who prefer to mix their vitamins with juice or food. Powdered vitamins are free of additives and have a concentrated potency. For example, just a quarter-teaspoon of vitamin C powder can provide 1,000 pure milligrams. Liquids and drops are even easier to take and may be useful for infants and children. They are also easy to mix with juices or food.

Some people may experience allergic reactions to certain components of tablet or capsule vitamins. Switching to the purer powder or liquid form usually eliminates this problem.

*I am trying to improve my diet and have read conflicting reports about fats. Isn't it best to cut fats from your diet altogether?*

No. Fat is not an evil substance—to the contrary, it is one of the body's primary nutrients. We need *small* amounts of fats because they allow us to use the fat-soluble vitamins A, D, E, and K, which are essential for maintaining our immune system. (These vitamins only work in the presence of fatty molecules or tissue.)

Fat also helps prevent viral infections, insulates our blood vessels, heart, and

other organs, and slows down the aging process. It helps keep skin healthy, too. Most important, fats act as a reserve supply of energy, stored throughout the body in adipose tissue.

Body fat prevents excessive heat loss and is essential for the production of hormones. In fact, much of your body's chemistry revolves around the proper utilization of fats. If you ingest too much of it, however, it will penetrate organs and muscle tissue, increasing the risk of diseases such as diabetes and atherosclerosis.

This doesn't mean you should gorge yourself on french fries. When fat is heated, it loses its healthful properties. Derive fats from seeds, grains, legumes, and nuts.

*I know there's no cure for the common cold, but can you recommend a treatment regime to best deal with one?*

No medicine has yet been discovered or created that can destroy the 150 or so viruses that invade the body and cause the garden-variety cold. Purveyors of cold remedies choose to obscure this fact when they claim in their ads to offer "prompt relief from suffering." Nevertheless, we buy these "shot-gun" formulas—as they are called in the trade—which are a combination of ingredients: aspirin, a decongestant, an antihistamine, and either ascorbic acid (vitamin C) or an antacid.


Decongestants reduce swelling of the membranes in the nose and upper respiratory tract and temporarily

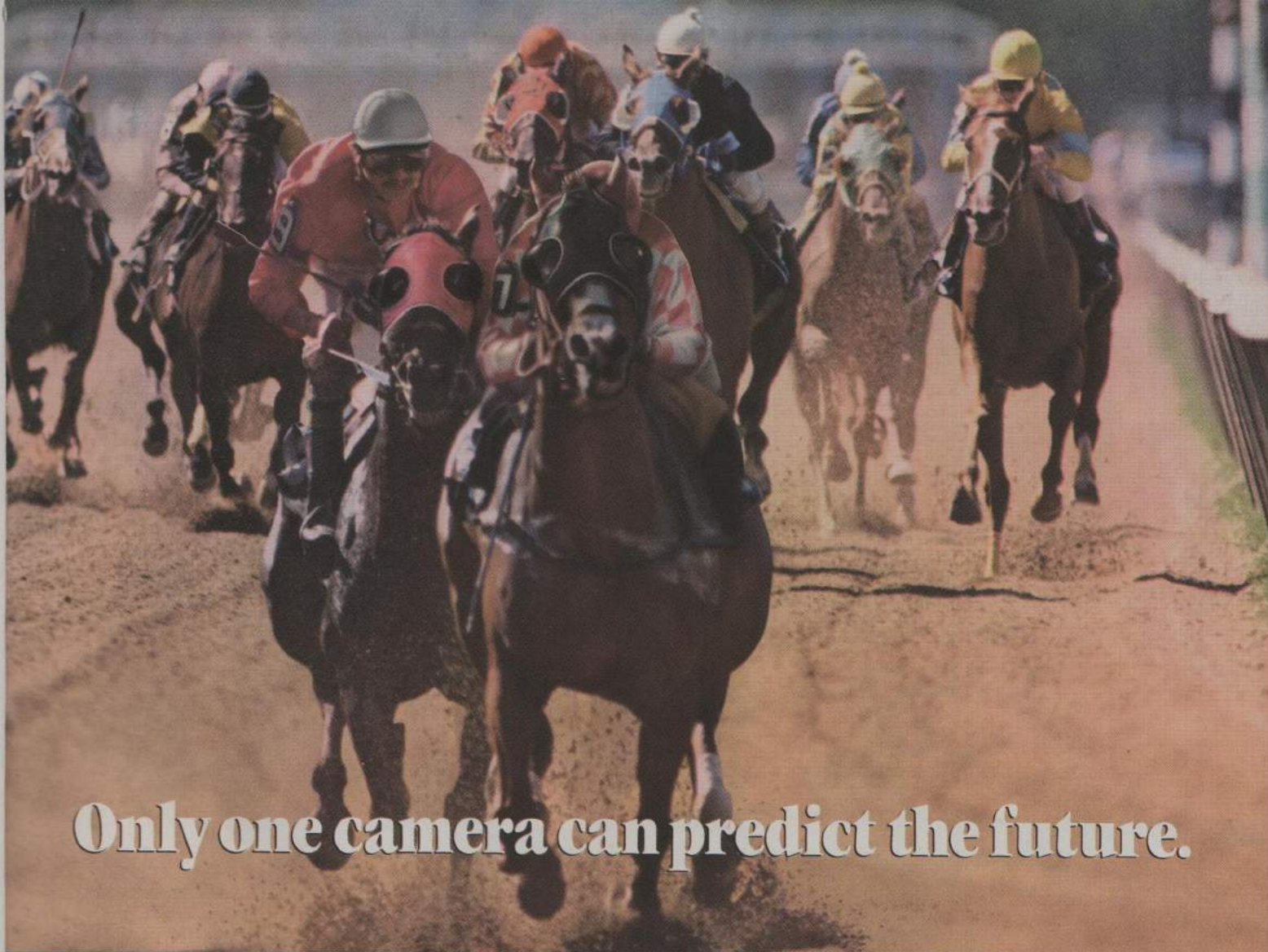
alleviate the stuffed-up feeling of a cold. However, the membranes soon swell up again, sometimes even more than before. This condition is called "rebound congestion," and many people simply reach for another dose, compounding the problem.

Nasal sprays should be avoided since they contain decongestants and are a breeding ground for bacteria. The spray tip is contaminated every time the user inserts it, and within a few days bacteria will have multiplied inside the container. While nasal sprays may help you breathe more comfortably for the moment, they increase your chances for re-infection.

Antihistamines are of equally dubious value. They dry out the mucous membranes, encouraging a cough, and will make you drowsy.

Coughing is a natural response to an irritation in the respiratory tract and often accompanies a cold. More than 800 nonprescription cough suppressants are available. While they may make you feel more comfortable temporarily, they defeat the body's own mechanism for curing itself—that is, its ability to bring up thick mucous secretions clogging the lungs and throat.

The only health-promoting ingredient in any of these preparations is vitamin C, although it is included in such tiny amounts as to be virtually useless. A healthy body will forestall most virus attacks, but if you nevertheless succumb, the best treatment for a cold is plenty of rest, plenty of water, and plenty of patience. 



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# STUFF

## WHEEL STUFF

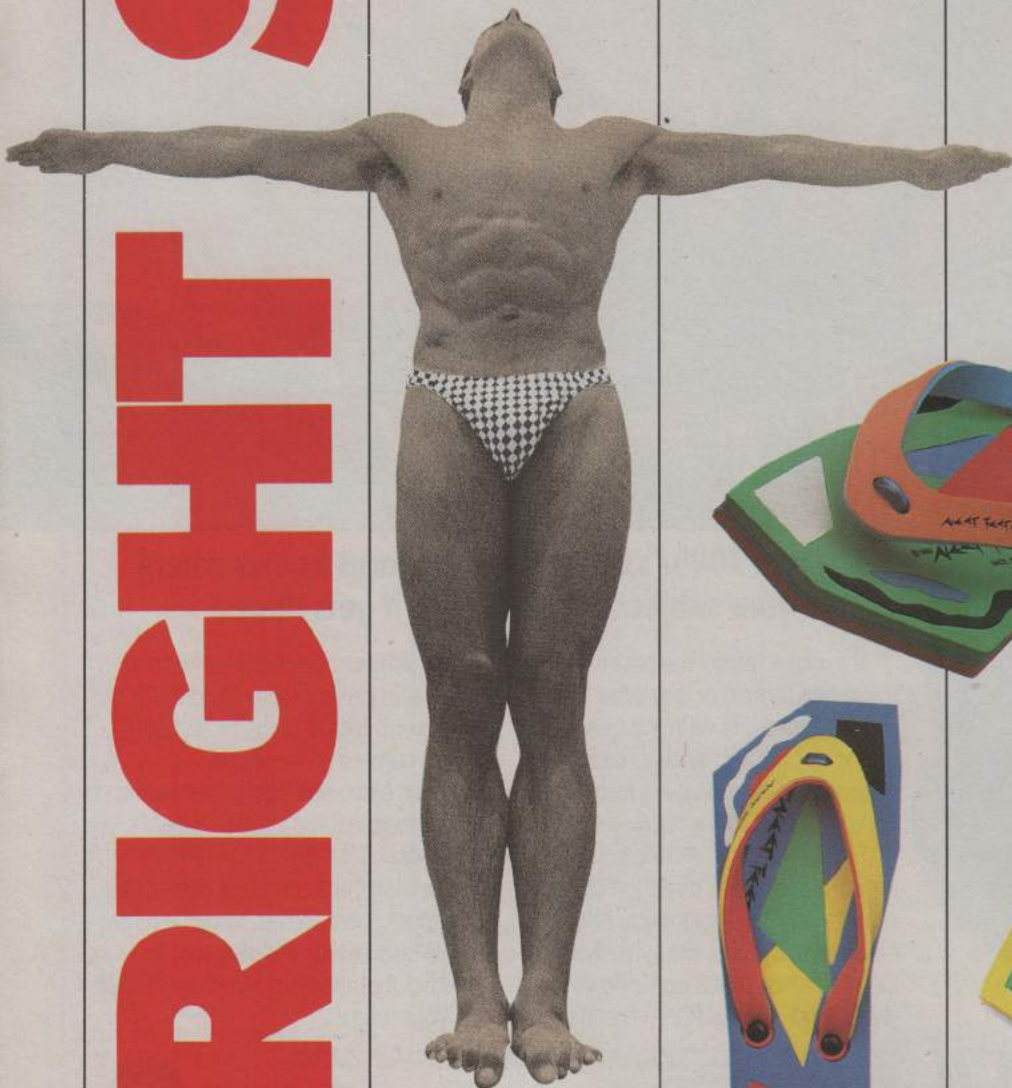
Right: If all your bike races are on city streets, check out Cotler's Kamikaze line of action wear for the urban cyclist. Available at better boutiques and department stores.

## NEW WAVES

Far right: When the surf's up and the sun's intense, get yourself together with these blindingly hot surfing ensembles by Lightning Bolt. At surf shops and department stores.

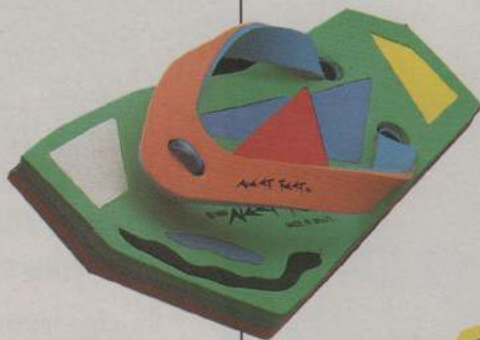
## IN THE SWIM

Below: It might not improve your dive, but you'll look more like Greg Louganis in Mariner's swimwear, than anyone else at the pool. Where better menswear is sold.



## ART AND SOUL

Below: Seriously radical. Pro surfers and committed beach bums are all dumping their worn zori this season and buying into the most outrageous sandal to come along in 2,000 years. Put some art under your soles with Neet Feet. If your surf shop doesn't have them, find a new shop—or start one of your own. Just get them!





### GOOD SPORTS

Above: The kings of the road at the Tour de France are often outfitted in the finest cycling gear available. State-of-the-art fabrics and fit keep you cool in the midst of heated competition. Left: If you need something to keep in fighting trim between bouts, you could do worse than to work out in these classic training togs. Both the cycling gear and the warm-up suit are from one of the world's premier makers of quality sportswear—Le Coq Sportif—and can be found at serious sporting-goods shops and better department stores.



### HIGH JUMPS

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A lot of rock stars are bent  
to the left. None can hold a candle to  
Phil Ochs. He wanted to be  
Elvis and Che Guevara at the same time.

# SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELISA



When I was a kid I used to entertain my parents during our family's ritualistic Sunday rides through the wilds of rural New Jersey by singing the greatest hits of the post-war American musical theater. As we crept along the back highways of Sussex County, I would assume the roles of Harold Hill, Henry Higgins, or the entire family Von Trapp. We owned all the original-cast albums and I spent hours acting them out in front of my bedroom mirror. On those endless afternoon treks in my dad's '54 Chevy, I would segue from *Camelot's* king to *Damn Yankees'* devil and then do all the Jets and Sharks from *West Side Story*. ("Officer Krupke" was a particular showstopper!) My backseat performances were precocious and probably downright obnoxious, but my parents were a willing, enthusiastic audience. What I was mostly was *cute*.

As I got older my influences broadened. Along came the Beatles, and I found myself before that same mirror shaking my imagined mop top and inventing the air

guitar. My kid sister joined me in the back of the car now as we knocked off *Meet the Beatles*—John, Paul, George, Ringo, *Vin and Jan!*—yeah, yeah, yeah! My folks had seen the Fab Four on the Sullivan show and, being true believers in the Sunday-night church of Saint Ed, had decided they were basically harmless and, well, *cute*. (I can say with hindsight now that they must have recognized that Lennon and McCartney were a continuation of the tradition of great songwriting teams, the new Rodgers and Hammerstein or Lerner and Loewe, and posed no threat to our still tranquil familial status quo.)

And then things got sticky. There was Bob Dylan. Definitely not *cute*. Didn't look cute, didn't sing cute, and his songs . . . well, I stuck to the funny Dylan on those Sunday rides, like "Talkin' New York Blues," and saved "The Times They Are a-Changin'" for the privacy of my room. Suddenly songs were becoming more than show business; songwriters were no longer simply entertainers. Our handsome young president (he was hip to *Camelot*, too!) got blown away, the far-off war heated up, and the kids in the backseats of Middle America began abandoning the family cars.


I was a senior in high school when I first heard Phil Ochs. It was 1965, a period Phil called "the days of decision." Here was a guy singing about war and racism, exploitation and revolution, about being young and angry, with a voice that sounded even more unique and real than Dylan's. I fell in love with

this rebel in a pea coat, and his songs became the rallying cries and anthems of my growing disenchantment with modern American life. Phil Ochs went beyond being *not cute*. Phil Ochs was, more than any other protest or topical songwriter of the day, downright *subversive*.

I remember going on the last of the Sunday rides. They had become such an ordeal—my sister and I sunk in opposite corners of the backseat, sulking in our adolescence. I must have known it was the end; for old time's sake I decided to give one last performance. I ran through all the touchingly poignant moments from my favorite shows—"Till There Was You" (the Beatles had covered that one from *The Music Man*, see the connection?) and Arthur's last moment before he goes off to battle Lancelot, the scene where he knights the young boy and commands him to keep alive the memory of Camelot's dream "that once there was a spot for happy-ever-aftering" . . . and then I sang Phil's "Draft Dodger Rag"—"Oh, I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town"—and my mother laughed at this very funny song. I asked if she wanted to hear another one, and I did "I Ain't a-Marchin' Anymore" for them. And right then and there, in the thick silence that followed Phil's biting recitation of the history of war and one soldier's refusal to participate in the folly ever again, the infamous "generation gap" of the sixties opened wide between the front and back of my father's car and threatened to swal-

low my family whole.

There are all these rock stars bent decidedly to the left these days—the U2s, the Springsteens. None of them can hold a candle to Phil Ochs. During his controversial 1970 "Shoot-Out at Carnegie Hall" concert, when the folkie purists booed him for singing Buddy Holly songs and wearing a gold lamé suit, he said that rock 'n' roll was as responsible for forming his politics as the daily headlines were. He wanted to be Elvis Presley and Che Guevara at one and the same time. He was an American patriot and a model of American self-mythology. He hanged himself just a few months before his country celebrated its bicentennial. And lately there has been a revival of interest in Phil. Sean Penn wants to play him in a movie; Marc Eliot's excellent 1979 biography, *Death of a Rebel* (Anchor Press/Doubleday), is coming back into print; and A&M—the label Phil recorded his darker, more personal songs for—has issued a CD compilation, *The War Is Over: The Best of Phil Ochs* (CD 5215 DX 003704). It serves as an excellent companion to the earlier *Phil Ochs: Chords of Fame* (A&M SP-6511), a collection of his more topical folk songs.

Phil Ochs died in the depths of despair. Those of us who knew him, whose lives he changed with his songs of love and rage and the quest for justice, have never given up singing his praises in the backseats of America. Buy *The War Is Over*. It ain't cute. And it sure ain't over. 

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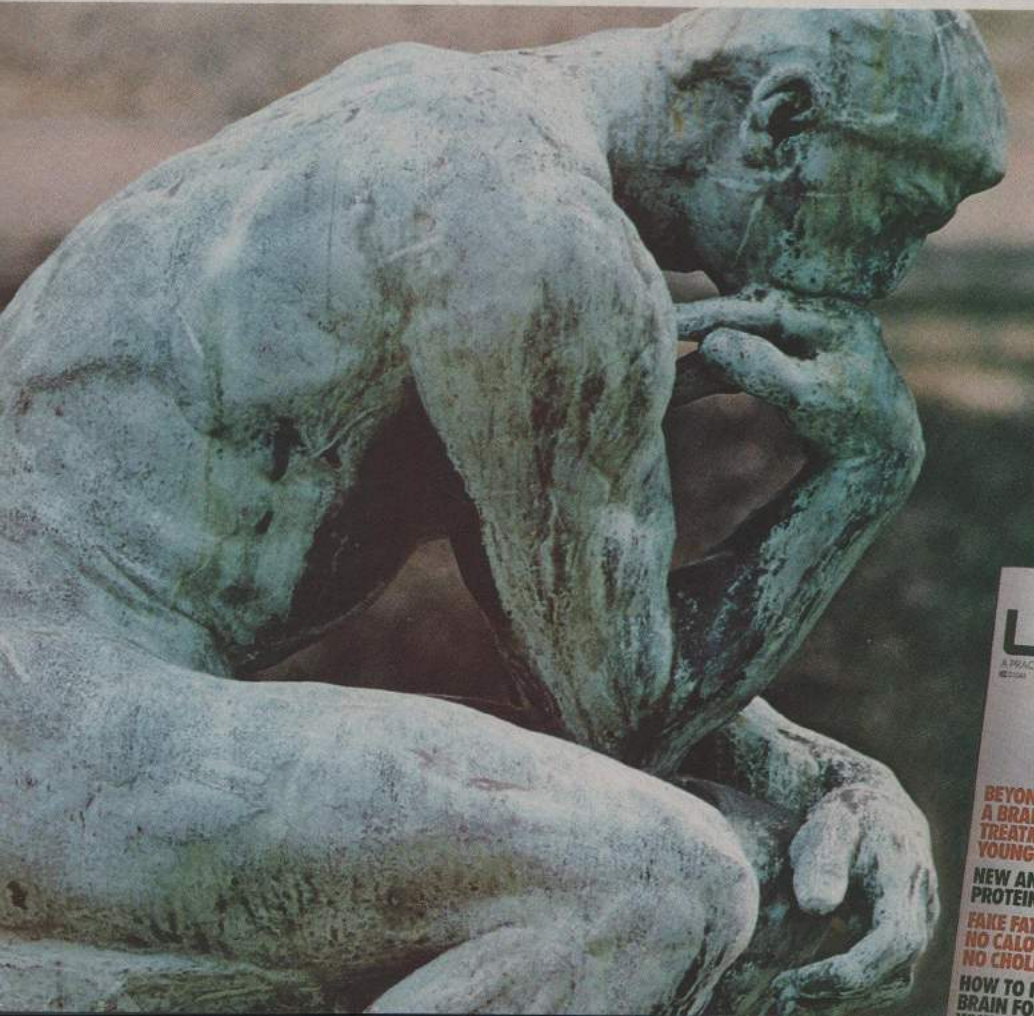
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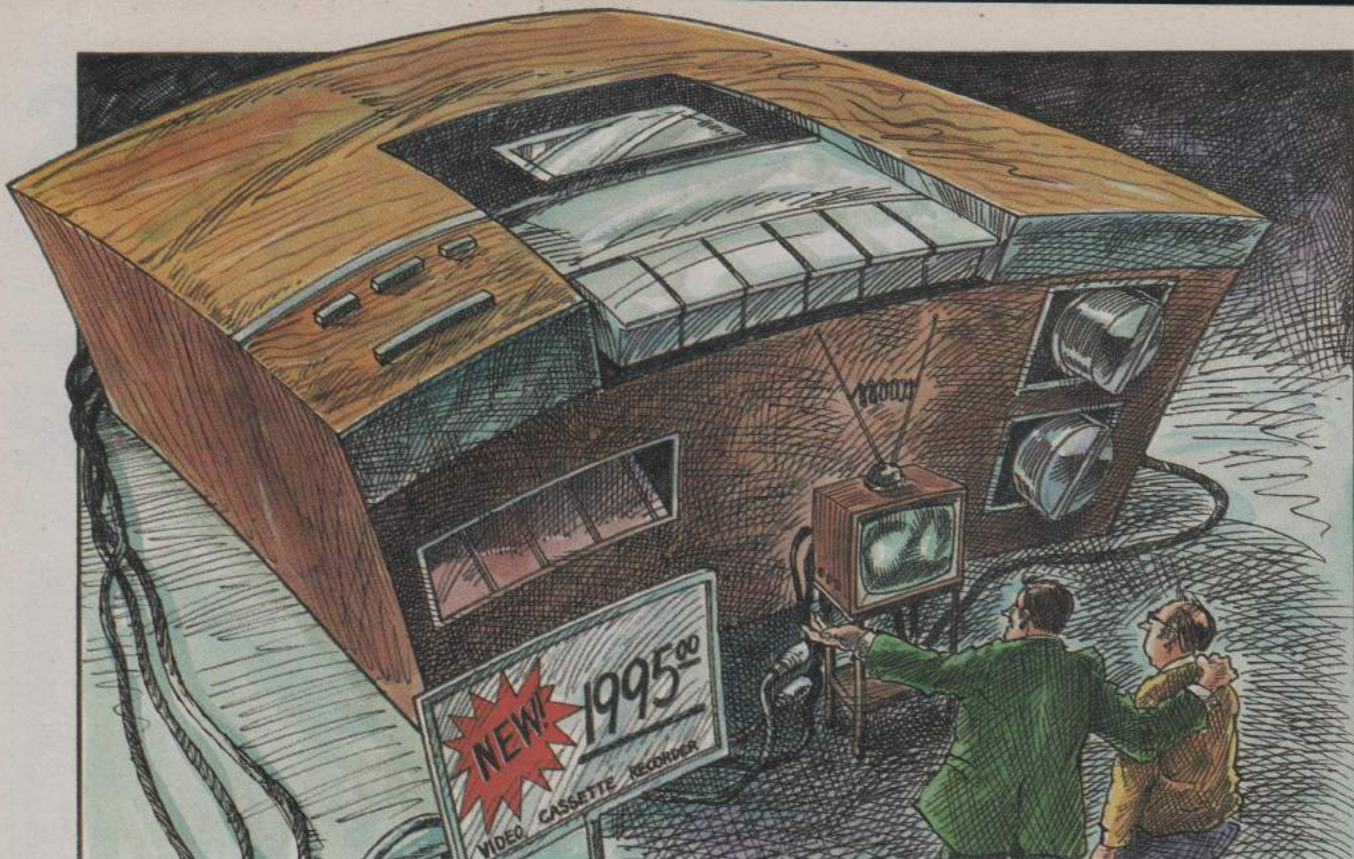
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Dual NAM	✓		✓		
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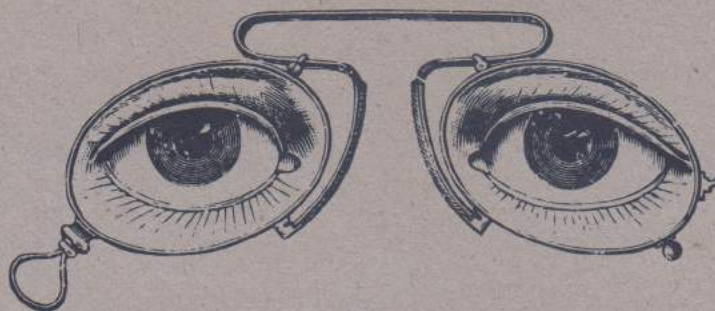
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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

# DEALING WITH THE DRUG PROBLEM

BY EMILY PRAGER

**N**ow that the Bush administration is firmly in place, I just can't wait to see their plan to eradicate drugs. The little snippets they have given out so far—that Dan Quayle is up for drug czar, that anyone caught with a marijuana joint can now be fined \$10,000—really show brilliant minds at work. If anything can get millions of Americans off cocaine, these two measures combined with a heavy emphasis on the concept of sin will surely do it. Why, I told a crack addict on my street to just say no, and after he stuck a knife in my ribs and took all my money, he said "no" and walked away. He listened, that was the main thing. Some of them don't do that.

I have often wondered if they really want to get rid of cocaine at all. It seems clear to me that if they're after cocaine, they must focus on cocaine, and not drain money and manpower while trying to lump marijuana and heroin—two very different substances—under the same umbrella. The problems of a nation on cocaine are unique in history, because cocaine makes its addicts rich at the same time that it makes them violent and heartless. The story of Joel Steinberg and Hedda Nussbaum, 1988's cocaine couple of the year, should be required reading in Washington. At the end of their freebasing binge, Joel is worth three million bucks, Hedda is a beaten, childlike pulp, and their child is dead from a blow equated to a boxer's hook. And this is an educated middle-class family. An extreme case? Or just one specific instance of coke addiction carried to its final end? Cocaine is a drug that brings out the beast in man. That's what makes it special.

Now, what about this concept of sin? I happen to believe that one of the reasons the Christian Right is doing so well is that it provides one of the very few clear ways for cocaine addicts to get off coke and at the same time be forgiven for the acts they committed while addicted. I commend them for their insight. On the other hand, if you deem everyone who has ever done coke a sinner and an evil per-

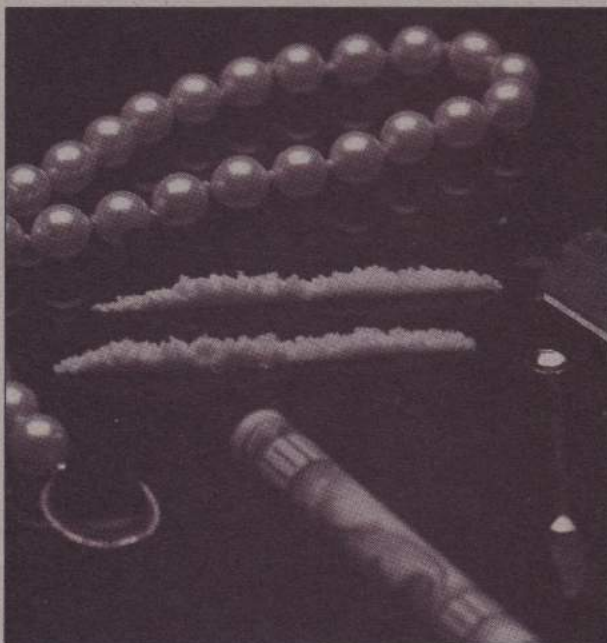
son, you won't get many people coming forward for help. In fact, you may drive them further underground. This is especially true of dealers, for whom the administration has become a personal lynch mob.

Let's talk dealers for a minute. When the brilliant minds in Washington think dealers, they have this fantasy of stubby Colombian weasels. If you're between the ages of 30 and 45, you probably know some dealers. Middle-class people just like you. You might describe them as counter-culture businessmen and you wouldn't be wrong. In order to get Americans off coke, you've got to get rid of the dealers. You've got to allow the middle-class dealers (and that's all I can comment on—I am no expert on ghetto problems) to leave dealing. How do they do that? What do they do with the missing ten or 15 years on their résumés? Say they were dealers? No way.

There is a way to allow dealers back into society, and that's for the administration to stop crying death and instead form the Former Dealers Association, where they can get together and deal with their specific problems and re-enter society with some dignity. If we don't allow dealers to change, too, the drug problem will never stop—you can quote me on that.

But doing this requires a sensible, realistic knowledge of and attitude toward drugs, not a lot of sin-based hysteria and self-righteous pontificating from people who've never done drugs or are so ashamed of what they themselves did while on drugs that they now want to beat everyone into submission. Getting America off cocaine requires Americans' support of one another, not revenge.

Well, I'll be waiting to see. The only nation in modern times that got its population off drugs is the People's Republic of China. They eradicated opium, but they closed their doors for 25 years and murdered millions to do it. I think, though, that Americans are tired to death of drugs and want a new reality. At the moment, I have little hope that Bush and Quayle can provide it.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### AUTOS

BY PETER MANSO

Twenty-four hours after the finish of last year's Indianapolis 500, rookie Dominic Dobson was on the telephone, cheek by jowl with his broken midnight-blue racer inside his garage along Indy's famous Gasoline Alley.

Thumbing his Rolodex, what he was doing was patiently placing calls to sponsors. At 30, he was looking for money.

Earlier in the month, Dobson had put the Indy establishment on notice by qualifying the year-old Lola tenth-fastest in the 33-car field. A. J. Foyt and Bobby Rahal sat alongside him on the starting grid. He'd come to the Brickyard without the usual truckload of "spares"—no backup car, not even an extra engine or gearbox. He'd operated as team manager, P.R. man, mechanic, and gofer, and even though he'd had to drop out of yesterday's race when his equipment failed, he's now thinking of the rest of the

season. Compared to winner Rick Mears, whose day has been filled with network-television interviews, Dobson is playing David to the well-funded Goliaths, all the while wondering if he's going to snag the Rookie of the Year award at tonight's victory banquet.

"People have a strange notion about this sport," he explains without a trace of bitterness as he hangs up the telephone. "They think there are talent scouts out there, that car owners are picking up drivers on the basis of talent alone. But racing has become a megabuck sport, and any successful team is run as a business, with marketing people, accountants, you name it. You're talking about a payroll of over a million dollars per entry for Indy alone, for this one race.

"Penske's operation is the most lavish," he continues, referring to the three-car superteam of Al Unser, Sr., Danny Sullivan, and Rick Mears, who now have eight

Indy victories between them. Lear jets, a chassis manufacturing plant in England (all the other Indy teams use store-bought Lola or March chassis), joint sponsorship with GM of the new, all but unbeatable Chevy-Ilmor race engine, profit sharing, and even a corporate pension plan are all part of the Penske way, too.

Dobson, of course, is at the other end of the spectrum. "In our case we've spent \$120,000. Penske's budget for the full 15-race season has got to be \$8 or \$9 million, maybe more, the money coming from Hertz, Pennzoil, and Miller Brewing. That's what racing is nowadays—corporate sponsorship.

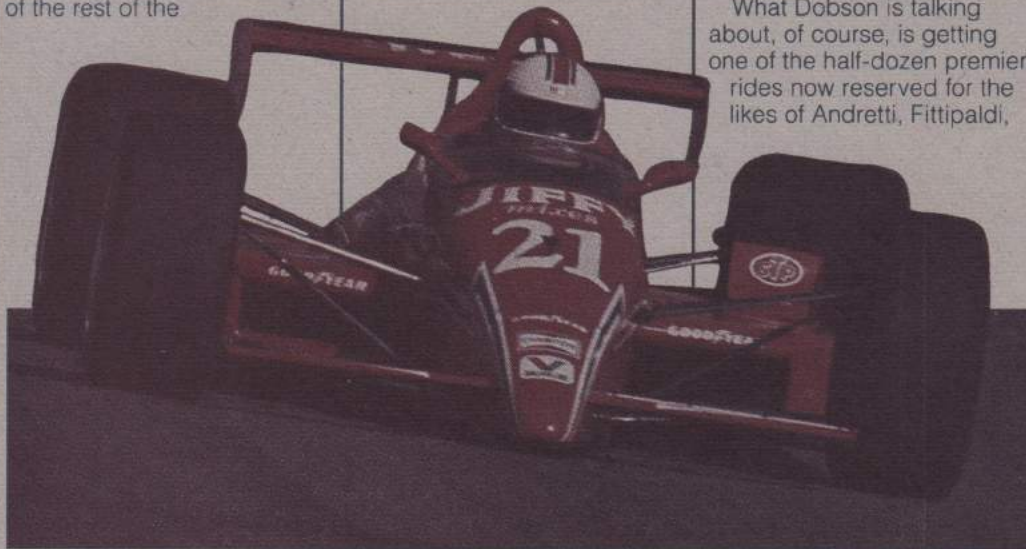
"The point is that there are probably only five or six teams at Indy that can offer a first-rate ride, and talent alone just won't do it anymore. The only way a driver can shine in today's racing is to have the right equipment, and if the money isn't there to promote the driver in the first place, it's very difficult."

What Dobson is talking about, of course, is getting one of the half-dozen premier rides now reserved for the likes of Andretti, Fittipaldi,



Rahal, or Al Unser, Jr.—not to mention a spot in the Penske stable. Two years ago he came to Indy and didn't make the show, even though he managed to white-knuckle a two-year-old car to within two miles per hour of qualifying. Again, it was a question of equipment, the technology outstripping raw talent.

"It's a fact—most knowledgeable people will tell you that 70 to 80 percent of doing well here comes down to the car, especially in qualifying when you're going flat out. Not to detract from Mears's performance, but you could take 15 of the 33 drivers and put them in Rick Mears's car, and they'd probably all be within one or two miles per hour of his qualifying speed—assuming that Mears had set up the car in the first place. Here again, though, a lot of it's money—there's no substitute for the 10,000 practice miles the Penske team has probably done just this spring alone. In a sense, today's driver has almost become a test pilot: His skills and experience are crucial, but not any more than all the wind-tunnel testing, engineering, and miles and miles of testing until



the machine is right."

A depressing state of affairs? Maybe. Because race-car driving, like boxing or mountain climbing, is at bottom a lonely, dogged pursuit. Whatever the finances and technology—or the corporate values that have turned drivers into spokesmen for pizza parlors, mutual funds, rental cars, even milk-fed veal—the penalties for screwing up at 220 miles per hour are high, the risks still enormous. Even more, there's that private passion to succeed, to want to risk your life, health, security, and stability—"all the things that come with a well-adjusted lifestyle," as Dobson puts it with a light grin of embarrassment.

"This past month, nobody used less equipment than we did, fewer tires or engines—and the year before there were people who thought it would be in my best interest to give it up. But my response was, 'Why should I stop doing the only thing I know how to do?' I started racing go-carts when I was nine. At 13, I was paying for my racing through paper routes, destroying myself regularly, flipping and crashing, and those were my learning years. The jump to Indy has been made one little painful step at a time. It comes down to perseverance—to keeping a PC file on everybody I meet, their level of enthusiasm, then sending out a little newsletter, keeping a mailing list. . . . I'd like to think that if I've got an advantage over the next guy it's because I've spent more time, more effort, working at it. Because, you see, for me it's *when*, not *if*. I made up my

mind when I was ten years old, and that persistence has stayed with me. So if luck is when preparation meets opportunity, the only way I can make it happen is to stay with it."

A depressing state of affairs? Maybe not. Someone once said that champion athletes, like artists, are prodigies of will. Dobson would seem to fit the mold.

## SCENES

BY ROBYN D. LEE

You say you've been feeling a little down since the last football game ended? A little post-season depression setting in? Television is just TV again, and you've just noticed your son has blue hair? Don't despair, there's something to tide you over until the next pro kickoff. It's not the real thing, but an incredible simulation! It's "John Elway's Quarterback," a video game that gives new meaning to the term armchair quarterback.

Designed for use on the Nintendo Entertainment System by Tradewest, Inc., "John Elway's Quarterback" is being touted as the first video game that allows players to experience "the fast, hard-hitting action of real football." Real-life football professionals were consulted to make the game as authentic and exciting as possible. One or two players call their own plays on offense and defense and are required to run, pass, kick, and tackle (just like the real thing) as they compete in head-to-head action. Lifelike graphics and sounds accompany every move.

The original game, "Quarterback," appeared as a top title in the coin-operated arcade market, but the name change to "John Elway's Quarterback" highlights the endorsement by the Denver Broncos star for the home-market version. Why John Elway? Even Average Joe Spectator would agree (whether he liked the Broncos or not) that Elway has one of the best arms in the game, making him a recognizable and credible choice. Tradewest President Byron Cook agrees, saying, "We're confident that John's endorsement will set our game apart from all other football titles on the market." So much so that the company is also introducing a version for use on personal computers.

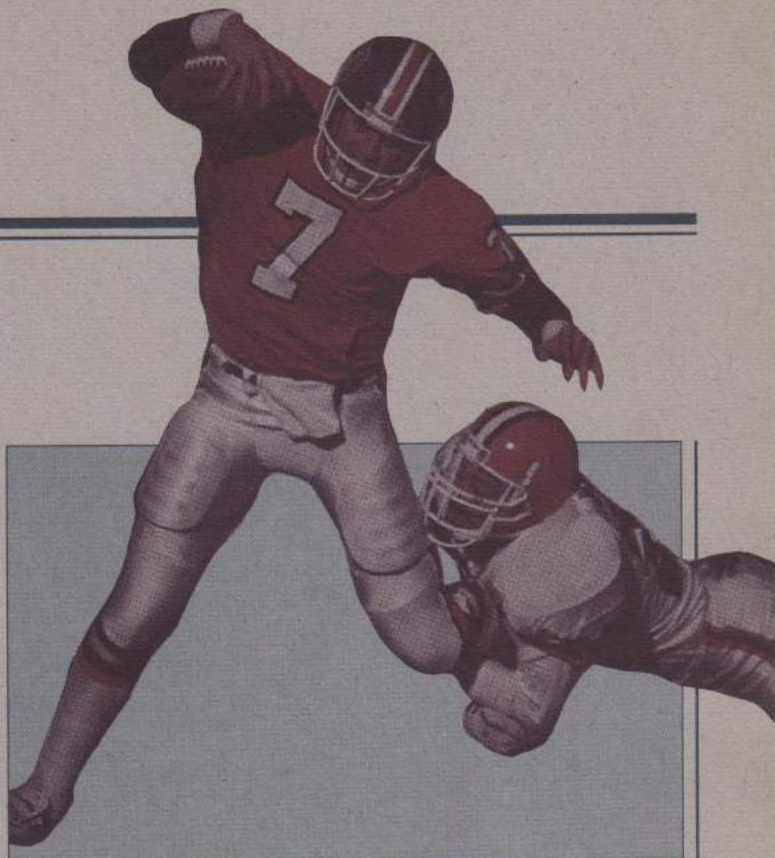
Elway doesn't do many endorsements, preferring to use his off-season time to prepare for the next season. A confessed video nut, Elway agreed to be the front man for Tradewest because he liked the arcade version so much. At the Chicago press conference to introduce the game, Elway explained what he liked about it by saying, "There's more strategy

involved in this game. Not only do you have to throw the ball well, but you have a chance to pick different plays. And the guy on defense has a chance to pick something to stop you."

"John Elway's Quarterback" requires more skill than other football video games. But does this mean you have to be John Elway to play? The makers say no. Novices and experienced players alike can enjoy the game because of the simple controls and easy-to-understand play choices.

But if you want to *pretend* to be John Elway, the game makes that possible, too. At the press conference, Elway was asked if the game did "Elway things," like "scramble and toss strategy to the wind." Elway replied, "You bet. Even throws back across the field," a reference to his strong arm—which you, too, can have from the comfort (and safety) of your very own armchair.

It's available wherever video game systems and accessories are sold, and at \$44.95, "John Elway's Quarterback" is the best way to beat the post-season blues.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### CAMPUS VIEW

BY ANITA DENNIS

"Who needs you?" my silver-haired reporting professor likes to thunder at the class at 9 A.M. Monday mornings. "If you can't spell a person's name, what good are you?" he roars.

I attend what is widely regarded as the best graduate journalism program in the country—Columbia—and the professors like to remind us of that fact at every opportunity. "We're going to make you better reporters than the rest of 'em," they say. "We accepted you because we consider you the cream of the crop." So nothing less than excellent work is demanded of us. And when we hand in less-than-excellent work, which is inevitable since we are students, the not-so-subtle reaction is that we've failed. We're guilty of not doing better, not working harder.

Frankly, this pressure-cooker educational attitude is shocking to me. For my undergraduate degree, I attended the University of California, Santa Cruz, a pristine, idealistic liberal-arts school located in a redwood forest overlooking the Pacific Ocean. When I tell people I went to U.C.S.C., they roll their eyes and exclaim, "Santa Cruz—I've heard about Santa Cruz. It's so beautiful there. How did you ever do any work?"

Actually it was easy. Santa Cruz was incredibly challenging. It's not simply the scenery that's inspirational, it's the school's academic foundations. Established as

an "alternative" public university in the 1960s, one of the key elements of the experimental nature of the school was its grading system. Or rather its lack of one.

At U.C.S.C., students receive oral evaluations, and the lack of competition places the burden for success squarely on the individual student. This was the greatest part of my Santa Cruz education: creating my own challenges, stretching my own limits. My professors as well as my peers encouraged me to set high goals and to think discriminately and independently. Rarely was I criticized; professors often suggested that I look at an issue from another perspective and see how two views interact. I was nurtured and praised. We fed off of one another's energy and creativity, and at all times I was conscious of my personal and intellectual growth. That awareness, in turn, motivated me to continue to learn and grow.

Columbia, however, is more traditional than, and fundamentally different from, Santa Cruz. We aren't graded at the J-school, but the fortresslike campus symbolizes the rigid principles that typify the learning process. And the guiding tenet, at least in my experience, is to meet someone else's demands.

Of course professors demand more because this is a graduate program, and I'd be sorely disappointed if they let me breeze through without teaching me how to be a professional and sterling journalist. And precisely because this is a vocational school, I understand that



the training is specialized.

Nonetheless, utilitarian schooling is problematic. Education whose success is gauged by the quality of a final product, and which doesn't recognize whether individuals meet or surpass their own goals, fails its responsibility. Frequently this year I've heard that in the real world, "You may have a great story, but what good is it if you don't deliver?" While there is overwhelming truth to that statement, I am now in a learning environment.

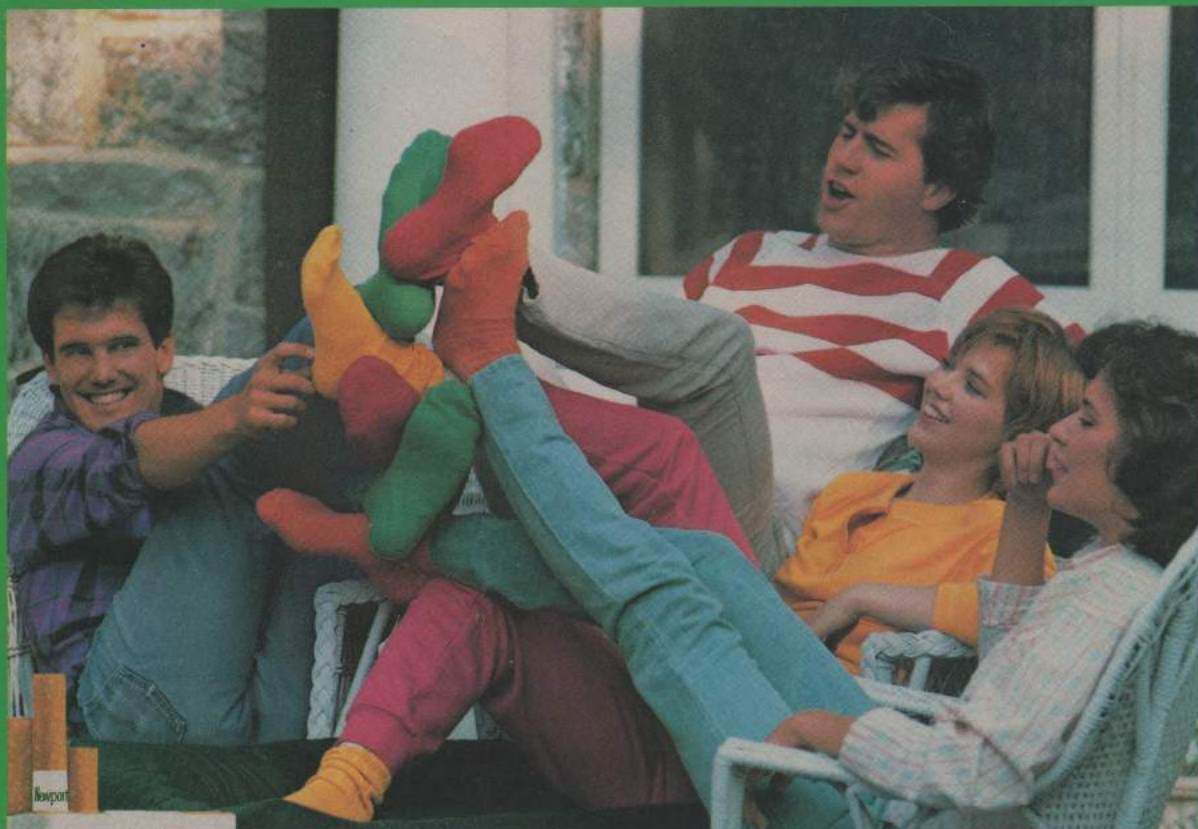
I've been told there is a right and wrong way to report. I have been disciplined by inflexible deadlines, and my work has been scrupulously criticized, all in the spirit of training me for the "real world." Despite the professors' best intentions—and they do sincerely care about our progress—personal motivation becomes difficult and at times impossible to maintain when personal issues are irrelevant. The question becomes "How do I please the professor?" instead of "How do I expand my horizons?"

Certainly Santa Cruz is an idealistic, sheltered community, and Columbia is definitely preparing me for the cutthroat competitive world I'll face in May. But ever since I was accepted last April by the best journalism school in the country and everybody told me, "You have to go to Columbia. You'd be crazy not to," I've been trying to live up to other people's demands, a frustrating and rather futile endeavor.

When people roll their eyes and ask me how I could ever have studied at Santa Cruz, I think to myself, *How could I have studied anywhere else?* So when my professor bellows, "What good are you?" I think of Santa Cruz and remember that I'm pretty damn good, no matter what he thinks.

*The author is a student at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism in New York City. College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to: Patrice Baldwin, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. ☐*

# Newport



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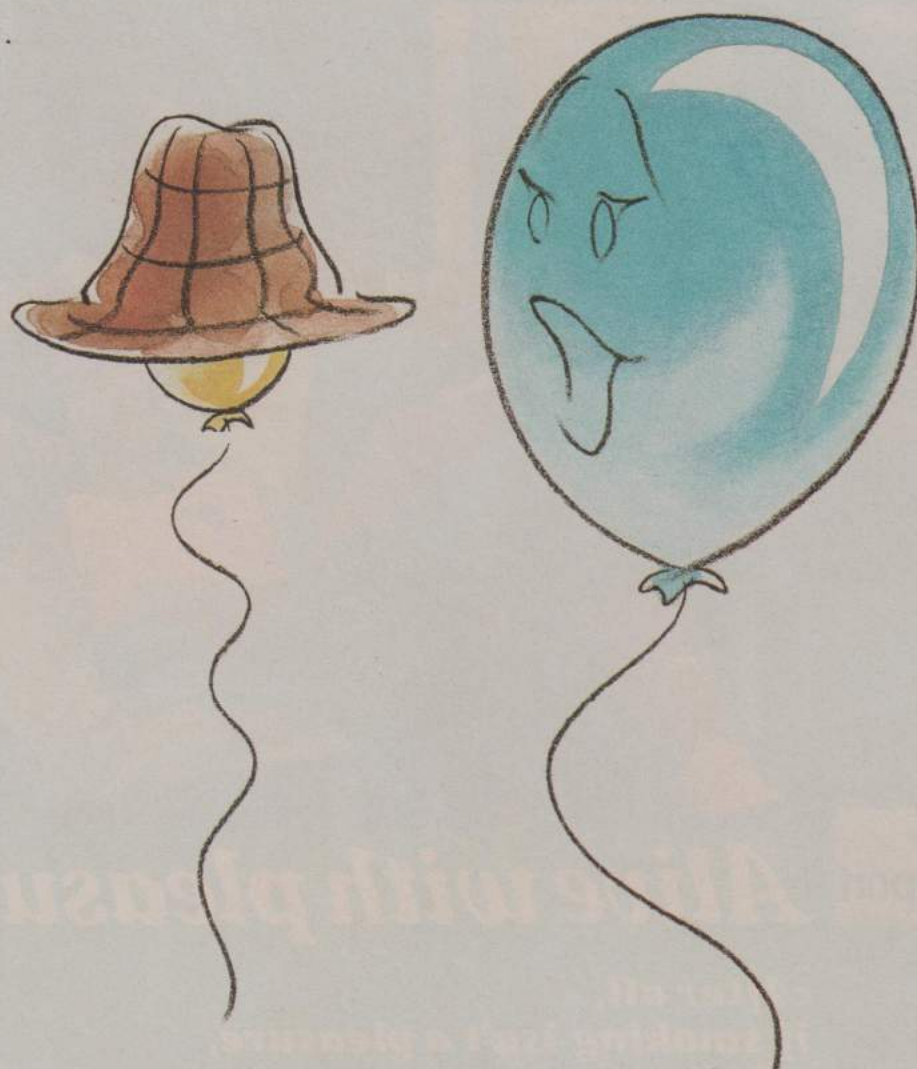
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BY SHARON CHURCHER

## PENTHOUSE STORY GETS PENTAGON INSECURE

Years of complaints by Air Force investigators about lax security in the Pentagon's main computer room got nowhere. But when *Penthouse* started calling about the loss of top-secret tapes from the room ("U.S.A. Confidential," July 1988),

the facility was turned into a "fortress," a source tells us. The area where the tapes are stored is currently under 24-hour guard, so staff no longer can help themselves to the nation's strategic secrets. "Everyone wondered why they were getting so security-conscious, but then someone handed Xeroxed copies of your story around," our source says.

## TIME OUT FOR BRAWLEY'S MOM

I.B.M. employees needing time off may be interested in this footnote to the Tawana Brawley fiasco. For much of the ten months that the New York State teen was making headlines as a supposed victim of racial violence, her mom Glenda was on sabbatical from her job as an I.B.M. production worker, a company spokesman has revealed to "U.S.A. Confidential." This includes the period when Mrs. Brawley was holed up in a church, evading arrest for ignoring a subpoena to testify in the case. "The bulk of the leave was unpaid," an I.B.M. exec told us. Did the

company give her special treatment at the request of the Brawley family's legal aces, C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox, Jr.? "I don't think we ever heard from them," said the executive. "We made the decision relative to the best interests of our employee." We asked Mason if he or Maddox had approached I.B.M. "I don't want to comment," he said. Mrs. Brawley finally left the firm on September 20, about two weeks before a grand jury said that Tawana's claim that she'd been abducted by six white men was a lie. "Details as to the circumstances of her leaving are between Glenda and us," said the I.B.M. spokesman.



## LENI'S WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

Intrigued by Doubleday's announcement that it's bringing out the uplifting autobiography of Hitler's favorite moviemaker, Leni Riefenstahl—who has rebuilt her life with "great courage and resourcefulness," enthuses Doubleday editor Jim Fitzgerald—we obtained a confidential report of her 1945 interrogation by the U.S. Seventh Army.

Best known for the propaganda films she shot about the Nazis (though she was also an actress), Leni said that she first met the Führer in 1933. While she assured the interrogators there was no truth to rumors that she became his mistress, she continued to see him intermittently until March 1944.

Although she "claims that she had refused all offers to join the [Nazi] party," she owned up to "a certain admiration for the personality of the Führer," the report says. *Triumph of the Will*, the 1934 epic in which she

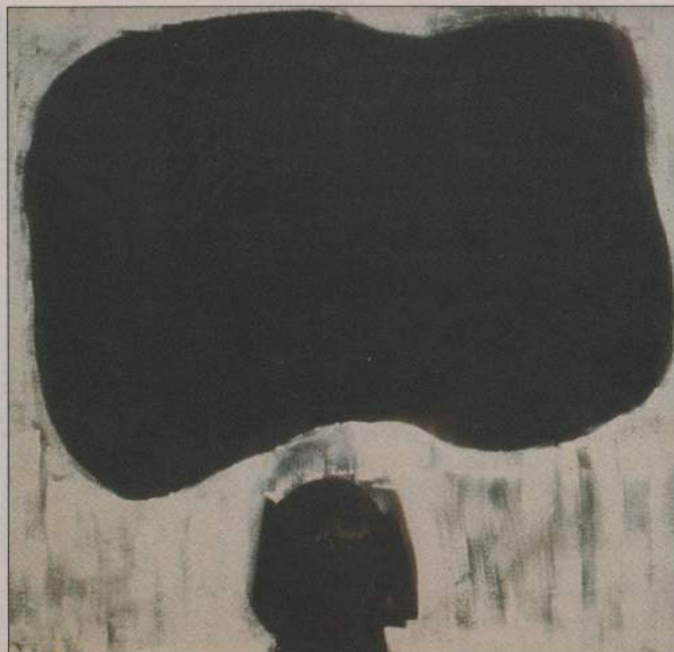
portrayed Hitler as a prince wafting down from the clouds, was shot well over a year after he began to persecute Germany's 500,000 Jews.

Riefenstahl conceded to the interrogators that she "had heard of KZs [concentration camps] now and then," says the report, but she "had no actual conception of what they really meant. She thought them to be a kind of prison where criminals had to serve their sentences." Apparently the Army was convinced, because it cleared her of any wrongdoing, as did a West Berlin de-Nazification court. But a year later, in a 1946 *Saturday Evening Post* interview, Leni whined that she herself was almost a Nazi victim. Falling out with Goebbels, "I was even afraid he might put me in a concentration camp," she said. The *Post* interviewer was puzzled. She'd just told him she'd never heard of such camps. "Oh, I knew there were some," Leni said. "But I had no idea what they were really like."

# USA CONFIDENTIAL

## A THRIFT-SHOP VANDERBILT

Gloria Vanderbilt, the patrician artist who had a big success with her jeans and scarves and frozen desserts, just underwent a stern market test. An anonymous donor gave one of Gloria's abstract paintings to a thrift shop on New York's swanky Upper East Side that benefits Irvington House, a medical charity. Inscribed "For Arnold. Not only on May 16, 1964, but always" over Gloria's signature, the work originally was priced at \$1,400. But with no takers—except for a gentleman who said he was only interested in buying the frame—a year later it was marked down to \$800. Measuring four and a half by four and a half feet, "I thought it was one of Gloria's better paintings," lamented an Irvington House source. "But it is very dark and dour." *Penthouse* came to the rescue. One of this column's art-collector friends



scampered to the store when we told her she could get a Gloria to hang alongside her Andy Warhols. Was it worth the price? "You know, they initially told me I could have it for \$400," the friend

sighs. "But then they said with 'the press'—that's you—calling about it, it would be \$800." Exclaimed a Vanderbilt aide, "A painting of hers in a shop? We'll have to look into this."

## CLINT'S "GREED" DOESN'T MAKE HIS DAY

Clint Eastwood's director on *Magnum Force* is accusing the star of "greed." In an upcoming book by John

Mitchum—Robert's character-actor brother—director Ted Post recalls discovering that footage was missing from the blockbuster. Clint, the film's producer as well as its star, "had decided the scene was a waste of film," so he ordered it shot with an unloaded camera—without informing Post, the director claims. This sort of approach, Post says, led to scenes being "ruthlessly short-changed." The book's publisher, Creatures at Large, is releasing *Them Ornerly Mitchum Boys* to coincide with the second chunk of Robert Mitchum's mini-series "War

and Remembrance," but this isn't fazing the Eastwood camp. "I would think a producer would want to keep costs down," Dirty Harry's agent says airily, declining to ask the star about Post's allegations.



## NANCY REAGAN: ART DIRECTOR

After Ronald and Nancy Reagan struck a warm farewell pose for *Vanity Fair* photographer Annie Leibovitz, the mag sent them pre-publication copies of the pictures. But Nancy just said no to what she saw. She looked too airbrushed, she complained. "She says they put the character lines back—in the wrong place," says a spy of ours on the social circuit. The mag's art director, Charles Churchward, insists the outgoing first lady must have been confused. The magazine did do a little "color



correcting, things like that," on Nancy, he told us. "But what she saw was what ran. Probably the problem was that the prints she was given weren't a very good reproduction." The picky Nancy is now searching for a photographer to lens her to perfection for the jacket of her upcoming memoirs. She's tempted to use Francesco Scavullo, we're told. But the last time he shot her, she felt his makeup artist, the late Way Bandy, put too much war paint on her.



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ARTICLE

Louisiana housewife Catherine Mary Kampen became an accessory in a sexual con game run by America's most powerful televangelist.

Now, for the first time, she tells the whole incredible story.

# JIMMY SWAGGART'S OTHER WOMAN

BY ART HARRIS

It was a steamy summer day in July 1987 along New Orleans' seedy Airline Highway. A blond housewife, in blue-jean cut-offs and a halter top that accented a centerfold figure, sobbed at a pay phone. She delivered singing telegrams for a living, and her beeper had just gone off for a job.

She tore at her purse, hunting a quarter to call in. But there was more on her mind than business that day. She was feeling blue, lonely, unloved. She'd just turned 37, and one of her beloved Persian cats had just died. Her husband of 15 years, a brooding Vietnam veteran, was especially withdrawn, emotionally unavailable. And to top off the blues, gas had just gushed all over her at a self-service pump.

Suddenly, a luxury Lincoln sedan eased in off the strip of no-tell motels and pulled up alongside her. A window rolled down. A soothing voice said, "You look like you've got problems. I don't know what's wrong with your life, but I'd like to help."

"My cat just died," blurted Catherine Mary Kampen, a former legal secretary turned exotic dancer and the mother of a teenage daughter.

"That's a shame," said the man. He wore a white polo shirt. He looked familiar, but she couldn't place him.

"I've got gas all over me," she said. "Don't light a match."

"If I can help you with anything . . ." he said. Then he

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

popped the question: "Do you know who I am?"

"Well," she said, "I'm not very good at guessing games, but you look a lot like Jimmy Swaggart."

She guessed right.

So it began, by her account: a furtive, sexually bizarre six-month ride as Jimmy Swaggart's Other Woman. Even as the powerful televangelist was apparently dallying with a \$20 prostitute up the road—and railing at rival preachers like Jim Bakker for assorted sins of the flesh before his own fall from grace—he was preying on an emotionally needy housewife, offering pastoral counseling as a come-on for sexual favors, she says.

What emerges from ten hours of interviews with Kampen and her family, friends, and colleagues is a portrait of a gullible woman who became a sex slave to a lonely, tormented televangelist. Coupled with shocking revelations by Debra Murphree (*Penthouse*, July 1988), these new details show a Swaggart much more deeply disturbed than was previously thought—a top religious figure rejected by his wife, haunted by abysmal self-esteem, who demanded sadomasochism, bondage, humiliation, and sexual degradation to find fleeting satisfaction.

"Do you work?" Swaggart asked Kampen that day.

"I do singing-and-dancing telegrams."

"Sounds interesting," he said. "I've never seen one of those." She offered a card.

"This your home phone?"

"No, it's my beeper. I never give out my private number," she said.

"Well, I'd like to call, see how you're doing in a couple of days," he said. Flattered, she scribbled it down. "Take care," said Swaggart. "Jesus loves you." And he was gone. She never thought he would call, but he did.

Later her husband Ralph would come home early one day, discover Swaggart curiously hunkered down in his living room, jogging pants curiously unbuttoned at the crotch, and order his wife to put him out, he says. Another witness, a respected New Orleans car salesman who asked that his name not be used, also says he dropped by one day to find Swaggart chez Kampen. And her daughter says she spoke on the phone several times to a man who identified himself only as "James" and told her he thought she was pretty from a photo he'd seen.

Kampen first asserted details of her sexual encounters with Swaggart to me last April—before prostitute Debra Murphree went public with her full story. She saw Swaggart perhaps ten times, about every two weeks, between July 1987 until January last year, at her house, she says. He wanted to see her more often, but their schedules didn't mesh.

Now Kampen has related details of her alleged relationship with Swaggart in a videotaped deposition obtained by attorneys for Marvin Gorman, the de-

frocked televangelist Swaggart toppled with charges of sexual dalliance in 1986 as Gorman was about to launch a rival TV ministry via satellite from New Orleans.

It was, of course, Gorman who caught Swaggart exiting a seedy room-by-the-hour motel with prostitute Murphree in October 1987, after which Kampen says Swaggart's sexual demands on her leapfrogged. Gorman tried to make peace with Swaggart, then in February 1988 turned his evidence over to the Assemblies of God—the same denomination that had defrocked him at Swaggart's urging, driving him to declare bankruptcy with \$2 million in debts, Gorman charges.

And as his attorneys and private investigators press on with discovery in a \$90 million defamation suit against Swaggart, rumbling toward a trial with no date set, sources close to the case say Kampen is expected to figure as a key

“  
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He confided a lot  
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sick man. . . . He's  
very depraved.”

witness against the once mighty televangelist, whose ministry was badly wounded after last spring's confession of possession by sexual demons down on the bayou.

Indeed, on December 19, the day before Gorman's attorneys were scheduled to take Swaggart's deposition, two men who identified themselves as investigators for Swaggart lawyer Bill Treeby paid a visit to the showroom of the car salesman who says he saw Swaggart at Kampen's home in 1987. Said the salesman, "They said, 'Your name has come up in our investigation of Miss Kampen. . . . Would you come to our office to talk about it? We don't want to discuss this here because we realize it could cause you problems on the job.' They were very polite, but I got the impression they were trying to intimidate me."

Asked to comment about her charges, attorney Treeby called Kampen's story "a fraud." Treeby suggested that the damage to the reputation and income of Swaggart and his church would be so great that, he said, "If that story is printed, we are going to own *Penthouse*. It's a total fabrication, a sham. It's been bought

and paid for." The same day, and as this issue was going to press, Treeby's colleague, Dennis G. Brewer, delivered the first and only written response from Reverend Swaggart to the allegations made by Cathy Kampen (all previous requests for interviews had been unequivocally rejected):

"Rev. Swaggart vehemently, totally, completely, and categorically denies that he is acquainted with and/or that he has ever seen or conversed with Catherine Kampen [also identified by her maiden and prior married name] or that he has ever had occasion to see her . . . , visit with her, make her acquaintance, or have any knowledge that any such person exists. . . . I assure you that any representation . . . or any association, direct or remote, that is made between Rev. Jimmy Swaggart and the facts alleged in the taped interview of the woman . . . are totally false, manufactured, tortious, and constitute an actionable conspiracy."

Treeby also claimed that John Volz, the U.S. attorney for the Eastern District of Louisiana, was "looking into" it. Volz told me in a telephone interview that he couldn't confirm or deny the existence of any investigation, but that he had no knowledge of any such charges his office might be probing and doubted—unless mail- or wire-fraud statutes were violated—that federal authorities would dignify such a case with hot pursuit.

"I'm not going to get involved in a spat like that," said Volz. "Not unless someone has violated a federal law and it's significant enough to warrant federal prosecution."

Treeby did not elaborate on what laws he believed had been violated.

Among other things, Kampen charges that Swaggart:

- Gained her trust as a spiritual counselor, then emotionally manipulated her into acting out his sexual fantasies;
- Masturbated on her sofa while she performed explicit sex acts Swaggart demanded, including ones with her hairbrush and a large rubber dildo that he furnished;
- Requested sex with her 13-year-old daughter after spying her photograph in the living room, a brash request similar to that reported by prostitute Debra Murphree—a wish he never fulfilled after Kampen upbraided him;
- Demanded that Kampen degrade him, begging for ever more outrageous levels of sadomasochism, bondage, and humiliation—including violent whippings with a riding crop she used as a prop in her racy telegrams (such requests came frequently after he was caught by Gorman exiting a motel room with prostitute Debra Murphree);
- Shook her violently, shouting in outrage when she refused such kinky demands as "golden showers";
- Kept her on the hook with promises to buy her a crafts boutique;
- Attempted to drive an emotional



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wedge between her and her husband, claiming Ralph must be possessed by demons to allow his wife to work as a strip-o-gram girl.

Bitter over Swaggart's manipulations and now angry at herself for allowing the sexual con game to evolve, she's finally ready to get it off her chest, she says. "He knows how to manipulate people, what buttons to push to get what he wants," she says. "It's impossible to say no to the man. I mean, I accept responsibility for what happened, and I hope my husband can find it in his heart to forgive me. At the time I just desperately needed to be needed by someone, and I knew he needed me."

"He promised to counsel me, but I became his therapist. He confided a lot of things. He's a very, very sick man. He could be very tender, but he's very depraved. I asked about his childhood, and he said his father was very mean. It made me sad." She pauses, near tears, crying for herself now. "It got to be frightening as hell. . . . I guess I'm just getting even. . . ."

"My husband always warned me I'd get in trouble one day for picking up stray animals and stray people. I've always been a sort of rescue worker, and [Swaggart] seemed so lost. . . ."

But the housewife couldn't save the preacher, and Swaggart wound up dragging her down into the dark depths of his own sexual obsessions, she says. Ralph Kampen says he backs his wife's going public, despite the personal pain: "Someone has to show just what a hypocrite he is," he says. "He needs to be taught a lesson."

It's Thursday night at Sportsman's Paradise, a restaurant-bar on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain. A rowdy crowd buzzes beside a bar backlit with trophy sailfish and photos of sleek Cigarette boats. A chocolate birthday cake awaits cutting. "Jack," the owner of a local shop, is hitting the magic three-o. The party is in full gear when his telegram arrives.

Tonight it's her black "leather and lace" outfit—Swaggart's favorite—a tight black leather skirt zipped up the back, a low-cut top, plastic handcuffs, and a whip. "Whip him good!" they shout as Kampen delivers mock lashes.

"You've been a naughty boy," she coos, reading a telegram in honor of a "horny devil." He grins. "Let's hear it for perversion!" she yells, crowning the birthday boy "King of Erotic Behavior."

"Ooow!" yelps his pal. Jack, the honoree, pokes at Kampen's anatomy with a toy rubber pitchfork. Husband Ralph, her bodyguard and manager, pops music into the tape deck as his wife does her striptease act. She undulates, strips to a French-thong bikini, flirts, rubs up against the birthday boy, then leads a chorus of "Happy Birthday."

"Well, Jack," she says, "do you have anything to say?"

"It's been a bust of an evening," he replies.

Before she met Swaggart, Kampen was making good money—\$60 a telegram—and Ralph was working steadily, too, after their rough early years together. They married in 1972. She was coming off a bad first marriage to a mechanic; he was back from a combat tour in Vietnam. She related a painful childhood. After her father died when she was one year old, she was raised by her mother and grandmother, marrying at 17 to get away.

After her first marriage hit the rocks, she met and married Ralph. Though they've experienced difficult financial times (Cathy was involved in a minor shoplifting incident and a bad-check dispute), both worked hard at assorted jobs, later managing to buy and decorate a nice two-bedroom house in Sears art deco. Over a decade ago, she was a bikini-clad go-go dancer, and also worked

6  
It was quite a sight—  
Swaggart preaching on her  
sofa, red in the face  
one minute, soft-spoken the  
next. It was like  
some scene from *The Exorcist*,  
she recalls.

as a legal secretary. Most recently, she's flourished as an entertainer for Hot Lines, a New Orleans telegram service, on occasion dancing topless at private parties.

In recent years, however, Ralph's Vietnam trauma resurfaced, and his anger was hard to contain. She wanted them to seek counseling, but according to Ralph, he refused. That's the way it was when Jimmy Swaggart offered refuge, she says. This, of course, is her version of their bizarre bayou love story:

Several days after they met, her phone rang. It was late July 1987, and Swaggart was riding high, victorious after playing a role in blasting both Jim Bakker and Marvin Gorman into exile. He was America's No. 1 TV preacher, godfather of America's spiritual mafia.

"How are you doing?" asked Jimmy Swaggart.

"Better, thanks," she said.

"I've counseled a lot of people. I can tell you've got a lot of problems. When you let go emotionally, it helps. I'd like to help you." He sounded so reassuring. "You seem like such a nice, sweet person, and you're so pretty. Why don't we

meet?" He suggested her house.

"You know I'm married," she said.

"That's okay."

An alarm went off. "I just feel funny having a man over, one-on-one," she said.

"I'm gonna help you," soothed Swaggart. "I'm not going to do anything. I've counseled thousands of people. But I have to be careful where I go, because if you let on that you're helping somebody, then everybody gets in line."

She bought it, even let him talk her into picking him up at a shopping center where he'd dropped off his car. "I don't like anyone knowing my business," he explained.

Reflects Kampen, "I just thought it was going to be free counseling by someone millions of people looked up to."

Kampen drove into the Lakeside Shopping Center, behind the theater. Swaggart was waiting. It was around lunchtime. She wore a flowered cotton sundress. Dressed in a blue shirt, sweatpants, and tennis shoes, he climbed out of a Lincoln sedan and into her white Nissan Maxima with the LEGEND ON BOARD sticker. "Nice little car," she remembers him saying, and they were off.

When they pulled up to her cute green-frame bungalow on a tree-lined street across town, the preacher peered over his shoulder as if he were afraid someone were following him, she says. Inside, she fetched him a glass of water as he sat down on her purple living-room sofa, and she poured her heart out about her dreams, her fears, her marriage.

She wasn't sure he was listening, but he offered a few trite homilies. Indeed, for a counselor, he seemed awfully judgmental.

"He said, 'If your husband really loved you, he wouldn't let you do those telegrams,'" she remembers.

"My husband does love me," she shot back.

"He said, 'Well, a man who really loves a woman is going to do everything in his power to keep her from showing her body off,'" she recalls.

"I don't show my body off any more at work than when I wear a bikini at the beach," she said, smarting. She asked him how to handle Ralph's explosive moods. Swaggart's advice: "Be tolerant." He sounded like some dial-a-preacher, but demanded certain formalities. He wanted to be called "Reverend," she says. Then he waxed upbeat: "Don't let insignificant things depress you. Just think about all the problems your neighbors have that you don't know about. All you have to remember is, I love you, Jesus loves you, and God loves you."

It was quite a sight, she recalls—Jimmy Swaggart preaching on her sofa, red in the face, shouting one minute, then calm, soft-spoken the next. It was like some scene from *The Exorcist*, weird, powerful, she remembers thinking. Indeed, she felt his charisma, his energy, but felt as if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## ONLY IN NEW YORK

**E**lection officials in New York during a recent primary discovered that the ballot in several races had a number of interesting candidates, including a former welterweight boxer, a man who did seven months in prison for shaking down a fish firm for \$12,000, a state senator arrested at a hotel with his briefcase stuffed with \$150,000 in cash and an airplane ticket to Africa, and a gun-toting slumlord who was sent to the Queens House of Detention for harassing his tenants.

**A** New York state senator, indicted on 394 counts of allegedly tapping the state payroll to bankroll his political campaigns, was overwhelmingly re-elected.

## MEMO TO DR. BLOOM

As part of an effort to demonstrate the company's "large



commitment to education," Burger King prepared paper place mats with short profiles of famous Americans—among them Thomas Jefferson, whom Burger King described as the man who "penned" the U.S. Constitution. In fact, James Madison wrote the Constitution; Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

## OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

A Los Angeles AIDS patient sued a toenail clinic after it refused to give him a pedicure, fearing that its employees might be endangered by contact with him.

## LAST LAUGH

The wife of California Congressman Robert Dornan screamed "Shut up, fag!" at a homosexual-rights activist during a heated exchange between the man and her husband at a town meeting. Mrs. Dornan then apologized and revealed that her brother is dying of AIDS.

## IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A New York court ruled that a woman can continue to collect alimony of \$300 a week from her ex-husband, even though she is living with another man. According to the court, the woman's relationship qualifies as "just sex," and does not violate a separation agreement stipulating the end of alimony if she began "habitually" living with another man.



## MODERN LIFE

After the first game ended in a draw, Hitech, a computer, went on to win a New York chess tournament, defeating a grand master in the next three games. "I think I learned a great deal from Hitech," he said. The computer can consider 165,000 positions a second.



## THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Activists for the Iraqi Kurdish minority began a hunger strike in a Washington, D.C., church to protest Iraq's treatment of the Kurdish people.

One of the group's leaders said, "We could have done other things, maybe hijack an airplane, but we don't think that is nice."

# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## A GOLD STATUE OF STEPIN FETCHIT TO ...

... Chief Justice of the United States William Rehnquist, who led court of appeals judges in a sing-along. Among the songs sung was one version of the traditional "I've Been

Working on the Railroad," including these lyrics: "Oh, I was born in Mobile town / I'm wukkin' on de levee / All day long I roll de cotton down / A wukkin' on de levee."

## OUR HELEN KELLER AWARD TO ...

... Atlantic City, which is trying to end boardwalk performances by a quadriplegic mother of two who plays piano with her tongue. The woman, who uses the money to send her two daughters to school, violates a city law against "begging."

## FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

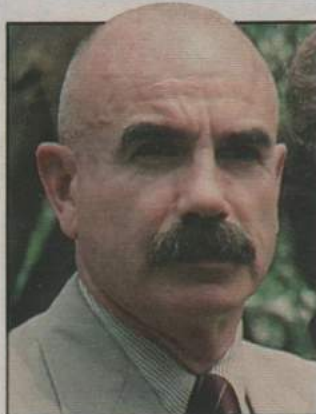
**A** Utah woman set off a fire that nearly destroyed her home after she placed her underpants in the microwave and they ignited. The woman claimed she was following the advice of researchers on how to prevent yeast infections.

**A**n elderly New York woman who went to sleep in a nursing home woke up to find herself in a funeral home. Officials said that the woman was mistaken for another woman who had in fact died at the nursing home.

## A PLACE IN THE SUN

Singer John Denver, rebuffed by NASA in his attempt to ride aboard one of the space shuttles, asked the Soviet Union for a flight aboard a Russian spaceship. The

Russians replied that they had no objections—provided that Denver pay \$10 million for the ride and get official approval from the U.S. government.



## ONLY IN AMERICA

G. Gordon Liddy, convicted and jailed in the Watergate scandal, is hosting his own television talk show whose central theme, he announced, concerns "a deterioration of our national values."

## OUR MARTIN LUTHER KING AWARD TO ...

... the Temple Heights Christian School of Temple Terrace, Florida, which announced plans to hold a mock "slave auction" to raise money for the senior class. Several students would be "auctioned" to "masters" to perform minor chores and ridiculous stunts. The auction was canceled following protests by the N.A.A.C.P.

## MAN'S BEST FRIEND

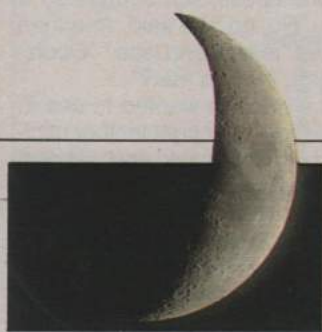
An underground performer who bites off the heads of two mice as part of his act was arrested on animal-cruelty charges. If convicted, the performer could be sentenced to a maximum term of a year in jail and a fine of

\$1,000 for each head severed. The performer's act is included in the cult film *Mondo New York*, which shows him biting off the two heads and spitting them into the audience.



## THE FRIENDLY SKIES

Passengers aboard a British Airways Boeing 737 chipped in \$2,000 to buy fuel after a Portuguese airport refused the pilot's credit card.



## CLASS ACT

Asked during an interview what it was like to be a sex symbol, actor Richard Gere pulled down his pants and mooned the questioner.

## OF COURSE, OF COURSE

Explaining why James Brown would not be featured in a television advertising campaign for a Polaroid camera, the head of the advertising agency preparing the commercials said the singer had been dropped after being arrested on charges of spraying his wife's car with bullets. "We had to take him out," the executive explained. "There's a five-year moratorium in the ad business if you shoot your wife's car."

## THE LORD GIVETH, THE LORD TAKETH AWAY

Although water beds may relieve chronic back pain, a doctor specializing in digestive diseases warned that they could also cause heartburn, because the stomach acid of persons who sleep in water beds may back up into the esophagus.

## YOUR INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AT WORK

Despite its insistence that all taxpayers file returns on time, the I.R.S. missed the deadline for filing an appeal in a major corporate tax case, and the government is likely to lose more than \$100 million in taxes and interest.



## SIC TRANSIT

The Los Angeles house where actress Sharon Tate and four others were murdered in 1969 by followers of Charles Manson has been offered for sale for \$1,999,000.

Officials of the small upstate New York town in which Oliver North was born canceled plans for a second "Oliver North Day." Nearly a third of those who attended the first such event carried signs critical of North.



## LIFE AT THE TOP

A New York kennel offers luxurious vacation accommodations for dogs and cats. At a cost of \$45 per night, pets are housed in carpeted private suites with custom brass beds, color televisions,

and stereos. The suites also include telephones so that owners can call their pets. There was no explanation of what possible use the televisions and stereos could be to dogs or cats.

## MEMO TO BOSS: SHUT UP

According to a recent survey of 315 large corporations, American business executives spend more than half their workday talking, most of it wasted. If the average American executive would stop talking so much, the study concluded, about 112 wasted hours a year would be saved. The study also disclosed that the two most frequently misspelled words by American business executives and their secretaries are "accommodate" and "commitment."

## TRUE LOVE

Brigitte Nielsen, former wife of Sylvester Stallone, reportedly has had new beau Mark Gastineau's name tattooed on her buttocks.

## THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

An exhibition of nude paintings was removed from the lobby of a Manhattan office building after tenants complained.

## 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.

# SWAGGART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

"he was talking at me, not to me."

During their first two sessions, they sat at opposite ends of the couch and he never made a move, she says. After the first 90 minutes, he asked her to take him back to his car. She obliged and felt better for having talked to someone. She asked for his number, but he declined.

He said, 'It would take a lot of explaining on my part,' if I were to phone the office," she says.

Several days later he phoned again, but she was busy. A week later, again, but she had doubts. "He said, 'It's not good to stop [therapy] in the middle.' He told me, 'You have a lot of conflict. It needs to be resolved.'"

So per his instructions, she says, she picked him up at James Business Park, an office complex near the airport. As they were driving to her house, he suggested that her conflict stemmed from performing her strip-o-grams. "It has to bother you to take your clothes off in front of men," he said.

"I don't do anything else," she said. "I don't hurt anyone."

"Do you ever act out fantasies?" he asked, pressing for her favorites.

"Rolling around in piles and piles of money," she laughed. "Most people have sexual fantasies, but mine are about money."

"That's not going to get you into heaven," he frowned.

"I'm not worried about heaven," she said. "I'm worried about staying alive."

Swaggart kept harping on her job, urged her to quit—even as he asked her for a demonstration so that he might better understand her—and reassured her that she might realize her dream of owning an arts-and-crafts boutique if she kept faith, later promising to chip in to make it happen, she says.

"One day I might be able to help you," he later said, as they returned to his car. "I can't right now, but I'd like to see you get out of this line of work."

Suddenly she realized she had maybe 50 cents on her, with her tank on empty. She wondered if Swaggart had any cash. "You have credit cards, don't you?" she says he shot back. "Use them."

At their next session, he pressed for details about her work. She invited him to check out her wardrobe. Swaggart eyed her French-maid outfit, a scanty little number, and asked her to show him what she did. She was embarrassed. *He was a minister.* But it seemed important to him, so she popped Swaggart's cousin Jerry Lee Lewis into the tape deck, got into the outfit, and shimmied to "Breathless."

"We learned how to play on the same piano," Swaggart later recounted. He was almost glassy-eyed on the couch, she recalls. He appeared to be enjoying it so

much, she hinted that he come up with \$60, the rate for telegrams. He brushed it off. "He said, 'Don't you understand? I'm trying to help you,'" she remembers. "He asked, 'Aren't you grateful?'"

Although he never asked to consummate their encounters with straight intercourse, he wasn't bashful with other requests, she says, recalling how she first danced for him, brushing him with her feather duster as he sat wide-eyed on the couch. She slowly removed her gloves, then the black maid's uniform and her corset. She was down to G-string panties and bra, chiming in with her phony French dialogue: "I have come from zee No-Tell Hotel where I work as zee maid in zee kitchen. I made zee pasties [thrusting her breasts] and they're perfectly puffed. . . . If you ever want your bed turned down, call Fifi." She asked how he liked her act.

"Why don't you take your top off?" he said.

"I'd rather not," she said. Suddenly the

Swaggart suggested she masturbate while watching herself in a mirror.

"I want to watch you watch yourself come," he said. "Play with your clit." He was frenzied.

phone rang. It was a gig, and she dressed quickly. Back in the car, the high moralist of old-time religion intimated that he had his own therapy to consider. "He said, 'You know, everybody has problems. If I help you with yours, you ought to help me. . . . I want you to take your top off next time and strip for me.'"

"I've never done it one-on-one," she hesitated. "I've always done it for a group of people."

"So it will be your first time," he smiled. "Won't it make you feel more comfortable with just me, somebody who cares about you?"

At first, she was "fond" of him, but not sexually attracted "like I would be to Ralph or Harrison Ford," she says. But she played along—partly out of a belief he'd deliver her boutique dreams, partly because she craved the attention. She needed somebody to need her, and Swaggart needed her badly, she says.

When he phoned for another rendezvous, "he sounded like a lost little boy begging a grown-up for help," she recalls. "He said, 'Please, please help me. I want to help you, please help me. I need you to help me. . . . I'm a human being,

too, and I like to see things. . . . The next time I see you, I want you to take everything off. . . ."

"That's going to make me very uncomfortable," she said. "I'm not into prostitution."

Later, at the house, she suggested a belly dance. "No, no," he said. And then she mentioned "leather and lace." "Oooh," said Swaggart, "what's that?"

Whatever it was, he wanted to see it. So she came out in her tight leather miniskirt zipped up the back and slipped plastic handcuffs on the preacher. She took out her whip and hit him gently. His face turned red. Dancing, she turned her back to him to slip off her top. When she faced him again, his pants were down to his knees. Swaggart was masturbating, she says.

She panicked, blushed. "Please don't do that!" she said. But Swaggart was finished. He cleaned himself up with a handkerchief and stuffed it back into his jogging pants.

"No one has ever done that in front of me," she said. "You embarrassed me . . . in my house."

"He said, 'There's nothing wrong with this. Look, you made me feel good, so don't worry about it. You're gonna get paid, you're gonna get what you need.'"

"You better get dressed," she said, hurrying him back to his car. She asked him when his problems began. "He said, 'My daddy was mean, but I don't want to talk about it.'"

And he kissed her, she says. It was rough, hard, demanding. "It hurt my mouth," she says. "I don't think anybody ever really taught him how to kiss. His kissing was barbaric, crude."

Swaggart acted like a frightened ten-year-old boy, she says. She wondered about his life.

Quickly it dawned on her: "He didn't want to counsel me, he wanted me to perform sexually. I made a deal with myself. I was going to bear it, to help him and help me, and if I didn't have to make love to him, it wasn't that bad."

She told Ralph that Jimmy Swaggart was counseling her, but she didn't tell him everything. She didn't tell him that he asked her to masturbate in front of him. She didn't say how the TV preacher begged to put his penis "between my breasts." (She refused.)

Swaggart pleaded for her understanding, barked at her qualms, rationalized their behavior, she says. Indeed, he pitched hard for his kinky needs, she says, shouting at her one minute, soothing her the next, persuasive, hypnotic. If she balked, she says, he exhorted her with a quick rationale.

He liked to play X-rated director, she says, a towel on his lap as he ordered her around. He spoke corny vintage porn dialogue, she says, like an adolescent's letter to a fourth-rate skin magazine. "He'd say, 'I want a handjob.' Or, 'I want you to



## PRIVATE EYES

Thirty-six stories above New York City's turbulent crowds, noisy cabs, and lavish department stores, a pretty lady sits quietly in a chair—eyes closed, lips slightly parted, breath silent and warm. After a few moments, she looks up, smiles, and comes to life. "There's nothing like a few minutes of meditation to relax your mind and body," confides 22-year-old Samantha Townsend as she stretches her legs. "I've been doing it for years, and it's really helped me to deal with tension. I used to have a short temper, but now I'm able to maintain an even keel. It's even helped to improve my sex life," she admits. "After I meditate, I've got enough energy to go anywhere and do anything!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN TANG



"Whenever I can, I stand on a street corner and people-watch," says Samantha, a sculptress by trade. "I'm fascinated by the human form. But now the tables are turned. Here I am in *Penthouse*, and everybody's eyes are on me!"







A college senior, 34-23-35 Samantha loves studying abroad. "Classrooms are restrictive. There are some things you have to see for yourself in order to appreciate their beauty."




An unabashed romantic, Samantha is devoted to her boyfriend. "Being faithful is part of the thrill of being in love. I couldn't know real intimacy without it."







"Life is a lot like love," she says. "First, you find something that sparks your interest. Next, you work at it, testing your spirit and endurance until you hit your peak and achieve success. Then, for the rest of your life, you'll have a beautiful memory." 



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## PROFILE

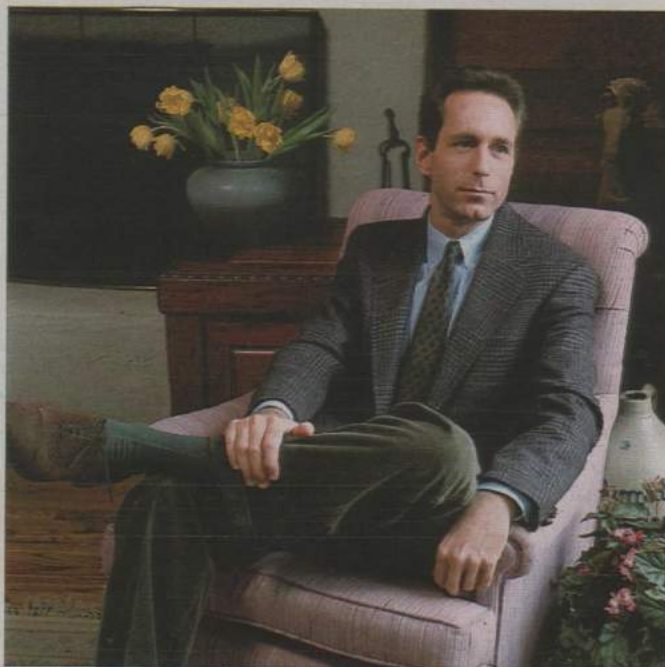
"I never wanted a career in fashion, but the only way to survive in New York is to be successful and keep pace with the city."

# FASHION FINDER

BY LYNN KEARCHER

It has been said that most people judge men by their success or good fortune. Pieter O'Brien, director of communications for The Greif Companies, has both. In his current position, O'Brien is in charge of "everything visual and verbal in regard to the image of The Greif Companies." The behind-the-scenes image purveyor and licensee for some of the world's top designers—Lanvin, Perry Ellis Portfolio, Colours by Alexander Julian, and Kilgour, French & Stanbury, to name a few—Greif is one of the most successful clothing manufacturers in the country today, having ridden the tides of fashion for the last 125 years. And O'Brien, a key player in how each of these designers is represented to the public, leads a life that is as elegant and exciting as the advertising images he creates.

For this fashion profile, *Penthouse* photographed O'Brien in his country home in upstate New York, where he would be most relaxed. As it turned out, the day was anything but restful. Arriving at 8 A.M., the photographer and his crew began setting up the cameras, reflectors, and lights while the makeup artist set to work on O'Brien. A constant barrage of phone calls interrupted the session. First, it was Richard Sterban, bass singer for the



Oak Ridge Boys, calling from Nashville about a party O'Brien was giving the next day. Then a Ford model called to ask if it was okay to bring his new girlfriend, a successful TV actress. It is evident that O'Brien's life is never less than hectic, and that success in the cut-throat world of fashion doesn't come without demands and stress.

"I grew up in a small conservative town called Delmar, just outside Albany," he told us. "I'm Irish Catholic, the youngest of six kids. My father died

when I was eight, forcing my mother to take a job as a secretary to support the family." Upon graduating from high school, he went to New York University, majoring in psychology. O'Brien put himself through school by working in the men's department at Macy's as an assistant sales manager. He quickly "got caught up in the big-town mentality."

Reflecting back, he says, "I lost my values and perspective on life, so I literally checked out and went on a soul-

searching trip to South America. . . . After a year, my money ran out and I had to act fast. Having visited small villages, I saw the potential for exporting handwoven goods." O'Brien teamed up with another couple to launch a small sweater company. "We distributed to boutiques throughout the States," he says, "but I wasn't fluent in Spanish, and coupled with the fact that the village weavers were not able to keep up with the orders, I bowed out of the business."

He returned penniless to New York, and "out of desperation, I contacted Macy's for a job." Re-hired, this time as a sales manager, he worked his way up to buyer. "I never wanted a career in fashion," he muses. "But the only way to survive in New York is to become successful and keep pace with the city. If you plug into fashion and sense what the public will respond to, you can become a success."

From Macy's, O'Brien went to work as a fashion editor for *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, where one of his responsibilities was to tour the country staging live fashion presentations at local department stores. While in Nashville, he dressed several country-and-western stars, many of whom requested his services as a personal fashion consultant. This inspired O'Brien to begin his own im-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY ABRAMOWITZ




age-consulting service, which he continues today on a free-lance basis.

"I was on a roll," says O'Brien. "I fell into the fashion world and things kept snowballing." Through his work at GQ, O'Brien met designer Henry Grethel. Impressed with O'Brien's experience, Grethel offered him a job as public-relations director for double his GQ paycheck. After four years with Grethel, he took a hiatus from fashion, concentrating on his consulting work. In the early summer of '87, he received a phone call from Bernie Toll, the godfather of fashion P.R., who suggested that O'Brien look into a position at The Greif Companies. Shortly after, O'Brien called Norman Fryman, Greif's president, and set up an appointment. That meeting proved fruitful and resulted in his present position.

O'Brien feels his success is the result of "hard work and good luck. I'm 34 years of age," he tells *Penthouse*, "and I certainly have acquired more wealth and status than many men my age. But I could lose it all tomorrow. I live with the belief that material possessions can always be replaced, but health and good friends cannot."

Does O'Brien have any heroes who have inspired his success? "I don't know if I'd call them heroes," he says, glancing at a small painting by Matisse. "Certainly Matisse has influenced me professionally, in terms of depth of color and composition. I admire men like Lee Iacocca, who went from a childhood of poverty to becoming one of the most successful businessmen in the country."

We go outside to shoot the final photograph. O'Brien dons a \$2,000 cashmere coat as he descends the steps of his chalet. A cordless phone perched on the top step rings, and he tells the photographer, "Sorry, this will only take a minute." Regis Philbin is on the line, asking Pieter to do another TV fashion spot for "The Morning Show." While the photographer yells that we are losing the last bit of natural light, we ask O'Brien what he does to ensure his future success. He shrugs and laughs: "I pray." 

*Previous page: Pieter sports a two-button glen-plaid jacket, Chaps/Ralph Lauren; corduroy pants, Polo by Ralph Lauren; oxford shirt, Henry Grethel; silk and wool tie, Etro; shoes, Cole-Haen; cashmere socks, E.G. Smith. Opposite: Cowboy boots crafted by Justin Boots; suede shirt, Henry Grethel; tie, Perry Ellis; jeans, Levi's. This page: His camel-colored 100-percent-cashmere coat by Chaps/Ralph Lauren tops a hand-knit sweater, polo shirt, and pants, all Perry Ellis; boots, Cole-Haen.*



# SWAGGART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

feel my hard cock throbbing.' Or, 'I want you to lay on the floor and play with your pussy . . . make yourself really hot. I want you to come. . . . Rub it hard. . . . Roll around more, spread your legs. . . . Play with your sweet wet pussy, open your lips wide. . . . Are you dripping yet? Are you wet? Now . . . get on your stomach, put your ass in the air. . . .'"

By now he was usually shouting, screaming, pants down around his knees, she says. He liked her to bend backward, naked, while he masturbated. Sometimes she held the pose for five minutes. "I felt like a damned acrobat sometimes," she recalls, finding dark humor in the memory. Once, she says, she caught Swaggart attempting to ejaculate on her. "I had to move fast."

Otherwise, he especially liked to "fondle and kiss my breasts. He said, 'You have beautiful breasts.' And he'd take them and put 'em into his face. I always thought maybe he had a mother fixation."

She recalls him once saying, "I want you to suck my dick," but she refused, citing as an excuse a broken jaw from a previous accident. He dropped it, then took her face in his hands and attempted

a healing. "It didn't work," she laughs.

Every time he requested oral sex, she'd plead jaw pain. "He said, 'Satan's causing your pain. You have to get it out of your mind.'"

A new-age human-potential junkie who fancies tarot cards, channeling, and the like, Kampen debated metaphysics with her fundamentalist satyr, she says. He mocked her crystals, her crystal ball. "He said, 'It goes against God's law.' And I said, 'No, it's a tool of God.' He said, 'Crystals can't heal, only the power of God and Jesus Christ can heal you.' And I said, 'God made crystals for a purpose. . . .'" So they went, round and round.

When he learned she was raised a Catholic, "he said, 'Catholics are hypocrites.' I agreed with him. I said, 'A lot of Catholics are, but so are a lot of Jews, and a lot of Moslems and Baptists, too.'"

One day there was a knock at her door. Swaggart was on the couch. She didn't answer it, but the pounding kept on. An old friend, the car salesman, figured someone was home because he'd felt the porch boards and they were creaking, a vintage repo-man trick. Kampen cracked the door open and, the salesman says, for a few brief seconds, he locked eyes with Swaggart.

"I see him when I flip TV channels,"

said the salesman. "I said, 'Cathy, do you know who that is?' And she says, 'Yeah, yeah. I'll call you later.'"

Says Kampen, "Jimmy was furious. He said, 'Why did you open the door? Do you want the world to know?'"

Soon it was back to sex. Swaggart suggested she masturbate while watching herself in a hand mirror, she says. "I want to watch you watch yourself come, play with your clit." He was sort of frenzied about it," she says.

But he got especially excited during one visit when she sashayed out in her leather-and-lace outfit. He asked how the act played, and she described how she used toy handcuffs and a whip. "I realized he was getting off on it when his eyes got big and he said, 'You handcuff 'em? You have a whip? Oh, show me!'"

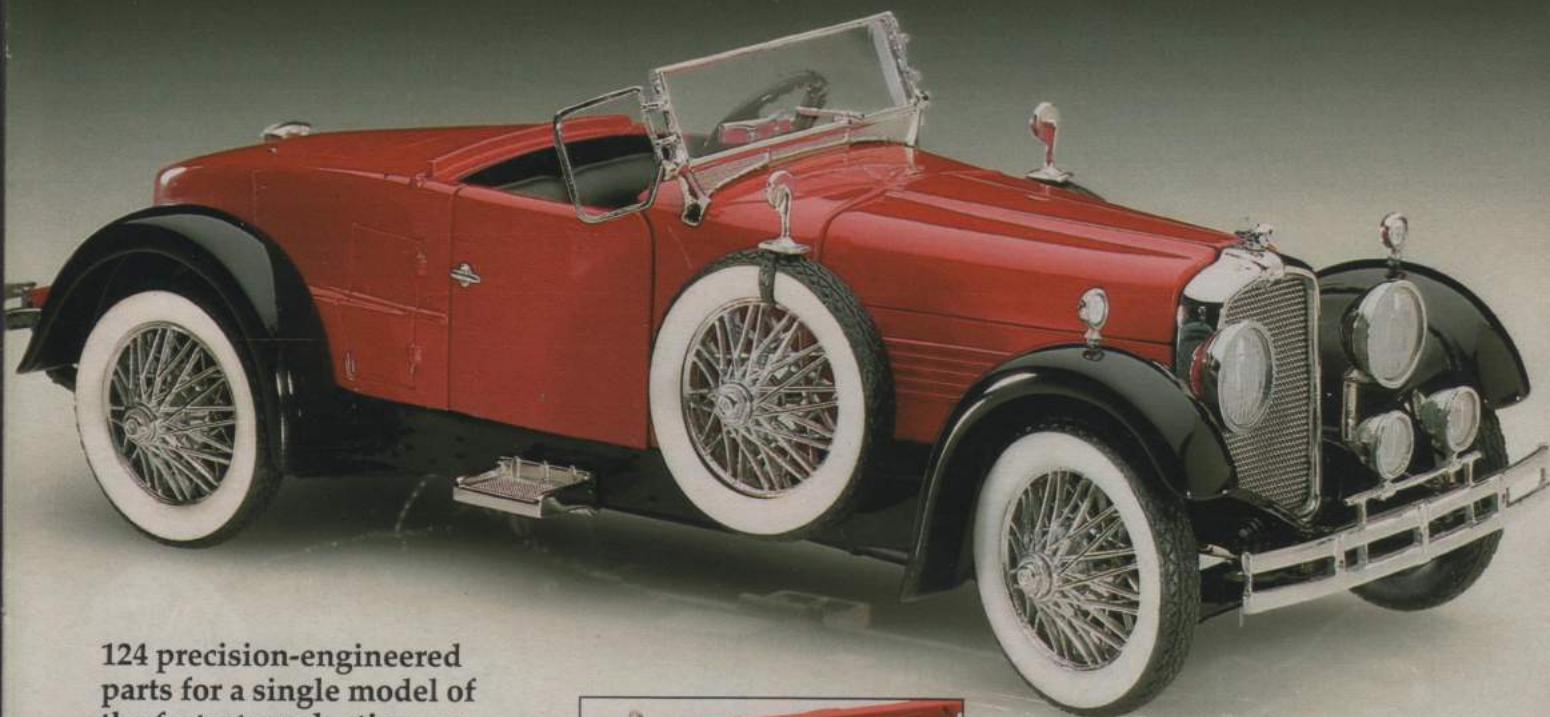
She brought it out. "He said, 'I've seen bigger whips than that. . . . They make them with five-inch leather thongs and metal on the end. . . .'"

Then he pulled his pants down and leaned over a dinner-table chair, she says. He lusted for pain. "He said, 'Now beat me, bitch, beat me and hurt me. Don't you understand I need this?' He said, 'Haven't you ever wanted a slave?'"

She whipped him gingerly at first. "He said, 'Come on, beat me harder. . . . Hurt me. I want to cry. I want to hurt. Make me



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feel it good. . . . Spank me, you're making me hard. Come on, you're making me hard. . . . I'm gonna come, just with you spanking me. Come on, *hit me harder, bitch!*"

"No matter how hard I hit him, he wanted it harder. It's a toy whip, it's so thin, it couldn't really hurt him. . . .

"He liked me to yell at him. He'd tell me to shout: 'Tell me how no good I am. Tell me I'm scum. Tell me you want to punish me because I'm dirty. . . . I'm filthy.'" So she did as told, yelling the lines he wrote: "Come on, you big hard dick, shoot that juice up." Often he'd be handcuffed, "and he would jerk off while I hit him.

"He'd say, 'Tell me my dick is big,' and I'd say, 'Yeah, your dick is really big.'"

He had other requests. He asked if he might whip her "sweet white ass and between your thighs," she says, balking. "If I've got any marks on my body, don't you think my husband's gonna ask questions?" That would happen soon enough.

She says Swaggart bought the excuse, but one day he showed up with a paper bag and plopped down on the couch. She fetched a beer, and "he said, 'Here, I want you to use this.'" He pulled out a seven-inch latex dildo. "He said, 'I want to see it up your pussy. I want you to pretend it's me and ram it up and twist it around.' And I said, 'Jimmy, it's too big. It will hurt me.'

"I said, 'You know, this is getting to be a bit too much.' And he said, 'No, it's helping me. Don't you want to please me? You will be rewarded, I promise you. Jesus loves you and God loves you and I love you.

"Now get on the floor and shove that fucking thing up your pussy as far as you can. . . . Shove that fucking dick up. . . ." I said, 'Jimmy, it hurts too much!' And he said, 'Well, just play with it, then, touch it and play with those fucking balls. Come on, come on.'"

She remembers his face: beet-red, pouring sweat, eyes glazed over. "He looked like a man possessed," she says. Each time it was something different. "He tired of things kind of fast. It got to the point, I was wondering, *Where is all this going to end?*"

One day as he wandered about her house, he picked up her daughter's photo from the mantel. "She's very pretty," he said.

"She's the light of my life," said Kampen.

Then he popped the same question he'd proposed to Debra Murphree, the \$20 prostitute. "He said, 'I'd like to get you and your daughter together for a little performance.'" Kampen gasped. "I said, 'What are you talking about?'"

"He said, 'It's not going to hurt anyone.' I rarely curse, but I told him, 'Are you fucking out of your mind? She's my daughter. She's a little girl.' And he says, 'Oh, she's not that little. You've got to teach her—'" Kampen cut him off. "I said, 'That makes me sick. That's a very sick thing

## FINNISH ON TOP



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to even think about."

Normally docile, a pushover, Kampen put her foot down. "I said, 'If you intend on seeing my daughter, I never want to see you again.'"

But he wasn't going to let it drop. On another visit, she recalls him asking, "Are you going to finally let me meet your daughter?" And I said, "No, this is between you and me."

"Have you ever been so embarrassed you actually blushed, felt your blood getting hot inside?" I said, "Do you know what my husband would do to you if he [heard] about this? Don't ever, ever bring my daughter up again."

Well, how about Ralph? she says he asked. "He said, 'You and Ralph could perform for me.' I said, 'Ralph would never go for that,' but he wanted me to talk him into it." She was able to convince Swaggart it was a bad idea—"He'd kill me and he'd kill you. . . . So [Swaggart] says, 'Well, just tell me about it. Tell me, you know, how big is his dick.'"

She nearly said, "Bigger than yours," but held her tongue. "I'd never insult a man's masculinity," she explains. "I told him, 'That's my business and it's personal.' But he's still asking, 'Is it big? Is it long? Is it fat?'"

"Does he ever fuck you in the ass?"

"I said, 'Even if he did, I wouldn't talk about it.' I said, 'You know, that's sodomy. I think it's illegal. If you enforced that law,

every gay person in America would be in jail.'"

Suddenly he stunned her with a liberal about-face, a sort of fire-and-brimstone Dr. Ruth. "He said, 'No, that's between you and your husband. If you feel like doing that, go ahead. It's not going to hurt anything.' He could justify anything he wanted to do."

Even a lesbian show. She says he asked her to get down with another woman. "I said, 'That's against God's laws.' And he said, 'Oh, no, if you don't have intercourse, it's okay.' He said he had someone he wanted me to meet. He said, 'I'd like her to suck your nipples.' And I said, 'No, I don't think so.'" She says he pressed it. "He said, 'You'd like her. She's quiet. She's not as pretty as you are, but you'd like the same things.'" Was he talking about Murphree? She never found out.

"He said, 'Well, if you ever get the urge to get your pussy eaten by another woman, let me know and I'll take care of it.' I said, 'No, I don't think so.'"

It was a rare glimpse of one sexual psyche bred by old-time religion. A psychology buff, she was curious as to why he never pressed her for intercourse. In a strange way, it hurt her feelings. "I asked him, 'Haven't you ever wanted to make love to me?' And he said, 'Oh, sure, but that would be cheating. What we're doing here is just playing—it's fun and games,

it's not cheating. You understand that, don't you? You know the difference.' I was at a loss for words."

Later she got speechless again when he asked what she kept in her refrigerator. "He said, 'Do you have a cucumber or anything long like that?' When I said no, he asked, 'How about a zucchini?'"

A zucchini for a preacher? "No," she said, "I don't have any zucchini." One thing about Swaggart, he was tenacious, she says. "So he asks me, 'Do you have a Coke bottle?'"

She refused that, along with his request that she stand nude atop her glass dining-room table. "How would I explain to Ralph if it breaks?" she wanted to know. She says he suggested she masturbate on her dresser while he lay on her bed. She found that less threatening and complied. Swaggart was beside himself with glee. "He said, 'That's the way I want it. Pretend my dick's up you . . . I'm fucking you.' He said, 'Tell me how it feels.' So I told him, 'It feels great, yeah, it feels so good, terrific, I'm in heaven.' Whatever he wanted me to say."

Afterward, Swaggart kissed her and hugged her—bear hugs, she says, nothing "sensual," just "friendly."

But she was diving into depression over the affair. She had crying jags all the time. "Boy, was I starting to feel used," she says. "I was thinking, 'Whatever he promised me, I'm never gonna get. He's just stringing me along. He says I'm helping him, but I'm feeling worse by the day.'"

She was sleeping all the time, snapping at her husband and daughter, out of character with her upbeat personality. "I realized this was hurting me so bad that I had to get out of it, but I didn't know how," she says.

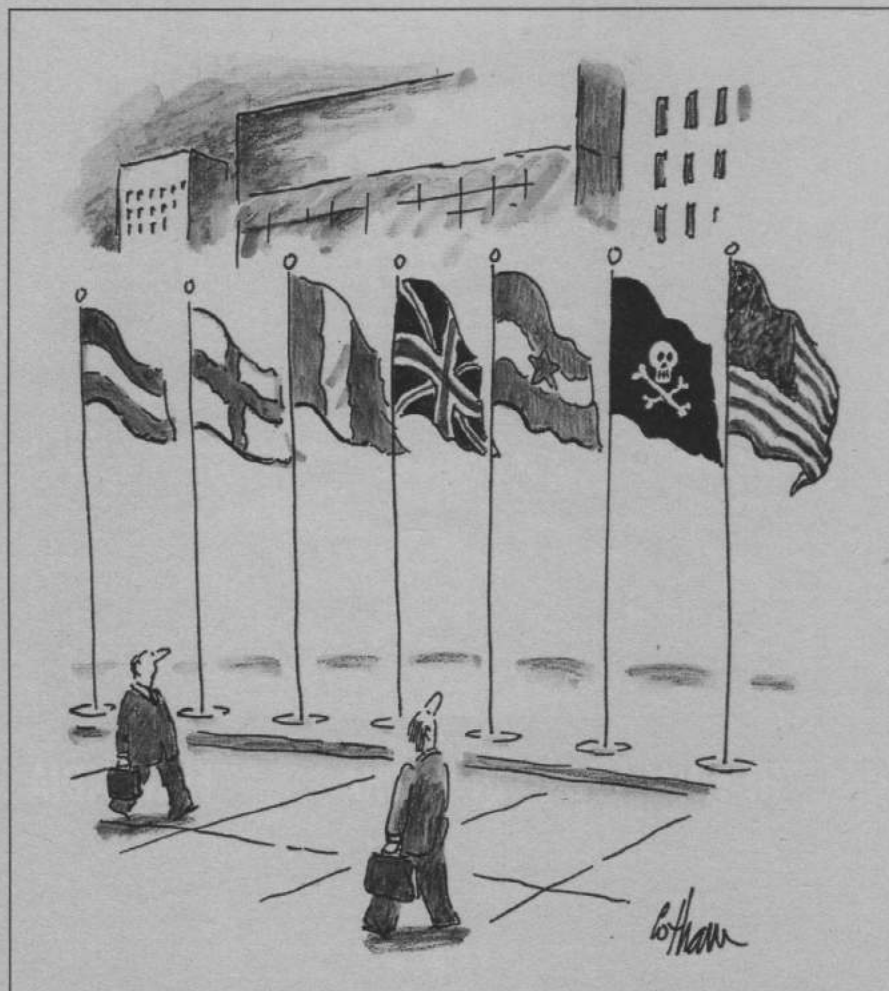
By now it was October, and Swaggart had been caught hunting whores on Airline Highway. But Gorman had yet to turn his evidence over to the Assemblies of God, which would later defrock Swaggart with it. It was getting crazier all the time.

One day, she recalls, "He said, 'Look,' alarm in his voice, "I need this. . . . Have you ever heard of a golden shower? I want you to piss all over me."

"I want to get in your bathtub, in a little bit of water, a bubble bath, and lie in it and feel the nice hot water on my balls and dick." I asked, 'And then what?' And he said, 'I want you to stand and piss all over me.' I said, 'I'm not gonna do that. It sounds awful.' But he said, 'It feels good . . . it's warm. I want to watch you hold your pussy wide open when you pee. . . . I want you to piss all over me.'" Suddenly she realized she'd been playing the fool.

"I said, 'You're never going to give me anything towards that boutique, are you?' And do you know what he said? 'I'm giving you my word,' he said. 'You're talking to a man of God. I follow what God tells me to do, and it's not time for you to worry about finances.'"

"So he asked me to get in the tub and



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let him wash me with the shower massager. So I did, and he got so excited, he must have climaxed in about 45 seconds. . . . He got it all over my damn rug."

She was determined to break it off. At last, Ralph gave her an excuse: He came home unannounced one cold rainy day in December 1987. Swaggart was on the sofa. Nothing sexual was going on, but Kampen "felt guilty as sin." Swaggart ignored her husband, who motioned his wife to the bedroom, she says. "I don't want him in the house anymore," he said. "Get him out of here." And Ralph left.

That night he asked her what was going on. At first she denied having sex, but "Ralph wormed it out of me." She confessed. Ralph exploded.

"He called me a 'dirty, ignorant bitch,'" she says, tearing up. "He said I was stupid for not realizing Swaggart was just using me. He asked, 'How can you be an adult and be taken in by this man?' It hit home."

Ralph refused to speak to her for two days. Then he said that "he realized how gullible I was, but that I'd hurt myself and hurt him. And the last thing on earth I wanted was to hurt Ralph."

"I'd like to kill the son of a bitch," said her husband. "If I ever run across him again, I'll blow his brains out." She pleaded, "It's not worth it, Ralph. I won't see him again," unsure if she meant it.

Soon it was Christmas, then 1988, the new year. Swaggart phoned. He had to see her, he said. "I've had trouble with my husband," she said. "I don't think so."

Now Swaggart was furious. "He said, 'You can't just leave me up in the air.'" Yet there was an increasing urgency to his fantasies. He wanted more humiliation, she says, more weirdness for the high priest of bayou kink.

They met for the last time over a year ago in mid-January, she says. He ordered her to drive up on the levee, take her sweatshirt off, and run around the car topless in the freezing cold. "He got behind the wheel of the car and said, 'Run in front of the car. [Imagine] I'm gonna hit you, I'm gonna splatter you all over the place.'"

"He said, 'You're gonna die. What's going through your mind?' I knew what he wanted to hear, so I said, 'You're holding my life in your hands.' And he said, 'Yeah. What does it feel like when another human being has the power to flatten you?' And I said, 'Oh, it feels bad.'"

She was shivering, goose bumps on her white skin. "I told him, 'I'm freezing to death out here,' but he said, 'Just a minute, in a minute. . . .'" When she climbed back in, she saw "he had a rubber on, he'd finished jerking off. I kept thinking, 'This son of a bitch, it's the last time I'm gonna see him. He doesn't care if I catch pneumonia.'"

On the ride back he was especially jumpy, looking around, paranoid. By now, of course, his denomination elders were contemplating Gorman's evidence

against him, but the press had yet to report it. "He said, 'And you think you've got problems. You'd feel bad for me if you knew my problems.'"

She asked about his ministry and said she and Ralph had once driven by the Baton Rouge complex. "It's a lot of weight on one man's shoulders," sighed Swaggart, staring out at the bleak gray landscape on the levee. "We do good work. . . . I have a lot of good people who love me, but they have to be devoted to me because they know I am their salvation."

They drove back to the house. Once again, he commanded something she could not do. He said, "I want you to piss in my mouth." She drew the line. "I said, 'I'm not gonna do it.' I told myself, 'This is a very sick man.' I asked him, 'How can you stand it, it's humiliating?' And he said, 'It turns me on.'"

When she balked, he grabbed her by the shoulders and "shook me like a rag

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Dancing, she turned  
to slip off her top. When she  
faced him again, his  
pants were down to his knees.  
Swaggart was  
masturbating, she says.

---

doll. He made me cry," she says. "His hands were burning hot, like his blood pressure was way up. He looked possessed. . . . I said, 'Stop it, you're hurting me.' He was just shaking and shaking me and my head was bobbing up and down. I was crying. I said, 'I never want to see you again!' And he snapped out of it. He said, 'Look, I'm sorry, but you shouldn't tell me no when I ask you to do these things.'"

Suddenly she felt stark terror. "I'd been afraid of him for a while, but now I felt terrorized. He was like a ticking time bomb about to explode," she says. He hugged her before he left. "Remember," he said, "I love you and Jesus loves you."

So many times she'd resolve to end it, only to cave in when he'd call, she says. But if his requests were so repugnant, why did she play along? Says Kampen, "The average person will say, 'She couldn't have been that stupid,' but I was that stupid, naive, and worse. All I wanted to do was to get away from him, but at the same time I wanted to help him. . . . I felt Jimmy was a lost little boy who needed me. I thought I could do him some good, [give] him some kind of fleeting

peace. I was obsessed and possessed, I couldn't break it off. It would run through my mind, 'I'm going to tell him,' then I'd see him face-to-face and couldn't do it. Even in his need [with] his strange requests, he was so powerful, it was like saying no to God. I never felt such strong charisma and power as I felt in his presence. It was like a magnet, and the more I pulled away, the more the magnet pulled me towards him."

Then that January, Kampen had a freak accident. A light fixture fell on her at a department store, her medical records show, and she wound up in bed at home when Swaggart called, she says. "He wanted me to pick him up," she recalls. "I told him I was hurt too badly."

She says Swaggart dismissed her pain. "He said, 'You can't possibly hurt badly enough not to see me.'"

"I'm sorry, Jimmy, I can't," she said.

"You better."

"I can't get out of bed."

"If you don't see me, I'll be very upset and you'll be punished," she says he warned.

"I said, 'I don't care what you think, Jimmy. Ralph has taken my car keys away. I can't drive.'" She grew furious. "I said, 'I think you're selfish, Jimmy, an asshole, a selfish asshole!'" To her, it sounded like he slammed down the receiver.

A week later he phoned again, but she'd made up her mind. "I don't want to see you anymore," she said. "You've taken advantage of me. I feel violated." This time it was her turn to hang up.

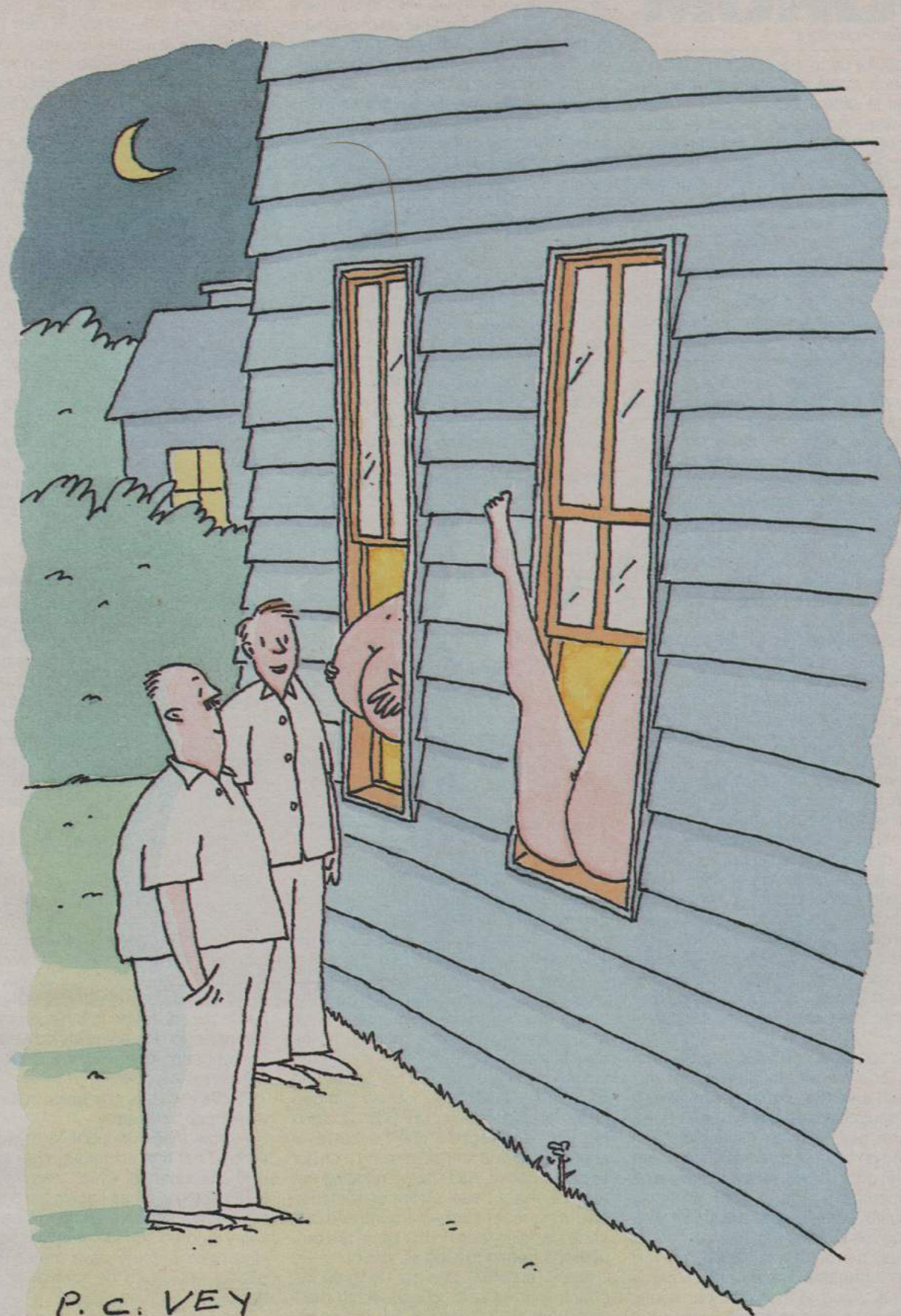
In February 1988, Kampen turned on the TV and caught Swaggart on the news, taking a pastoral hiatus under fire. He was talking about his sin, and she froze, fearing he was confessing their relationship. Then she learned he was apparently referring to Debra Murphree. "I know it sounds strange, but I felt jilted, betrayed," she says. "I said, 'The son of a bitch was two-timing me.'"

She began receiving threatening phone calls, she says, and didn't know what to do.

"They'd call and say, 'Don't say anything about Jimmy if you know what's good for you,'" she says. "I was scared." She phoned her friend, the car salesman who had seen Swaggart; he advised her to get an attorney.

Then, she says, Gorman's chief investigator, Scott Bailey, dropped by and she felt much safer. Last summer he brought his field lab-technician kit and scoured her house for physical evidence that might link her incontrovertibly to Swaggart, she says.

Her mood picks up as she remembers how he opened her sock drawer and retrieved for lab analysis the dildo she says Swaggart had brought. "He put it in a plastic bag," she laughs. "I said, 'Mr. Bailey, it's different, isn't it?' And he said, 'I've never seen one like it.'"



P. C. VEY

"Do you think they know we're out here?"

that require us to work overtime. During one such move we finally had an encounter to write about.

We were moving an all-female office, and four of the ladies stayed to ensure the correct placement of their furniture. We all decided that each of us would take one of the ladies and move her furniture personally. We were paired off like this: Kevin had Ali, Brad had Nancy, Julius had Evonne, and I had Zoe.

These ladies were real lookers. All were tall, with voluptuous breasts and well-rounded, tight asses: Nancy looked like she exercised quite frequently. After about an hour and a half of moving furniture, we decided it was time to take a break, and we all sat around just making small talk. Soon the subject of sex came up, and I explained to the girls that all four of us were avid readers of *Penthouse*, especially the letters. Julius told them that he often fantasized about having an encounter with a beautiful Oriental lady, but the four women quickly changed the subject and decided to carry on with the move after they freshened up.

Soon the cleaning people came and left and we finished ahead of schedule. The ladies offered us drinks in the executive offices for our good work. After a few, everyone became a little frisky. Ali got up from her seat and fell in front of the four of us. Kevin, the gentleman of the group, offered to help her up. After she was back on her feet, she complimented Kevin and the rest of us on how well we kept in shape. To my amazement, she lunged at Kevin and planted a long, passionate kiss on his mouth! The other three responded quickly and jumped on their respective companions with obvious lust. Ali slowly slid her hand down Kevin's body, pulled out his engorged cock, and proceeded to give him the blowjob of his life! Brad and Nancy went to a secluded part of the office to get it on. I heard Nancy's moans through the door—it was obvious that Brad was giving her the ride of her life.

After about ten minutes of giving me head, Zoe frantically ripped off our clothes. I caressed her sweet body as if I were sculpting clay. She had a wonderfully firm ass, and as I entered her I grabbed on to those luscious cheeks and didn't let go. Zoe was really on the verge of an incredible orgasm—she was truly a beautiful woman who obviously was enjoying me to the max!

Julius, never the shy one, parted Evonne's brunette snatch and expertly drove his proud 11-inch member home. Evonne was amazed and incredibly turned on that they were doing it in front of us. She said she always wanted to participate in an orgy. Zoe and I eagerly agreed! We all sucked and fucked in different positions for at least an hour. Slowly,

one by one, we all reached our climaxes. In all my years of sexual encounters I have never heard so many sounds of pleasure at the same time. We all cleaned up and exchanged phone numbers. Now when we pass by the girls' office, we're all smiles from the memories of the night we made the "big move." We always look forward to our next job, hoping something like this will happen again.—*Name and address withheld*

## BIRTHDAY BONANZA

I recently turned the big 40 and had a unique experience on my birthday. I'm a successful corporate lawyer, divorced ten years, and enjoy the single life. I'm no Robert Redford, but I take good care of myself. Lately I've been dating a woman that I met at my health club. She's 43, owns her own business, and we've been getting along quite well. Ivy works out like a demon and her body is rock-solid. She's been doing some free-lance mod-

With the added visual excitement of my husband's nude body in front of me, and seeing our friends undress and caress one another, my whole body shuddered with an intense orgasm.

eling and really knows how to strut her stuff. Ivy's best friend Irene is a flight attendant, and when she's in town she comes to the gym with us. I love working out with them because that's when I get rock-solid—or at least my cock does!

Ivy invited me over on my birthday for what I thought would be a quiet and relaxing evening in her private spa. What a surprise! Instead she met me at the door in a sexy red teddy. With it went red stockings, red pumps, red nail polish, and dark red lipstick. She looked dangerously enticing. So much for push-ups and leg lifts. We popped open a bottle of champagne and started making it on her sectional couch. As I started grinding this red-hot vixen, I was aware of someone else in the room. I turned around and saw Irene standing there in the same red outfit. Irene began to strip as she hummed "Happy Birthday." She got down on the couch with us and proceeded to massage and suck my cock. Ivy sat on my face and I teased her clit with my tongue. There were orgasms for everyone that night. I started making love to Ivy, and Irene asked me to come inside of her, too. I felt my balls tighten and I ejaculated

into Ivy. Then I quickly grabbed Irene and loaded up her tank as well. Switching women mid-stride is not an easy thing to do, but the rewards are worth it. When I pulled out of Irene, she licked my cock clean and told me how she loved the taste of my cock covered with both of their love juices.

I must've dozed off, because when I looked up, both women were dressed to kill and ready to go out for a night on the town. Neither one of them wore bras underneath their sheer tops, and I couldn't wait to see folks' reactions when we entered the club. My ego was at an all-time high as I strutted in with these two knock-out babes. We returned to Ivy's house that evening and toppled into bed. In the morning, I was greeted with consecutive blowjobs. Unfortunately, Irene had a flight out that morning, but Ivy and I made the best of the situation and got into a little one-on-one. I must admit, it was the best birthday I ever had. Ivy's birthday is next week, and you can bet I'll have the champagne chilling at my house and a friend waiting in the wings.—*Name and address withheld*

## EYE-OPENER

One of my most satisfying and erotic experiences happened when I was a senior at a large midwestern college. I had been going out with a truly beautiful girl with long brown hair, blue eyes, and immense tits. The end of the year was near, and I wanted to sample some of the other girls on campus. One in particular caught my eye, and a guy I worked with gave me a great scouting report on this blond cutie—"Get her drunk, kiss her with your eyes open, and don't believe her when she says no."

I asked Tanya out, and she told me to pick her up at her dorm at 11 p.m. When I arrived, she was already quite tipsy. So far, so good, I thought. We visited the local bar and drank till closing. Then we went to my apartment, where I proudly introduced her to my two roommates. When they'd finally disappeared, Tanya and I began to kiss passionately. I took her to my room and laid her on my bed. Our hot tongues were wetly entwined and, remembering my friend's advice, I kept my eyes wide open.

"I love it when a guy kisses me with his eyes open," she said.

I know that, I thought to myself as I rubbed her firm tits through her sweater until she moaned, which was my signal to disrobe her. When I got to her tiny white bra, Tanya said we shouldn't be doing this. I ignored her, following the scouting report as closely as a major-league pitcher would with the book on opposing batters.

The bra came off next. Her tits were a nice size, white against her tan body. I sucked those babies for a good long time, warming her up for what I had in store. I made a trail of saliva down to her belt buckle, which I unfastened, and slid her



# SUNNY

☛ If I could be anyone else in history,  
I'd choose Cleopatra. I'd love to have that kind  
of power and allure with men. ☛

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

# AFTERGLOW

I guess people grow up to personify the name they're given at birth," says radiant Sunny Woods, our 23-year-old March Pet of the Month. "My parents always said I was a happy baby." The Canadian-born Sunny holds a dual degree in computer science and accounting. On weekends, she says, she enjoys curling up with "a good book . . . or a good man."

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Though her schedule leaves little time for recreation, Sunny tries to see as many hockey games as possible. "I love the Edmonton Oilers, and anyone who's a fan is okay by me!"







"If I could be anyone in history," 36-24-36 Sunny reflects, "I'd choose Cleopatra. Men did anything to be with her. I'd love to have that kind of power and allure."





"I know someday I'll  
meet my perfect  
mate. Perhaps now  
he'll sit up and take  
notice," laughs  
Sunny.





Sunny confesses that her favorite indulgences include "boxed chocolates, lacy lingerie, and a single icy glass of imported vodka."







"On my next vacation, I'd like to see Alaska. I love the cold," she discloses. But even in the chilliest climes, Sunny Woods is certain to warm the hearts of red-blooded men wherever she goes.



MISS SUNNY WOODS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



As the battle of the budget threatens the V.A. health-care system, President Bush had better learn to read the lips of our nation's veterans.

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The search for budgetary savings in an attempt to lower the fiscal deficit is like the pursuit of the Holy Grail. The leaner government sought by the budget-cutters is at substantial odds with President Bush's campaign pledge to strive for a "kinder, gentler, more caring" America. Predictably, America's so-called special-interest minorities, from farmers to the elderly, have been hollering foul as Bush's budgeteers have been searching for savings in programs designed to aid them. The budgeteers have already taken on the appearance of a posse or lynch mob looking for the culprit who produced our monumental deficit.

The emerging battle over entitlements threatens the Bush administration more than the emergence of a Red Tide in Central America. Since the election, there has been more and more talk about the necessity to put all the entitlement programs on the table. During the campaign, both Bush and Dukakis declared that Social Security was sacrosanct. However, if no new taxes are added to the pot, it seems highly unlikely that it will remain so. Similarly, if the entitlement programs are subjected to the budgeteers' knife, veterans programs will likely be among the first to be put on the operating table.

The assault on veterans programs and benefits will take place on a broad front. This will make opposition to the budgeteers more difficult, as their efforts will probably be sold to the public as an exercise in efficiency and consolidation. A freeze on cost-of-living increases is an obvious tactic. This has been done in the past, and the present "emergency" will give it added acceptability. It also will open



the door for a complete review of veterans benefits and programs, with an eye toward their elimination or reduction—the point being, of course, that these "entitlements" are simply legislative creations, and what Congress gives, it can take away.

There is no assurance in this time of fiscal austerity that the newly created Department of Veterans Affairs will serve as a genuine, honest veterans advocate, rather than an organization committed to bringing spending on veterans' needs in line with other, more "important" national priorities. Veterans, especially those who are dependent upon government programs to help meet their needs, are a minority without much political clout. The political heyday of the old-line veterans organizations, such as the American Legion, is long since over, and there is scant chance that they will ever regain their former influence. Even so, the battle to reduce veterans benefits and programs is by no means a fait accompli. It will be opposed by some long-standing supporters of veterans in Congress, but given the present political climate, it is unlikely that these folks will prevail.

The most vulnerable area of veterans programs is medical care. By any objective stan-

dard of measurement, the V.A. system, in terms of the quality of care provided, is clearly superior to its civilian counterpart. V.A. medical care is the most cost-effective service paid for by our government. In the last year of the Reagan administration, those who sought to make bureaucratic brownie points at the expense of veteran patients caused severe damage to the V.A.'s health-care system. Another assault on the V.A.'s health-care system might destroy it. To avoid this outcome, it is essential that the public come to grips with the fact that quality medical care for veterans is truly a matter of national security. Besides serving as a backup to the woefully inadequate medical capacity of the military services in time of war, the V.A. medical-care system is a physical manifestation of our nation's commitment to the health and well-being of the men and women who have served their country honorably and faithfully in the hot and cold wars of this century. We must keep that faith and pay whatever it costs to provide adequate care.

From what we have been able to learn so far about the budgeteers' plans for the V.A.'s medical system, it appears that it will involve an attempt to define it out of existence. The first

step will be to eliminate, for medical purposes, veteran status once patients reach their 65th birthday. At this point the individual veteran would be left to fend for him or herself as a Medicare or Medicaid patient, and be denied treatment and care at a V.A. hospital. The second step envisaged is to further restrict treatment of veteran patients at a V.A. hospital unless their infirmity is certified as "service-connected." We have seen where this line of attack can lead in the long-running battle to gain service-connected status for veterans who have been afflicted with post-traumatic stress disorder or suffer from radiation exposure.

President Bush had better learn to read the lips of our nation's veterans. They did not provide him with a "mandate" to destroy the carefully crafted and constructed social infrastructure created over the past 45 years to meet the legitimate needs of our veterans, on the phony pretext of a latter-day conversion to the cult of fiscal responsibility. President Bush will not succeed if he succumbs to the partisan objective of destroying government systems out of a perverted sense of free-market ideology.

It is our hope that as the "battle of the budget" is fought out in the halls of Congress, the White House, and the media, we as a grateful nation and people do not permit our leaders to sacrifice the needs of veterans on the altar of political incompetency, or out of fear that the people are not willing to pay the costs of the government they want, need, and require to make life a bit better for all of us. That is the ultimate ideological question, and it requires leaders of competence to find an answer.—William R. Corson



Marlboro



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

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



• Test impersonators have been in business for years. Competitive students know they need an edge to make them stand out in the burgeoning pool of college applicants, and \$300 cash paid to a high-scoring entrepreneur has in many cases done the job. •

## ADVISE & DISSENT

### OPINION

BY LARRY SCHULTZ AND DAVID WELLER

The authors are both graduates of Stuyvesant High School in New York City. David Weller is presently a freshman at Harvard University; Larry Schultz attends Dartmouth College.

# SATSCAM: BEATING THE COLLEGE BOARDS

Eight o'clock, Saturday morning, June 4, 1988. "Joe Blogger," a senior at New York City's elite Stuyvesant High School, took the College Board Math Level II Achievement Test. After examining his school picture ID, the proctor admitted him to the test center. Joe was nervous. He knew that a good score could be his trump card in the college-admissions game. But Joe Blogger does not exist.

On the same day, Stuyvesant senior Jeff Strabone took the College Board English Literature Achievement Test while in reality he was at home asleep. Senior Larry Schultz was taking the exam for him.

The following is a firsthand report of how, in a system that places preponderant weight on test scores, students using fraudulent identification can pull the wool over the eyes of college-admissions officers and the Educational Testing Service. E.T.S. is the largest nonprofit testing service, administering seven million Scholastic Aptitude Tests and achievement tests for the College Board annually. Both exams play a vital role in the college-admissions process. Check-in and security procedures are the same for both.

Test impersonators have been in business for years. Competitive students know they need an edge to make them stand out in the burgeoning pool of college applicants, and \$300 cash paid to a high-scoring entrepreneur has in many cases done the job.

Acceptable identification for admission to the S.A.T. or achievement tests includes any photo ID card. A passport, school ID, or even a Y.M.C.A. ID or Michael Jackson Fan Club membership card could conceivably satisfy E.T.S.'s security requirement. We obtained a blank Stuyvesant ID card from our student government. David Weller signed the fabricated name "Joe Blogger," typed the corresponding information on the card, attached his photo, and brought it to one of Manhattan's many novelty shops, where it was laminated for two dollars.

A physical description written on school stationery and signed by the student and guidance counselor is also an adequate piece of identification. We created our own Stuyvesant stationery, on which Schultz wrote his own physical description and signed the name "Jeff Strabone" (the name of a Stuyvesant senior who agreed to participate in the exposé). For the guidance counselor's signature, we forged the name of Murray Kahn, a Stuyvesant assistant principal. E.T.S. did not check that the signature was authentic or that the name represented a real person. Had we signed the name "Bob Guccione" as the guidance counselor's, the proctor might still have admitted us to the exam.

While students across the country were up all night before exam day fervently studying formulas and vocabulary words, we were at Stuyvesant's prom at New York's Plaza Hotel. We chose Murrow High School for our test center because as it is not our own high school, we would not be recognized. Just out of our tuxedos, we arrived there at 8 A.M.

The test supervisor checked to see that the picture on Weller's ID matched his face, then admitted him to the test center. Schultz was admitted after the supervisor examined his physical description form. At the test's end we handed our answer sheets to the proctor and canceled our scores. (E.T.S. provides this service for students who think they did poorly on the exam and do not want the score reported.) Our intention was not to secure high scores for other students, but to expose the ease of test impersonation.

Sometimes, though, problems arise and a near foolproof scheme of using fake identification goes awry. One Stuyvesant senior who was paid \$300 to take a Long Island student's S.A.T. lost his bogus ID on the day of the test. At the last moment, the Long Islander gave the senior his driving learner's permit for identification. Apparently, the proctor never compared the description on the permit with the test taker's. If he had, he would have noticed that the test taker had blue eyes, while the permit stated eye color as brown.

E.T.S. and the College Board have tried to convince the public that the abuse is not widespread. According to E.T.S., only 1,000 of two million S.A.T. and achievement-test scores are canceled annually for what it calls "security reasons." (E.T.S. does not say how many of these are impersonation cases.) Stuyvesant entrepreneurs have taken at least 14 E.T.S. exams for others last year alone, and as of June 1988, not one of the scores had been canceled.

One of E.T.S.'s detection methods consists of an automatic check, in which it compares a student's previous and current test scores. If there is a large discrepancy, E.T.S. will investigate. It is important to note that many students who have others take S.A.T.'s for them have achieved scores in the 1200s (out of a possible 1600) by themselves, but score in the 1400s by an impostor's pencil. A 200-point difference, though not large enough to warrant an investigation, may be great enough to gain a student admission to a more selective college. Students anticipating low scores often plan ahead. They have all of their E.T.S. exams taken by impersonators; E.T.S. has no chance of ferreting out the offenders.

E.T.S.'s Test Security Office (T.S.O.) employs a full-time staff of 22 to investigate security breaches. After the T.S.O. and a board of review have confirmed a cheating charge, E.T.S. gives the student who has paid an impersonator several options. The most severe punishment is the cancellation of the student's score and the refund of the test fee. The guilty student also has the option of retaking the test under more secure conditions. The most incredible of all is the opportunity to bring the case to the American Arbitration Association and let it decide whether or not the grounds for cancellation are valid. And guess who foots the bill? The Educational Testing Service. Action is rarely taken against the paid impersonator.

E.T.S. notifies colleges only that a score has been canceled, not the reason. In the words of an E.T.S. spokesper-

son, "It is not our role to point a finger." According to the admissions officers we contacted, a discredited score does not affect their admission decisions. "A canceled score could arise for any number of reasons. We don't know if cheating is the reason for cancellation," says John Spencer, an admissions officer at Cornell University. Indeed, there is no way for a college to tell that a score has been canceled because of cheating. After failing to bamboozle the colleges, the cheater is given a clean slate; he has the same admissions opportunity as the honest applicant.


The problem with E.T.S.'s handling of this impropriety is that it teaches no lesson to the budding criminal. As one Stuyvesant senior who took the S.A.T. for his friend asks, "Is society telling me, 'Yes, crime pays'?" If the young swindler's first experience with crime is a justice system that turns its head, what will he do when given the opportunity to buy stock on an illegal tip?

Clearly, E.T.S. cannot act as a punisher. It is an independent organization that administers tests. But certainly it can pass information regarding improper behavior on to colleges. Because the scores are significant to them—not E.T.S.—colleges should determine what effect cheating will have on their decision to admit a student. E.T.S. should inform them of the reason for cancellation.

Even if it is true, as E.T.S. contends, that there are very few students hiring test impersonators, shouldn't it nevertheless tighten security? One Stuyvesant administrator believes that no matter how much E.T.S. strengthens security, somebody will be able to crack the system. Such a cynical attitude represents a perverse acceptance of the status quo.

E.T.S. has no moral obligation to discourage students from cheating; that is the task of the individual student's moral exemplars. But E.T.S. does have an obligation to do everything in its power to prevent students from successfully increasing their scores—and chances for college admission—by improper means. By allowing impersonations to be inadequately checked, E.T.S. may not be fulfilling its obligations to both test takers and colleges as outlined in its "Procedures for Questioned Scores" booklet.

What can E.T.S. do to make tests more secure? First and foremost, it should require all students to take S.A.T.'s and achievement tests at their own high schools. Second, every high school should also be required to have a file containing each student's name and picture, which would be matched at the exams with the face and name on the admissions ticket.

While budding entrepreneurs pull in hundreds of dollars and wealthy students benefit from a system of lax security, E.T.S. continues to ignore the impersonation problem by steadfastly supporting its flawed security system. Some colleges have already begun to lose faith in the S.A.T. because of the contents of the test itself. Cheating may be the next bite into its clout. 

pants down her deeply tanned gams. All the while, she continued her meaningless protest.

Her legs were perfect, and led to the cutest feet I had ever seen. I held them as if they were the crown jewels and told her how beautiful they were.

"I think feet are very sensual," Tanya said, which charged up my budding foot fetish. She rubbed her sexy foot around my crotch, making my cock grow even stiffer.

I ran my tongue up her left leg until it came to rest at her panty-covered cunt. I licked her and chewed lightly on her mound until I could taste her juice through the cloth. As predicted, she resisted when I took her underwear off; but I dived into that pretty blond bush tongue-first and ate her sweet pussy for a half hour while she climaxed several times.

I realized I'd had my clothes on all this time, and as I began to strip, Tanya still continued to protest. "We shouldn't do this," she said. "I hardly know you."

When I was down to the bare essentials, I drove my cock into her dripping cunt and began to saw back and forth, in and out.

"It's so good and hard," she said, finally accepting the fact that I was fucking her and she was enjoying it.

I sucked her tits as I slowly fucked her. As we became more aroused, I increased my tempo, and she fucked back stroke for stroke. When I felt my come gurgling in my loins, I announced to Tanya that I was nearing the end.

"Oh yeah, come deep inside me," she panted.

I obliged her request as I pumped my come into her hot tunnel. Afterward, we held each other and talked about what had just happened. A little while later, she crawled between my legs and, without saying a word, informed me she was an expert cocksucker. After several minutes of tantalizing up-and-down, side-to-side sucking, my dick was standing at attention. She then sat down on my cock, slipping it into her twat. As she bounced up and down, I used my thumb on her clit. She leaned back in ecstasy. Her perfect tits standing out from her lean, tanned, flat-stomached body would have made a great picture—it's certainly engraved on my mind. I could take no more. I fired my second round of the night up her box.

A few months later, the school year was over, and my roommates and other friends were sitting around the apartment telling sex stories. After I told the above tale, one of my roomies began asking very detailed questions like, "Isn't it true that you were still completely dressed and she was stark naked?" and "She had nice feet, didn't she?"

It turns out they had watched the whole thing through my open window.—*Name*

and address withheld

## THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

I am a 28-year-old male who's recently had an experience worth writing about. My friend Frankie was curious to see if his wife would go to bed with another man, and I agreed to help him find out. Cheryl is a five-foot-tall red-haired bundle of energy, and Frankie said she was a fire-cracker in bed. On the chance that she would sleep with another guy, I wanted to be it!

Since Frankie worked nights, I started going over to see her every night. One Tuesday night I arrived to find Cheryl doing aerobics in front of the television. She was wearing a very skimpy pair of shorts and no underwear, making her cunt lips very clearly defined. She also wore a very tight tank top, and her tits practically sprang free with each jumping jack she did. Watching her go at it gave me a real hard-on. Joking with her,

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Dottie moved toward me and  
her gaze locked  
on my tight jeans. Wetting  
her lips with that  
marvelous tongue, she went  
down on her knees  
and reached for my fly.

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I asked if she was in training for the Olympics. She said no, but that she could go the distance with me anytime. Taking her cue, I wrestled her to the floor and we started to kiss.

She pulled me closer to her as I ran a finger up inside of her shorts and into her dripping hole. She peeled down her shorts to give me easier access, then turned to me and said, "Take out your cock. I want it now." With that, I reached for my zipper and exposed my eight inches of pure pleasure. She quickly took hold of it and put it in her mouth like it was the last one on earth. I was getting the best blowjob of my life. Frankie wasn't exaggerating when he said she was hot. Afterward, we got into a sixty-nine position, and I gobbled as much of her clam as I could. Cheryl wasn't kidding when she said she could go the distance with me, and when I came, she gulped down every bit of my load.

Tired from our mutual "workout," we went upstairs to take a shower. The water felt great, and we made love standing in the shower. Afterward, we lay down on the floor of the shower to grind some more. The water mixed with our puddles

of passion, and we soaped up, paying extra attention to special areas. Just before we toweled off, Cheryl sat me on the toilet, climbed onto my lap, and rode my bucking bronco one last time. Her cunt muscles seemed to grab my whole cock and suck it right up inside her. I have never been inside a woman with such reflexes before! We both climaxed several times that night, and it was by far the best sex I've ever had! Frankie has asked me numerous times about the possibility of his wife's promiscuity. I just tell him all he has is a vivid imagination, but that I'll keep an eye on her just the same.—*Name and address withheld*

## BIOLOGY LESSON

At 27, I'd just returned from four years overseas with the Marine Corps. The culture shock of returning to the U.S. perhaps goes without saying. Four years among oriental people and the military lifestyle made the city pace hard to take. I decided to return to school to finish my education, thinking it the perfect way for me to reintegrate myself into American life.

I found myself at a small community college by the beach. I had prepared myself for the daily grind of classes, but what I wasn't ready for was the quantity of beautiful young women. Everywhere I looked there was a gorgeous girl in a tight mini or painted-on jeans, walking or chatting with friends. Their lustrous white teeth shining between fresh-glossed lips brought tuggings in my shorts.

Before you think I'm strange, let me explain. People in Asia (not Asians in America) place little emphasis on dentistry. They're either too poor, or it's just not important enough to get regular dental care. Therefore most Asians have crooked and usually decaying teeth. So perfectly aligned, sparkling white teeth seemed fascinating to me. I would find myself looking at the girls talking, enjoying the play of moving lips and wet glints of pink tongue over white teeth.

I became friends with one lady named Dottie. She was about five foot seven, with wavy brown hair, green eyes, and straight white teeth surrounded by luscious pouty lips. She was visually stunning and I commented that she could easily be a model. We had algebra class together and would often meet in the library afterward to do homework.

One evening in the library, we were talking of the upcoming semester and the biology class she was taking. Remembering the subject, I said with a smile, "I always liked the part about reproduction." She looked up from her book, meeting my eyes and smiling in return. "Me, too," she replied. "The permutations are endless."

Emboldened by the gleam in her eye, I said, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours." Dottie grinned and turned to walk behind the stacks. After only two or three steps she stopped and, looking over her



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# TIMOTHY & JULIE

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“Now I know what they mean when they say that the country air increases your appetite,” Timothy whispered.



Timothy and Julie are certified city slickers, yuppie to the core. The two ad execs have it all—his-and-her sports cars, six-figure salaries, and a penthouse on the park. When the time came to shop for a weekend retreat, they readily anted up the staggering down payment for a quaint upstate “farm property.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON VOGEL



Strolling around their new acquisition, the two nouveau landowners discovered a long-unused barn. "Look," cried Julie, "a haystack!" Giggling like teenagers, they were soon tumbling in the straw, their designer jeans hastily ripped off.





Styling by Kalina Faubert

As the stresses of city living evaporated, the two lovers felt reborn. "Now I know what they mean when they say that the country air increases your appetite," Timothy whispered.







Long into the night, each encounter only seemed to make them hunger for more. Finally sated, Timothy and Julie congratulated themselves for making an investment that bore such surprisingly savory fruit. O+

ARTICLE

# CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

BY TERI WINGENDER

U

se my  
name," the kid says. "What's  
wrong with that?  
It's my *name*. I can *prove*  
it." He pulls out a  
dirty piece of official-looking  
paper with his name  
on it. Look but don't touch.  
This is going to

PAINTING BY  
GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN



HELNWEIN



be a very unusual conversation.

"I can't. Your identity has to be protected for a story like this."

The child snorts in contempt. But then he decides it is more funny than stupid, this determination to keep his name out of black and white. He plays with the gray area.

"Okay," he says, pushing his nose up with his index finger, an imitation of someone snooty. It clashes with the knife scars on his face.

"You can call me *Charles*," he intones. "You like that? *Charles*. Now, *that's* dignified."

Vikki Balet, a pretty blonde sitting next to Charles on an orange picnic table, has the barest of smiles on her face. She has known Charles for years. She is a counselor for Children of the Night, a privately funded Los Angeles organization founded in 1979 to help child prostitutes find their way off the street. Tonight Vikki is on a "Reachout"—a mission to find kids, hand out cards, and let them know they have a choice. There are an estimated 600,000 children working as prostitutes in the United States, 88 percent of whom are running from physical or sexual abuse at home. At least 1,000 children are working as prostitutes in Los Angeles this evening. "Charles" is one of them.

In Santa Monica, there are a lot of those cute, bright Southern California hot-dog stands you see in cute, bright Southern California movies. Charles is working one today. It is a simple structure painted in primary colors, where you can order beach food. Coke, no Pepsi. Behind the counter stands its toothless proprietor who seems extremely happy to serve you. But this is no scene out of some G flick. This place is very B, very blue. Besides serving up fast food, it's a notorious pickup joint for fast sex, a hangout where young boys congregate and succumb to their prey—pedophiles and dirty old men cruising in cars to look over the tender teenage entrées.

Vikki first met Charles when he was 12, after he called Children of the Night to ask if a certain "casting director" was legitimate. (The answer was no.) He seems to genuinely like Vikki; he is relaxed, full of good humor. They talk about different kids who have been around lately, exchanging information. He tells her that he is going back to school and is getting a security job in the fall. Through Children of the Night, Charles was able to get his birth certificate and a social-security card, the things he needs to get a real job if he wants to.

"So what are you hanging around here for?" Vikki asks him.

"Nothing," he says. "I'm just waiting for some people is all."

Charles was 18 last month. He ran away from his Indiana home when he was 12. No mother, no father, just two sisters and a brother and some uncles. He doesn't have much to say for them—his life was barely held together by a string of foster

homes. "If they catch me back there," he says, "I'm gonna be in trouble, 'cause they got a warrant for my arrest."

Arrest for what?

A dramatic pause. A quick glance at Vikki, who is nonchalantly sipping her Coke, casting casual glances around the tables.

"Attempted murder." He smiles. "I was 16. Father of one of my white girlfriends, he came after me. So I defended myself. I think she got pregnant. I have a kid now, someplace, maybe. Anyway, I came out here to stay. They don't care, so long I'm stayin' away from their white pussy."

As he speaks he stares over my head, surveying the scene, his eyes darting as if distracted by the gnats circling in the California heat. His eyes are intelligent, changing like jungle-wary chameleons from a brown surface warmth to a deeper bitterness, empty and cold as black holes. He looks over the parking lot. There is a very young boy, not more than ten,

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Her friends were black militant radicals who taught her street lingo and took her to pimp bars. "If you tell me not to do something," she says, "that's the first thing I'm up for."

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leaning against a blue convertible. There are three sleazy, dirty men standing on either side of him, watching the traffic.

"Okay. This woman pulls up, she wants to take nude pictures of me, right?" Charles opens his palms toward the sky and shrugs, indicating it was out of his hands. "Say she a casting director for the movies. *Sure* she is. I do it. She take some, she give me the rest. I sell them on the street. I got one left 'cause they go quick. So this dude say, 'I want it,' and it's my last one, right? So I say, 'Hey, what you gonna pay me?' And so he tells me ten bucks. And I say no, no, no, and keep shakin' my damn head until I got 40 bucks in my pocket for some damn picture. *Shit*. And I can always get more developed back at the drugstore. Plus a profit from my casting director. And I can eat and I can sleep. What it is—I ain't robbin' nobody, right? I can live with that."

He splays his long fingers against his chest, like flesh-and-blood armor against all reproach. Vikki looks like she's heard this before and knows she'll hear it again. But this trip isn't over yet. She wants to see what's going down on Sunset Strip.

"See you around, *Charles*," she teases.

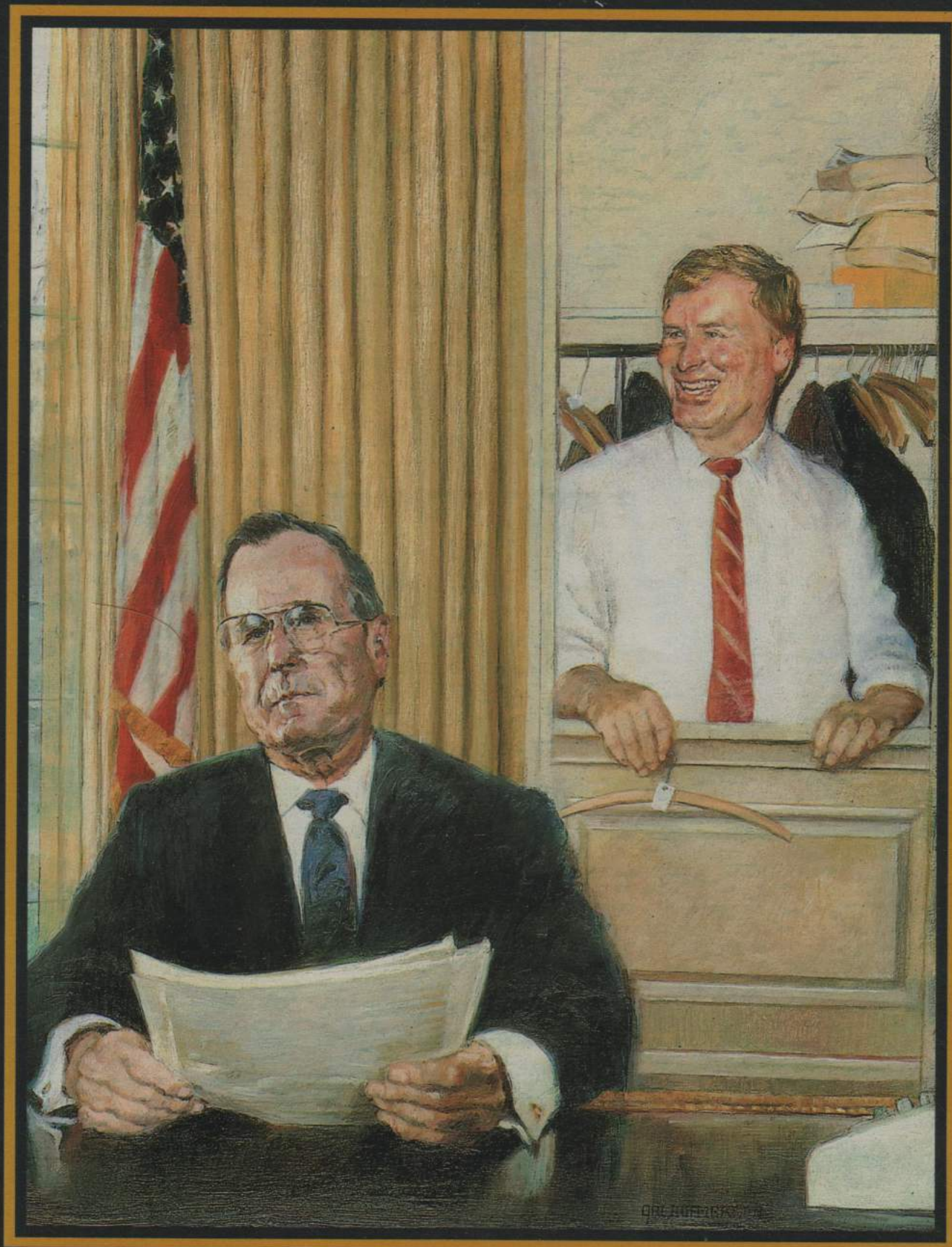
"Oh, and let me know when you get that job." He tugs on his blue baseball cap that bears no team's name. He moves toward the blue convertible. Vikki says that after being on the street this long, he's most likely pimping the younger kids now. Although his fate seems intractable after six years of prostitution, Vikki keeps coming back here—for him, for others—leaving the door open ever wider. Children of the Night has expanded its Reachout program to include Chula Vista, San Bernardino, and Orange County, helping thousands of kids turn their lives around when no one else would or could. To them there is no such thing as giving up.

The philosophy is practical, streetwise, and compassionate—words that describe Dr. Lois Lee, the executive director. Her California-blond good looks belie the dark world she has infiltrated and is eviscerating with dark ferocity. A sociologist and anthropologist who once aspired to a career in the F.B.I., Lee has studied her enemy, knows her enemy, and is smarter and tougher than any of them. Her office, which she shares with her assistant Tami, is a war zone of ringing telephones—with calls from cops, kids, and state officials—case files, and forgotten cups of coffee. The walls are lined with citations and commendations from everyone from the mayor of L.A. to the president of the United States—and with good reason. Lieutenant Dan Koenig of the L.A.P.D.'s Hollywood Vice Squad credits Lois Lee and Children of the Night in large part for the area's 50-percent decrease in prostitution-related crime and the correlating decrease in crime overall. "Children of the Night gives us hard information on pimps, on where they are and how they operate, so we can put a female vice officer in place and get them," Koenig explains. "We've gotten five in the last three weeks that way."

And after they're arrested, they stay arrested. Lee was a major influence behind legislation passed a few years ago that forces pimps to face a mandatory felony charge and a minimum three-year prison term, a harsher penalty than the one for the former felony/misdemeanor. Just as important, she and the police work to keep kids out of the criminal-justice system in the first place. As she explains, "The Hollywood police will call us if they've picked up one of our kids, or if they're going to make a bust and they know one of our kids is involved." In turn, she keeps the police in touch with the prostitution scene, helps get pimps busted, and offers support on related cases. For instance, in 1979 Lee worked with the L.A.P.D. on the Hillside Strangler multiple-murder case, coordinating witnesses, many of whom were prostitutes.

Koenig is not at all surprised by her accomplishments thus far. "I had no doubt in my mind that Children of the Night would make such an impact. Not after I got to know Lois Lee."

Honored in 1984 with President Rea-



## **HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 70**

gan's Volunteer Action Award, Lois Lee and Children of the Night have come a long way from what began as a purely academic exercise. As a Ph.D. candidate at United States International University in San Diego, Lee studied the politics of prostitution, poring over thousands of police reports, interviewing hundreds of teen prostitutes as research for her dissertation. "I was curious," says Lee. "Why would a girl go out on the street, do something deplorable and dangerous, then hand over her money to a pimp—someone who beat and humiliated her?"

She had to learn the ways of the street from scratch. U.S.I.U. encouraged students to test their theories in the real world: "They would say, 'Go to a department store and steal something. See if you can get away with it, or get caught and see what happens,'" she says. Her friends were black militant radicals who shaved their heads and kept broken machine-gun parts in their briefcases. They taught her street lingo and escorted her to pimp bars. "They were kind of nervous about it," she recalls, "but if you tell me not to do something, that's the first thing I'll be up for."

As she handed out cards to prostitutes, she discovered, to her horror, that most were only children—kids 12, 13, 16 years old selling their bodies on the corners of Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset Strip. Her heart soon followed her head: Their nightmare existence became more than a doctoral thesis; Lee became a force in their lives. Kids began to call her for help—children who'd been stabbed, beaten, left for dead in the street, running scared from pimps, or locked in dirty motels. When there was nowhere else for them to go, she took them into her own home.

Lois Lee earned her doctorate. School was out—now she had a job to do. "We got a tip from one of our kids that there was a pregnant 12-year-old living in an abandoned building," she remembers. "Inside this 'Hotel Hell,' living in conditions of unimaginable filth and devastation, we found over 50 kids." Ironically, "Hotel Hell" was formerly the Garden Court apartments, where Marilyn Monroe used to stay in her heyday. With that discovery, Lee drew local media attention to the plight of "throwaway" children—mostly white and middle-class—and child prostitution, and formally announced Children of the Night's commitment to kids who needed help so desperately.

"Alexa" has been a prostitute since she was 13. She is restless today, waiting to talk to Lee. She switches between smoking cigarettes and eating M&M's. She is pretty and laughs a lot, making up jokes and drawing caricatures of people in the office. It seems hard for her to sit still. Alexa began running away from beatings and molestation when she was nine. Lee says this is typical of kids who end up in prostitution. "They learn to connect sex

and physical abuse with adult approval. They're children. They don't know any differently."

While still a child, Alexa ran away to Hollywood. She was promptly discovered. "An actor picked me up at the Beverly Hills Hotel—you know, the pink one? He knew I was 13. He tried to do it with me, but I freaked out. So he takes me to another guy, who turns out to be one of those McDonald's clowns." She laughs. "He says, 'I couldn't do anything with her—you try.' I'm terrified, but it's worse at home, right?"

She was pimped out to actors—"all these Hollywood bullshit people." Two months later she tried to go home, but it was the same abuse. "I thought it was normal," she says. "Everybody gets beat up every day, everybody gets molested, everybody fends for themselves."

She continually ran away to Hollywood, sleeping under houses during the day and eating out of garbage cans at

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Vikki laughs about  
a "60 Minutes" camera crew  
shooting footage  
of Hollywood Boulevard.  
"Those aren't  
prostitutes, I would tell them.  
Those are tourists."

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night. She got dry rot on her elbow and knees. That was her childhood. Adolescence was worse. She found "boy-friends" who always turned out to be pimps. "I heard about Children of the Night," she says, "so whenever I tried to get away, they got me into a shelter. But I wasn't ready." She always went back to her pimps.

When one of them threw her off a balcony, she found another who started taking her money. Says Alexa, "A week after I moved in with him, it was gone, and he was still asking. I knew what he wanted me to do. So I'd go to the street, make a hundred, and give it to him." Even so, Alexa had a legitimate job and was going to school. Once she hitched a bad ride and was abducted for nine days, beaten and raped. She escaped and got into a shelter again. But there was a warrant out on her for prostitution. "Even though I was working legitimately, they arrested me. I'm beat up, I'm raped, but they got a warrant, so what am I going to tell the judge? I quit crying about things a long time ago."

The night she got out of jail, she was already turning tricks, resigned to her fate. "I thought, 'This is it. This is my life and

I'm going to be the best at what I do. So I'm going to be the best damn whore in the world.'" She felt an odd detachment. One night a trick pulled a gun on her. "He told me to give it up," she recalls. "It was weird. I just looked at him, like he was stupid or something. I pushed the gun away from my head and said, 'You don't gotta do all that, what's the matter with you?'" She laughs. "'You don't gotta do all that. Here it is.' The next time it happened, I said, 'Fuck it—you want to do it, do it.' The guy is shocked—this white girl, she's in a bad-ass neighborhood with a bad-ass dude and she don't care."

But she did. "One night it just freaked me out. One night I just felt it—I felt him on me, touching me and slobbering, and I wanted him off of me. It was horrible. I flipped out." This is what Lois Lee calls "hitting bottom," the point when a life has to sink or swim. Alexa fell into the always open arms of Children of the Night, who'd watched and waited for the fall, like guardian angels, for years. "They should be sick of me by now, but they still care," Alexa says. "And I'm going to make it this time for good." With the help of Children of the Night, Alexa is now living in an apartment of her own. She plans to go back to school full-time and hopes to major in pre-law.

Children of the Night's commitment and investment is exceptional. According to John Walsh, host of "America's Most Wanted" and children's-rights advocate, society at large isn't providing for children who are running from intolerable abuse at home. "I've even heard that run-aways, because they left home, are getting what they deserve on the street," Walsh says. "If you're 13-years-old and Stepdad's been molesting you—I've talked to them and they say, 'I'd rather get it from a stranger than have it from Daddy.' A society that can spend \$10 million for fireworks at the Statue of Liberty celebration should not permit our children to be put at such risk. Children of the Night is doing something pro-active by going out and finding them. The most that's ever usually done is reactive—try to find the parent when the body's found." Walsh, whose son Adam was abducted and murdered in 1983, founded the Adam Walsh Resource Centers, which locate missing children and call on the resources of groups like Children of the Night to help find them.

Children of the Night has garnered tremendous support from celebrities—among them Cybill Shepherd, Whoopi Goldberg, and Kathleen Quinlan—who have committed their faces, names, and recognizability quotient to the cause of child prostitutes. Quinlan, who played the role of Lois Lee in a TV movie a few years ago, had heard about Children of the Night through the Public Justice Foundation while working as a volunteer. When her agent told her about the part, she immediately agreed to take it.

"I got the full tour on the streets," she

says. "Lois took me to East Hollywood, Sunset Strip, Hollywood Boulevard, Santa Monica—even to a pimp bar. She stays in the nuts and bolts of things. There are no 'stars'—I get appointed to wherever I'm needed and I'm committed to Children of the Night. Because when you talk to a kid who's really bright and then find out that she's finding stairwells to sleep in at night so she won't have to sleep on lawns and get her clothes dirty for the next day—that kind of brings it home."

Along with the volunteers—who are carefully screened and trained by Lee—Children of the Night has a staff of eight paid workers who work with the kids, place them in shelters and foster homes, get them into therapy and work programs, help them get the documents they need to get jobs, and, a constant task, find new funding for Children of the Night. After saving for nine years, Lee will be opening the first shelter for child prostitutes in the country. "I'll be able to help so many more kids. We won't have to spend so much time searching for shelter and we'll be able to address the specific and special needs of child prostitutes. There's a stigma attached to kids who've been prostituting—some shelters won't take them. One 14-year-old kid, an incest victim, went to a shelter and they teased her, called her a whore, and the shelter ended up throwing her out instead of rebuking the other kids." Adds Vikki, "Our kids are mouthy, real smart and real pushy. They're frustrated and scared. They try to use sex to manipulate adults. They're scared of failure, scared of success. They'll try to make you reject them. But we understand it."

Children of the Night welcomed input from kids on how to run the new shelter. Says Vikki, "In rap sessions, they came up with everything from not having plastic forks, because that's what they had in juvenile hall, to insisting on strip searches because of violence they've been exposed to. They know what they need."

Understanding their needs from the first

contact on the street takes special training. Reachout teaches counselors to study the game on the street. "Say you're handing out cards and you see a group of kids," explains Vikki. "Your first instinct might be to go to the youngest, most vulnerable one first. But you can't. She'll get in trouble with the older ones in the group for taking it. Instead, you give it to the most dominant one and you let her give it to the littlest one. If you got that kid yelled at, she'd never come to us, ever."

The approach is very casual. "If you know them," Vikki says, "maybe they'll bring their friend over. You wait for the right time—obviously not when their pimp's there or they're about to get in a

Many kids have heard of Children of the Night, but it takes some kids longer than others to get sick of street life. Vikki recalls one 13-year-old who wasn't ready to quit. "She came by one day to get some things she had at our office. Her pimp was waiting in the car and said to her before she came in, 'Tell them if you screw up again, they can have you.'"

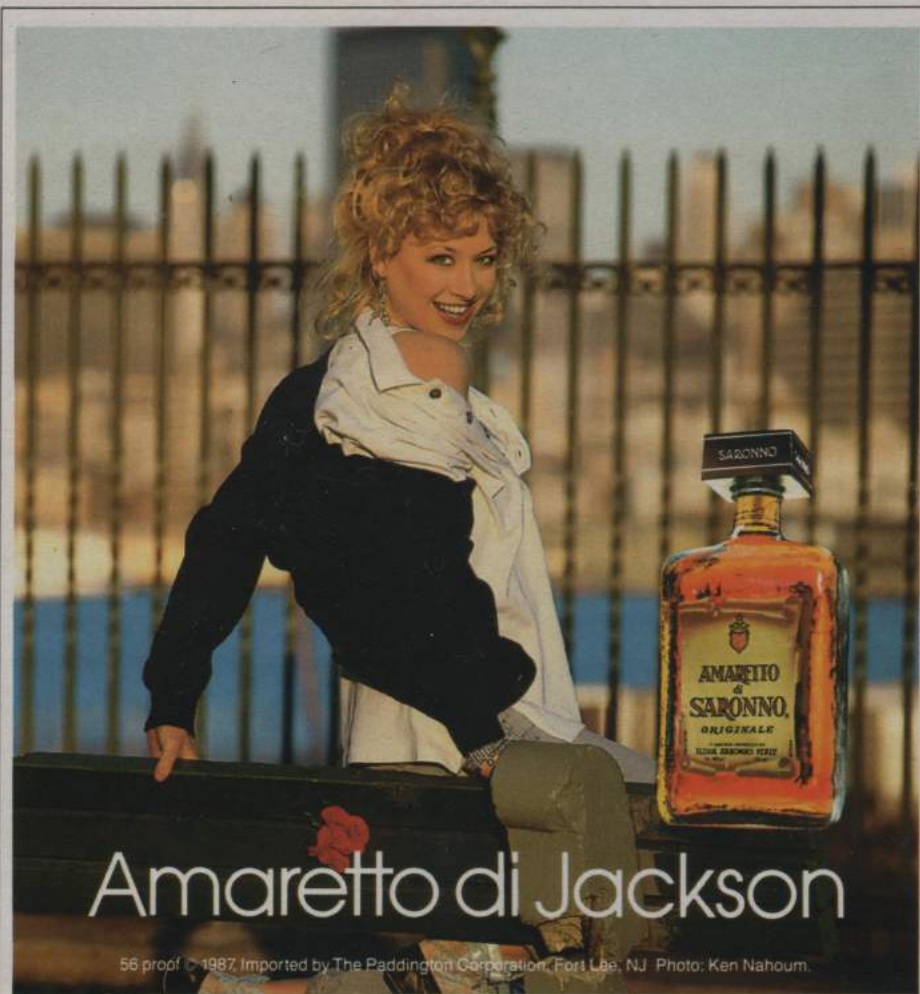
Tonight is a quiet night on the streets of Hollywood. Vikki points out some of the sub-human ilk out there with our children. There is the guy sitting in front of a once-glamorous theater—he sells LSD. Across the street is a pimp bar. Further down is a saloon that's popular with pedophiles and a "hot sheet" flophouse with

hourly rates. And skulking around here somewhere is a pedophile with whom Children of the Night has a tacit agreement, at least until Lee can pin a case on him. He looks for lost little girls, and when the counselors come around, he usually has information to pass on. Unfortunately, Children of the Night has it from reliable sources that their informant has a stash of child porn somewhere, and when he's not doing business as usual, he can usually get a job as a movie extra. "He'd love to tell you how much he's done for Children of the Night and how wonderful he is," Vikki says.

Lois Lee tells about "Hollywood Iceman," a pimp who actually helped Children of

the Night for a while. He was introduced to Lee by a 13-year-old girl. He said it bothered him to see kids prostituting. When one kid was locked in a motel room, chained to the furniture by her pimp, Iceman called Lee, who got the cops to break down the door. But he was killed a few years ago by a prostitute, stabbed in the chest with a butcher knife.

Iceman was a fluke, says Lee. "Pimps are cowards, con men, and master psychologists. They take over the role of what is supposed to be the role of a nurturing parent. They treat kids well at first, to get them into a life of prostitution, and become a father figure. Ironically, they may represent the only adult who hasn't tried



trick's car. If a pimp sees you handing a girl a card, they'll come up and look at you, but they don't like to be associated with their prostitutes in public. Even the girls are not supposed to talk to each other unless they're in the same stable. If they do, they're 'out of pocket.' The only way you can reach them is recognizing what's going on at the moment and knowing the rules they live by."

For the unlearned eye it's often hard to tell who's who. Vikki laughs about a "60 Minutes" camera crew shooting raw footage of Hollywood Boulevard for a segment on Children of the Night. "Those aren't prostitutes, I would tell them. Those are tourists."

# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

shoulder, said, "Are you coming?" "Not yet," I replied, and rose to follow her.

She led me behind the back of the stacks to one of the study rooms. I entered after her and she closed the door. Turning, she said, "Show me." Meeting her bold look, I put my hands on my hips and replied, "If you want to see, take it out."

Dottie moved toward me, her gaze locked on the bulge in my Levi's. She stopped in front of me and looked deep into my eyes. I reached out, placed my hands on her shoulders, and coaxed her down. Wetting her lips with that marvelous tongue, she went to her knees and reached for my fly.

I don't wear underwear, and when she popped the buttons on my 501's, my quickly swelling member swung free before her face. Grasping it with her hands, she moaned, "It's beautiful. I want to kiss it." I just watched her lean forward to plant those pouty lips on the head of my cock.

I could feel the hot moistness of her breath as she surrounded the head with her lips. She began sliding her lips up and down the length of my meat, and her tongue—oh, that glorious tongue—stroked the underside of my shaft. Pleasure tingled through my body and all I could do was moan, "Oh, that feels good."

Her lips glistened and sharp hollows formed in her cheeks as she sucked my saliva-coated shaft. Dottie's left hand circled the base while she tickled my balls with the nails of her right. I felt my scrotum tighten against my body. Feeling the onset of orgasm, I managed to grunt, "I'm coming." She put her hands on my ass and sucked harder, driving her lips to the base. With my cock throbbing in the depths of her throat, I pumped load after load of hot jism into her.

When the blast subsided, she pulled away. My cock came from her lips with a

plop, and she stood, glazy eyed, before me. Grasping her hand, I swung her around. Sitting her on the table, I knelt in front of her. I reached under her skirt, hooking my fingers in the band of her panties. She raised her ass off the table, allowing me to pull the silky things over her shapely ass and legs. Her luscious aroma reached my nose and I felt my cock twitch and begin to rise. Placing my hands on her knees, I spread her thighs apart, giving me access to her steaming wetness. My tongue snaked out and licked up the glistening lips to her clit. I felt her stiffen with that first contact and slid my tongue in, pulling her ass closer and burying my face in her pussy.

heaven, pushed into her from behind. Feeling her pussy muscles adjust around me, I grasped her hips, drew back to the tip, and plunged into her again.

Grinding her ass against me, she cried, "Yeah, that's it! Fuck me with that huge prick." I plunged and withdrew and plunged again and again into her tight moistness. Reaching around to finger her clit, I brought her to the edge. As her cunt contracted in pleasure, I pumped my joy into her gripping pussy. Load after load of come emptied into her, oozing out around my shaft and dripping to the floor.

As our bodies loosened their love grip, the overhead lights flashed, signaling the library's closing. Dottie and I began get-

ting dressed in silence. When she moved toward the door, I grabbed her hand. As she turned to look at me, I took her face in my hands. Looking deep into her eyes, I leaned forward and kissed her passionately. Breaking the kiss with great reluctance, but still cradling her face, I smiled and said, "Thanks for the biology lesson." "Anytime," she smiled in return, and we departed.—Name and address withheld

## SWINGING SPOUSES

One rainy Sunday afternoon my husband and I decided to do something different—something that we had fantasized about for a long time. We recently had a great experience and

thought to write it down in a letter to you.

Sometime ago our intimate friends Annie and Tucker invited us to go sailing one weekend. The idea of sleeping on board a boat intrigued my husband, and we accepted the invitation. Our excitement increased in anticipation of our sailing weekend.

When the day finally came, we arrived a little late at the marina, but our friends didn't mind and quickly put us at ease by serving us some drinks. We hadn't seen one another in almost a year, and our time was spent catching up and recalling funny stories. As we began to feel the comfort of close friends enjoying one another's company, I felt very romantic. This



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Juices flowed from her hole onto my chin as my tongue slid into her. Lashing back and forth, Dottie moaned, "Oh, that's it. Suck me. Oh please, lick my clit." Always one to oblige a lady, I moved back up to her love bud and swirled my tongue in quick circles around it.

That did the trick. Her fingers tightened in my hair and her thighs went rigid around my ears. Bucking uncontrollably, Dottie cried out in pleasure, "Oh yes, yes, yes!" More sweet-tasting juice than I've ever seen poured from her, flowing down my chin and neck to soak my shirt.

When she relaxed, I stood up, pulled her off the table, turned her around, and positioning my stiff prick at the gates of

was a couple that shared the same sexual attitudes as my husband and me—especially since the four of us had swung together before. As time progressed the atmosphere changed to one of intense emotion, and I realized I was not alone in my heightened state of arousal. With this realization I could feel the excitement multiply. My husband began to undress and I could tell by his rigid cock that he was feeling the same way.

With the added visual excitement of my husband's nude body in front of me, and seeing our friends undress and caress each other, my whole body shuddered with an orgasm that left my pussy soaked, and I could feel the juice run down my thighs. As I undressed I threw an admiring glance at Annie, who was beginning to stroke and suck Tucker's pulsating cock. This made me remember that until I met my husband and swung with another couple, I had felt guilty about my sometimes insatiable appetite for sucking cock. I had never known another woman who enjoyed giving a blowjob, and even other men in my life had made me feel that I was a bit strange to love it so much.

I couldn't resist any longer and reached for my husband's cock, taking it in my hot, wet mouth, enjoying the pleasure that I was giving my man. The four of us slowly moved closer to one another until finally Tucker was

fucking Annie madly from behind as she rested on her knees and elbows, gazing at my large full breasts. I moved over to the table and sat on it while my husband buried his head in my steaming pussy. He took a quick break to change positions, and noticing Annie's lustful gaze, he invited her to enjoy my bountiful breasts.

Annie did not need further prodding, and as my husband continued to lap at my pussy, she was tonguing my hardened nipples and gently massaging my breasts. I could soon see that both Annie and my husband were getting more excited. They were obviously getting pleasure from giving it to me. As Tucker joined

the group, he turned Annie over and went down on her, encouraging me to sit over her face while she proceeded to give me one of the best cunt lickings I ever had! Soon Tucker backed off and the guys took a seat, getting a good view of their women enjoying each other's body. When they decided to join us again, Tucker took me from behind and my husband fucked Annie while we were still sucking and kissing each other.

The next hour or so was filled with many pleasures. Then my husband withdrew from the activities and said, "I want to watch the crew take care of Captain Tucker." With that comment, Annie and I looked at each other and knew this to be

kissed him, taking our turn as voyeurs as Tucker moved in and began to suck my husband's cock. After a brief and enjoyable interaction, Tucker pulled Annie toward him and my husband and I fell into each other's arms. We all began to relax and come down with gentle caresses.

As my husband and I drifted off within our own ecstasy, listening to the waves lapping up onshore and the halyards of the boat clanking, we were brought back to reality by the noises from the galley. We got out of our berth to investigate and found Annie and Tucker having milk and cookies! As we joined them for a bedtime snack, I had to smile as I remembered that only minutes ago we were all swinging sexual adults. Now I felt as if I should have packed my stuffed teddy bear, too.

We had a light conversation and planned our sail for the next day. As I later lay in our berth next to my husband, I heard his heavy breathing, signifying that he was off in dreamland. I sighed with the pleasure of knowing that we both enjoyed ourselves that evening, and grinned at the thought of the rest of the weekend about to unfold.—Name and address withheld

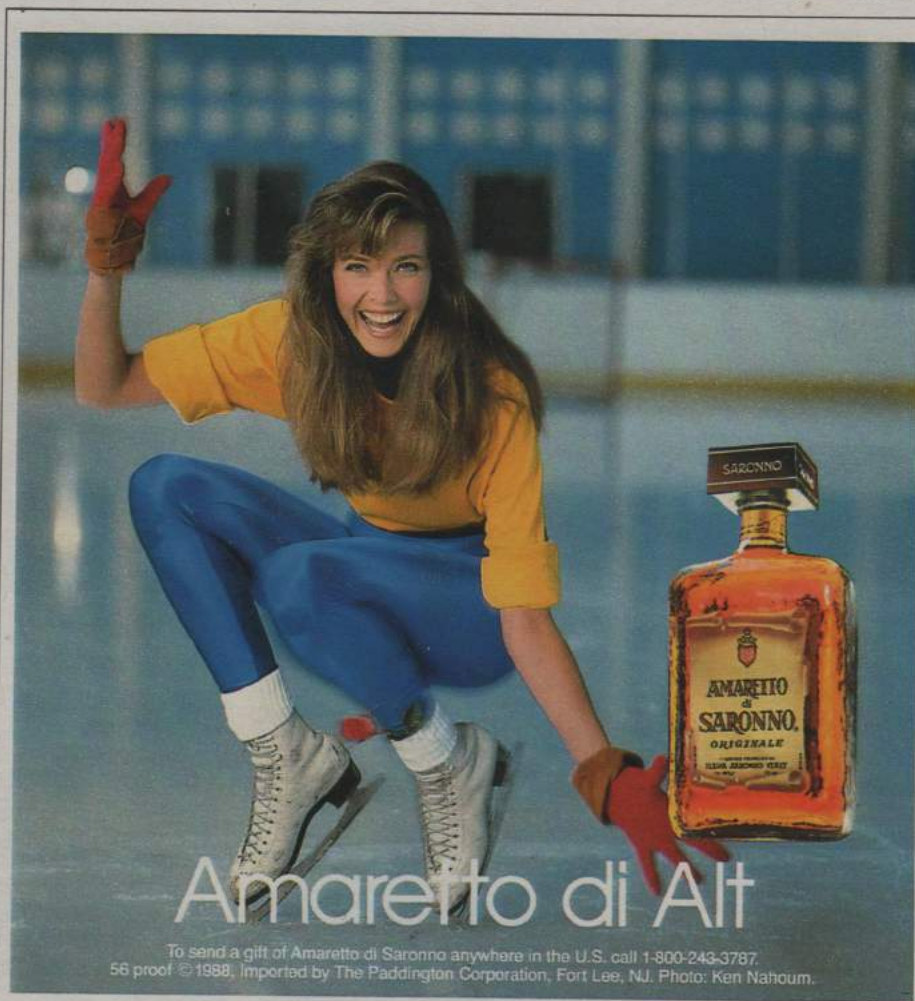
#### STORMY WEATHER

I have been putting off this letter for the last two years, but now that I have a subscription to your fine publication,

the time has come.

On one incredible night back in the summer of '86, my live-in girlfriend and I went to a local art cinema to catch a foreign film. As we were leaving the theater, large raindrops spattered the sidewalk, and within seconds it was pouring. Distant thunder rumbled as we sprinted the last hundred yards to the car.

Once inside we decided to wait out the rain. We were soaked and couldn't see a thing. Bobbie was wearing a thin cotton dress that ended just above her knees, with no bra. At one time she was an aspiring model, and her body showed it. She had long shapely legs, a small firm ass, beautiful breasts, and a beautiful



Amaretto di Alt

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the cue to do what we both love. The two of us started licking and sucking Captain Tucker's balls and dick—each of us taking turns back and forth until Tucker was ready to come. When he did, there was enough for the both of us!

After the Captain had given us girls his whole load, he said it was time for his first mate to get her wish. My husband and I looked at each other and waited to hear what Annie would say. We both knew she had a fantasy to see Tucker suck off another man, but we were not sure how he felt about this. After she mouthed her request Tucker smiled, and in no time Annie and I were sitting on the table on either side of my husband. We caressed and

to have sex with them. They'll say, 'All these guys just want to get their hands on you. But I take care of you.'"

Vikki wants to stop by a bar on Hollywood Boulevard. She has pictures of two girls, age 14 and 16, from a small town in Kentucky, and wants to see if anyone there has seen them. The girls came to Hollywood after their parents dismissed their ideas about modeling careers. "Diane" and "Denise" packed up and ran away to movieland to swing it themselves. "These kids aren't running from an abusive situation and it's not likely they're prostituting, but they've been missing for three weeks," Vikki explains. She pulls up to the back entrance.

The guy running the club tonight is in the back playing a video game, aiming a plastic machine gun at little tanks. He is entranced, but seems to know we are there—the type with eyes in the back of his head. He motions for Vikki to wait until he has finished his war games. "Aaahhh!" he yells, victorious, then turns his attention to Vikki. He doesn't seem to remember her, but then she gives him her card and it clicks. "Oh, yeah. How you doing there? How can I help you?" Vikki shows him the pictures of the two girls from Kentucky. "The older one looks like she might get away with getting in here," she tells

him. "Have you seen them?" He shakes his head, staring at the photos, rubbing his chin. He gives them to his bartender, a friendly-looking fellow with long gold curls. He's never seen them, either. "But if we do, we'll let you know." Smiles all around.

As Vikki pulls the car away, a shadowy hulk fills the doorway we just exited, his arms folded, eyes riveted to the car. "Oh, that's nobody," Vikki says. "Just making sure we're leaving." She laughs and tells how she knows the man in the bar. "Lois and I were told by a 13-year-old kid that she had a new boyfriend and that he was head of the Israeli Mafia and that she wanted to introduce us to him because he said he would help look out for missing kids. . . . The reason these people help us is because they aren't sure what kind of ties we have to law enforcement. They don't want any trouble, so they figure it's better to at least make a show of cooperation."

And while Children of the Night counselors go out to find kids already on the street, the group also operates a 24-hour hot line—a lifeline for kids who have just gotten off the bus in L.A. Calls are usually for housing, and kids are referred only to shelters, most privately funded, that have been personally screened and approved by Lee. "With government shelters, you need parental consent and the maximum stay is 14 days," explains hot-line coordinator Jim Morrow. "If a kid isn't a suc-

cess story by then, they're out on the street again." Some kids who call the hot line are in danger—they're running from a pimp, they're on drugs, or they've been blindfolded and taken to a motel. Some are leaving home and want advice. Children of the Night networks with other agencies—the national runaway hot lines, Covenant House, the police, the L.A. County Children's Services Division for Child Abuse—and immediately refers kids to whatever they need. "You have to center on what's happening to them, get hard information," Jim says. "The conversation will go like, 'I'm at the bus terminal in a phone booth. It's dark and there're people looking at me crazy, and I don't know what to do.' I get them out of there immediately to a shelter and in the office the next day."

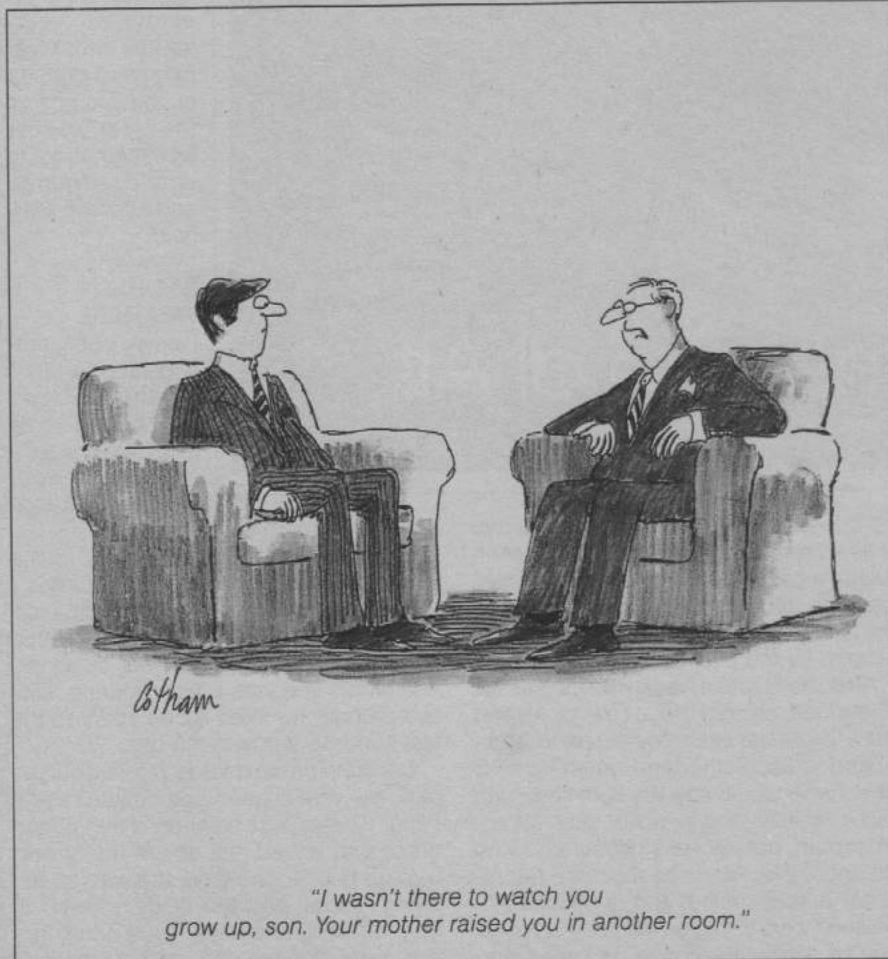
Back at the office, Vikki finds a surprise. There are piles of clothes covering a sofa. There are two pink teddy bears on the floor. Denise and Diane, red-eyed and utterly exhausted, were finally picked up by the police and brought to Children of the Night after three weeks of seedy motel rooms and close calls with nudists, pedophiles, perverts, and weirdos claiming to be movie agents, TV directors, and film producers. They were scared but relieved, tired of the Hollywood they hadn't heard of in movie magazines. Diane says she still wants to be an actress and is sure she will be discovered one day in spite of her dubious premiere. "My parents would have found me soon, anyway," she said. "I was going to be in a movie next week." But two kids from Kentucky were found before the cameras could roll. Talk about lucky breaks.

## FOR KIDS IN TROUBLE

According to Dr. Lois Lee, children go through stages on the street, a downward spiral. "First there's a realization—it's dark, there're a couple of weird offers, and it's scary. Then comes the compromise stage. The kid has to do something to eat and sleep, so she goes with a pimp. Next is the degradation: When a kid tries to leave, the pimp says, 'You think anyone would want you when you're nothing but a whore?'"

At any point in this spiral, it is important for kids to know that help is available—24 hours a day. No matter where they are, kids can always just call "Operator" for free and be referred to one of the national hot lines. Or they or their families can call any of the following toll-free numbers: the National Runaway Switchboard and Suicide Hot Line: (800) 621-4000; the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children: (800) 843-5678; the National Runaway Hot Line and Youth Assistance Program: (800) HIT-HOME; and Covenant House: (800) 999-9999.

Penthouse readers may send donations to Children of the Night, 1800 North Highland, Suite 128, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. O+



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# MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART 22

There is now considerable  
evidence that  
successful treatment  
may be achieved  
with safe, nontoxic, and  
inexpensive therapies.

## NEW AIDS ADVANCES

BY GARY NULL

With serious and "incurable" diseases such as AIDS, every wasted second is a wasted body, a wasted life. But whenever a modern-day plague appears, various factions of the medical community, in their flurry to find a cure, seem to think theoretical discussions are more intriguing than actually eliminating the scourge.

And so scientists debate the cause and treatment until one school of thought predominates. Then a strange thing happens. Ideas that were once discussed as possible solutions are labeled "quackery" almost overnight. The most important goal—the eradication of disease—is lost in the race for fame, money, and power.

Before we look at some of the new (and not well-known) treatments for AIDS, let's look at one—the only one—ap-

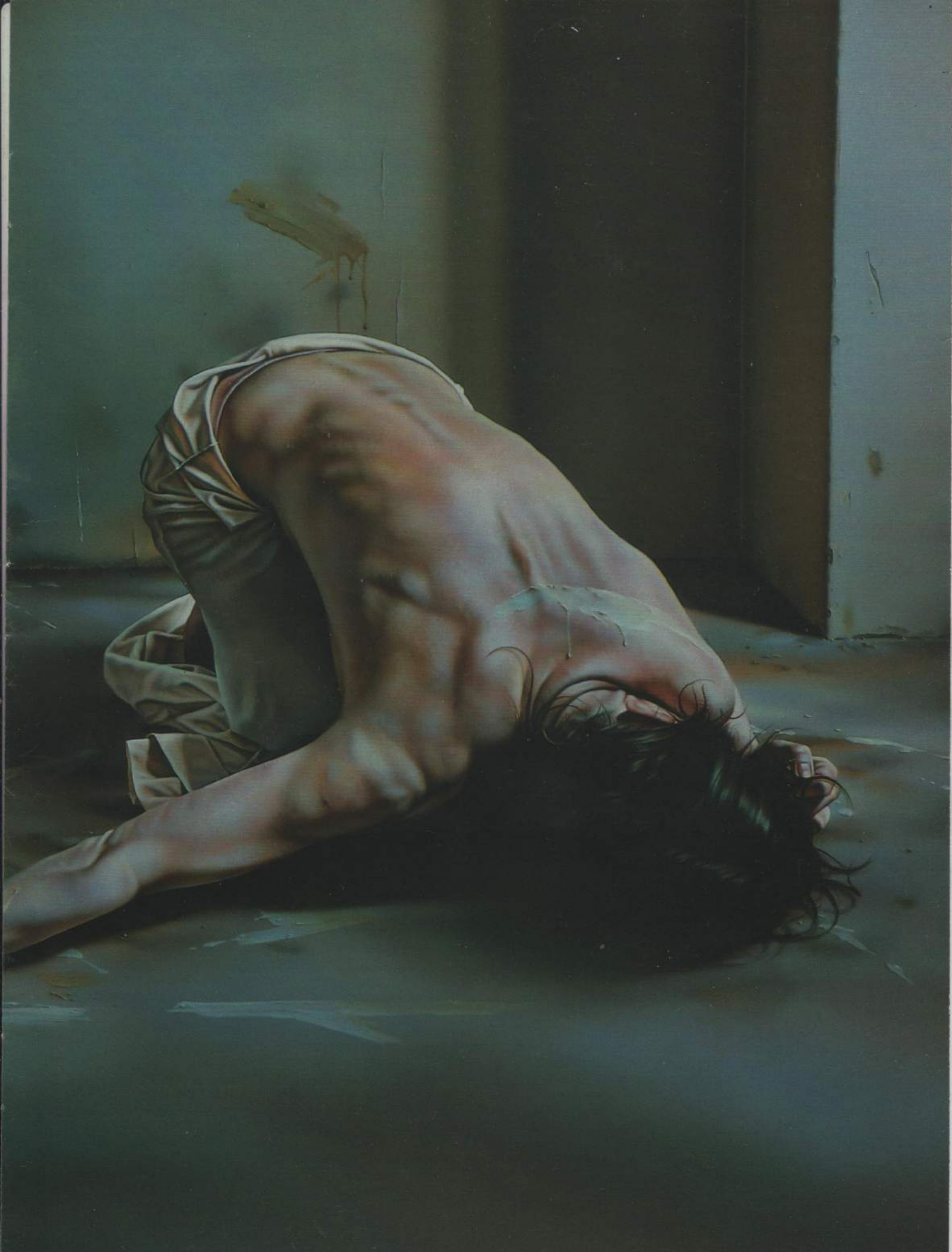
proved by the Food and Drug Administration. Azidothymidine, or AZT, may have numerous serious drawbacks. It destroys blood cells, and as a result may require unnecessary and dangerous blood transfusions.

AZT is distributed by the Burroughs Wellcome Company. It was developed, however, by the National Institutes of Health, a tax-supported government agency. AZT was then licensed to Burroughs Wellcome. It could be concluded, then, that the government has decided that very toxic, very expensive AIDS drugs can properly be given to certain private companies.

If the same companies that monopolized the cancer-chemotherapy field are allowed to monopolize the AIDS-chemotherapy field as well, it may become virtually impossible to treat AIDS in other, less toxic

PAINTING BY ETIENNE SANDORFI





ways—even though many responsible physicians now believe that the destructive effects on the immune system caused by invasive drugs such as AZT far outweigh any benefits that have been claimed.

The American public has been misled about the threat of AIDS and the need to pursue different approaches to its study. Very little is being said about known and proven ways to bolster the immune system against AIDS and other infectious diseases. There is considerable evidence that a successful AIDS treatment may be achieved with safe, nontoxic, and inexpensive therapies. The pioneering doctors presented here have described their techniques in recent radio interviews.

Dr. Louis Parish is a parasitology specialist in medical practice in New York City whose approach to AIDS has received little attention. Most of the AIDS patients that Parish sees have a history of intestinal protozoa that impair the immune system in many ways. "It has been estimated that 30 to 80 percent of gay men are infected with parasites which are directly connected with AIDS," he says. "When a healthy person comes in contact with parasites, he or she may feel ill for a few days. But when a healthy homosexual contracts parasites, and has regular rectal intercourse, a much more serious health problem can occur. The wall of the rectal lining is only one-cell thick. Rectal intercourse can tear and inflame the area very easily. Once the rectal lining has been torn, parasites can enter directly into the bloodstream, where the parasites proceed to the liver and the lungs. Attacked by parasites, the liver becomes dysfunctional, and nutrients from food cannot be absorbed properly by the body. The debilitation caused by parasites is so great that even a person eating an excellent diet will develop an illness that progressively devastates the immune system."

In a 1983 article in *The New York Native*, Dr. Richard Pearce states, "The fact that gays can transmit parasites venereally was only first discovered in 1968 and not widely recognized until 1977, when the New York Health Department, Cornell University, and the Gay Men's Health Project noted a dramatic increase in the number of cases of amoebas and giardiasis in gay men. For many reasons the rate of incidence of parasites is not known. Not every doctor reports amebiasis cases to the local health department, despite a legal imperative to do so. To make matters worse, diagnostic tests for enteric parasites are woefully inaccurate."

Dr. Andrew Plaut of the Tufts University School of Medicine wrote in a recent article titled "Can We Diagnose Amoebas?" that "having watched a seasoned protozoologist examine a properly collected warm stool sample for an hour before finding the elusive *Entamoeba his-*

*tolytica* permanently weakened my confidence in the average hospital laboratory to be similarly successful." It is not uncommon for a laboratory technician to spend only five minutes examining a stool smear. In addition, single stool samples are estimated to give false-negative results 75 percent of the time. Thus out of a group of 100 parasite-infected individuals, parasites will only be detected in 25 patients.

In other ways, too, parasites are difficult to detect. Symptoms are not always present or may be so subtle as to go unnoticed—sometimes for years. A softer than normal stool, especially with ragged edges, that may float in pieces and may be flecked with mucus; bloating of the lower abdomen; gas; fatigue—all may suggest asymptomatic amebiasis. Symptomatic amebiasis, the kind most often reported to public health authorities, is characterized by profuse diarrhea, sometimes with bleeding. It is a

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Many physicians now believe  
that the destructive  
effects caused by invasive  
therapies such as  
AZT far outweigh any benefits.

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major problem, but because testing is so expensive, many physicians don't do it.

Although no single-factor study conclusively proves a connection between AIDS and parasites, a number of interesting clues suggest the link. Already mentioned is the tremendous surge in the incidence of parasites among gay men during the two to three years before the AIDS epidemic. A point overlooked by many AIDS doctors and researchers is that when a patient is infected with parasites, undoubtedly they were acquired some time earlier. Most doctors treating gay patients are now seeing two particular parasites: *E. histolytica* and *Giardia lamblia*.

"A proper stool examination does not have to be expensive," says Parish, who has devised his own testing method. "What can be expensive is the amount of time spent with the patients explaining protozoa, since it is such a foreign concept to them. They can't believe it, and the very nature of the disease is something patients have a difficult time dealing with," he says. "The toxin excreted by parasites helps to impair the immune system. Many gays and I.V. drug users

are particularly vulnerable. They have had many infections, are in a weakened physical state, and are undernourished before they are attacked by parasites.

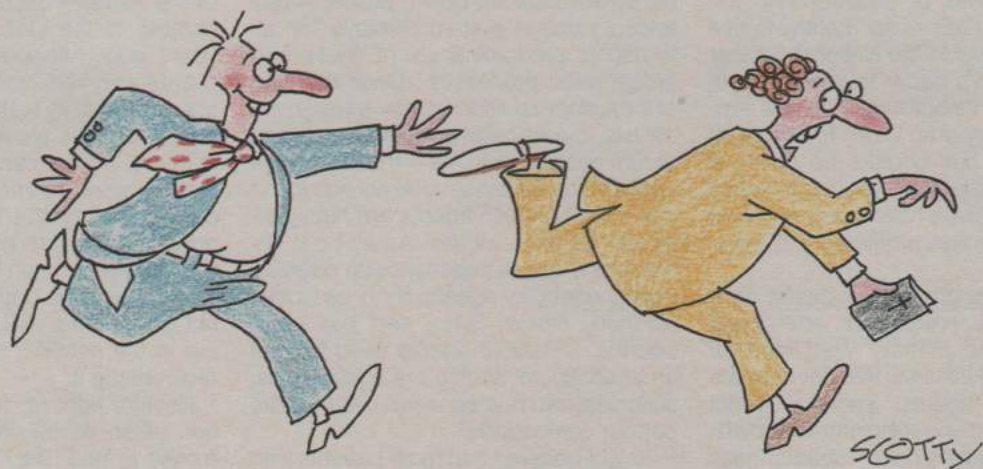
"Humans can be exposed to various types of infectious insults and develop one overall generic type of antibody that tries to fight them all," he continues. "The problem with this is that the body's own cells get in the way when the shooting starts. As a result, the immunity acquired—the antibody—is turned against the host." Also, because the parasite constantly changes its shape and sheds its wall, an antibody can't attach itself and flag it. For this reason the killer T-cells (the macrophages and phagocytes) cannot identify and get rid of the parasite. Additionally, amoebas excrete a material that pushes off the macrophages. So the parasites stand alone; they isolate themselves and carry on mischief that can be quite serious.

Parish also points out that "in exposing the digestive tract, with its many blood vessels and lymphatic channels, to not just one, but up to 100 different types of parasites a year, gay men may be asking the impossible of an immune system that expects little more than the usual diet of herpes, gonorrhea, colds, and flu. The antibody ultimately produced to combat the parasite invasion may be so generic that it also attacks other cells. Then the lymphocytes become prime targets, crippling the immune system."

*E. histolytica* has been linked to AIDS. In a recent issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, scientists at the University of Virginia noted that epidemics of these protozoa occurred a few years before the AIDS epidemics in San Francisco and New York City. In the very same issue, a British study of 225 gay men showed that 20 percent were infected with this parasite, though the authors do not think that the strains are usually pathogenic. The University of Virginia doctors, however, suggested that *E. histolytica* could shorten the incubatory period of HIV-positive patients, thus possibly speeding up the manifestation of AIDS.

Protozoa are evolving new resistant strains while science is not developing new resistant drugs. Tetracycline and paromomycin (Humatin) are used to treat amebiasis. Furazolidone (Furoxone) and metronidazole (Flagyl), two synthetic chemicals, are used in the treatment of giardiasis. "The drugs work in two ways," Parish explains. "The synthetic chemical drugs act directly to kill the protozoa. The antibiotics destroy the naturally occurring bacteria, thereby starving the protozoa to death."

Since parasites are probably as old as man, ancient treatments were developed, some of which are still available. Natural herbs, roots, barks, leaves, saps, etc., in various combinations, are used in modern practice. They rarely cure, but can offer symptomatic relief. Parish, for example, intersperses herbs with drugs,



especially when the patient has been on medication for a long time.

Dr. Eva Lee Snead, a physician in San Antonio, Texas, has used a holistic approach in treating AIDS patients with much success. She believes we are using the term AIDS to define several conditions that have existed for a long time—namely leukemias, chloroma mucus, or other immuno-deficiencies and mutations. "These are all multi-factor diseases, some of which are present in everyone, and others are present only in a limited number of people," says Snead. "The factors are environmental. Electrical frequencies and proximity to certain industrial plants; toxins such as lead or cadmium in the organism; lifestyles, such as the use of poppers in the gay population; iatrogenic effects—meaning effects caused by physicians, such as the use of contaminated vaccines, contaminated gamma globulin, and immunosuppressive drugs. Once I've evaluated all the different variables and have a list of the ones affecting my patients, I start to treat them accordingly."

It is known that massive amounts of vitamin C will activate the body's microsomes—small particles inside the cells that destroy invading materials. Vitamin C is not a cure-all; other vitamins are necessary as well. Vitamin A in large amounts is important because it forms part of the cell membrane. Snead recommends taking mineral supplements, especially calcium and zinc, the latter being a natural virucidal agent.

Dr. Emmanuel Revici has been prominent in cancer research for many years. In France he was on the staff of the Pasteur Institute. He has pioneered his own cancer therapies based on the use of trace elements and lipids. Although Revici has been ostracized by the U.S. scientific community for decades, he is truly a dedicated professional light-years ahead of his time.

Revici began his work on AIDS some five years ago. In a recently published paper he has described the theoretical basis for his AIDS treatment, along with 17 case histories of patients who followed it for periods of six months to five years. Presented to the National Cancer Institute, Revici's paper is unusual both in the methods he outlines and in the success rate he reports. While the medical establishment has offered the public a litany of failures in treating AIDS, only two of Revici's patients have died, and one of those deaths was unrelated to the disease.

Revici's AIDS program is based on a four-faceted approach. First, attention is focused on the primary viral infection caused by the HIV virus; this Revici treats with anti-viral agents. Second, Revici treats any pre-existing immunodeficiency with what he calls "refractoriness lipids." The third facet of treatment involves the opportunistic secondary diseases, the most common of which are

Kaposi's sarcoma and *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia. These are treated with the appropriate medications: antibiotics, anti-microbials, or anti-fungal agents. The fourth phase of treatment is based on what Revici perceives as an exaggerated imbalance in the patient's immune system resulting from the secondary diseases. Revici categorizes this imbalance as either anabolic or catabolic, and treats it accordingly.

Revici's theory of lipids and immunity, developed during his cancer research, is the cornerstone of his fourfold AIDS-treatment program. In essence it is based on the knowledge that an abnormally low helper-T-cell count in blood analyses of AIDS patients will usually be found in combination with a lack of general defense lipids, which ordinarily enable the metabolism to protect the helper T-cells. He calls these "refractoriness" lipids for their part in the body's disease-fighting ability.

For a patient like John, who had watched his brother die of AIDS, the decision to seek out Revici was a matter of life and death, not medical politics.

The imbalance that Revici discovered in the body chemistry of AIDS patients arises, he believes, as a result of opportunistic secondary diseases. Revici characterizes an anabolic imbalance as one that involves a constructive (building-up) physiological action, whereas a catabolic imbalance represents a destructive (breaking-down) action. A balanced immune system displays "an alternating predominance of these two antagonistic processes." Once the type of imbalance is discovered—through urinalysis, blood-sedimentation rates, and serum potassium levels—the imbalance itself can be addressed. Revici has found that safe, nontoxic agents are highly effective for this process. A catabolic imbalance requires treatment with counteracting anabolic agents such as lipidic alcohols, lithium, zinc, and iron compounds. Catabolic agents used to treat an anabolic imbalance are lipidic acids, sulfur, selenium, magnesium, and lipidic copper compounds.

Revici believes that most patients with Kaposi's sarcoma display an anabolic imbalance in the immune system and must be treated with catabolic agents.

However, most opportunistic secondary infections are catabolic in nature.

Revici's treatment is completely nontoxic and individualized. If the immune system is very weak, the treatment will consist of injections of a lipidic extraction of thymus and a lipidic extraction of lecithin. After treating the virus, Revici begins work on the immune system. During this second phase, "the patients are continuing the treatments at home and call or visit periodically." The success of the treatment depends partially on the patient's commitment. Patients who do not tamper with the treatment by running from doctor to doctor or combining it with other forms of treatment have an increase in their helper/suppressor T-cell ratio. Some patients in Revici's program with Kaposi's sarcoma improve tremendously. After six months of treatment their lesions have almost disappeared.

Many of Revici's patients report that they feel better as they continue treatment, though clinically their helper T-cell counts do not show marked improvement. We had the opportunity to interview one of his recovered patients. Like most AIDS patients, "John" requested anonymity. When he came to Revici's clinic in 1986, he had been diagnosed as having AIDS by two different physicians. He was suffering from severe weight loss, severe lymphadenopathy (swollen lymph nodes) in his groin and neck, intestinal parasites, severe candida, and an elevated Epstein-Barr count. John had had these symptoms along with the AIDS antibody for over a year and a half. Although he did not have Kaposi's sarcoma or *Pneumocystis carinii*, his body was otherwise racked with disease.

John already had some doubts about the medical establishment. Two and a half years earlier, his brother died of AIDS. When John first realized that he had the disease—and when he felt that the doctors he was consulting might not have the answers—he was willing to try something different.

Revici's program is different, and because of this he has suffered at the hands of the medical establishment since first coming to the United States some 40 years ago. Although his cancer treatments showed remarkable results in practice and in tests, his numerous attempts to have his work published were rejected by the same medical journals that heralded Interleukin II as a wonder drug, and by the same government agencies that are playing a part in the present AIDS death scare. Revici's work may have gone unpublished, but it did not go ignored. Articles began appearing in the medical press attacking and discrediting it.

Revici's fight to continue his practice has taken its toll in time, energy, and money. In 1983, the New York State health commissioner suspended his license for 60 days, stating that Revici had administered cancer treatments that he "knew

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to be worthless." But for a patient like John, who had watched his brother die of AIDS, the decision to seek out Revici was a matter of life and death, not medical politics. For John and other patients, Revici's approach to medicine offers a vital alternative.

"I was in therapy for three months," John explains. "Dr. Revici felt confident that he could help me, and he has."

The treatment is painful. John had severe reactions to the injections of viral antigen that Revici administers. But he has made a full recovery. John's weight is back to normal; his T-cell count is normal. The swelling in the lymph nodes is gone. Does he believe Revici saved his life? "Yes, definitely," John replies. "I lost my brother to this illness. But I got lucky—I'm one of 20 patients in Dr. Revici's research program. I've got to be thankful."

Preventive medicine is as old as mankind itself. California-based Dr. Bruce Halstead is director of the World Life Research Institute in Colton and medical director of the Rancho Mediterranean Clinic in Loma Linda. He uses traditional Chinese herbs in the treatment of AIDS. A variety of herbal agents are known to enhance the immune system.

"*Glycyrrhiza glabra* is a compound commonly known as licorice; glycerizine is isolated from this particular compound. It has a broad spectrum of therapeutic activity," Halstead explains. "Today it is widely used, endorsed, and produced in Japan. Glycerizine is on a list the F.D.A. compiles recognizing safe substances. This compound, however, is not available in the United States, but is used in Japan for hepatitis B and some Epstein-Barr virus treatment—two viruses that are part of the overall AIDS-related problems in the United States."

"Along with herbs," Halstead adds, "the patient needs other micro-nutrients that are very important to stimulating and maintaining the system. These include zinc, magnesium, manganese, iron, copper, and selenium. Also important are vitamins C, E, and beta-carotene, and thymus extract and amino acids." Halstead sees the body as a "biochemical symphony requiring not just an element or two, but a myriad of elements in terms of good nutrition. This is part of a sound program required in early AIDS [treatment]."

"I have been reviewing thousands of articles on traditional medicine from China, Japan, Singapore, and Korea, most of which are not documented in this country, nor are they reviewed by any of the usual abstracting services of our national medical library system," says Halstead. "In studying these materials I have discovered the many different compounds that have the ability to inhibit reverse transcriptase, an enzyme critical to the replication of these viruses. These compounds are infinitely safer than AZT."

There are alternative nontoxic treatments with anti-viral, immune-enhancing

activity and the ability to inhibit reverse transcriptase that can be used at minimal cost. Halstead suggests *Glycyrrhiza* and P'au D'arco, which can be purchased in health-food stores. Says Halstead, "A reverse-transcriptase inhibitor is important to a person with AIDS because the virus cannot proliferate without the use of reverse transcriptase. This particular enzyme is vital to the multiplication of the virus. This is supposedly what AZT does, but AZT destroys the individual in the process. We need to take a look at nontoxic reverse-transcriptase inhibitors. We are using AZT today because [of] the average and uninventive chemotherapeutic mentality that exists in the field of cancer therapy."

"There are a large number of marine plants which are able to modulate the immune system," adds Halstead. "*Altho-coccis senecosis* is such a plant, so is *Senandra chinensis*. We studied *Chlorella* and found it to be a completely safe

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Knowledge of nutrition is essential in dealing with AIDS. But due to lack of training in the subject, many doctors ignore it.

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product. *Chlorella* modulates the immune system and is very valuable. The F.D.A., however, is prohibiting all *Chlorella* products in the United States."

Halstead has also been working with compounds extracted from the marine sponge. These compounds have been found to be highly active against the AIDS virus by inhibiting reverse-transcriptase activity. Their discovery was reported in *The Journal of the National Cancer Institute* in April 1987. According to Halstead, "A proposal was presented to the National Cancer Institute that perhaps these compounds should be isolated and synthesized, and that it could be done for less than \$50,000. The reply from the National Cancer Institute was astounding, stating that they were not interested in this compound or in spending \$50,000 to synthesize it. But this kind of research is desperately needed today and can be done for practically nothing, when compared to the billions of dollars the government wastes on a regular basis."

Over the past few years Nick Bamforth has counseled many people with AIDS. His book *AIDS and the Healer Within* is based on his self-healing workshops and

the experience he has gained from many individual healing sessions.

According to Bamforth, "Those who have been diagnosed with AIDS and continue to remain relatively stable over a long period of time are those who have taken their lives into their own hands. Many have recognized that their lives, prior to the illness, were by no means healthy, and have set out on a path towards recovery. As the mind and the spirit finds its own strength, the body follows."

Bamforth's book juxtaposes information with suggested meditations. Different sections discuss the body, the mind and spirit, "letting go," "the healer within," as well as a broader perspective on AIDS.

"Whenever I read a newspaper or listen to the latest oracle of doom from the medical profession," he says, "I am shocked by the great disparity with my experiences with people with AIDS, ARC [AIDS Related Complex], or antibody-positive [test results]. They have been filled with great hope and love. In putting forward their own limited and negative understanding of AIDS as the only reality, the media and medical professionals are taking away the very element that enables someone to fight this disease—inner strength."

Health is balance and harmony; disharmony and imbalance lead to ill health and disease. This may appear to be a very simplistic statement, but from it comes the essence of an understanding of the source of disease. Says Bamforth, "The immune system itself is kept in balance by the other systems within the body, and it is these systems that form the mind-body connection that I am talking about—systems so powerful, it is absurd to dwell on phrases like 'It is too late' and 'incurable.' Just as they were able to undermine the balance in the first place, they are able to return the body to a state of perfect balance."

Bamforth explains how the endocrine system, which maintains homeostasis and the body's energy centers—or *chakras*, as they are called in the East—are interconnected. "The endocrine system is directly linked with nonphysical energy centers that are as real as the endocrine system, even though they cannot be seen on a physical plane. In the East, and even in ancient civilizations of the West, these *chakras* have always been the focal point of healing activity."

"When someone ill comes to see me, I look for the blockages within these centers which have so drastically thrown the vital systems of the body out of balance. It is only through the recognition and understanding of the source of this imbalance—often hidden deep within the subconscious—that I can start to work with a patient in restoring the balance. As this harmony is created within the *chakras*, it gradually filters through the endocrine system, creating a balance in the vital organs of the body."

He cautions, however, that "it takes

years for us to accumulate all the experiences and attitudes which we allow to take power away from our inner selves. Balance cannot be restored in an instant."

Traditional medicine has used toxic chemotherapies in the treatment of AIDS without much success. Nontoxic treatments are often not explored or recommended by physicians. What would happen if AIDS patients employed all of these methods and came up with a combination of therapies to heal themselves?

Tom O'Connor is such an AIDS patient. His book *Living With AIDS: Reaching Out* is, in his words, "for those who want to heal their disease but don't know where to begin." O'Connor feels that doctors treating AIDS victims should take a holistic approach to healing. They should not focus just on the disease and its symptoms, but aim to restore the whole person to health. In any disease it is essential to alleviate symptoms; yet in AIDS or ARC, the trouble begins by trying to treat symptoms by means that do not halt—and may in fact accelerate—the underlying deterioration of immunity. "The immune system is too complex for simplistic remedies. Only an attitude that considers the whole person can have a chance at success," says O'Connor.

He continues, "Knowledge of nutrition is essential in dealing with AIDS or ARC, cancer, and heart disease. Due to lack of training in the subject, many doctors ignore nutrition. The overall goal of my diet is simple—to avoid or limit those foods that may tax the immune system, thus debilitating the quality of my life. Simple sugars in fruits and many refined products which can lower the effectiveness of lymphocytes against pathogens; the fats in meats and animal products—[these] may promote the spread of HIV infection and worsen underlying immuno-deficiency. Cholesterol in particular can make cell membranes more rigid and therefore susceptible to HIV attack. Mono-unsaturated fats and high-density lipoproteins such as those found in olive oil and deep-sea fish may help keep cholesterol levels down. Certain vegetables and foods contain natural toxins or carcinogenic substances that tax the immune system. Most meats and animal products contain hormones, antibiotics, and pesticides that suppress immunity."


O'Connor's diet consists mostly of whole grains and vegetables in addition to beans, fish, refined carbohydrates, fruits, nuts, and seeds. "Nourishment comes not only from our food but also from how we digest and assimilate it," he states. "Improper diet, a sedentary lifestyle, polluted air, and everyday stress favor the production and accumulation of toxins in our bodies."

"The immune system has to expend energy to clean up the unnecessary wastes so that one's system can draw full nourishment from food. Of course, this energy would be better spent against

disease. Detoxification can quicken the passage to better health."

A carefully planned fast is one method of detoxification. Forgoing a few meals or drinking only vegetable or fruit juices in lieu of a regular diet diverts the energy of digestion to healing and elimination, thus aiding the body in getting rid of toxic wastes faster. But the extended fasting practiced by a yogi, even when accompanied by breathing exercises and meditation, is not advisable for anyone with AIDS. An AIDS patient's kidneys are often under stress from having to rid the body of toxins produced by pathogens or by prescribed drugs and their by-products. To keep the kidneys working optimally, O'Connor suggests the elimination of all

alcoholic beverages, soft drinks, tea, coffee, and excessive protein and fat from the diet. Unless liquid intake has been restricted by a physician, drink plenty of spring or filtered water daily to cleanse the body. Other methods of detoxification include colonic irrigation and a liver-gall bladder flush.

Congress will spend \$1.3 billion this year in its pursuit of a "cure" for AIDS, which in reality is not one but many diseases. Not a penny of this will go toward researching treatments that have already been proven to work at a fraction of the cost of the treatments conventional medicine is now using. Old habits, however, die hard—for some of us, if it doesn't cost enough, it's of no value. 



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# BEN STEIN'S DAY OFF



This is going to be really simple. I'm just going to explain to you how the world works, why some people succeed and others don't. Nothing much. Just everything important in life.

To make it easy, I'll use examples.

First, some of you may remember when Ronald Reagan was running for the Republican nomination for president against Gerald Ford in 1976. The Gipper insisted that Ford was not a real Republican, and that, in fact, the only reason Ford was even in contention was because he was *already* president, and because the "Washington buddy system" is one in which pals rewarded pals and kept them in power.

Guess what? In his own inimitable way, the former president sized up a great big chunk of why people in this world are successful.

Of course, already having the job meant a lot in terms of keeping the job. Inertia is one of the key laws of physics and success. In this world, for the most part, getting the job is the only qualification for having the job. And having the job is the main requirement for doing the job.

The past controls the present, and the present controls the future. This was true in 1984, which George Orwell wrote about in 1948, and it is true now. People tend to stay put, doing what they are already doing. To

get off the path you are on requires a huge amount of thrust. Do it and you move. Sit quietly and you stay where you are, for good or evil. Try to take away something from someone who has it, and you are really in for a hard time.

Then comes the more important part—the "buddy system" part. About ten years ago, the head of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce was asked why some people got stars on the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame and others did not. Was it because the chamber was playing politics? He answered perfectly, "Life is political."

And how. Everyone reading this is a person. You should know that the key decisions in life are made by other people. These decisions are made in part on merit, in part by chance, and in part by mistake. But by far, the largest ingredient involved when people are deciding your future is whether or not they *like* you.

More rewards accrue to the ability to get along with other people and have them like you than to practically any other skill or attribute. "It's important not only to be liked, but to be well liked," said a famous salesman. This is almost sickeningly true. It shouldn't be, but it is. Your boss, your colleagues, your clients, your customers, will all make key decisions about your life based in very large part on whether or

not they like you. This was true when they were holding elections for the president of the sixth grade. It's true now, too. Bear it in mind and be happy. Forget it and be sad.

Next—and this, too, is tangentially related to the notion of being an insider, playing the buddy-system game, and being there—success in any field is largely responsive to how much time you spend at it. That is, if you work at something in a consistent way, you are far more likely to achieve success than if you dabble.

Long ago I read a biography of the great prose artist Theodore Dreiser. The book said that the great naturalist had flocks of girlfriends. I could see that he was not particularly good-looking or sweet. Why, I wondered, did it happen? Because—as I learned from my full-on braino father, who knew Dreiser's life—the man spent a great deal of time working on it.

People who really put in the hours, days, and years tend to get what they are working for. This is not always true, but it's true enough. "Trying your hand" at something is not enough. "Having a fling," "giving it a whirl," and "taking a shot" rarely work. Sweat, not diletantism, waters the tree of success.

Next, physical attractiveness is terribly important. It helps to determine whether people like you, trust you,

want to spend time with you. Again, this should not be so, but it is. Bear it in mind and put down that ice-cream bar.

Then there is a tiny item called "talent." It has to be present in at least a small way, but do not ever expect talent to triumph over personality, looks, "the buddy system," or luck.

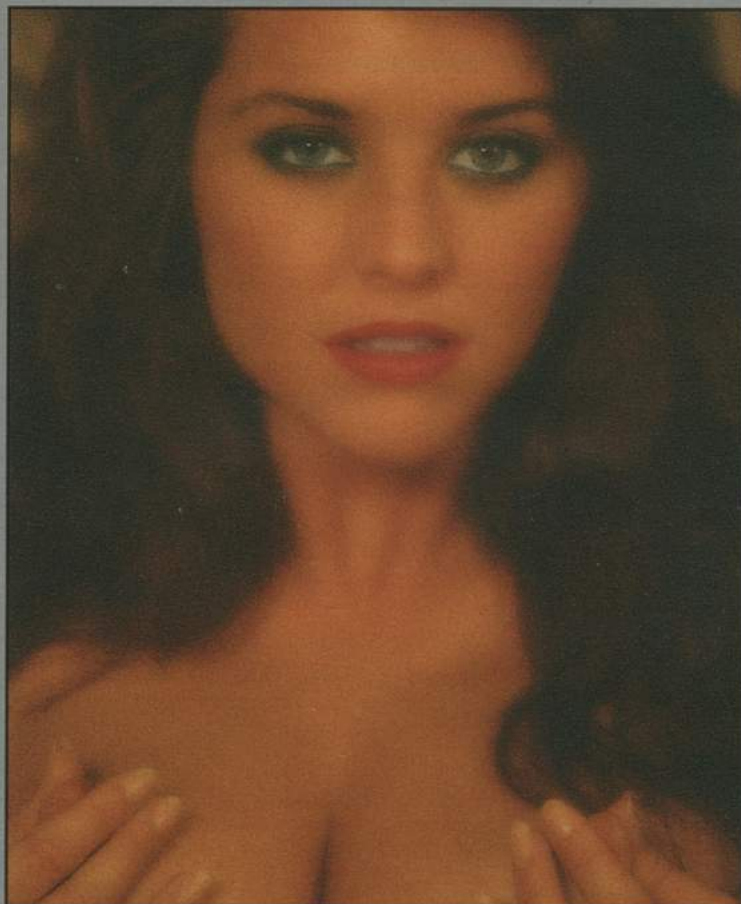
Take a close look at that "personality" item. It includes confidence, charm, perseverance, the ability to get along, the whole structure of what you see in a person. I suggest to you that it blows talent right out of the room in terms of success determination.

A confident, hail-fellow-well-met kind of spirit will defeat sulking genius any day of the week. A ready smile, a glad hand, the ability to suffer fools—all of these things add up to ten exponents more power in the real world than brains. This sounds harsh, but I swear it's true.

When I was a child and a full-on braino myself in school, my fellow students would taunt me and say that "it's not what you know, but who you know. . . ." Tragically, they were right. (Although sometimes by going to the right school you get to know the right people, and this is determined in some little part by what you know.) Personal connections are golden. (It's even better if you call them Dad or Granddad.) The kind of connections who can pick up

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●It's refreshing to find someone interested in the erotic possibilities of feet. Most Western men seem to think that feet are to walk on and nothing else.●

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER

### CALL ME MADAM

#### LETTER OF THE MONTH

*I have worked in a massage parlor in the city for over two years. It is a legitimate establishment, and I get paid very well for the services I render my clients. Aside from giving a man a total-body massage, I will generally masturbate him with my hands and fingers toward the end of every session. I feel that this activity relieves the tension in his body. As I work on a professional basis with all my clients, I do not get into the subject of penis size with them. After all, not all men measure up the same, but when they come, size does not matter.*

*Lately, business has been fine and pretty steady. The following story is why I am writing to you. A gentleman came in one day and requested that I give him a "foot job." This was something that we didn't have on our massage menu. I first took this to mean a regular hand massage—with me rubbing his tired feet and toes. Boy, was I wrong! He explained to me that he wanted me to masturbate and jack him off with my "beautiful" feet and toes. He told me that he had asked his wife to do it for him, but she declined, saying it was "perverted." His wife also called him a "sexual freak," but this had been a fantasy of his for some time.*

*I have never thought of my feet and toes as beautiful or objects of someone's desire. Although I do take care of my feet (I have a pedicure done quite often), I never thought of*



*them as sexual objects that some men would be stimulated by. Needless to say, I could not fulfill this man's fantasy because of establishment rules, and although I felt sorry for him, I said that maybe a prostitute would gladly do this thing for him.*

*Xaviera, my questions: Is there such a thing as a foot job? Is it possible for me to massage, stroke, rub, tickle, and caress a man's penis or testicles with my feet? Can you tell me how to do this? Should I lubricate the penis with massage oil beforehand? Have you ever masturbated a man's penis with your toes? Has a man ever played with you using his feet? Thank you very much for your time.—I. G.*

*How refreshing to find someone who is interested in the erotic possibilities of feet. Most*

*Western men seem to think that feet are to walk on and nothing else. But in the Far East, where I was born, the feet, as well as the hands, are used in formal dance techniques to express ideas and emotions.*

*Balinese dancers generally dance barefoot, and the subtle gestures of the toes, as well as the fingers, of the dancers evoke a sensuality that is echoed by the movement of the rest of their slender bodies. It was in Bali that I had the wonderful first experience of a toe job. A sinuous young Indonesian taxi driver, who had driven me not only around but also around the bend, had satin-smooth skin and extremely elegant feet. He not only sucked my toes one by one, but fondled my breasts and clut with his own super-flexible toes. Of course, I had to reciprocate. Since early*

*childhood I have always been able to pick up and manipulate objects with my feet, so I had no trouble in maneuvering my toes around his slender, erect penis. I was even able to grip his cock between my first and second toe and gently rub the tip of his beautiful prick upward and downward until he came.*

*Having my toes sucked was an incredible experience, and I recommend you try it on your friends and/or clients. You can do it dry, but better still is in the bathtub, where you should sit facing each other. Start by washing each other's feet with soap, gently massaging each toe, one by one. This soap technique helps to get the feet and toes marvelously clean and soft, so when you suck on them, they almost have the sensitivity of a cock or a clit. Once, after a long session of mutual toe sucking, I gently inserted my partner's big toe in my aching wet pussy while I sucked and titillated his other foot with my teeth, the combination bringing me to a fantastic orgasm.*

*So you see, there is more under the sun than just massaging or jerking a man off with your feet. Ask an acupuncturist about the nerve endings in the human foot. Pressing certain parts of the foot, massaging it, or placing acupuncture needles in it can relieve fa-*

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 124**

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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# THE JOKER'S WILD

BY RICHARD BLEIWEISS

"There are so many stand-up clubs and so many stand-up comedians today that it's gotten to the point where you generally need more credentials to get into McDonald's."

Gilbert Gottfried is a very unusual young man. So unusual that half the time you don't even know what he's talking about. And that's okay, because half the time he doesn't know what he's talking about.

But one thing's for sure: Gilbert Gottfried is one of the most inventive stand-up comedians around today. His credits include being a member of the 1980-81 cast of "Saturday Night Live," which included Eddie Murphy and Joe Piscopo, and a cast member of "Thicke of the Night." He's a regular spokesman for MTV, and has appeared in several television commercials and a Cinemax "Comedy Experiment." He's also been a regular guest on both the Howard Stern radio program and "Late Night With David Letterman," and made a guest appearance on "The Cosby Show."

But despite all of this, he is probably best known for the part of Sidney Bernstein, the crazy accountant in *Beverly Hills Cop II*.

"I basically decided on comedy when brain surgery fell through, and many people would come to me and they couldn't play the piano afterwards. So I decided that comedy was next, unless I

opened a bakery."

Gilbert's average day is just like any other normal comedian's. . . . "I wake up at 4:30 in the afternoon and then eat a high-cholesterol diet. Then I collapse, and as my head hits the sink on my way down, that wakes me up." After this hectic routine, it's time for Gilbert to hit the stage and do what he does best—his stand-up.

Gilbert's onstage appearance is something to marvel at. He stands in the middle of the stage with his eyes closed tight, just ranting and raving about anything that pops into his mind. "Keeping my eyes closed was just a cheap gimmick I picked up from Helen Keller. I knew Helen Keller, and she had twenty-twenty vision plus perfectly good hearing, but she felt that her books weren't selling. So I said, 'Basically, Helen—well, I said, 'Basically, Miss Keller,' and she said, 'Please, Helen,' and I said, 'You need some kind of gimmick—so pretend you're deaf and dumb.' First she tried to pretend she was just dumb, and people would ask her questions and she'd give a stupid answer. So I said, 'Pretend deaf and dumb!' But then she tried to pretend deaf, where people would ask about her book and she'd go, 'What?' In fact, I'm going to pretend to be deaf from now on, too."

Gilbert has many different places that he enjoys playing, but when asked to comment on which he enjoys the

most, he replied, "It's hard. Anything outside of New York and Los Angeles I consider the gentile cities. But for the most part, I'm surprised at what places I'll do well in. Like, I did great in Carolina and places like that. . . . San Antonio I thought I didn't do good in, but then I found out that another comic played the same club and had a gun pulled on him. So now I felt I killed."


Stand-up is not the only thing that keeps Gilbert going these days. "I like to act. I'm working on a production called *Merchant of Venice, Part II: Shylock's Revenge*. I want him to come back and get his pound of flesh. I'd get Vincent Price and Jamie Lee Curtis—you know, like a cheap slasher movie. After I did *Beverly Hills Cop II*, I was offered a guest appearance on 'The Cosby Show,' and you know, I'm at a point in my career where no white person will work with me. I only wish they'd bring back *Shaft* movies—I'd be working like crazy. . . . I was offered a series called 'Amos 'n' Gilbert,' but I was just out of town at the time."

I tried to get serious by asking Gilbert about national affairs, but these days who can tell straight from funny when it comes to politics? "I'm not so much a Bush fan," he told me. "I just was hoping that Quayle would get in, because I think if Quayle wasn't vice president, he'd wind up as the wacky next-door neighbor on a situation com-

edy. Each week it'd be, 'Honey! Dan's here.' . . . He'd be like the lovable neighbor where they go, 'Dan, don't open that closet!' Whenever I see Dan Quayle, I think there but for the grace of God goes John Ritter."

How does a handsome, worldly, sophisticated, cosmopolitan Jewish comedian find love today? "I've always felt that the only people who get laid less than comedians are Jews, and if you're a combination of the two, well, it's a pretty hopeless situation. So I've just written the smallest book in the world. It's called *Jews and Sex*. Sometimes women come up to me after a show and say, 'Look, I don't want to go to bed with you—I just thought I would tell you ahead of time. Is there someone else you know that we can fuck?'"

Now that Gilbert's days on "Saturday Night Live" are far in the past, I asked him what he thought of the current version of the show. " 'Saturday Night Live' right now is beyond funny or unfunny. It's like a restaurant in a good location—sort of like just there. 'Saturday Night's Main Event' with Hulk Hogan is more intellectual."

What do all of the loyal Gilbert Gottfried fans have to look forward to? "I'm hopefully getting a real bad drug problem and kicking it, and then doing articles about it for the rest of my life. Or maybe dying and being reincarnated as Shirley MacLaine's roommate." 

tigue, as well as pain in other parts of the body, for the person receiving this treatment. So . . . if a man is very tired, has plodded miles, and asks for an ordinary footbath with salts, with a little effort you can make it wonderfully more exciting and relaxing for him.

As far as tickling is concerned, you need an expert tickle fetishist who either likes to tickle women's feet or have his own feet tickled. Tickling with your own feet is rather difficult, and is best done with a feather or the sharp end of a long fingernail. Another thrilling technique to use on a man's penis is to caress it by dragging your hair over it and around his testicles, or to tease it ever so gently with your teeth, being careful not to hurt him.

It is always advisable for a toe-job buff to have the toenails pedicured and painted, but I don't believe in growing toenails too long. If, however, you wear open-toed sandals or high heels in the summer, you could let them grow somewhat and neatly file them as if they were fingernails.

Walking barefoot makes your feet more agile than wearing shoes all the time, but it does tend to produce calluses on your soles and heels. Frequent use of a pumice stone will remove the hard skin as it forms. Another good exercise is to practice picking up pencils with your feet. Baby oil is an excellent lubricant for all sexual activity, but it is particularly good for foot and toe massage.

I have never seen a video on the subject of toe fetishism, but it would be a great idea for you to make a home movie when you start putting my ideas into practice.

## MIGHTY BIG OF HIM

*It seems to be the current fashion for men who claim to be well endowed to complain about it. Isn't anyone ever satisfied? If it isn't too small, it's too big! Well, I'm what I guess you'd say amounts to being well endowed. I'm not upset about it, and I'm not bragging, either. The plain truth of the matter is that I am made like this and there is no turning back. I think that even if I were smaller, I would still have the same attitude. For heaven's sake, men, either a lot of you out there are lying about your sexual prowess or you are just plain stupid! Anyone with any experience knows that what matters is the hand and the mouth and the proper use of them—along with self-control and plenty of time (compassion, too) for the girl that you're with. All that and then some makes for a good lover and enjoyable sex. Not—I repeat—not your cock size.*

*I haven't discovered any major problems during intercourse, no matter what the position. By the way, I measure ten and a half inches fully erect, and I can just get my hand around it. (My girlfriend*

*can't at all, but it never bothers us!) I'm white, 21 years of age, and never had a sexual experience that I regretted. I don't fuck lots of girls or anything, but if I am with a particular woman I am always faithful to her. Okay, maybe I have had good luck with my partners, but I think that my experiences are like everyone else's.*

*Sure, I've heard gasps of "Is that real?" But I have always been gentle, and I've always gotten it in. If it can fit in a girl's mouth, it can fit in her cunt. Anyway, lots of girls my age aren't that experienced and really couldn't say what constitutes a big cock. So come on, guys—a little T.L.C., patience, kindness, and caring will do it. Use it right—just love them and have a good time.—S. J.*

One of the reasons why Western man is so averse to public nudity is that hardly anyone is satisfied with his or her own body. The result is that no one knows what

6

If you had planted a little  
kiss on the end of  
that wonderful hardness, you  
probably would have  
provoked an explosion of  
nuclear proportions.

,

the other guy's cock looks like, or what size the other chick's tits really are outside her padded bra. I have probably seen more genitalia in my time than most people, practicing urologists included, and they come in all shapes and sizes—cocks that is, not cockologists. The one rule that seems to be a constant (as you so rightly comment) is that practically every male is in some way worried about his equipment, although it is usually his wielding of it that is at fault, rather than the weapon itself. You are obviously aware that you have a larger-than-average penis—no doubt it is beautifully shaped and functions perfectly—so you are bubbling over with self-confidence.

I just arranged a mini-orgy for my lover. We had two girls staying in our villa in Spain, and I laid them out for him by the swimming pool. I was the art director as well as one of the actors in this delectable scene, but when I instructed him to fuck the redhead, she complained that he was very big.

I won't knock the poor guy anymore, because on the whole (and indeed, anywhere near anyone's hole) he is a subtle, sensitive, and beautiful lover. But the fact

remains that although he does great work with his tongue, once he gets the pile driver into action, it's like the machine is operating the man, rather than the other way around. But so what? Because whatever happens, he is supported by the same hot-air balloon as you, a divine self-confidence.

If you were to cut the extra three inches off your cock to reduce it to his size, you would still be the cause of a lot of inferiority complexes to the many unfortunate men who only have three inches—and not much idea what they are supposed to do with them.

Maybe you remember all those kung-fu and karate movies, where the kid does three double somersaults, kicks the sword away from one guy, and lays the other five weapon-wielding thugs low in about five seconds. Let Mr. Average American Male try and do that, and he will fall flat on his ass and probably break a few bones in the bargain without anyone attacking him.

You experts make it all look so easy, but spare a thought for Mr. Average, who is a 28-year-old virgin, five foot six, balding, and overweight. He has a four-and-three-quarter-inch penis (in its flaccid state), which increases to five and fifteen-sixteenths of an inch when erect and has a diameter just greater than a ball-point pen. He has been alone with a woman on seven separate occasions: On two of them he was naked, five of them he had a hard-on, and no less than four times he ejaculated—once with the knowledge and compliance of the lady he was with. What chance does this poor guy have when all the available pussy has been led away and efficiently seduced by right-wing success stories like yourself? So I suggest you shut up about your beautiful 269-millimeter target rifle before the nice, normal, inhibited five-inch brigade get so annoyed with your complacency that they nail you to a tree.

## STAYING POWER

*I am a 28-year-old medical assistant working in a clinic where we do a lot of physicals for business firms. Recently I brought a 24-year-old male into one of the examining rooms, told him to undress, and offered him a paper gown. He declined the gown, which is optional. Some people prefer not to be draped during an examination.*

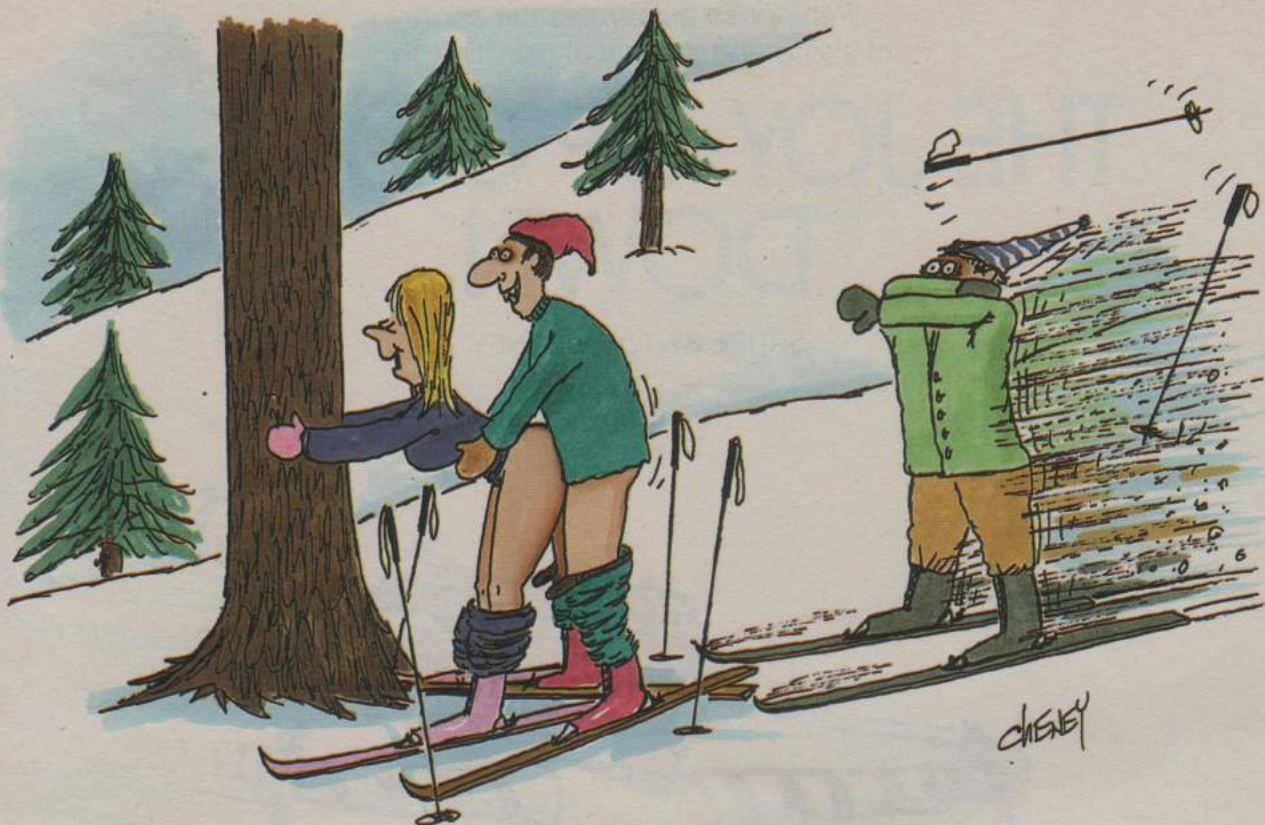
*Almost immediately after he stripped, the man's penis became erect, which is not all that unusual. When this happens, I simply ignore it and go on with my work. In a few minutes the penis will become soft again—sparing both the patient and the nurse some embarrassment. This time things were a bit different. The young man's penis remained erect during the full course of the examination—even though the follow-up nurse arrived 20 minutes late. When she did come in, the man's erection was still there, and he still had it when she completed the exam and*

Penthouse celebrates the sport  
of skiing and the law of gravity with . . .

# THE JOY OF GOING DOWN

SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY





"Oh, yes . . . deeper . . . deeper!"



"So how does it feel to be this year's winner in the finals?"



"Now you know why women avoid the ski jump."



"Oh my God, Howard: . . . Are you all right?"



"Sorry, no press—he's psyching himself up for the men's downhill."

His favorite wrestlers are also the game's most outrageous villains: "I respect any guy who has the balls to go out and impersonate Elvis Presley."

# SPORTING LIFE

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

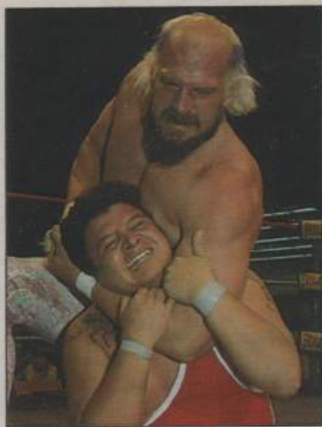
It could only happen in Hollywood: Jesse "the Body" Ventura, pro wrestling's premier archvillain from 1975 to 1985, is now Jesse "the Actor" Ventura, ace movie hero. In *Predator*, his first film, Ventura played one of Arnold Schwarzenegger's many military sidekicks to get massacred by a jungle-dwelling beast from outer space. In Schwarzenegger's next epic, *The Running Man*, a look at an Orwellian America, Ventura portrayed a state-sponsored killer with noble instincts. All this chivalry has no doubt shocked the Body's millions of fans, but they needn't worry. In *Thunderground*, his latest movie, Ventura plays an eccentric maniac.

"I identify with that role perfectly," he says, "because I am eccentric and I am a maniac."

Anyone who has followed Ventura's career—to say nothing of his life—would tend to agree. Born Jim Janos in Minneapolis, Ventura, now 37, was a standout football player and captain of the swim team at Minneapolis-Roosevelt High School. After graduating, he served four years with the Seals, the Navy's elite special-forces unit. Ventura saw action in Vietnam and other parts of Southeast Asia, but won't talk about what he did during the war.

"Lieutenant Calley and My Lai were in the news during my first tour overseas, and we were told not to discuss our operations," he says. "I still obey that order—and besides, what I did over there is between me and the man upstairs."

Following his Navy hitch—



and after several months of riding with an outlaw biker club in California—the six-foot-four, 225-pound vet returned to Minneapolis and enrolled at a local junior college. Ventura became a starter on the school's football team and briefly fantasized about life as a defensive lineman in the N.F.L. "But I soured on football real fast," he says. "I was a 22-year-old freshman, and after four years in the Navy, I'd played man's ultimate game, which is war. There is no way I could view football the way the coaches did—as a life-and-death struggle."

Ventura quit the team

before the end of the season and confined his athletic activities to weight lifting at a local gym. While working out there one night, he was spotted by a former professional wrestler who offered to train him for the sport. Ventura accepted. After seven months, he was ready to turn pro himself.

"If you're smart and you want to make money in wrestling, you have to develop a persona that will catch people's eye and make them remember you," he says. "I decided I wanted to be a rule breaker, which is what I am. I modeled myself after my hero in wrestling, Superstar Billy Graham, who was the sport's first bodybuilder. He was an off-the-wall character, and I knew that was the key to success. I got my rap from him. I'd pose in the ring and tell the crowd, 'Take a look at this body, all you women out there, and then take a look at that fat guy sitting next to you who's eating pretzels and drinking beer. Who would you really rather be with?'"

How did Jim Janos become Jesse "the Body" Ventura? "Real simple," he says.

"I always liked the name Jesse, and since I was going to be a bad guy, I wanted to be identified as a Californian, because most Americans hate people from California. So I picked up a map of California and started putting 'Jesse' before the name of every place in the state. 'Jesse Ventura' had a great ring to it. Then I bleached my hair blond, because people dislike blond men, especially if they know their hair's been dyed. I wore my hair down to my shoulders and tried my best to look like a surf bum who did nothing but work out on the beach and chase women all day."

Ventura turned pro in April 1975, and within four years just the sight of him was enough to drive wrestling crowds into choruses of curses and catcalls. He swaggered into rings across America wearing earrings, pastel scarves on his head, huge, outrageous sunglasses, and a feather boa. "The boa would always cause guys to call me a fag," he recalls. "When they did, I'd flirt with their women, who usually responded to me—which really got the guys irate."

Relations between Ventura and wrestling crowds were never too keen. One night in Eugene, Oregon, a 16-year-old jumped out of the stands, ran up to Ventura, and pulled out a hunting knife. "I'm gonna stick this up your ass, Jesse!" he shouted. The boy was grabbed from behind and handcuffed by an off-duty policeman, who had also come from the stands.

"Things like that happened, and I remember them and I remember all the death

threats, but I remember the good stuff more," Ventura says.

The good stuff—in fact, what Ventura calls the highlight of his career—occurred in 1980, the first time he sold out the St. Paul Civic Center. "The place was packed with 19,000 fans, and when I got into the ring, they all started chanting in unison, 'Jesse sucks! Jesse sucks!' They kept it up for five minutes, and to me that was very thrilling, because I literally had that crowd in the palm of my hand," he says proudly.

Ventura contends that pro wrestling is an equal mix of theater and sport, and that its top performers never fail to deliver great entertainment. "Wrestling—unlike the Super Bowl and most championship fights—always lives up to its hype," he claims. "That's why two years ago, when *Wrestlemania III* was held in the Pontiac Silverdome, it pulled in 93,172 people, the largest indoor crowd in sports history."

There's no question that pro wrestling, especially the variety served up by the World Wrestling Federation, is at an all-time high in popularity—and in revenues as well: *Wrestlemania* and other W.W.F. extravaganzas have become the most lucrative staples of pay-per-view television. Even the sport's toy business has gone out of sight. Ventura recently used his share of royalties from the W.W.F.'s line of rubber action dolls to purchase a Porsche Carrera. (In case you're interested, the least expensive Porsche Carrera costs more than \$50,000. Stripped.)



To his credit, Ventura doesn't quite deny that matches are tightly scripted, but he also points out that pro wrestling is now peopled by competitive athletes who are hungry to cash in on the sport's golden age. And when behemoths collide night after night, the result is an unending series of injuries. "I had knee surgery, I dislocated my shoulder, and I had my nose broken more times than I can remember," Ventura says. "When you wrestle a full schedule, you spend every day of your life in pain."

The end of his wrestling career came unexpectedly for

Ventura. In 1984, the night before he was to meet Hulk Hogan for the W.W.F. title, he had trouble breathing.

Ventura was diagnosed as having pulmonary emboli—blood clots in his lungs. The Body was treated with blood thinners that dissolved the clots within a week, but his close call with mortality made him take a second look at his life.

"That was traumatic for me, because I suddenly realized that wrestling was the only thing I was prepared to do," Ventura remembers.

"During that period, Vince McMahon, who runs the W.W.F., asked if I'd like to do TV color commentary on the matches. For the next six months, I wrestled and I also did the color commentary. I was the first sportscaster ever to side with the bad guys, and I got more notoriety for my announcing than for my wrestling. I thought, 'Why not retire now?' And then along came that role in *Predator*—a Hollywood talent agent had seen me on television—and so I hung it up."

Ventura still works the microphone on syndicated telecasts of "Superstars of Pro Wrestling" and NBC's "Saturday Night's Main Event." His favorite performers are the sport's leading villains: Andre the Giant, Ravishing Rick Rude, and the Honky Tonk Man ("I respect

any guy who has the balls to go out and impersonate Elvis Presley").

As a biased broadcaster, Ventura never has kind words—on the air—for the wrestler he most admires: Hulk Hogan. "He's been the greatest champion in wrestling history," Ventura says. "Hogan is synonymous with wrestling and I'm happy for his success—last year he supposedly earned more than \$3 million. Many of us have ridden his coattails all the way to the bank."

Ventura also respects Schwarzenegger, who taught him how to deal with Hollywood and grow as an actor. "Arnold looks in the mirror and sees his limitations—and also knows that his limitations will be as different in two years as they were two years ago," he says. "Schwarzenegger came to this country in 1970 with nothing, and today people say he's worth \$60 million. To achieve all that in less than 20 years tells me that Arnold is one very smart cookie."

Ventura knows that he can handle roles in action movies, but he has more on his mind than beefcake. "In five years—as shocking as this may seem—I'd like to be a romantic lead," he says. "And I don't think my size will rule me out. Women can push even the biggest guys around."

Will Jesse finally go Hollywood on us? "Nah, I'll never move out there from Minneapolis," he says. "I just want to be the actor who, when a scene's done, heads back to his air-conditioned trailer, picks up a *Penthouse*, looks at the pictures, and maybe even reads the articles." **OT**

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# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

left the room. I figured that the patient had a full erection for about 50 minutes! During that time, nothing and no one was in direct contact with his penis.

Even in a sexual situation, I have never seen a man stay hard anywhere near that long, especially without any direct stimulation. Even the nurse was amazed to find the man hard, because usually if a patient had an erection earlier, it would be long gone by that time. She later asked me, jokingly, what I had done to the guy while we were waiting for her!

Is this man as unusual as I think he is? Do many men maintain an erection for such a long time? Have you ever experienced this?—G. S.

Unfortunately, in the opinion of every man I've ever met, an erection—though a physical reality—is brought on by unconscious processes over which the cock owner has little or no control. Most men have learned to produce a hard-on, when needed, by manual stimulation, but mental control over the rigidity of the penis is apparently very difficult to master. Working studs in different branches of their profession probably acquire a degree of power over their penises, but usually your male stripper or porn star is born rather than made, and has chosen his niche in life because he has a prick that sits up and takes notice at the slightest provocation or none at all.

One of the horniest men I know told me how, at the age of 29 or so, he had experimented with what he called mental masturbation. With a pile of pornographic material at hand, he would sit or lie naked and absolutely still and try to reach orgasm without touching his cock. He claims to have succeeded on more than one occasion. (The wet dream, or nocturnal emission, is an example of mental stimulation to orgasm, although it is probably often helped by unconscious thrusting movements against the mattress or bedclothes.)

I asked him how long it took. He said that after about 40 minutes, one of two things would happen. Sometimes he'd be so close to coming that just a touch of his hand was all that was needed to fire off a stirring jet of jism. Other times he'd just get bored and, consequently, soft.

I have a digital clock radio beside my bed, and often, out of scientific interest, I notice the time at the beginning of a lovemaking session. I am constantly surprised at how long even a quickie seems to take. Once, on an outrageously oral occasion (some of the stimulation was verbal rather than labial—white man used forked tongue, as it were), I noticed that an hour and 40 minutes had passed from my lover's first penile quiverings to his final blast-off. The whole time he had a first-class erection.

I would say that your 24-year-old patient was unusual, not so much in the length of time he stayed hard, but more in his ability to concentrate on the same subject for a long period—which in his case must have been you! Obviously the situation of being naked in the presence of a young and presumably attractive female medical assistant wearing a white coat and holding a clipboard was such a turn-on to him that he could think of nothing else. If you had planted a little kiss on the end of that wonderful hardness you probably would have provoked an explosion of semen of nuclear proportions.

I have received many letters describing sexual encounters that last for unrealistic eons, but I wonder how many people are actually aware of how much time passes between the rise and fall of the Great American Penis. So, you guys out there, strap on your Rolex or your Timex, and let's hear if you've got what it takes—and how long it takes.

## SHOOT TO THRILL

I am a 26-year-old who has had sex regularly for many years now. My problem is that when I was younger, to avoid the mess caused by masturbating, I would squeeze the head of my penis at the base between my thumb and forefinger. I would do this while ejaculating—it resulted in less of a mess and more control of my come.

When I have sex now, in an attempt to have children, my come shot is not what it used to be. In fact, it doesn't shoot out at all! I fear that my adolescent cleanliness is at fault. What can I do to help this situation? Are there any exercises or drugs that I can use? My wife and I are getting desperate!—H. S.

I wonder if any of you guys think at all about what you write to me. What you are telling me is that you think you may have a physical—i.e., medical—problem. But because you are talking about sex, you have gotten so confused, you don't know what the hell you are saying. I am not a doctor, and even if I were, I could not and would not diagnose by mail. You'd leave yourself wide open for this kind of scene:

"Dear Doctor: I enclose a sample of my sperm, wrapped in Kleenex."

"Dear Patient: I sent your dehydrated semen sample to the laboratory. They told me that the tissue contained milk and human saliva, but no trace of sperm or semen."

"Dear Doctor: I enclose another sperm sample, this time in a mason jar. I must have gotten the Kleenex mixed up with the one we used to mop up the baby when he did the nose trick in the cornflakes."

"Dear Patient: Your mason jar arrived, apparently containing a yeast culture. Not wishing to expose my other patients to some unknown infection, I delivered it directly to the department for disposal of toxic wastes before I took the lid off. Why

don't you phone me for an appointment? My surgery hours are from 5 to 7 p.m. daily ... " and so on.

So if you think there is something physically wrong with you, *see a doctor!*

However, a doctor may say that there is nothing wrong with you. Although some men have a come shot that jets several feet, a few inches is more normal. Many men, like yourself, don't spurt at all—it kind of just oozes out. It is also a standard condition of the aging process—the older you get, the weaker the ejaculation. Even your sexual athlete, who has orgasm after orgasm, has a pretty feeble load on the fifth or sixth occasion during sexual marathons. In any case, the force of the ejaculation has nothing to do with either the pleasure of the orgasm or the fertility of the sperm.

What I don't understand is your wife's desperation. If you are having sex in order to produce children, your penis is presumably inside her vagina, so how does she know what comes out of it?

On one or two occasions when fucking a man who comes copiously, I have been aware of an excess of liquid, as well as the normal orgasmic twitching of his penis. But I would say that most of the time, most women with an ejaculating cock in their cunt cannot tell whether semen is spurting out, dribbling out, or not coming out at all!

I suggest that you have a medical checkup—including a test of your sperm count—and if it turns out that there is nothing wrong with you, you can try artificial insemination using your own sperm. If your wife still doesn't conceive, then I fear that it is she who is infertile.

#### RAGING BULL

Recently, over the past four to six months, I have dated several women in their early to late thirties. Most are divorced, some are married, and a few are actually single. More and more, these women are desiring me to make them pregnant. Once a woman expresses her feelings about this, I try to ensure that it happens when we make love. The best thing about this is that I enjoy making these women pregnant with my children. To me it is a fulfillment of my manhood.

Is there some way I can seek out other women who desire a man to make them pregnant? I love making babies and seeing the happy smiles of my lovers when they let me know that they are with child. Oh, and by the way, Xaviera, so far five ladies confirmed to me that they are indeed carrying my babies.—P. J.

I think maybe you were born too soon. Our doctors and scientists have more or less solved the problems of changing one's sex, but they haven't yet gotten near the ability to change one's species. What a shame, because you would make a wonderful stud bull.

You could ram away (or should it be bull away?) at all these short, tall, fat,

skinny, longhorn, shorthorn, Brahman, Holstein, or Hereford cows and make calves like it's going out of style. You would be a shot in the arm for the nation's beef supply, you would live a wonderful life, and everyone would love you. Problem is, the world does not need any extra children, let alone the offspring of a human being with the IQ of an ungulate.

It's been a long time since it was fashionable to talk about the population explosion. In fact, it has been pushed off the front page and out of our minds by the energy crisis (now also forgotten), the end of the sexual revolution, and finally AIDS, which to some people looked like it might cure the population problem. In case you don't appreciate the seriousness of this subject and wonder why I am getting so heavy in a column dedicated mainly to the pleasures of sex, may I point out that sexual intercourse has only been really enjoyable for most women since the invention of modern methods of birth control.

Women's problem since prehistory has been men like you who need to see little clones of themselves running around in order to achieve, as you put it, total fulfillment of their manhood. The results are visible, not only all over the third world, but in many parts of the U.S.—young women and girls who are prematurely aged by countless pregnancies and whose lives are totally occupied with the

chore of looking after anywhere from five to 25 children.

Sure, there are many women in the world who want babies and cannot have them, some (like the ones you are knocking up) because they don't have men. I have met men the opposite of you, who are jealous of their sperm and reject the idea of being a casual father, and others who are physically barren.

Overpopulation is the cause of most of the present troubles in the world. World War II started because of Hitler's policy of *lebensraum*, which means living space; but in 1930, the population of the world was only two billion. It had taken a hundred years (since around 1830) for it to double, but it had doubled again (in only 45 years) to four billion in 1975. Experts suggest that by the year 2000, it will have doubled again to something like eight billion.

Here is a quote from the *Encyclopedia Americana*: "In the U.S. and most other developed countries, the most serious consequences of population expansion are related to unwelcome changes in the quality of life and the deterioration of the environment. . . . The per capita capacity for population is enormously high. . . . The cities are blighted by slums, and housing, educational, and health-care facilities are falling far behind the needs of the expanding population. The requirements for mass transportation are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



Zines!

# GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

Have you noticed how boring your mailbox is lately? Little wonder, when you consider that except for Christmas, the mail you get most of the year underscores the loathsome realities of modern life: bills, tax notices, mail-order catalogs for things you don't need, and the occasional love letter from Ed McMahon.

You can have a life via the mail that is richer, more rewarding, and certainly much more bizarre than you ever imagined. How would you like to open your mailbox and find publications pouring out of it with titles like *Headcheese*, *Bitch*, *Slimetime*, *Reality Hackers*, *Wreaking Chaos*, *Virgin Meat*, *Metal Meltdown*, *I Hate You*, *Dead Clown*, *The Duplex Planet*, *Brain Dead*, *Get Stupid!*, and *The West Virginia Surf Report*? It's easy. You just ask for it and you get it. There are literally thousands of people in the United States that are thirsting for your address in order to send you art, fart, fun, rants, rages, cant, and colic. They are inhabitants of the world of little magazines, fanzines, and a new genre of self-publications—"zines." Zines come in all sizes and all levels of quality—from the ditto sheets of racist and fundamentalist wacko screeds to the Xeroxed collage art created out of sheer talent or genuine (though harmless) dementia to the quite professionally edited, thoughtful, and exceedingly well-produced examples of the small publisher's art.

The central clearinghouse for the universe of zines is a publication called *Factsheet Five*. This cornucopia of information is the brainchild of Mike Gunderloy. He started *Factsheet Five* "be-

cause I had been writing the same information to at least 50 people since the late seventies—telling them what great zines were around, who to write to, what to send, how to get on this, that, or the other mailing list, and so on. One day I remembered that I had this old ditto machine in the attic, and that if I could write the information down once and make 50



copies, I'd save a lot of time and labor. It turned out to be the stupidest 'labor-saving' idea I've ever had."

The first issue of *Factsheet Five* was two dittoed pages that went out to about 50 people. Over the years it grew and grew. It outgrew the ditto machine. It outgrew the Xerox machine. Now it goes out to around 4,000 zine fans every month and is printed by web offset. For a zine, that's the equivalent in circulation to *Penthouse* itself. And beyond that, Gunderloy has made his the zine of zines—the authority.

*Factsheet Five* is where all the others go when they want to be listed. It's the encyclopedia of zines. Gunderloy personally reviews every publication he receives in terse, informed short takes that are seldom more than a paragraph in length. Although lots of zine publishers actively disagree with his assessment of their efforts, the reviews themselves are as fair and evenhanded as one could reasonably expect.

In addition, *Factsheet Five* boasts a number of illustrators and columnists of

its own who—together with Gunderloy's editorials and "Publisher's Choice" column—give you a bird's-eye view of zines, separating the meat from the bone(heads). If you want to see what's hot and what's not in the zine world, just mail \$2 per issue to *Factsheet Five*, 6 Arizona Avenue, Rensselaer, N.Y. 12144. This will be the best \$2 you ever spent on a publication—aside from, of course, *Penthouse*. It will open your mind and shut your mouth. Although there are hundreds of zines in existence, a recent conversation with Gunderloy, as well as a reading of *Factsheet Five* #27, singled out the following as a reasonable cross section of all the zines—good, bad, and ugly—that are currently available. All quoted reviews are by Gunderloy.

- *The Whole Earth Review* (\$20 for four issues, from P.O. Box 38, Sausalito, Calif. 94966): The little magazine that time forgot, that the decades cannot improve. While time has wrought its changes on this publication, it still remains the repository of the best information to be found—not only on alternative cultures, but on mainstream culture as well. While it has a penchant for being painfully politically correct, *W.E.R.* is nevertheless a challenging and informative source of ideas, concepts, and cutting-edge technologies. One issue alone is worth 20 of more mainstream magazines. *The Whole Earth Review* has somehow survived its own clichés to become one of the few publications that thoughtful and curious people really shouldn't do without. Would be cheap even at twice the price.

- *The Upright Ostrich* (\$3, from Peggy Poor, P.O. Box 11691, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211): "A constitutionalist publication that acts as a central point for a network of tax protesters, right-wing libertarians," and fellow travelers. Also known for ads and articles on hard-to-find perpetual-motion equipment.

- *Zendik Farm* (\$10 per year, from

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# GAMES

Cary Roberts, Zendik Farm Arts Commune, 1431 Tierra Del Sol Road, Boulevard, Calif. 92005): The spirit of the sixties never left this organization, it just got a little strange in the interim. "The Zendik Farm Arts Commune began in 1969 as a sanctuary for experimental art and occultism and perpetuating the bohemian lifestyle," it states. "By 1976 it had evolved into a religio-cultural movement. . . . We bind to the Earth, to the pursuit of truth, to Cosmic Responsibility. . . . Zendika Religion and its activist politics are identical. We are always interested in interviewing people seeking such a sanctuary." Just send for a couple of magazines before you go knocking on the door.

- *Motorbooty* (\$2, from P.O. Box 7944, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107): "A great mix of punk music, snideness, and comic art. The best part is guessing which articles are complete fabrications." Overall, *Motorbooty* represents "bold new directions in mania."

- *Wrestling Observer Newsletter* (\$5 for four issues, from Dave Meltzer, P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, Calif. 95009): "A weekly gossip and news sheet about all the different pro-wrestling circuits out there coast to coast and over to Japan.

One issue had a profile of Bruno Sammartino, a wrestler from the 1950s. Another issue broke the story on the sale of the Crockett wrestling organization. Meltzer knows his stuff and manages to make it interesting even to folks who rarely, if ever, watch wrestling."

- *It's* (\$2, from Sheila Gibson, 20 Shady Lane, Nashua, N.H. 03062): "Quite possibly the only Monty Python fan magazine in existence." The perpetrator, who goes by the name of the

Easel, knows whereof she speaks when she speaketh of the Pythons. There are also "bits of art, handwritten and typeset silliness, and more. For all Pythonites, current or reformed."

- *Journal of Borderland Research* (\$20 for six issues, from Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, P.O. Box 429, Garberville, Calif. 95440): "A great spot to go for news and speculations on all sorts of things beyond the pale of orthodox science. Though most of the writings on rays and energy and electricity strike me as utter crap, J.B.R. does publish some interesting stuff. Notable in the current issue is Michael Urban's restrained article on AIDS, noting the conspiracy theory without endorsing it and going into the emerging speculations on the AIDS-syphilis link."

- *I Came to You Hot and Horny!* (\$1 plus a long self-addressed stamped envelope and statement that you are over 18, from Linda Meadows, P.O. Box 23106, Columbus, Ohio 43223): "Linda is involved with a variety of satanist and sex-magick periodicals. This is an explicit manuscript where the desire runs a bit ahead of the literary craft, paying homage to some of her fantasies and pursuits."

- *Margin* (\$20 for four issues, from 46 Shepard Street #42, Cambridge, Mass. 02138): A new literary magazine that seeks out "the positively obscure writers of our time and gives them free reign. The poets and writers tell their stories in fragments and flashes, rather than in nice third-grade packages. Challenging and with apparent substance."

- *Kick It Over* (\$2, from P.O. Box 5811, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1P2, Canada): "One of my favorite anarchist zines, K.I.O. continually brings in feminist and ecological viewpoints to try and counteract some of the nastier parts of Revolution Now anarchism."

- *LCD* (free, from WFMU, Upsala College, East Orange, N.J. 07019): The in-

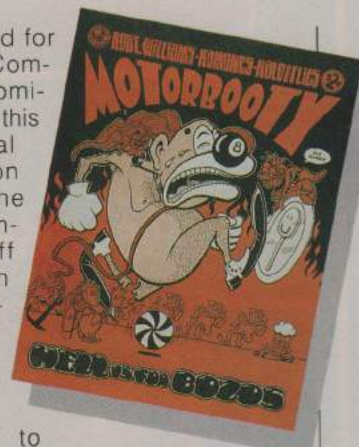
itials stand for "Lowest Common Denominator," but this occasional publication from the brain-damaged staff of WFMU in East Orange, New Jersey, puts the *Harvard Lampoon* to

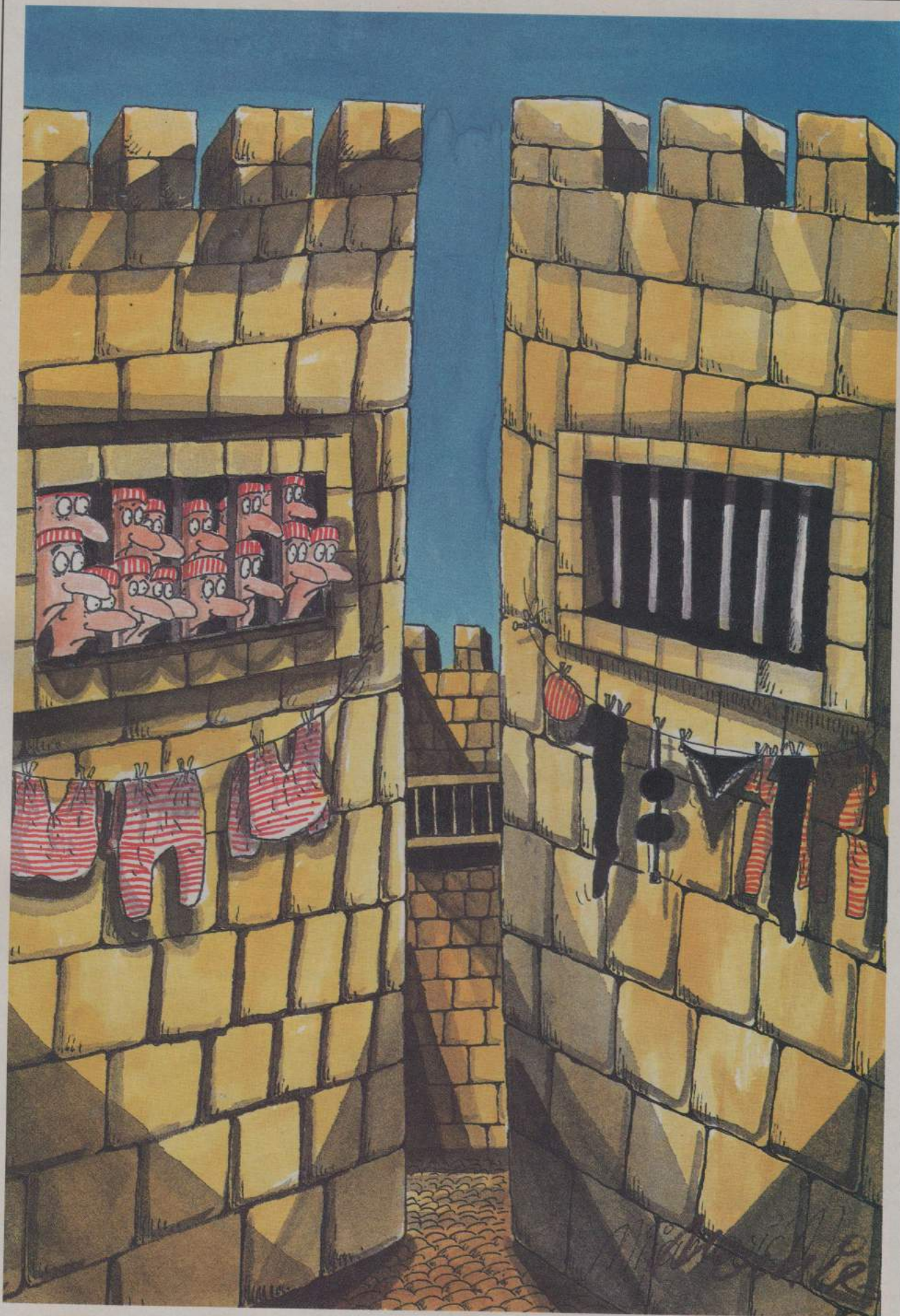
shame. Sharp, biting satire and a great sense of layout combine with tons of thoughtful reviews of everything under the sun in radio land and a lot of things in the culture at large. Interspersed are loads of comics and other graphics plus lots of ads for books, records, and events that you won't find anywhere else. Just get it!

- *Yellow Silk* (\$3, from P.O. Box 6374, Albany, Calif. 94706): "One of my favorite zines, Y.S. is a 'journal of erotic arts' which makes sensuality and sexuality neither domineering nor threatening, but instead simply fun and wonderful. Though perhaps 60 percent poetry, it's the art and short stories that I turn to first. They don't always succeed, but they always put me in a pleasant mood."

- *False Positive* (\$5, from Donna Kossy, P.O. Box 432, Boston, Mass. 02258): "A rant-and-collage zine" that centers on different themes in each issue. A recent number took on cars—hacking cars apart, living with mechanics, cars and crime, and other reflections on our automated age.

- *File 13* (45 cents in stamps, from Mark Lo, 115 Wedgewood Circle, Eatontown, N.J. 07724): *File 13* serves as an outlet for stuff that got rejected by other publications, missed the deadline, or was simply too lame to send in. Ever wonder about the stuff that editors edit out of even the most basic punk magazines? Fret no more, just send in your stamps. O+





face. She was a knockout. Her drenched curls hung in little ringlets around her face, framing the most beautiful grayish-blue eyes I have ever seen—the same elfish eyes that I had fallen in love with on first sight. She was definitely the sexiest woman I have ever known, and there was always a furious passion between us.

We laughed at our plight and started to kiss to pass the time. It just rained harder—the storm hadn't reached full blast yet. I began to get very hot, and she knew it. Bobbie straddled me in the front seat, cradled my head in her hands, and kissed me deeply with a slow, circular rhythm, pausing now and then to trace her tongue across my lips.

I retaliated by nipping at her swollen nipples through the wet cloth, nibbling gently up and down her neck. Soon neither one of us could take any more. It took very little effort to convince her that no one else leaving the theater could see us through the steamed-up windows. The lightning and thunder drew nearer as she began to pull off her dress. "No, leave it on," I said. She smiled and reached underneath to pull off her panties.

The sound of the rain on the metal roof was deafening. She climbed back on top of me. She hiked up her hem and positioned herself as best she could. I ran my hands up and down her tense, wet thighs in strong caresses. Under her dress her pubic hair was damp. My fingers teased her for a while, and then she kissed me wildly and lowered her crotch onto my lap. Bobbie used her pussy lips to lubricate the length of my shaft, and soon I was burning to be inside her. I slid my hands up her thighs to her ass and pulled her cheeks apart to spread her sopping lips. Then I slipped just the head of my dick inside her and pulled it out again. I teased her lips like this for some time, occasionally sliding the head up to her clit and back. She began a frantic effort to sit down on me and force me inside her, but I had a firm grip on her ass and I wouldn't let her. I liked to tease, too.

Finally I entered her slowly, a millimeter at a time. After the damp discomfort of my jeans, the intense pleasure of her soft flesh was like a narcotic washing over me. I looked at her face—her lips parted, eyes half-closed, head back, concentrating intently on the sensation—and I felt a tremendous rush of love that I never felt with anyone before. When I was buried all the way inside her, she looked down at me. We were startled by a blast of thunder, and as it rolled away, exhilaration melted our awareness of our surroundings. From then on the havoc of the storm was like a wild dream.

She gripped my shoulders and began to rock and swivel her hips in a slow, purposeful rhythm. I matched her movements with my hands, massaging her ass

and occasionally lifting her body up, teasing her lips some more. I was so excited that I plunged myself as deep into her as possible. I could feel the muscles in her cheeks tense powerfully as she started to grind her clit against my pubic bone. I desperately fought the urge to come, but I couldn't stand it any longer. I lifted my hips up off the seat and pumped deep into her in a blinding wave of incredible pleasure that pushed her over the edge. She was consumed by a strong orgasm, but it was just a leap to the next plateau.

I looked up at her again. She began to shake and shudder, her mouth opened wide, her eyes closed tightly. Every muscle in her body was like a little steel cord waiting to be melted in a blast furnace. She reached for her clit, but I moved her hand aside and used my thumb. It took about ten seconds of this for her body to explode like one of the thunderbolts raging outside. She came forever, and I found

“

Bobbie straddled me in the front seat, cradled my head in her hands, and kissed me with a slow, circular rhythm, pausing to trace her tongue across my lips.

”

myself intensely excited again.

It took another half hour before the storm quit, and almost that long for me and Bobbie to calm down. The parking lot was almost empty. We were tempted to make love again, but we decided to brave the low visibility and get home to our nice warm futon. That night there was record rainfall and widespread flooding. It was one storm I'll never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

## FRESHMAN ORIENTATION

My courageous pals and I convinced these three gorgeous sophomore girls to read some letters printed in *Penthouse*. At first they protested, but they soon couldn't put the magazine down, practically devouring each letter until the column was finished. When they were done, they huddled together, whispered to one another, and finally turned to us in unison and said, "Okay, boys, how about a little freshman orientation?"

Without hesitation, Jerry went straight for Traci Ann's firm and well-rounded breasts, practically tearing off her shirt with his teeth! Stephie was so turned on by the letters that she took a nosedive

into my crotch that would definitely score a ten if this were the Olympics. God, this girl was horny—she ripped my pants off and swallowed my erect penis, which was so hard it could have cut diamonds!

From the far corner of the room I heard a muffled moan, and I turned to see Vinny mounting Susan doggie-style. With each forward thrust, Susan bit harder into her pillow as her tits shook like the two huge bowls of Jello that they are. Stephie was about through with my diamond cutter, and her dripping cunt was eagerly awaiting its turn with my massive love machine. As I slid off her painted-on jeans, much to my surprise, there were no panties to cover her light-brown closely trimmed bush. I lowered my head accordingly and dived right for her pussy. The faster I licked, the faster her hips rocked, until I brought her to a back-arching orgasm.

I was ready to dive into Stephie when out of the corner of my eye, I saw Susan sinking down on Vinny's massive petrified python, her amber-colored snatch swallowing all of his eight and a half inches. My attention quickly turned back to Stephie as she grabbed the back of my hair, looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Fuck me!" I didn't argue and started to thrash that little hot box faster than a jackhammer working overtime. It only took me a few minutes before I was blowing cream into her quivering pussy.

Traci Ann and Jerry had somehow teamed up with Susan and Vinny. The four of them looked like one tremendous pile of naked human flesh. Susan and Traci Ann were exploring the insides of each other's mouth as Jerry and Vinny took care of the girls' other set of lips. Nibbling and probing seemed to be the menu, as the boys stopped at nothing to bring the girls to orgasmic moans. Feeling strong again, I rolled Stephie over and entered her awaiting pussy one more time. Every push of my hips against her ass cheeks made her buckle and quiver frantically. I started to build up to a completely mind-bending orgasm, and when I came I released a gushing amount of pure-white jism straight up her cunt, then watched it drip down the length of my rod. I fell back in total exhaustion, only to be pulled off the bed and onto the floor. My diamond cutter had fallen from its former state of hardness. Jerry and Vinny followed suit as they laid their fatigued bodies down.

As we leaned on one another for support, we discussed making this adventure part of our weekly curriculum. The girls agreed. Since that day, none of us has had the freshman blues!—*Name and address withheld* ☐

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

**EXTRA**

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

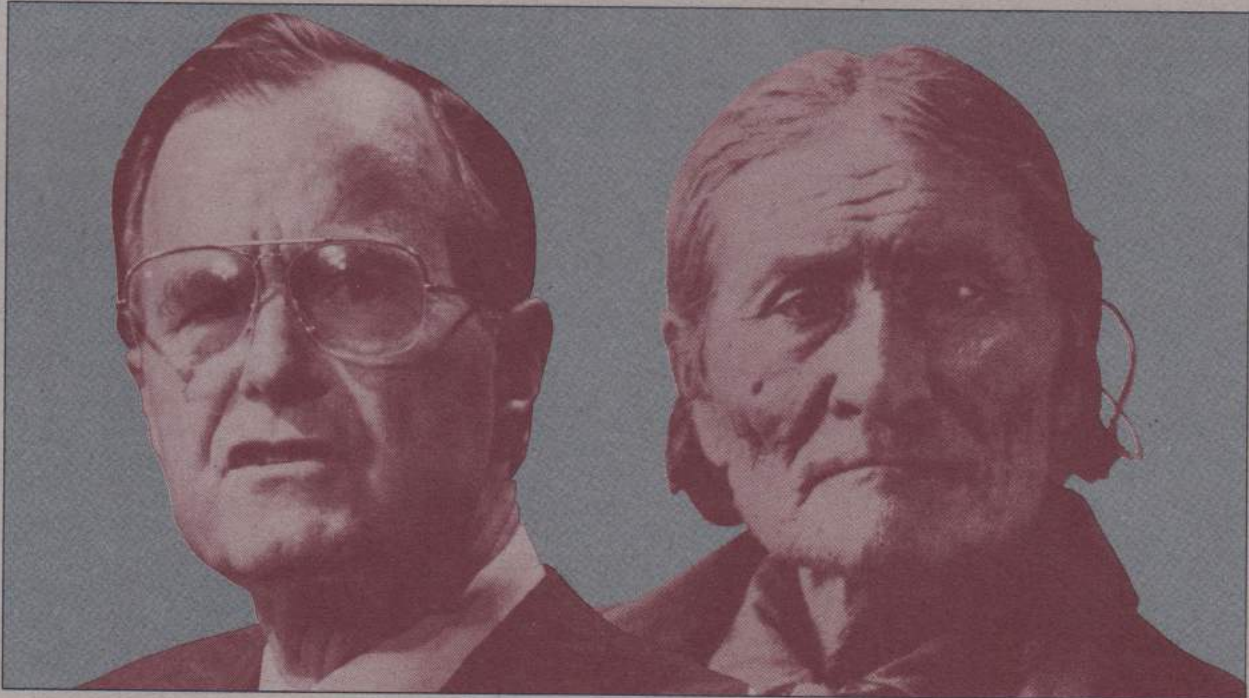
**EXTRA**

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 8, NO. 2

## GEORGE BUSH HAUNTED BY INDIAN CURSE

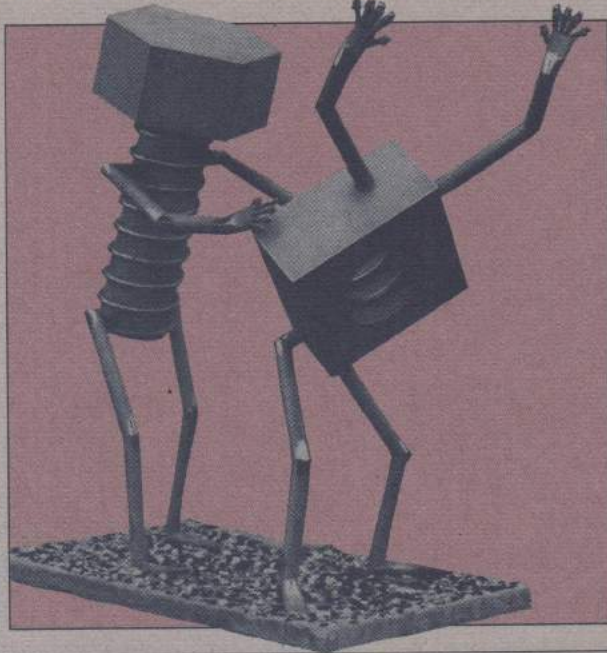


President Bush might have inherited an old Indian curse put on his family because his father, Prescott Bush, allegedly stole the skull of the Apache war chief Geronimo. An Indian leader charged that Prescott robbed the warrior's grave at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for a mysterious society at Yale University and took the skull as a trophy. According to former San Carlos Apache tribal leader Ned Anderson, an old manuscript titled "A History of Our Order"—allegedly containing the story of Yale's Skull and Bones Society—suggests that Prescott was the leader of

the raid. "One of the most powerful of all curses is the one cast on those who disturb Indian burial grounds," explains Indian parapsychologist Roberto Diaz. "If the story that Bush's father desecrated Geronimo's grave is true, the curse falls on the [President] as well as his father." Bush's brother Jonathan, another member of the ultra-secretive society, has called the story "ludicrous." (*National Examiner*—submitted by Todd Wolfe, Forest Hills, N.Y.)

*But it sure explains Dan Quayle.*—Editor

# Town Goes Screwy Over Sculpture



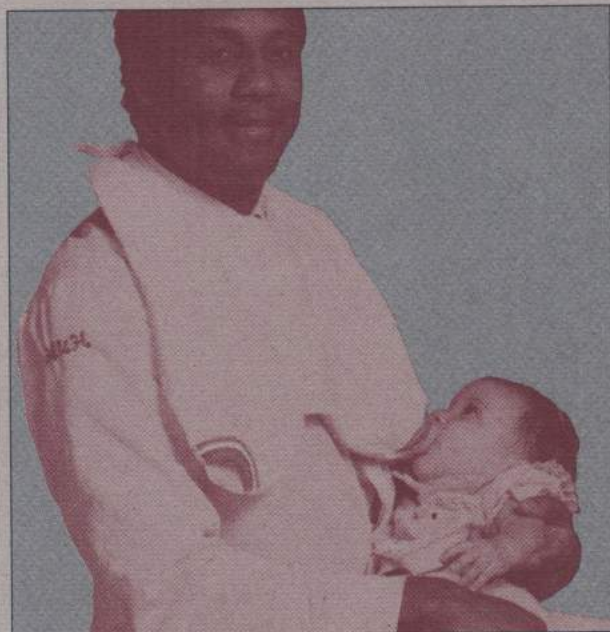
Thomas Gossett, president and owner of Creative Metals, Inc., has followed the request of the Warren, Michigan, city hall to remove his sculpture from the front of his company. He originally created the \$8,000 seven-foot-tall objet d'art for a friend who owns a nuts-and-bolts business. "He took one look and started laughing," Gossett recalls. "Then about six weeks later he told me to come and get it. He was getting too many calls and complaints. So I put it in the yard behind my shop." But when he moved the statue to his front lawn, the city objected. "It doesn't fall within the city's sign ordinance," the mayor claimed. "I tried putting clothes on them," says

Gossett. "A skirt on the girl and a shirt and pants for the guy. Sunglasses for both of them. The city said, 'Nice try, but they've got to go.' Now they're in my side yard, just about 100 feet from the street." He is duly annoyed about the hypocrisy of the situation. "Everyone knows you can see many more suggestive things than this on television, in the movies, and in newspaper and magazine advertising," Gossett reasons. "This thing was just in fun. Maybe there's a place for it at the Detroit Institute of Arts." (Detroit News—submitted by David Brostek, St. Clair Shores, Mich.)  
*Talk about heavy metal!—Editor*

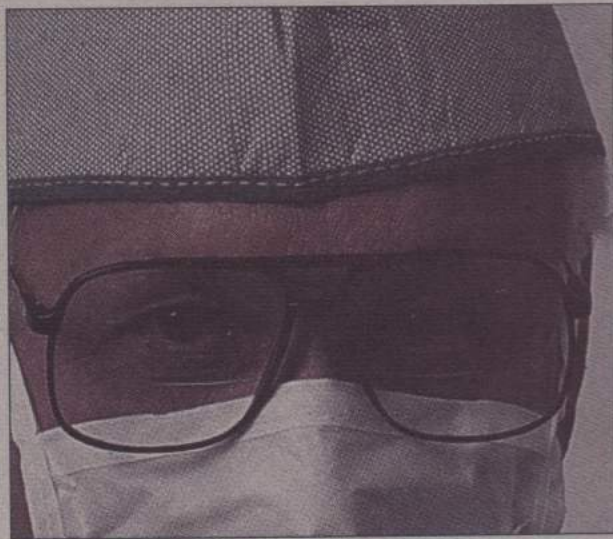
## Male Breast-Feeding Made Easy

Dr. Albert Goldson, a cancer specialist at Howard University Medical Center in Washington, D.C., has invented a device that enables fathers to "breast-feed" their child. The invention consists of a synthetic-fleece-covered bib that contains two bottles of milk. Openings in the bib allow the bottles' nipples to protrude over the breasts. Goldson came up with the contraption so he

could play a more active role in feeding his own baby. He and his wife Amy began advertising the "bonding bib" in magazines for parents last March. So far they've sold about 5,000 of them for \$19.95 each. "We're not trying to upset the Freudian applecart," claims Amy. "It's a fun item." (New York Times) *It probably requires one hell of a nursing bra.—Editor*



## Surgeon Leaves Glasses in Patient



While performing abdominal surgery, a West German surgeon inadvertently left his spectacles inside his patient's stomach, where they remained undiscovered for six months. "He must've wanted to place his glasses somewhere, but during the emergency procedure got them mixed up with the medical instruments and they ended up inside. . . . It was a miracle the glass didn't break," explains the doctor who removed them from the ailing patient. "It was quite a shock seeing those X-ray pictures. It was the first

time a stomach stared me in the eye!" The surgeon who performed the first operation offered this explanation: "I had just finished two emergency operations. I was on my way out of the hospital when I was called in for another. In the rush, I must have misplaced the glasses. All this time I thought they were stolen. I can't apologize enough, but accidents do happen in such procedures." Of course, the patient is planning to sue. (Sun—submitted by Scott Harrah, Clatskanie, Oreg.) *That'll open his eyes.—Editor*

# POODLE'S SUICIDE KILLS THREE



A dog that fell from a 13th-floor balcony in Buenos Aires caused the death of three people. First the poodle—named Cachi—hit a 75-year-old woman on the head, killing both of them instantly. A 46-year-old woman, standing in the street at the edge of a crowd that had formed at the scene, was struck down by a bus. Finally, a man who'd witnessed both accidents suffered a heart attack and died en route to the hospital. "We are all extremely sad. We cannot understand how all this could happen. Just imagine how [the dog's owners] feel about it," says a neighbor. Cachi's fall has not been explained. (*Vancouver Sun*—submitted by William Corbeil, Aldergrove, British Columbia)

*It shouldn't happen to a dog.—Editor*



# Husband Drowns Wife in Beer

A loving husband tried to calm his wife by pushing her head into a vat of homemade beer and ended up drowning her instead. The 49-year-old Leicester, England, man pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the death of his common-law wife. "She used to be such fun," the man said at his trial, "so full of life. But six years ago her personality started to change. The fights started." The day she died she

became abusive toward her husband, calling him a lazy homosexual. "She was dipping a mug into one of the vats when I snapped," he recalled. "I was frightened of hitting her and thought the shock of ducking her might bring her to her senses." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Bobby Diggles, Rosharon, Tex.) Even Barry Slotnick would have a hard time with that defense.—Editor

# MAN LIVES ON COOKIES

A 25-year-old student has managed to stay slim and healthy although he's eaten nothing but chocolate cookies for the last 15 years. Since 1974, he hasn't touched meat, fruit, or vegetables, choosing instead to gorge himself on cookies and tea at each meal. "Once I tried my first chocolate baked cookie, I never wanted to eat anything else—and to tell the truth, I never did," he says. According to his doctor and dentist in Merthyr, Wales, both he and his teeth are as healthy as can be. "It's perfect for a bachelor," he notes. "It costs me \$1.50 a day to eat and I don't have to cook a thing. But best of all, when you eat like I do, there are never any dishes to wash." (*Weekly World News*)

*So what does he do with all that energy?—Editor*



# HERMAPHRODITE MAKES HIM/HERSELF PREGNANT

A 37-year-old hermaphrodite, having both male and female sex organs, claims he has been able to make himself pregnant, and is now both mother and father to three kids. "Nobody knew if I was male or female," he explains, "and I could never find a mate. Then I discovered I didn't need anyone else. I had what it takes to be both boyfriend and girlfriend, husband and wife, mother and father." But according to the man/woman's former lawyer, however, the hermaphrodite—who had several operations to become a full male—didn't impregnate himself. "He gave birth as a woman," the lawyer says, adding that "he didn't want the other person or persons to try and get custody of the children, so he used his sexual defects to claim he did it all by himself." Says the proud mother/father, "Other people wanted to take my kids away because they said it would be confusing for them. They're just jealous because they can't conceive by themselves." (*Sun*—submitted by G. Barry, Woodland Hills, Calif.)

*It must have been some honeymoon.—Editor*

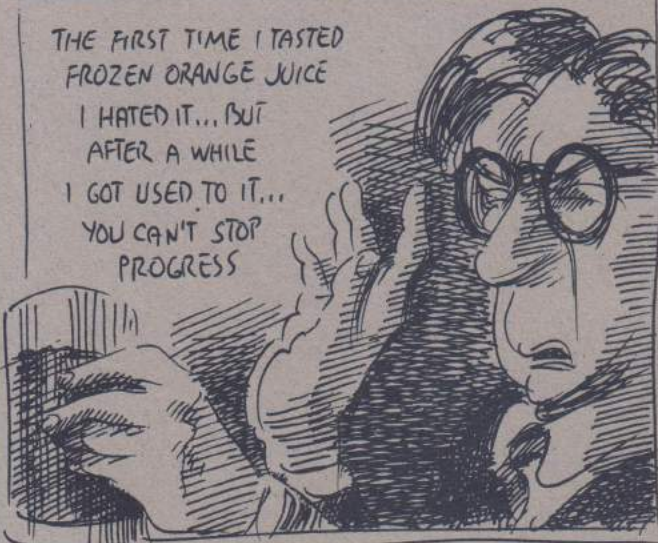
## EDITOR'S NOTE

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 EDWARD SOREL

THE FIRST TIME I TASTED  
FROZEN ORANGE JUICE  
I HATED IT... BUT  
AFTER A WHILE  
I GOT USED TO IT...  
YOU CAN'T STOP  
PROGRESS



THE FIRST TIME I RODE IN  
A JUMBO JET I WAS  
SHOCKED AT HOW  
CRAMPED I WAS...

...BUT I ACCEPTED  
IT AS THE PRICE  
FOR PROGRESS



WHEN I FIRST HEARD ROCK I WAS  
CERTAIN IT WAS JUST A  
PASSING FAD... BUT IT  
JUST GETS LOUDER  
AND LOUDER...  
YOU CAN'T STOP  
PROGRESS

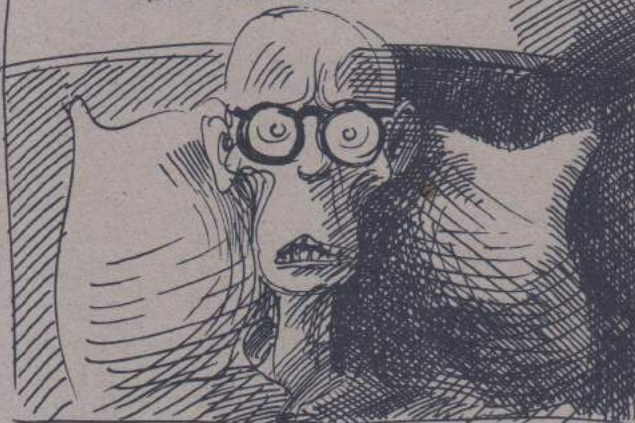


WHEN THEY BEGAN  
BUILDING NUCLEAR  
PLANTS, I KNEW  
THEY'D CAUSE  
CANCER...

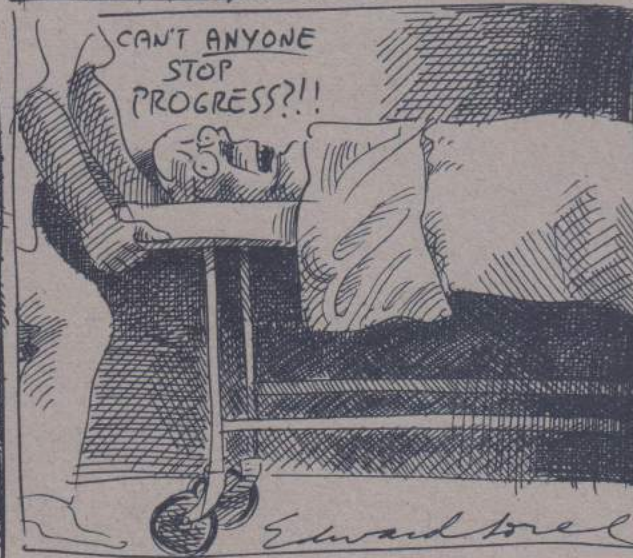
...BUT YOU  
CAN'T STOP  
PROGRESS



NOW I'M DYING AND IN TERRIBLE  
PAIN, BUT THEY'VE INVENTED A MACHINE  
THAT WON'T LET ME DIE!



CAN'T ANYONE  
STOP  
PROGRESS?!!



Edward Sorel

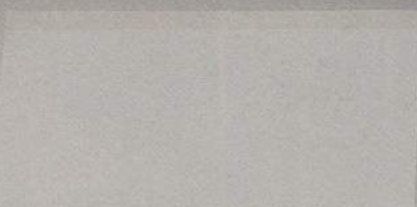
# Job Guide



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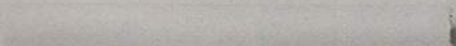
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# PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, GROW YOUR OWN WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university under Federal license in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did; all of the scientific literature, I did; and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you. The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You receive simple, step by step instructions. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it. Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-EUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
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LIGHT	LEAF SHADING									
	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT									
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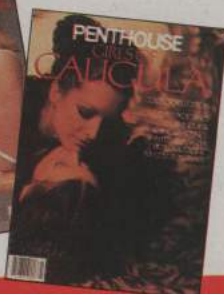
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## XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

neither being met nor being realistically faced."

This is the overall picture, but what about the individual cases? In your letter you express no flicker of interest in the results of the pregnancies you have provoked. We hear a lot about kids getting into trouble as the result of broken marriages, but a kid who starts off without a father is surely even more vulnerable.

Finally and amazingly, as I write this there is a news item on the radio telling of the discovery of an agency in New York that has been dealing in babies. According to the bulletin, it's been disposing of 20 to 40 babies a year at an average price of \$35,000 per child—it was making around a million bucks a year, out of which it was prepared to pay hospital and living expenses and fare to New York for the mothers-to-be. Your activities may be contributing to this sordid trade, so why don't you do what they tell you on TV—wear a condom?

### SAMSON SYNDROME

I have a problem that started about two months ago. I don't know exactly what to do, so I'm writing to you for advice.

My wife and I have been married for 16 years. She is 36 years old and an at-

tractive, fun-loving, and caring person. I'm 38. We have a very satisfying sexual relationship. We have always encouraged each other to express our sexual fantasies and have always done everything we could to act them out. In doing so, we've had an awful lot of fun, not to mention the closeness it has brought to our relationship.

Two months ago, however, my wife made the strangest request I've ever heard. We were watching an old Telly Savalas "Kojak" rerun on TV when my wife asked me if I would let her shave my head. Needless to say, my jaw dropped. She explained that it has been a sexual fantasy of hers to make love to a man with a shaved head. She wants to be able to look down at me performing cunnilingus on her and see a smooth-shaven, totally bald head. She said that she wants to be the one who shaves my head—not a barber—because lathering up my head and running a razor over it would be an incredible turn-on for her.

I said that I would have to think about it before I let her do this. It's not the type of thing that you just go ahead with. In all honesty, I was trying to buy some time so that I could think of a way to get out of it. She was quite disappointed that I didn't say yes. On several occasions since that night, she has repeated her request. Each time her resolve to shave my head grows stronger. She cannot un-

derstand my hesitancy. I have a full, thick head of hair. I can't imagine how I would look with no hair at all.

I don't want to have to tell her that I won't fulfill her fantasy. In the past I've asked her to do some really crazy things and she has always gone along with them. How do I tactfully tell her that I don't want my head shaved, without having her think that I am denying her this sexual fantasy? Would it be better to let her go ahead and shave my head? I suppose everything would grow back in six months. Also, would you please explain to me what a woman finds so sexy about a man with a bald head? I've always thought women liked a thick head of hair.—L. S.


Some would-be psychologist has called your wife's fetish a "Delilah complex," and I suffer from it, too. Although I rarely get the opportunity to shave a man's head, I love cutting men's hair, and it has been pointed out to me that if I am unchecked, I tend to go on snipping till there is not much left.

If this is a Delilah complex, however, then most men seem to suffer from the "Samson syndrome," for Mr. Average seems to think that his virility is directly related to the length and thickness of his topknot. Hence the enormous popularity of the various so-called baldness cures—from the prick-and-plant method to complicated grafts or hairpieces woven into the existing hair and advertised to withstand a force-nine gale.

The fact is that many women, myself included, continue to find bald men attractive, and if that shining brain box has been depilated by the owner himself, it has a kind of macho significance. Remember, the late Yul Brynner was just a bit player until he shaved his head.

I see your problem very clearly, of course. It is how to explain your sudden onset of hairlessness to your friends and business associates when you make your first bald appearance in public. "My wife made me do it" is probably not the right answer.

You could tell people that you've had a calling to a new religion. Various dress styles that go well with baldness suggest themselves. A long yellow robe and a begging bowl is attractive. You don't have to answer any questions in English—just mutter, "Oh, Mummy, put me in a home" (which sounds enough like the Buddhist chant, "Om mane padme hum"), and if they don't put you in a home, they'll probably leave you alone. Another chic mode is the heavy leather jacket with studs and a skull-and-crossbones motif on the back. Carry a heavy chain instead of the begging bowl. Don't worry, they won't ask you any questions.

You could tell your wife that you'll agree to shave your head provided she does so as well. If bald men are sexy, bald women are even sexier. As a final alternative, follow Nancy Reagan's dictum: "Just say no!" 

# "HOW CAN I WRITE ABOUT HELPING THE HOMELESS WHEN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WERE FREELOADERS?"



After seeing so many homeless people wandering the streets and sleeping in train stations I, the writer of this public-service ad, have come to consider myself somewhat knowledgeable about what they're like.

Which brings me to the question that was in the back of my mind before I read the information I found. Why would anyone want to help dirty rude people who for the most part seem to prefer panhandling over honest work?

As I started reading, however, I found that I wasn't as knowledgeable as I had thought.

The sad truth is, today in the U.S. there are over 3 million homeless. Most of whom we never see.

Many are elderly or handicapped, hidden away in run-down, rat-infested welfare hotels. Others are work-

ing families forced to share miserably overcrowded apartments just to keep from ending up in the street.

The Campaign To End Hunger and Homelessness is trying to help these hidden homeless by working to make ending homelessness an issue in the upcoming elections. But they need your help.

The campaign has come up with a tangible way for us to show the candidates that we care. Send them a key.

They'll know what it means because they'll be getting thousands of keys from thousands of others who like you want to know what they plan to do to stop this suffering.

And you can rest assured that thousands of keys will be much harder to overlook than the people we'll be helping.

**KEY CAMPAIGN TO END HUNGER & HOMELESSNESS**

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Leslie's theme in *Catwoman* is "the animal in all of us." It's an old bone he's gnawing on, but he does so with relish.

## X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

### APRIL FOOLS

*The First of April*  
(Vivid) **111**

Mort's a Dagwood-type husband with a problem: Wifey won't put up with his double standard. When he screws around with the Stripper-gram girl on his birthday, wife Jamie insists that she deserves some outside servicing, too. He buys her some in the form of a big, pumped-up stud—and we're off to the races. Writer-director-producer Paul Thomas uses this fairly standard plot to showcase one of the most delicious new actresses in adult video today, April West. April's a pretty, brick-shithouse blonde, evidently brought in to fill the gap left by Jamie Summers as the Brat. She even plays a character named Jamie, opposite Jerry Butler, who gives an excellent performance as Mort. At one point Mort calls Jamie a brat, which may be a carryover from when this video was slated to become the newest entry in that adult series.

Somewhere along the line, someone wised up. A fresh new porn actress named Jennifer Miles was re-dubbed April West, and a starlet was born. Paul Thomas is only the latest of a number of porn studs who've made the crossover to behind-the-camera chores, and right now they are putting out the best tapes on the adult market (John Leslie's *The Pillowman* is another prime example). Thomas and Leslie are veterans who know the biz inside out and have probably spent years mentally cataloging the mistakes made by the directors they've worked with. Now Thomas

got his own chance, and he's come through very handily. His main accomplishment seems to have been establishing a rapport with his cast of porn veterans. He's managed to elicit a performance out of the normally listless Jerry Butler, his best in recent memory. The sex is explosive, with a cunning, raw frankness to it that's refreshing—and arousing. This is billed as the first adult-video appearance for April West, and let's hope it won't be the last.

She's a lot prettier than her mainstream counterparts (a few actresses have played the Hollywood role) and about 60-times sexier. In fact, she seems a dream too good to come true in adult entertainment. Her genuinely cute, girlish face haloed by ringlets, she appears to be fresh and unjaded, a sexual innocent. Then she unleashes her huge-nippled tits, and you recognize her as a sensual adept. Too bad she hasn't bothered to take acting lessons or been

the porn star Angel, who has disappeared from the biz. They convene their search at a bar named Clancy's, where coincidentally Angel is spending her retirement pretending to be a waitress. (She's one of the few food-service personnel who drives a Mercedes 450SL.) However, they always just miss their gal, thus practically doubling the hilarity value of this tape. The *only* reason to buy this turkey is for Angel, but maybe that's enough.

### COLD HARD KEISHA

*Keisha Blues*  
(CD) **1**

What has Keisha to be blue about? She's a big, bad video actress verging on superstardom, with her own line of tapes and practically her own production company just trying to keep up with her output. She's got a perfectly sculpted body and an exotic face. She's got a following who have pulled her out of the ranks of obscurity and catapulted her to the center stage of adult entertainment.

So why is Keisha blue? Well, there's her acting, to begin with. It's wooden in the extreme, to the point of the petrified forest—the landmark, not the movie. Actually, Keisha is blue in this story because hubby is not paying attention to her. He's off in fantasyland, his mind on big tits. Even though he's seduced by some stunningly pretty California-style blondes, the dolt is still fixated on bigness. By the time he's "cured" of his obsession (by a C-cup psychiatrist), Keisha has moved on to the local muscle man. She's learned to like 'em big, too.



Keisha: a big, bad video actress verging on stardom.

### HECK'S ANGEL

*Angel's Back*  
(Intropics) **11**

She's back? When did she leave? The adult star Angel tried to cash in on the popularity of the mainstream soft-core high-schooler-by-day, hooker-by-night character who made a big splash on B-movie screens a few years back. She's resurrected every so often in sequels, simply because in Hollywood cash cows are sacred cows. But you needn't have seen any of the achingly coy "Angel" movies to appreciate the porn actress Angel.

served with even adequate scripts—she could be the premier erotic performer of her time.

*Angel's Back* both entices and disappoints. Angel's enthusiasm at the suck is phenomenal and can't help but make the tape memorable. On the other hand, the writing and story devices are so lame as to cancel out whatever heat comes from the star. It's the stab at a plot that kills this tape. Two adult-video critics—one in the process of writing a book called *Adult Video: Coming of Age*—are on the track of

## SIZZLING THRILLER

*The Naked Stranger*  
(Vivid) **IIII**

When was the last time you saw good location work in a porn tape—or for that matter, any location work at all? How about the last time you saw a porn fuck resolve itself into anything other than a messy wet shot? How about acting? Good writing? You'll find all of these and more in *The Naked Stranger*, a sizzling thriller made by Paul Thomas—yet another ex-porn stud who's making great adult tapes as a director. The plot of *Stranger* (written by Rick Marx, although the package says it's "written and directed" by Thomas) is a twisty lesson in sex and betrayal, the kind of late-night



*Stranger: devastating.*

material that both genders can enjoy. Chad and Casey are a typical yapped-out New York artist couple (she paints, he's a filmmaker) with a fat bank account and a lean marriage. Into their lives comes the stunning Sara (she moves in nearby and gets a job at Chad's film company), played by Barbara

Dare. Soon Sara has thoroughly seduced both of them.

But the "naked stranger" is more than a simple home wrecker. The final plot twist is, smoothly devastating, making the tape a sort of cynical cousin to the mainstream smash *Fatal Attraction*. The greatest aspect of *Stranger* is the superb female talent assembled in it: Between them, Ariel Knight, Aja, and Dare can melt your remote-control pause button.

## JOIN THE WORLD, SEE THE ARMY

*Biloxi Babes*

(Western Visuals) **II**

Anytime a porn tape comes equipped with a line alleging the action goes down in "Biloxi, Mississippi—1944," don't say you weren't warned. Any setting outside of the Valley is tremendously taxing to adult-video budgets, not to say their makers' imaginations. Actually, director Patty Rhodes doesn't do too badly with this adult version of *Biloxi Blues*, if only because she doesn't attempt too much. She keeps her cast indoors, gives them broad, terrible accents, and then shuts them up to fuck. Simply done. The action is organized around three wars—World War II, Vietnam, and Nicaragua. Women pitch good-bye fucks to the poor suckers who are going off to fight, and the men are grateful to them for it. The same group is put through the three different time frames—the point being that the more things change, the more they no longer remain the same. Trinity Loren will attract the big-tit aficionado, while

Robin Lee, Nina Hartley, and Angel Kelly are practically ready to form an acting ensemble by tape's end. The plot superstructure is remarkably low-key, with the sex firmly in the foreground. It's more slimin' than Simon, but *Biloxi Babes* is a respectable try at opening up porn's horizons a bit.

## BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

*The Tiffany Minx*

(Select-A-Tape) **IIII**

Overlooked when it was originally released, this film is worthy of a comeback as a video, primarily because of the strong performances from Marlene Willoughby and R. Bolla, a truly adult story line, and the sex—especially the sex. The fuck between Bolla and Candida Royalle reminds you that the now porn *auteur* was once a talented erotic actress, and Bolla does well with a beautiful hard-body named Jennifer Jordan, too. The plot concerns the machinations around a fortune owned by Jessica Grover, complete with gigolos (Bolla) and murderous double-dealing on the part of pretty much everyone. Some very good location work on Long Island, plus superb work by Bolla, add up to an erotic gem that still sparkles after all these years.



*Catwoman: compelling.*

## PENTHOUSE PICK

*Catwoman*

(VCA) **IIII**

John Leslie's impressive success with *The Pillowman* (reviewed here last month) led me to re-screen another recent tape he directed, *Catwoman*. Again I was absorbed in the action, and while his tapes can be called great only in the depressing porn-mill glut of today's marketplace, they are witty, sensual, and compelling. It's an old bone he's gnawing on—his theme is "the animal in all of us"—but he does so with relish. Leslie satisfies our hunger for intelligence in the porn scene, but he doesn't let his rhetoric get in the way of his crotch shots. Another winner. **O+**

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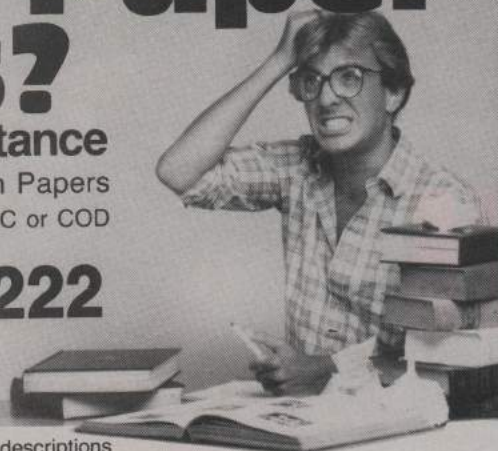
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## BEN STEIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

the phone and put in a good word for you about a job or a sale and then invite you up to spend the weekend golfing at their country place are truly golden people to know, to be friends with, to have on your side.

Then, dwarfing everything else, even politics, even personality, even looks, is that old devil "luck." Try this: The largest single factor in determining whether or not a child in America will be a millionaire is whether his parents were millionaires. The No. 1 correlate of success, insofar as it can be measured, is your parents' success. In other words, if you are lucky enough to have successful, wealthy parents, most of the work is done. For that matter, what determines whether you have good looks, a pleasant, outgoing personality, and the right connections from birth? Luck, of course. All of these things are formed by factors largely out of your own control. Of course, you can work out a new personality, or go on a diet, or have plastic surgery. But none of these half-measures is as important or effective as simply *being born with it*.

This, finally, is how life works: It's largely out of your control. Life is one percent what we make it and 99 percent how we take what fate dishes out. If we remember that and act humbly around it, we succeed. If not, we have trouble.

Most cultures just accept that we are grains of sand blown about by the vast forces of the universe. Only Americans refuse to accept it and think that we can re-create and re-do fate. We can't. That's the final lesson. And now class is dismissed. 

### CREDITS

Page 4 clockwise from left, David Michael Kennedy, Jerry Abramowitz, George Napolitano, Etienne Sandorfi, Arlene Gottfried; page 6, Alan Daniels; page 29, The Stockmarket; page 30 top right, Don Kellog; page 30 bottom left, Bob Dunsmore; page 31, Focus On Sports; page 32, Photo Researchers; page 35 top right, The Bettmann Archive; page 35 bottom left, Wide World Photos; page 36 top, Olga Spiegel; page 36 bottom, Movie Still Archives; page 43 top, Paul Chauncey/The Stockmarket; page 43 bottom left, Bob Shaw/The Stockmarket; page 44 top right, A/P Wide World; page 44 bottom right, Chris Jones/The Stockmarket; page 44 bottom left, CW Scharz/Animals Animals; page 45 top left, John Bova/Photo Researchers; page 45 top right, Paula Wright/Animals Animals; page 88, Dan Brinza/New York Post; page 128 top, Alfredo Rubalcara; page 128 bottom, George Napolitano; page 129, George Napolitano; page 137 left, Wide World Photos; page 137 right, The Bettmann Archive; page 138 top, Duane E. Belanger/The Detroit News; page 138 center, The Stockmarket; page 138 bottom, Jeffrey John Fearing; page 139 top left, Animals Animals; page 139 top right, The Stockmarket; page 139 bottom, The Stockmarket; page 156 top to bottom, Thomas Braise/The Stockmarket, The Bettmann Archive, Dennis Brack/Black Star, John Maher/The Stockmarket, Earl Miller. Correction: The painting by Guy Gladwell that appeared on pages 70-71 of the January 1989 issue was reproduced courtesy of the Nicholas Treadwell Gallery, Bradford, England.

### CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Sunny Woods was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Her pictorial begins on page 71. Samantha Townsend, who appears on page 47, was photographed by Warren Tang with a Nikon F3 camera; Nikkor 35, 55, 85, and 105 lenses; and Speedotron and Dyna-Lite lighting systems.

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## SOLAR POWER LIVES

In the wake of last summer's worldwide "greenhouse effect" scare, scientists and the public at large are taking a new look at solar power, the alternative power source that never got off the ground due to research and development cuts in the early 1980s. Next month, Bob T. Epstein, an outdoor writer and newspaper columnist in the Florida Keys as well as a solar-energy pioneer, contributes an enlightening "Advise & Dissent" essay on the future of this misunderstood method of providing electricity. "By the year 2000, alternating current will be obsolete," he says. "Quiet, clean, dependable solar-electric technology will make grid-powered, centrally located, fuel-guzzling electrification plants a thing of the past."



## DIFFICULTIES WITH GIRLS

Everyone's having them in Kingsley Amis's new novel of the same name, and you're bound to have a ball sorting them out next month when you read our exclusive preview of his latest novel. Now in his sixties, the master of British satire focuses his acid wit on sexuality, relationships, and the 1960s. As London's *Financial Times* said of Amis, "He goes beyond mockery and malcontentment to reach a state of sour magnanimity, conveyed in a unique tone of fluent and hilarious exasperation."



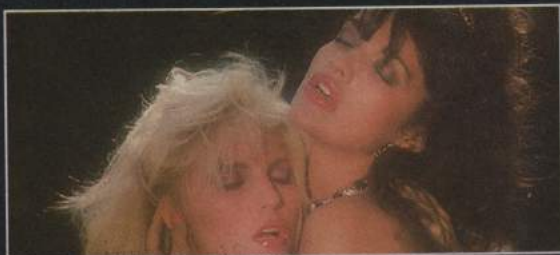
## QUAYLE HUNTING

Liberals hope that he'll just disappear. Conservatives defend him, but with their fingers crossed behind their backs. It seems that no one, including President Bush, wants to pay too much attention to Vice President Dan Quayle. In next month's "Games" column, Gerard Van der Leun remedies this situation in the *Penthouse* Quayle Watch, an intense scrutiny of our second-in-command that will satisfy those who worry about the fate of our nation. He reveals, for instance, the three most difficult years of Dan's life: second grade!



## INCOME TAX FOR APRIL FOOLS

The Pentagon pays \$74,000 for a ladder—why shouldn't you? If you could deduct losses at the same value that the Pentagon pays, you could make millions. With this in mind, *Penthouse* presents an April Fools' tax scheme where, for once, the government gets screwed and the little guy triumphs. If there really were justice for all, Associate Editor Nanette Varian says, a hardworking plumber could deduct a stolen screwdriver (\$265) and a broken coffee maker (\$7,622) on his 1040. This is what *real* tax reform would mean—and that is why it will never happen.



## A BIKE BUILT FOR TWO

What's hotter than two *Penthouse* Pets in a sizzling love set? It's hard to imagine, but you'll find it next month as two of our most sensuous Pets ever mix it up with the newest, most sensational Harley ever, in a pictorial you'll never forget. Revving up our April issue, *Penthouse* photographer extraordinaire Earl Miller entices centerfolds Kimberly Taylor and Janine Lindemulder to drive to the very edge of desire—and over—in a photo essay that is certain to be a classic. It's every man's fantasy come true, and it's all yours next month.

# A Manhattan is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.  
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