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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1989



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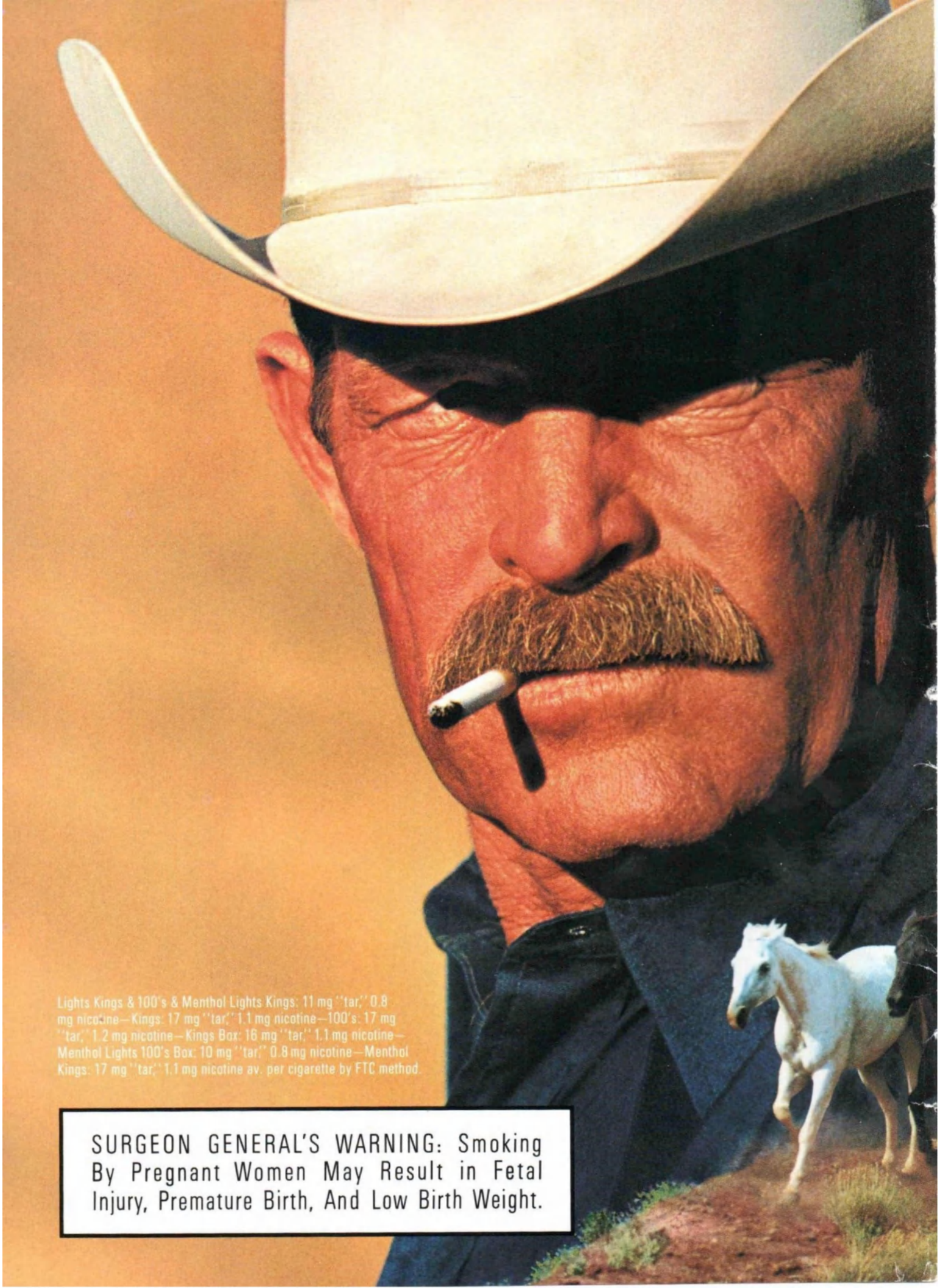
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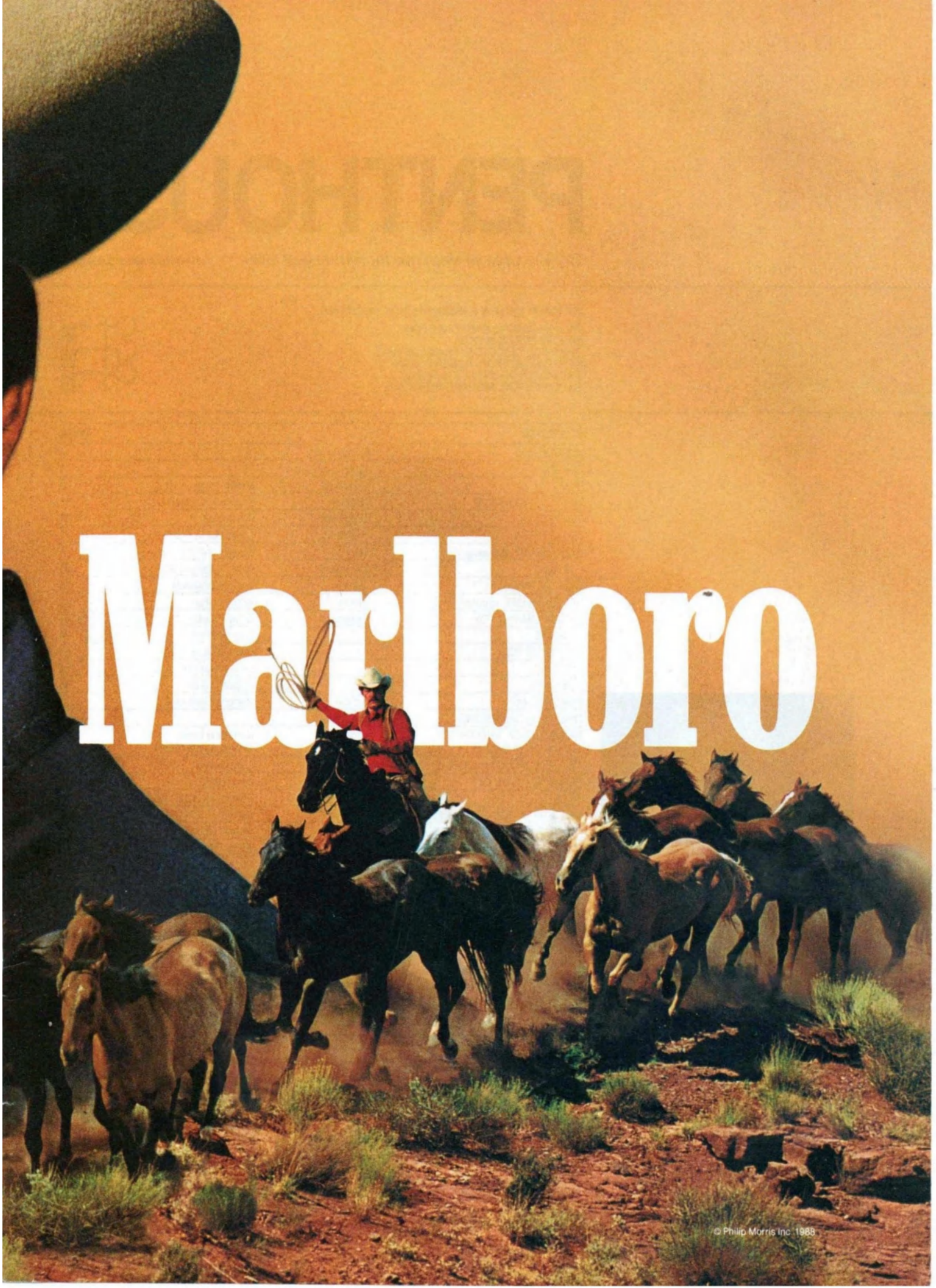
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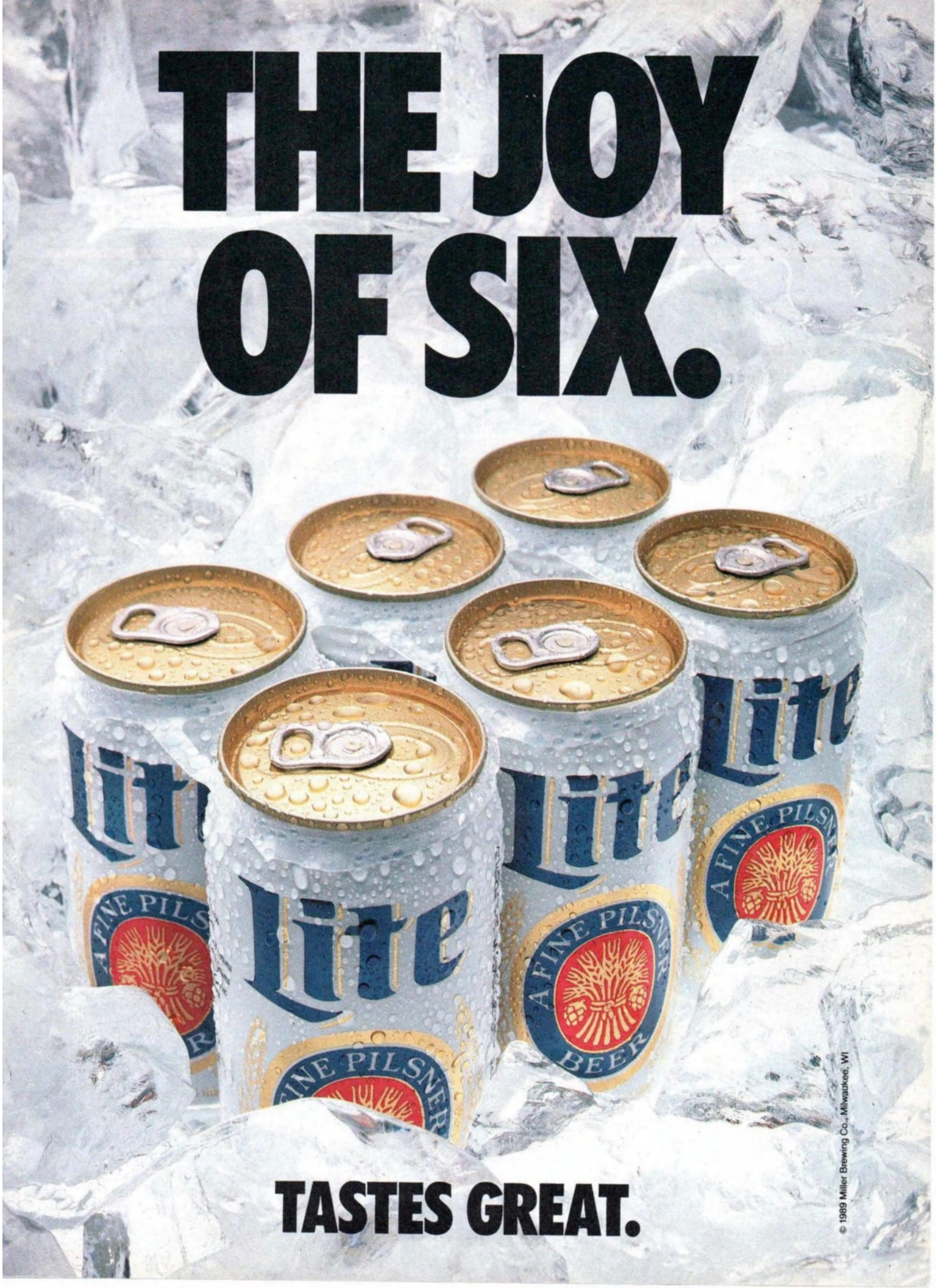


Our cover features Pet of the Month Sara Norton, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Her pictorial begins on page 75. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 140.

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HOUSECALL











POSSE POWER
In an extraordinary, terrifying article, journalist **Hariette Surovell** takes American readers, for the first time, into the shadowy world of the Jamaican posses—the drug gangs that law-enforcement officials describe as the most vicious and threatening criminal organizations operating in this nation today. "Some people come back for drugs four times a night," the man called "David" told her. "They'd bring you their TV, VCR. One lady even wanted to sell her baby for a hit." David, a former top posse leader (whose claims were verified by federal agents), talked openly about their incredible brutality. "Even the most seasoned officials," Surovell writes, "are appalled at the posses' access to firearms and their propensity for violence." And even though some police officials express optimism about beating the gangs in the future, the present reality couldn't be more grim: As Jamaican gangs spread across America, infiltrating towns from Albany, New York, to Anchorage, Alaska, the scourge of drugs is inflicting yet another bloody wound on a nation that is already reeling.

THE RED CHINA SYNDROME
With the recent liberalization of the Soviet Union, many Americans would hope that China—a nation whose benign image has been fostered for years by the media—is sharing its Communist neighbor's awakening freedoms. Nothing could be further from the truth, says Queens College professor **Joe Cuomo,** a longtime and first-hand observer of the Chinese scene. Cuomo's guide to the dark side of the world's most populous nation is China's foremost journalist and dissident leader, **Liu Binyan,** whose insights into the dreadful years of the Cultural Revolution as well as today's continuing repression give this article a special relevance, as China's youth moves into the streets to gain its freedoms.

THE ADVENTURE OF A SOUR KRAUT
Texas rock star **Kinky Friedman** made himself into a notorious legend a decade or so ago as the leader of the Texas Jew Boys, a band guaranteed to offend almost everyone. Since then, he's managed to surprise almost everyone by penning a widely acclaimed and increasingly popular series of murder mysteries, featuring a hard-boiled gumshoe named, strangely enough, "Kinky Friedman." In his newest novel, *Frequent Flyer,* which will be published by Morrow, Kinky gets involved with a very sinister and mysterious German physician. If you think all this is just *too* weird, give our exclusive excerpt a read. You'll see at once why, as unlikely as it sounds, Kinky Friedman has become the heir to the great legacy of **Dashiell Hammett** and **Raymond Chandler.**

DEEP TIME
Renowned British astronomer **David Darling**'s journey to the far reaches of the universe and to the end of time is in the tradition of the best books of **Carl Sagan** and **Stephen Hawking.** In a stunning excerpt from *Deep Time,* to be published by Delacorte later this summer, Darling shows us the earth scorched and scoured of life and the galaxies themselves poised to evaporate. It's a scientific and literary tour de force that will long haunt you.

HEROES AND HOAXES
In "Sporting Life" we meet future Hall of Famer **George Brett,** the Kansas City Royals' ten-time All Star who speaks out frankly for the first time about the rumor and innuendo that have long engulfed his personal life. . . . *Newsday* economics editor **Robert Reno** doesn't need to dwell on innuendo in his blistering "Advise & Dissent." There are all too many documented instances of the self-indulgent feeding orgies for the rich that pass for philanthropy. Even most of the money goes toward their favorite charity—themselves. . . . *Penthouse* film critic **Marcia Pally** interviews the always controversial young director **Spike Lee,** whose film *She's Gotta Have It* has become a modern classic. . . . And, needless to say, what *we've* gotta have on these sweltering August afternoons is the ever-refreshing, constantly rejuvenating company of our classically modern Penthouse Pets, our own understandably sweetest self-indulgence!



Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

"If government seeks to use clandestine and furtive methods to monitor citizen actions, it can ill afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance."

We can help

We specialize in radar warning. And Escort and Passport do far more than simply find radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning —pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range. When you know exactly how strong the radar waves are, you'll know when the radar unit is near enough to actually have you under surveillance.

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"The sight of him pulsing in my mouth sent me into a frenzy and I came, too, in another outrageous climax!"

PENTHOUSE FORUM

MONSTER COCK

I am a sexually uninhibited woman of 18. This fall I start college, and I can't wait to enjoy the endless crop of young studs available. I love men, and the bigger their cock, the better. I'm one of those women to whom size *does* make a difference!

I am about five foot six and quite proud of my 38C breasts, 20-inch waist, and 34-inch hips. I've worked hard to keep my figure and like nothing better than to devour a man with it. My problem stems from my inability to come unless fucked to exhaustion by a huge cock. Needless to say, those don't "come" about that often. My last encounter had ten and a half inches (I always measure), but he lacked the technique to truly master such a fine tool.

It is very difficult to spot big dicks. A good-sized bulge doesn't always mean a large cock. In fact, my most recent experience, which prompted me to write this letter for all to enjoy, was something of a surprise—a *big* surprise! One particularly hot and sunny afternoon, I went out jogging. I was wearing tight light-blue shorts and a white cutoff T-shirt that bared my midriff. My firm, jutting tits kept the shirt away from my stomach, allowing a cool breeze to rush over my chest, cooling me off. I passed a man mowing his yard who looked *very* interesting. He had a nice body, but he certainly didn't look as if he lifted weights. He smiled as I ran by, so I took a loop around the block to catch a little more.

He was walking a bag of grass to the curb as I neared him. I stopped and said hello while crouching to catch my breath. "Hi," I said. "Looks like this heat has got to you, too!" His shirt was soaked with sweat, and so were his lightweight gray shorts, revealing the outline of a very promising cock. My own shirt was sweat-soaked as well, and he nervously stared at my hardening nipples, which were quite visible through the wet material. "Would you like to cool off with a glass of lemonade?" he asked. "Sure, I need a break, anyway!" I replied.

Inside his house we sat on bar stools in the kitchen as he nervously poured us each a drink. We made small talk while stealing glances at each other. He was totally absorbed with my tits and I could tell he was relaxing, because I glimpsed the outline of his dick growing longer and fatter in his shorts. He explained that he had been divorced about a year and had not yet been intimate with another woman. He said that a beauty like me made it very difficult for him to maintain control. "Then let it go," I said, now looking directly at his crotch. At these words his cock began to surge toward erection, the head coming into view at the end of his shorts. It must have been at least eight inches long at this point, and I was thrilled to see it continue to grow on its journey toward my snatch. He leaned forward, grabbing my tits in his hands, and pulled me to him for a long, heavenly kiss. I reached down to grab the biggest hunk of meat I had ever felt and found that I could not encircle its entire girth with my hand. I shud-



dered at the thought of what this pole must look and feel like when untethered. I finally told him to stand up.

Kneeling in front of him, I slowly lowered his shorts to savor every inch of his enormous cock. I hesitated at the tip, seeing him wince as his love hammer surged with an incredible hard-on. Suddenly his banger sprang free, brushing my face as it pulsated to a full and glorious erection. I watched in amazement as it rose to a 45-degree angle, the veins in its side throbbing. "I *have* to know," I said. "What?" he replied. "How long is it?" I panted. "I don't really know. Why don't you measure it?" he smiled. He reached into a nearby drawer for a 12-inch ruler. I placed it on top of his telephone pole, and to my amazement it passed the 12-inch mark by another half-inch. "Twelve and a half loving inches!" I exclaimed, wrapping both my hands around his cock with long slow strokes.

I tongued that big pulsating head for all I was worth, sucking as far down his shaft as I could possibly go. I made do by pumping the base of his pole with my hands until I could feel that he was about ready to explode. He could stand no more, shooting a surge of delicious hot come down my throat and around my mouth. As I continued to suck on his wondrous tool, he instantly sprang back to attention, hungry for more. I was only too happy to oblige, and tore off my skimpy jogging outfit. He rolled one hard nipple with the fingers of one hand, while his other grabbed his long, hard, hot cock and slowly drove it into my waiting pussy. We both watched as his big dick slowly entered my hole, every beautiful inch sending waves of pleasure through me. As he quickened his strokes, I grabbed on to his remaining meat outside my pussy, feeling it expand as he came again.

I needed more of this guy's huge prick, not wanting this to ever end. "Fuck my tits," I begged. "Stick that huge long dong between my equally huge tits!" He loved that, and straddled me as I lay on the floor, his cock dangling over me like a drawbridge. He slid it slowly between my mounds and into my waiting mouth, which sucked eagerly with each long thrust. After a while I could see his cock expanding for yet another explosion. "Yes!" I quivered. "Come in my mouth again! Let that big cock pour your delicious

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AUGUST

sweet come down my throat!" The sight of his huge dong pulsing hot spurts of come into my mouth sent me into a frenzy. I came, too, in another totally outrageous climax.

I grabbed his cock with both hands, finally seeing it begin to shrink, spent from our afternoon interlude. I gently laid it on my stomach and marveled at its length even when partially soft. I jog by his house every chance I get, and now and then I'll taste his monster cock again. I don't think I will ever be able to top this 12-and-a-half-incher, but I'm always on the lookout for some fresh meat!—*Name and address withheld*

TWO PLUS ONE MEANS FUN

You seem to get a lot of correspondence from men who enjoy watching their wives get it on with other men. I recently had the unexpected pleasure of witnessing the seduction of my 19-year-old girlfriend—by another woman!

Just four feet eleven inches tall, Justy is a button-nosed vixen in the first full flower of her sexuality. She has a tiny waist, prominent breasts, well-shaped legs, and best of all, a spectacularly rounded, baby-soft tush. Justy and I grew up in Florida and moved to Southern California some months ago to pursue careers in the entertainment field. Though I've been unable to find work, Justy's sparkling blue eyes and luxuriant chestnut mane recently won her a small role on a TV sitcom. Last week we were invited to a party at the producer's Hollywood hilltop home.

The stunningly brief bikini (it was a pool party) Justy selected for the occasion scarcely contained her beautiful ass, so I kept a wary eye on the men around her as we drifted our separate ways to mingle. To my surprise, I immediately became aware that the most shameless staring was being done by a tall, rather elegant-looking woman, who was quite obviously tailing Justy around the pool area. When I pointed this woman out to our host, he informed me that she was one of the top talent agents in the city. "Better keep an eye on your girl, though," he said with a laugh. "Veronica is notorious for her sexual appetites." Sure enough, Veronica was shouldering her way to Justy's side. Though I laughed along with the host, I was secretly aroused by the thought of this powerful lesbian casting agent taking such an interest in my baby.

The party was great and everybody got roaring drunk—including me. I'd lost track of Justy for quite some time and was just about to track her down and head home, when a cool voice whispered in my ear, "Your girlfriend and I are going over to my place and party. Would you like to tag along?" I turned to find myself face-to-face with Veronica! This woman had some nerve! She and Justy were holding hands and carrying on like old friends. "C'mon, spoilsport," Justy twinkled, "this place is dead!" Veronica gave Justy a stern look. "Shame on you," she teased. "You let your boyfriend make up his own mind." Winking at me, Veronica gave Justy a playful slap across that gorgeous ass. I was so turned on, all I could do was nod yes.

Veronica's place turned out to be a gorgeous split-level set deep in a secluded canyon. She produced some killer weed and we sat around talking for a while. As it was a warm starry night, our hostess soon suggested that we adjourn to the outdoor Jacuzzi. I was really spinning with the pot, and the soft evening air felt great on my skin as I stepped into the swirling water. "Hold it," Veronica chuckled. "Don't go in the Jacuzzi with your suit on. It's bad for the filter." I looked up, surprised. Veronica had stripped naked and was sliding into the tub, her eyes riveted on Justy. I shrugged and slipped off my trunks, looking over at Justy as I did so. Justy seemed to hesitate for a moment and then unhooked her bikini top. I knew Veronica was in for a special treat, as Justy's full tits are capped by large areolae and unusually big nipples. Indeed, Veronica could scarcely contain herself. "Oh, Justy, they're beautiful!" she whispered. Justy blushed deeply and slipped out of her bikini bottoms, exposing a rich thicket of pubic hair. Justy turned slightly and began pinning back her thick auburn tresses, unself-consciously displaying that full little bottom that I love so much. This was too much for Veronica, who was out of the pool in a flash. As I looked on in amazement, Veronica moved right in and took up the task of pinning Justy's hair for her, praising its color and richness. She was also rather brazenly pressing her crotch against Justy's jutting tush. As Justy is very quick to get aroused, the feel of the taller woman's warm breath next to her ear immediately caused her big nipples to pop out to full attention.

A slow smile spread across Veronica's face. The fox was in the henhouse and Veronica knew it! "Such a big body for a little girl," she moaned, running her hands down Justy's hips to give her bottom a little pinch. "I'll bet all the boys want to take you to bed—but none of them as much as I do!" she said. With that, Veronica's hands slid up to Justy's full breasts and her long tongue set to work on Justy's ear. Justy moaned with pleasure and Veronica stepped in for the attack, tonguing her ear wildly and grinding her pubic patch into Justy's ass. "C'mon, loves," Veronica laughed throatily, "let's go to bed!"

As in a dream, I found myself following the action indoors. Once in the bedroom, the two women resumed kissing, and Veronica went right to Justy's nipples, squeezing, sucking, and cooing with delight. This woman was horny! Pushing Justy down onto the bed, Veronica cupped her hands under Justy's bottom and noisily kissed and sucked her way



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down her lush belly, pausing above the thick pubic bush to savor the fruits of her conquest. She then proceeded to devour Justy's juicy pussy for a good 20 minutes, with Justy squealing loud enough to wake the dead.

Abruptly, Veronica flipped Justy onto her stomach and began to tongue-fuck her cunt from behind. Veronica confessed that she'd set her sights on Justy's ass the minute we walked through the door. I told her she looked like a woman used to getting what she wants.

This was just the beginning of one of the wildest nights of our lives. Though I eventually drifted off to sleep, Justy later told me that Veronica was insatiable, waking her repeatedly for more love play. Justy's career is now blossoming, and I'm certainly not going to tell a top talent agent to keep her hands off my girl—at least not as long as I can watch.—*Name and address withheld*

PHONE SEX

My sexy wife makes our marriage heaven on earth. We have been together for 24 years and she always satisfies my every need. Here's an example.

One night our little boy was at a neighbor's slumber party, so my wife and I spent a quiet evening together, watching a romantic movie on our VCR. Toward the end of the movie, things were heating up, with me rubbing her breasts while she caressed my dick. As soon as we began to kiss, the phone rang and I reluctantly got up to answer it. It turned out to be a co-worker of mine. I forgot that I told this guy to call me about some business, and I really had to speak with him.

So there I sat, dick in hand, with my sexy lady sitting beside me all hot and bothered. While I was on the phone, my wife got up and headed for the bedroom. I thought that she decided to wait for me there, but I was wrong. She returned from the bedroom, lay down on the floor in front of me, and spread her legs. To my amazement, she whipped out her vibrator and started to fuck herself with her favorite toy. My eyes jumped out of my head! She was the most beautiful, sexiest thing I ever saw! She was really getting into it, massaging her clit with that whirring wonder of hers. I was trying to concentrate on the conversation—I really couldn't be rude to this guy—but then my wife started playing with her tits and licking her lips.

My dick was hard as a rock by now, and my breathing grew faster, making it more difficult by the moment to talk to my friend. It wasn't long before my baby was bucking and moaning to her own rhythm, and I watched her body tremble in climax. I imagined her beneath me, quivering with desire.

My friend was still talking (with me half-listening) and my wife was still moaning, when she decided to get on all fours and give me a blowjob. She started by sucking my dick real slow and trailing little wet kisses all over it. I didn't have the foggiest idea what I was saying into the receiver, because my wife's attention to my raging hard-on was wonderful—I felt like I was about to come.

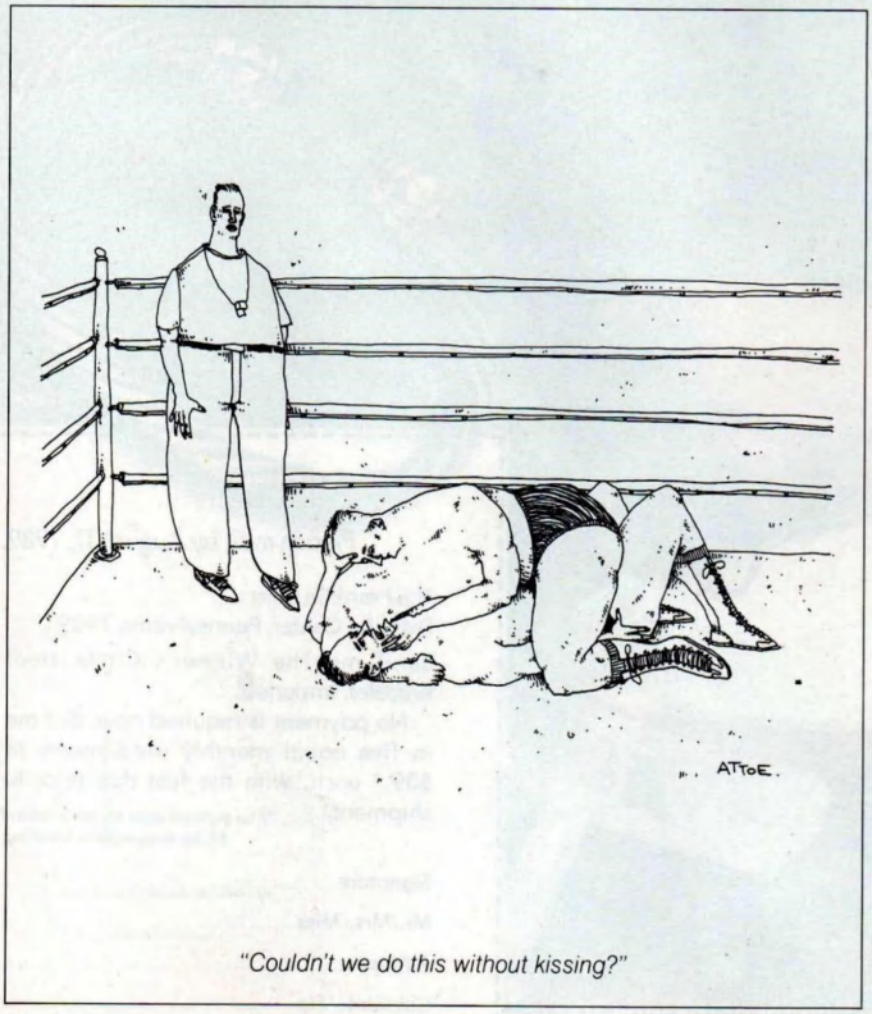
To this day I don't know where I found the control I had that night, especially when my wife stopped sucking my cock, lay on her back, and finger-fucked herself to another orgasm. I must have been on the phone maybe ten minutes more, when my friend decided that he had to go. As soon as I hung up, I hastily removed my clothes. My wife smiled, held out her arms, and I dove straight for her pussy. It was the most intense sexual experience we ever had—I guess it was the anticipation and all—and I'll never forget it. This was just one night in a marriage that has lasted due to love, friendship, and great sex—thanks to my sexy lady.—*Name and address withheld*

SEXUAL PURSUIT

I recently had a sexual encounter with a unique twist that put a real spike into our erotic pleasure. I met Beth through an ad I placed in a local newspaper, seeking to make contact with a young woman to share "music, magic, romance, and passion." She answered with a very interesting note, including her phone number. After our initial telephone conversation and later meeting over drinks, we arrived at the conclusion that we both wanted to explore as many avenues of sexual stimulation as possible. We agreed to meet at her apartment, where we would begin the evening with a game of strip Trivial Pursuit. The rules would be identical to the original game, except that with each wrong answer, the player would lose one piece of clothing of the opponent's choosing. Each player would answer only one question per turn, the game continuing until one of us had lost everything.

I arrived at her place to find the board set up in the living room, a fire in the fireplace, and soft music on the stereo. Beth is a striking figure with short black hair and huge brown eyes. She had on a pantsuit. During our pre-game drink, she protested that she was sure she would fare terribly. Feeling confident, I stood up, "spotted" her my jacket and tie, and we began.

Initially, things were going much according to her predictions. After several rounds, I had only lost my shoes while busily claiming her shoes, jacket, earrings, pants, and blouse. Of course, with the removal of each piece of clothing, I took the time to kiss and caress the piece of newly exposed flesh. Beth has very nice breasts—large and firm. They were barely supported by the lacy black bra that I discovered as I unbuttoned and kissed her out of her blouse. Her pantyhose were next, unveiling the matching black panties.



"Couldn't we do this without kissing?"

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We were both quite aroused by now, and I was beginning to wonder if Beth might be intentionally "throwing" the game. A rude awakening followed shortly. In a few short rounds I was down to my shorts and T-shirt, while she remained in her frilly underthings. It was obvious that her competitive nature was not going to let her throw anything—she was prepared to battle to the end. I caught a break, answering an easy question on my next turn while Beth missed hers. With anxious fingers, I unhooked her bra, bringing her gorgeous breasts into full view. I bought some extra time by letting my mouth travel every sensitive inch of each bosom, driving Beth deeper into the throes of passion. She ground her pantied hips into mine as I continued to pleasure her with my lips and tongue.

Finally, I took my turn and got another question right. Once again, she missed hers. In a move of supreme confidence, I elected not to go for her panties, but to give her one more chance by removing her gold necklace. It almost proved to be my undoing, for in the next round I missed my question, losing my T-shirt, while she answered hers correctly. We were both down to one piece of clothing each.

My next roll enabled me to move to a sports question, and I correctly identified a retired baseball player. Now it was Beth's turn. Her science question was "What is the name of the Egyptian sun-god?" From the initial look of frustration on her face, I knew the game was over. While she protested weakly about the degree of difficulty of our respective questions, I laid her down on the carpet and knelt beside her. As she fell silent I inquired, "And your answer is . . . ?" She closed her eyes and whispered, "Take my panties." The delight with which I slid her silky underpants over her bottom and down her legs can scarcely be described. Beneath I found a perfectly shaped bush of black pubic hair barely covering her pouting vaginal lips. Her panties were already wet, indicating that her arousal was at least equal to my own.

I buried my face in her delicious love-nest, and she was soon moaning and thrusting her hips into me spasmodically. After 15 minutes of pulsating foreplay, I swept her into my arms and carried her back to her bedroom, scattering her cats that had collected on the furniture to watch our "contest." There we drank deeply the wine of our passion for the rest of the evening until we were both spent and satisfied. It was an experience we shall not soon forget. But I can't help but wonder if Beth had really never heard of Ra before.—*Name and address withheld*

NAUGHTY NIGHTIES

A friend of mine is one of those neighborhood ladies who puts on lingerie and sex-toy parties. These parties are for women only, even though they now carry some sexy underwear for men, too. Mandy, the gracious hostess, and I became very good friends—the kind of friendship that includes sex with no strings attached. One day Mandy told me that she intended to throw a special party for some of her best friends. She thought she could make the party real special if she had a man there to model the men's line. At first I was a little hesitant to accept her offer, but after a few persuasive kisses and caresses, I was totally for it.

During the two weeks before the party, I worked out twice as much as I normally do. I keep myself in shape and really do look quite impressive on the beach, so there was no reason to be shy. When the night of the party finally arrived, I decided to beat off so that I wouldn't be walking around with a hard-on all night. Later Mandy came by to get me, and we were off.

When we got to her house, all her friends were already there. They were all pleasant to look at, and I was intrigued with what the night would bring. Mandy announced that I was there to model the men's line, and to say the least, this went over very well. After hearing a couple of the comments, I decided to have a large glass of wine. Then Mandy suggested that I get started. She handed me a men's latex bodysuit. It was low-cut in the front and cut high on the sides. Its bottom fit tight around my balls, producing a definite bulge—I was as nervous as I was on my first date. I got whistles and catcalls, and in spite of being apprehensive, my dick was half-hard. Mandy told me to walk around the living room while she described the outfit. She told the women to get a good look and also to feel free to touch the fabric. They didn't have to be prodded twice—one of the lovelies ran her hand along my ass and cooed with delight. Mandy laughed and said that in this suit, a woman can really tell the "size" of a man. As she stated this she ran her hand over my dick—I was rock-hard.

Next I modeled silky bikini bathing trunks. When I walked around the room this time, Mandy told her girlfriends how soft the fabric was, and encouraged them to really feel it between their fingertips. Needless to say, there was not much fabric to feel, and the ladies made the most of it. A couple of them grabbed my ass to pull me closer to them. Much to my surprise, I didn't explode right there and then—I guess it paid to beat off before the show.

I modeled several more outfits, and each time it was the same results. I didn't know how much longer my dick could hold out without popping its wad. Mandy announced that I was about to come out in my last outfit—mesh bikini underpants that left nothing to the imagination. The ladies had a lot of fun with this one. Mandy told me to keep the outfit on when I finished, and to relax for a while. Now it was the ladies' turn.



"Very well . . . that takes care of your federal taxes, but you still owe the state $563.98."

Each of them picked out an outfit they wanted to model. For the next half hour I got to sit and enjoy the show. These women really got into it! After they were done prancing in front of me and my hard-on, they kept the beautiful, sexy creations on. Even Mandy modeled a red see-through nightie with a G-string bottom. I enjoyed this part of the party the most, since I was the one now copping a feel. Most of the women had great bodies, and I was like a kid in a candy store.

Next it was time for the exotic lotions and toys. Mandy asked me to help. First came the lotions that tasted good. Mandy would rub some on me and ask another lady to taste it. Never in my life have I been so turned on. After the lady would taste it, Mandy would tell her girlfriend to rub it somewhere on herself. Then I would lick it off her to get a "man's view" of the flavor. The first two ladies rubbed it on their nipples, the third on her butt. The fourth rubbed it at the top of the inside of her thigh. This went on, with each lady trying to outdo the other. One woman rubbed the lotion on her feet, and as I sucked her cute little toes, she ran her hand over her cunt a couple of times.

Mandy told us that she had some "toys" to show, too. The edible underwear were first. I took off my mesh pants and put on the men's edible pants. Mandy asked who would like a bite, and one by one they all lined up until there was nothing left but the string and my hard-on. Afterward we had some fun with the dildos, then Mandy took out the last item. It was a book on masturbation. The book had lots of pictures and described what to do and how much fun it really was. Mandy thought it would be fun if I showed the ladies how a man masturbates. Normally I'm kind of shy about this, but I was so horny I didn't care how I got off, just as long as I could shoot my load.

I started to stroke myself, and I watched as Mandy paid rapt attention and touched her tits and played with her crotch. It was unbelievable, and every lady there joined in. It was an incredible sight to behold—a mutual masturbation society. I couldn't hold back any longer, though, and when Mandy saw that I was about to come, she engulfed my dick with her warm mouth and caught my bursting load.

After my climax I stood back, trying to regain my composure. I looked around the room at all these ladies playing with themselves. It got pretty hot after that, especially when two of the women, Melissa and Susan, participated in a hot sixty-nine. I couldn't believe my eyes as they stroked and licked each other's cunt.

Finally the party came to an end. Everyone got dressed and placed their orders—it was the best night that Mandy ever had in sales. Each of the women paused to give me a special hug or kiss as she left. That night was a mind-blowing experience—I can't wait until the next naughty-nighties party!—*Name and address withheld*



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STEP BY STEP

I see you walk into the room in your black suit, looking more delicious than the last time. I stand in front of you with my arms draped over your shoulders and reach up to ever so lightly touch my lips to your neck. I can feel your chest heave as you sigh in response to the warmth of my breath. One of my hands trails down to the small of your back as the other moves up to caress the nape of your neck.

As our lips meet, I wrap my right leg around you, my left leg pressed between yours. As we stand there, our bodies entwined, we tenderly yet passionately kiss as though for the first time. Our excitement is so intense, my breathing labored, that I feel weak. From sheer desire I may collapse, but your strong arms wrapped around me keep me upright.

I pull away from you just long enough to put my hands inside your jacket, sliding it off your body. When it falls to the floor, I quickly pick it up and lay it neatly across the bed. You take your tie off while I unbutton your shirt, leaving a trail of wet kisses on the skin I'm exposing inch by inch. You smell so wonderful! When all the buttons are undone, I lift the shirt off your body and lay it by your jacket. I run my hands down the front of your chest, resting them on your crotch. I can feel your erection straining against the fabric, and I quickly undo the zipper to release your wonderful cock. While I lower myself to a squatting position in front of your throbbing member, you slide your pants down and step out of them.

Wrapping my arms around your thighs so that I can pull you close to me, I lick the entire length of your swollen cock, from base to tip, to moisten it. Then I lick my lips so that I can easily engulf your prick in my warm waiting mouth. I gently suck only the head at first, then when I feel that you cannot take it any longer, I swallow the entire length of your hard tool. You lean your head back, your hands at the back of my head grasping my hair, pulling my face to you. I move my mouth up and down on your cock, and on the final stroke I take you so far down my throat that I can simultaneously lick your swollen balls. As I withdraw my mouth very slowly, I harden my tongue and run it along the vein on the underside of your prick. Before I rise up, I give your cockhead one last flick with the tip of my tongue.

Finally, we are again face-to-face. We kiss tenderly and you whisper in my ear, "Now it's my turn!" You reach around me, unzip my dress, and let it fall to the floor. Silently you guide me to the carpet and lay me on my back. You instruct me not to move, only to lie still and enjoy.

Placing a pillow under my ass, you elevate me a bit off the floor. You are above me on all fours and start to kiss my neck, moving down to my breasts, teasing and licking them. They respond to your tongue, but you ignore them and make your way gently downward. The smooth skin of my belly quivers with passion as you move your face down to my thighs. I can feel the faint warmth of your breath passing over my aching pussy—making it wet with anticipation. You position yourself between my legs and wrap your arms under and around my thighs so that you can part my vaginal lips to reveal, for your eyes only, my dripping pussy. Your moan of appreciation is quickly followed by my own. My stiff clit vibrates as your tongue darts and licks it for the first time. I know that you cannot hold back any longer, and soon you are devouring my cunt with obvious pleasure. My anticipation is replaced by intense sensations, and I hold my aching pussy lips apart for you so that your hands and fingers are free to explore me. I can feel your hard tongue moving in and out of my wetness, back and forth over my clit. "Please fuck me now!" I scream. I can't take your exquisite torture—I want you inside me so bad. But you, too engrossed in your task of pleasure, ignore my pleas, continuing to lick my pussy until I come—in one shattering orgasm that never ends.

My body, still trembling from coming so much, is aching for your prick. You position yourself over me and lean down to kiss me deeply, passionately. I can taste myself on your lips and that excites me. I return your kisses with fervor.

Your throbbing cock resting against my belly, I beg you to put it inside me! You relent, but only somewhat—you put only the head in, taunting and teasing me! I feel as if I may die if I don't have you inside me soon, and smiling, you plunge the rest of your wonderful cock into my sugar walls. Your balls are slapping against my ass and I cry out on the brink of yet another orgasm. My body tenses then trembles, as does yours. The intense friction of my pussy walls squeezing your turgid cock is too much for you, and you moan and growl in response to your first orgasm of the evening. I can feel your hot come bursting inside me, my pussy muscles milking you dry.

We both collapse, breathing hard and heavy. Coming back down to earth, you take my face in your hands and smile. I return your appreciation with a deep kiss. We hold each other in wonder, so amazed at the magic that we have just created. Only you and I can have this, and I can't wait for the next stirring of your pleasure-giver.—*Name and address withheld*



"Hello, I'm a member of the President's Task Force on Women's Vaginas. May I come in?"

WAIT ON ME

My girlfriend and I recently took my mother to a local restaurant for her birthday. Our waitress, a gorgeous blonde from California, was helpful and attentive throughout dinner, laughing happily as she offered suggestions from the menu. She wore a white blouse that exposed a deep cleavage when she bent to pour wine and serve us. When she turned



sideways, the light shining through the fabric outlined her breasts, showing that she wore no bra. Often she would offer a particularly provocative view, and I would catch her glancing my way. Once she bent over to pick up a fork, her black miniskirt riding high toward her ass, providing just a glimpse of her creamy-white thighs above the black fishnet stockings all the waitresses wore.

As it was my mother's birthday, I excused myself at one point and found the waitress so I could request a piece of cake with a candle for the celebration.

"No problem," she smiled. "Is chocolate okay?"

"Chocolate's fine."

"I'll bring it out in just a minute," she said. Then, turning to go to the kitchen, she reached out and trailed her fingers across my crotch. Such an intimate touch made my stomach muscles quiver and my cock rise to attention. I'm sure my mouth dropped open as she pushed through the kitchen's swinging door.

I looked around and went straight to the men's room, not wanting to walk the length of the restaurant with my throbbing hard-on tenting my pants. No sooner had I entered than someone pushed through the door behind me. I turned around, and there stood my waitress, smiling broadly and eyeing my crotch.

"I thought that would happen," she said happily. "Now, if you'll just get in that stall, we'll see if we can't do something to make you a little more presentable. Can I see your tool, baby?" she asked.

"My pleasure," I replied, my mouth suddenly dry.

I pulled down my zipper and flipped out my ten-incher for display. "Yummy," she said, dropping to her knees before it. She lunged forward and engulfed my cock as I straddled the toilet. I nearly came as it slipped into her hot mouth, grazing her tonsils on the way to her throat. She moaned once, and the vibrations almost made me shoot. It was all I could do not to fill her mouth with come, but I wanted to fuck her even more. She pulled her blond head back, whipping her tongue from side to side along the underside of my cock, and then plunged forward again.

My eyes were closed in ecstasy. I finally shook off my daze and reached down, grasping her nipples lightly through her blouse. They were hard as thimbles, and she began moaning in earnest as I ran my fingers over them.

"Fuck me now," she panted. Quickly, she stood up, spun around, and bent over, planting her hands against the stall's door. "Ram it in, baby," she moaned.

I didn't need any encouragement as I lifted her skirt and glimpsed her swollen pussy beneath her golden bush. Her fishnet stockings and black garter belt framed her creamy ass cheeks perfectly, and I aimed and plunged at once, driving my cock in ball-deep. She checked a scream, and I could feel her pussy spasm as she clamped down and came. I pumped wildly now and felt the hot come race up my rod and shoot like a cannon to fill her clutching pussy. Her legs were twitching madly as her orgasm subsided and she looked over her shoulder. Her deep sigh echoed mine.

"God, that was great—but I've got to go." As she started to straighten up, my sticky, softening cock popped out. She retrieved it quickly, covered it with her mouth, and cleaned it with her tongue. I'm sure I whimpered with pleasure, because I heard her laugh softly.

She reached into her pocket, pulled out a napkin, and slid it under her skirt. "Bye," she said, and slipped out the door, leaving me to compose myself.

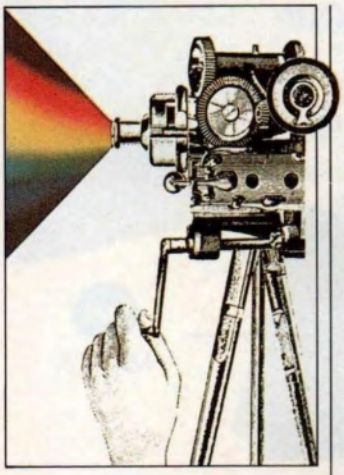
The rest of the dinner went perfectly, the birthday cake was delicious, and my girlfriend complimented me on my thoughtfulness in arranging for it. You can bet we'll be eating there again soon.—*Name and address withheld*

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.

Spike Lee, rebel with a cause, ignites *Do the Right Thing* with race rage. Here he talks about black "bullshit" and white hate.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



The night I saw Spike Lee's new *Do the Right Thing,* viewers left the theater hollering about a topic that hasn't been seriously discussed since Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X polarized debate on black violence 25 years ago: Is it intelligent protest and literal self-defense against injustice, or morally repugnant, puerile, and a tactical boomerang?

Do the Right Thing begins with characteristic Spike Lee bebopping, high-topping color—a portrait of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto so leisurely paced and quaint (especially the roles of veteran actors Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee) that the neighborhood seems pastoral compared to inner cities I know—and then it ends with a race riot. In between is a first-rate performance by Danny Aiello as Sal, the likable, hot-headed Italo-American owner of the local pizzeria, plus a thoughtful performance by Lee as Aiello's delivery boy and fine ensemble acting by the rest of the cast. Most astute by far is the bitter, sadly funny round-robin of racial epithets hurled among people who are not only neighbors, but often friends.

Lee, the oldest of six, grew up in Brooklyn and attended Morehouse College in Atlanta as a mass-communications and film major with a special liking for Martin Scorsese, Akira Kurosawa, and early Francis Ford Coppola. He spent a couple of years raising the $175,000 budget for his first feature, *She's Gotta Have It,* which in 1986 earned him national standing and a $6.5 million budget for his second film, *School Daze.* His next project, to begin this fall, is a film about contemporary jazz musicians—"A welcome relief," Lee says, "to all those films like *Bird* and *'Round Midnight* about jazz players from 30 years ago who are dead." Lee was on his way to the Cannes Film Festival with *Do the Right Thing* when we talked about the brutal rape and mugging in April of a jogger in Central Park, police brutality, race riots, and the bigotry of the judicial system; drugs, kids, and guns; poverty and education; bad Hollywood movies, black "bullshit," and white hate.

Talk about the ending of Do the Right Thing. *Do you think spontaneous rioting can be beneficial to blacks?*

There's definitely a place for violence, if someone steps over an important line. Think of what the U.S. government did with Qaddafi. He crossed our line and we went after him. Turning the cheek doesn't go far these days. The beauty of *Do the Right Thing* is that we incorporated both Martin Luther King's view of non-violence and Malcolm X's view of the use of violence to combat racism. Malcolm X didn't even call it violence. Under certain circumstances, he says, it's protection and intelligence.

Personally, I side more with Malcolm X. Most young black people today would.

What's gained by burning down a local pizzeria?

Catharsis. Riots are hardest on black neighborhoods; the buildings that were burned in race riots are still rubble in some cities. But there comes a time when people explode. Why do you think blacks went crazy in Miami during the Super Bowl? The cops pulled two kids over to the side of the road—they heard on the radio that one was a suspect for something, and his head got blown off. And what perfect timing. If you fuck with the Super Bowl you fuck with America. I can imagine people down there calling Reagan up and saying, "Hey, it's Super Bowl, you gotta do something about those niggers."

What are black people supposed to do? They've lost all faith in the judicial system. They've been seeing blacks get murdered for too long—from Eleanor Bumpurs on down—and the cops get away with it. I have perfect sympathy with the character in my film, Mookie, who throws a garbage can through Sal's pizzeria window after the cops kill a black kid.

Sal is a just your basic nice-guy knee-jerk racist who likes the black people that he knows.

I like that term: knee-jerk racist. Danny [Aiello], who plays Sal, wouldn't admit Sal is a racist at all. We had *long* talks about that.

Racism is about white people—they'll have to change, not us. They have to think of blacks as human beings. Look at what happened at Howard Beach. The whites attacked blacks and got a slap on the wrist, but in the Central Park rape, where black kids attacked a white woman, everyone is up in arms. The reporting is so racist. Mayor Koch calls the guys savages and animals, the newspapers call them a "roving wolf pack."

What's confusing about the Central Park attack is that those kids came from fairly stable homes. What's going on there?

I don't know. It's a terrible tragedy, we all know that. I just don't have an answer. But if they'd raped a black female jogger, no way would it have gotten the press this rape got. Editors would think, oh, it's just some more niggers killing niggers.

The violence in your film is protest against racism, but this is not the violence that most blacks and whites are worried about today. Most worry about street crime and drug-related violence.

If you're going to talk about drugs—and most crimes today are about drugs; it wasn't even this bad with heroin, this is about crack—you have to ask why those conditions are prevalent. You can't just look at the crimes in isolation.

I'm getting a lot of questions about the absence of drugs in *Do the Right Thing.* Of course drugs are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

Six Appeal.



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USA CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

TOM JONES'S GIFT LIST



Tom Jones's California management company has written the singer's U.S. and foreign fan clubs, ordering members not to bother him backstage and advising them of the "gifts" that he would "most" appreciate them sending him.

"It is not a fan club's natural right to demand a backstage visit with their [sic] performer," counsels the mailing. "Your main function, should you continue in your endeavors, is to support the artist . . . by word of mouth, by radio station call-ins and record purchases. . . . Mr. Jones does appreciate your thoughts and efforts and welcomes any message or items left with the theater manager. It is in your best interest to know that gifts most appreciated and used are fruit, homemade food items, towels, and champagne."

Tom's publicist, Donna Woodward, said the hints were necessary because "women would follow Tom around and he was getting gifts on tour that it was impossible to carry round, and was having to give to charity."

SOLARZ'S TURKISH DELIGHT

Stephen Solarz, the globe-trotting Brooklyn congressman, has built up the second-largest campaign war chest in the House—$1.2 million—largely by wooing money from Asian Americans. Addressing Indian-born Americans, he donned a Nehru jacket. And in a 1988 fund-raising letter to Turkish-American physicians, he sided with the Turkish government in opposing a move in Congress to establish a day commemorating the 1915 to 1923 "Armenian genocide," during which, according to contemporary observers, the Turks sent as many as 1.5 million people to their deaths.



Solarz insists that he really doubts whether the tragedy that befell the Armenian people after their Christian country was occupied by Turkey can properly be called a genocide. Perhaps it would be helpful for the pol, who has attributed his successful fund-raising among immigrants to his concern for human rights in their native lands, to turn to a 1982 U.S. State Department briefing bulletin. This recalls that Turkish Muslims massacred over 30,000 Armenians in 1909 and, in 1915, ordered their mass deportation to the Syrian and Iraqi deserts: "It was later alleged that 1.5 million people (approximately 60 percent of the Turkish-Armenian population) were killed or died on the journey."

The New York Times reported "another Armenian holocaust" as early as 1895, when Turkish troops ransacked Armenian villages. In 1915 the newspaper reported that the Ottomans were pursuing a "policy of extermination" against Armenians.

Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau says his grandfather, Henry Morgenthau, the U.S. ambassador to Turkey, "believed in the strongest possible terms that this was a genocide, that they did in fact kill 1.5 million human beings." In his memoirs, the envoy recorded men being tortured in mock crucifixions by Turkish police or rounded up by the hundreds by Turkish soldiers, who stripped them naked, forced them to dig their own graves, then shot them. Priests and pregnant women were beaten.

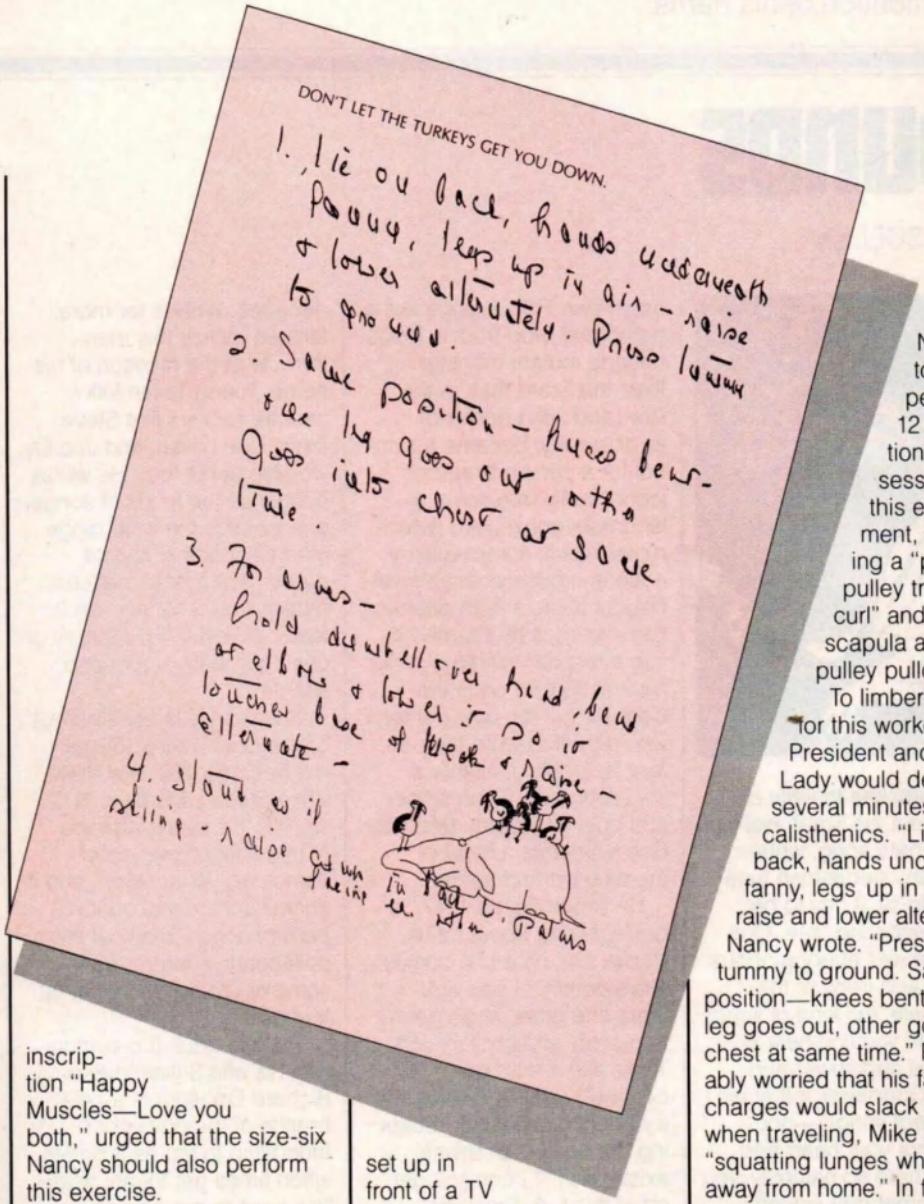
The envoy called the subsequent deportation "a new method of massacre . . . giving the death warrant to a whole race," with Turkish officials delegating the Islamic peasantry and Kurdish brigands to rape and kill many of the exiles. Others perished from hunger, dysentery, typhus, and thirst.

In 1975, Solarz supported a House resolution commemorating these events as a "genocide." According to Armenian-American leaders, he subsequently received $60,000 in campaign donations from Turkish Americans, including Atlantic Records mogul Ahmet Ertegun, whose father, as Turkey's ambassador to the U.S., lobbied against MGM producing a movie that would have portrayed the Armenians as martyrs. "Steve did change his position," the congressman's spokesman concedes. While Solarz did begin fund-raising in 1980 from Turkish-American donors who mostly live outside his district, the spokesman added that the politician's new position has nothing to do with his campaign chest. "He got a cable from leading Ottoman Empire historians in the U.S. urging him to oppose the [holocaust] resolution." The cable, circulated by Turkish diplomats, claims that the "weight of evidence" is that the Armenians perished during a civil war "perpetrated by Muslim and Christian irregular forces."

RON AND NANCY'S "HAPPY MUSCLES"

In their White House years, Ronald and Nancy Reagan often alluded to their pursuit of an exercise program that put so much muscle on Ron's chest that, at age 77, he began outgrowing his suits. "U.S.A. Confidential" is therefore delighted to have obtained extensive excerpts from this regimen, as written on White House stationery by the couple's trainer—identified by one of our sources as Mike Abrams of California—and by Nancy herself. (She scribbled her notes under the heading "Don't Let the Turkeys Get You Down.")

Of special interest to all you pec-less wimps out there is the sheet, directed at Reagan, that is illustrated with a Polaroid of a man lying on his back on an exercise bench, clasping a cane behind his head. Wrote Mike in the accompanying text, "All parts of body on bench. Knees up, feet off bench. Hands overhead—elbows stiff, cane in hands. Lower backwards, inhaling deeply through mouth. Start inhalation at knees and while lowering cane, breathe in as deeply as you can. Lower cane slowly and, upon reaching as far back as you can, bounce it *gently*." The trainer, signing himself "Mike" under the inscription "Happy Muscles—Love you both," urged that the size-six Nancy should also perform this exercise.



Using a gym on the second floor of the White House, the couple put in a regular spell each day on the bench and other machines, with the President particularly fond of tramping on a treadmill set up in front of a TV set, says a Reagan administration source. They also used an exercycle, a weight scale, a leg-lift gizmo, and a Rube Goldberg contraption fitted with pulleys and weights. Mike directed Nancy to perform 12 contortions a session with this equipment, including a "praying pulley tricep curl" and "supine scapula adductor pulley pulldown."

To limber up for this workout, the President and First Lady would devote several minutes to calisthenics. "Lie on back, hands underneath fanny, legs up in air—raise and lower alternately," Nancy wrote. "Press tummy to ground. Same position—knees bent, one leg goes out, other goes into chest at same time." Presumably worried that his famous charges would slack off when traveling, Mike advised "squatting lunges when away from home." In fact, Ron was so proud of his expanding pecs that when he visited Moscow last year for the summit with Mikhail Gorbachev, he had his bodybuilding machines shipped with him.

BETTER GIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Psst! Can you spare a dime to help the world's largest chemical companies?

Despite all the scares about pesticides causing cancer, "Our food supply is safe!" declared a recent full-page ad in *The New York Times*.

It went on to plead for contributions to the American Council on Science and Health, described as a tax-exempt "consumer education agency directed and advised by a consortium of 230 scientists and physicians."

So many of these whizzes had signed their names to the appeal that there wasn't space, says Council Director Elizabeth Whelan, to reveal that the organization is *supported* by a list of corporate donors that reads like a roll call of food processors and manufacturers of pesticides and other chemical products.

Though these include Union Carbide, American Cyanamid, E.I. Du Pont De Nemours, Rohm and Haas, NutraSweet, and Dow Chemical, Whelan claims that the council guards its independence by drawing only about half its $900,000 annual budget from corporations.

Much of the balance, she says, is made up by foundations and with policy set by "independent scientists."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Guy Clark is one of the great American musicians of the past two decades. Writers far more famous idolize this man, tremble at the mention of his name.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELSA



Somebody has to write a song about the lizard. Not just any ordinary song, written by just any pedestrian tunesmith. No sir, it has to be the *perfect* song, see. One that captures every glorious nuance and irony of the lizard's tale, the kind of song that when you first hear it you smile and shiver and shout, "Goddamn, if that ain't the *perfect* song!"—one that enters your heart and nestles there so naturally, you forget somebody actually wrote it, that it didn't just rise up from the earth like a giant sequoia or materialize out of a pre-dawn mist, ringing its crystal-clear chords. I'm talking about the kind of song that transcends its own particular circumstances and will live forever. Like the songs Woody Guthrie wrote, or Hank Williams, or Chuck Berry.

And the man to write the *perfect* song about the giant lizard that used to sit on the roof of New York's Lone Star Cafe (the former honky-tonk watering hole for the city's homesick cowboys), silently (and lordly) surveying downtown Fifth Avenue like a primordial prop from a 1950s cheapo mutant-monster flick; the lizard that, in the raw (and silly) power of its absurdity, became a symbol for a certain breed of iconoclastic free spirit, a landmark gonzo joke (which, rumor has it, some wealthy eccentric businessman finally bought to save from destruction—word is he's turned it into a reptilian jungle gym for his kids to play on in the backyard)—the only person I would trust to write the *perfect* song about all this is the legendary Texan singer and poet Guy Clark. Because Guy Clark has a habit of creating *perfect* songs.

He wrote "Texas 1947," a *perfect* song about trains ("Look out, here she comes, she's comin' / Look out, there she goes, she's gone / Screamin' straight through Texas like a mad dog cyclone"), and "L.A. Freeway," a *perfect* song about escaping the horrors of urban existence ("If I can just get off of this L.A. Freeway / Without getting killed or caught"), and he wrote a *perfect* song about a young man's friendship with an aging wildcat oil-well driller, "Desperados Waiting for the Train." All these songs appear on Clark's 1975 album *Old No. 1* (RCA APLI-1303—if you find a copy, grab it fast!), and if they were all he ever accomplished in his life, he would merit attention. But the thing about Guy Clark is this: Pretty near *every* song he lays down winds up being a *perfect* song. He's one of the great (albeit underrated) American songwriter-interpreters of the past two decades. Writers far more famous idolize this man, tremble at the mention of his name. Young Texan folk-country rockers like Steve Earle, Lyle Lovett, and Joe Ely worship at his feet. He writes and sings the kinds of songs, and touches the wide range of emotions, that should garner him greater national recognition. That he hasn't transcended the purgatory of cult-figuredom is a crying shame.

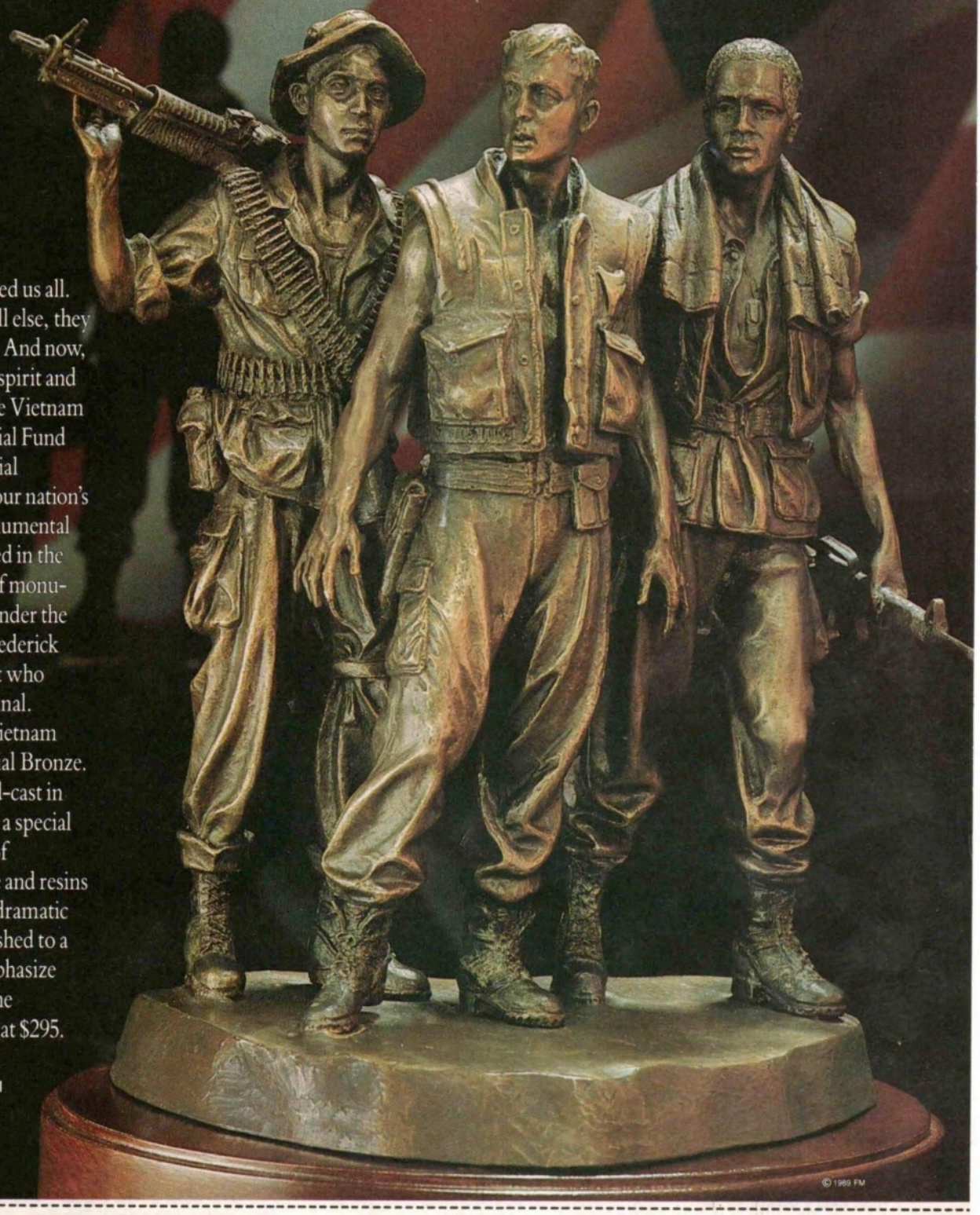
Guy Clark's latest album is called *Old Friends* (Sugar Hill Records, P.O. Box 4040, Duke Station, Durham, N.C. 27706). It's a masterpiece of understatement, good humor, and affirmation, and it contains the usual quota of *perfect* songs, many of them collaborative efforts with some of Clark's songwriting friends.

The title track (co-written with his wife Susanna and Richard Dobson) is a celebration of the power of friendship to act as a buffer when times get tough, when "It's hard to put your finger / On the thing that scares you most / And you can't tell the difference between an angel and a ghost." Emmylou Harris joins Clark on the chorus ("Old friends, they shine like diamonds"), and the warmth they convey is as unadorned and genuine as the quiet acoustic arrangement that accompanies them.

On "Heavy Metal," Clark and Jim McBride have written a *perfect* homage to "a big ol' D-10 Caterpillar," a song that will make you want to quit your office job and take a gig pushing dirt aboard "175,000 pounds of steel": "I can move Alaska all the way to Beirut / I can bulldoze a beeline from here to Peru / I can push the Rocky Mountains into the sea / You know Heavy Metal don't mean rock 'n' roll to me." Now don't go mistaking this for some kind of macho swagger. Clark sings this song with respect; the relationship between the worker and his machine is almost mystical. The song cooks and churns and rolls along, even though the instrumentation is bare-boned and sparse, proving that you don't need a wall of amplifiers to make hard-driving rock 'n' roll. (If he can pull one off about a glorified plow, then he's surely the man to tackle the giant lizard!) And there's a wonderful talking blues called "Doctor Good Doctor" that offers the last word on the ineffectiveness of modern psychiatry. It's a funny song about depression ("I was crying at the Andy Griffith show") that is also quite harrowing ("Doctor good doctor, I'm grabbin' at loose ends / And tomorrow really scares me, man, I just can't play the game"), and that's Guy Clark's strength: his ability to see the humor through the pain, to find love midst life's cruel deceptions.

Guy Clark has one of those distinctly American voices: a textured bassy growl as rich as the earth his songs so often celebrate. It's a man's voice, but soft at the edges; a voice unafraid of emotion, one that can echo laughter and tears with equal authority. It's a voice that should be more widely heard. Well, maybe after he writes the *perfect* song about that lizard. . . .

Our sons...our brothers...our friends.



Their lives touched us all. Because, above all else, they were Americans. And now, in honor of their spirit and their sacrifice, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund presents the official reproduction of our nation's most visited monumental sculpture. Created in the proud tradition of monumental bronzes under the supervision of Frederick E. Hart, the artist who sculpted the original.

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Shown smaller than actual size of 9½" in height. Hardwood base included.

Sculpture © F. E. Hart and V.V.M.F. 1984.

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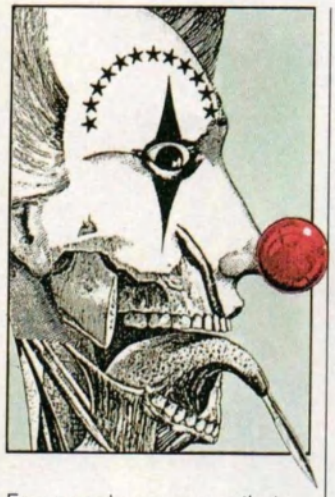
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THE OFFICIAL VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL BRONZE

Long-suppressed letters from the Freud Archives shed new light on his ever-controversial "theory of rejection."

FINAL STRAW

BY LEWIS BURKE FRUMKES



Few people are aware that like many of us, Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, went through a major mid-life career crisis during which time he seriously considered becoming a magazine journalist. From what historians have been able to reconstruct, Freud apparently submitted article after article to the major periodicals of his time, only to be met with the most common of all responses—rejection. At first Freud took the rejection with good spirit and determination, and like all beginning writers continued on and persevered. But soon he grew angry and rancorous at the little slips that seemed to come in the mail every day, and he began making obscene phone calls to editors and leaving bombs on their doorsteps. Friends and family, concerned about this bitterness and unseemly behavior, sought to cool Freud down and restore his good sense the only way they knew how—by putting his testicles in a winepress and trying to make Beaujolais. One can only surmise from the following letters released last week by the Freud Archives that had Freud encountered more success in his neophyte writing endeavors instead of rejection, the world might have lost one of its great psychological pioneers. On the other hand, had Freud got lucky and sold one of his pieces—to *Penthouse*, say—he, not I, might have been doing this column now. Whew!

Dear Dr. Freud,

Personally, I found your piece on penis envy fascinating, but it is not really the type of thing we publish in *House Beautiful*. I have enclosed some back issues for you to study.

Getting back to "Wow! Did You See That?" perhaps you might try *Playgirl* or *Cosmo*. In any event, thanks for letting us take a look at it, if you know what I mean.

Sincerely,

Priscilla Flowerbottom
House Beautiful

Dear Dr. Freud,

Thank you for submitting your review of *Cyrano de Bergerac* to *The New York Times* Arts and Leisure section. While your interpretation of the play—that Cyrano is a latent homosexual who frightens people with his phallic nose and has yet to work through his oedipal conflicts—is novel, it does, we feel, rather effectively kill the play's romantic qualities.

On behalf of the few romantics left these days, "Stuff it!"

De Guiche
The New York Times

Dear Dr. Freud,

Thank you for sending us your article "I Am Joe's Penis." Unfortunately we do not find it suitable for *Reader's Digest*, since over 50 percent of our readers do not have one.

You must remember, we are a general-audience magazine that must appeal to all segments of the population. Have you tried *Popular Mechanics*?

Yours,

Rebecca Shoe
Reader's Digest

Dear Dr. Freud,

I'm afraid your proposed humor piece entitled "Psychopathology of Everyday Life" didn't meet with much enthusiasm here, especially that part about *Grenzfragen des Nerven-und Seelenlebens*, which has been done to death.

Sorry.

C. Jung
Scientific American

Dear Dr. Freud,

No, we did not make a slip—this is not *New Dork* magazine and I'm afraid that we are not interested in your article "10," which rates the best-hung studs in this area.

Cordially,

Jack Strap
New York magazine

Dear Dr. Freud,

Thank you for submitting "Exploring the Unconscious" and the accompanying map of your psyche to *National Geographic*.

For the foreseeable future, however, we will be concentrating on terrestrial stories and those on known territories. Have you tried *Starwind* or *Twilight Zone*?

Sincerely,

C. Van Allen
National Geographic

Dear Dr. Freud,

Your article proclaiming that Babe Ruth used his "big bat" to compensate for his humiliating drag name and wouldn't have hit as well otherwise, is certainly original, but not the sort of thing we do here at *Sports Illustrated*. We are not into mocking great baseball heroes. And while we are at it, what kind of name is Sigmund? Sounds a little suspicious, if you ask me. Take a walk!

Matt Gronk
Sports Illustrated

Dear Professor Freud,

We enjoyed reading your dreams, especially the one where you are transformed against your will into a vibrator in the Rockettes' dressing room. Editors here found the accompanying illustrations most graphic and imaginative. Have you thought about getting some help?

Yours sincerely,

Otto Von Runtz
Psychology Today

Dear Dr. Freud,

We appreciate the offer to share your patient list with *The Star*. As you suggested, it contains many "surprises" and "juicy tidbits." Unfortunately, one of the "juicy tidbits" owns a controlling interest in *The Star* and other important enterprises crosta-globa. If I were you, I'd get out of town fast.

The Editor
The Star

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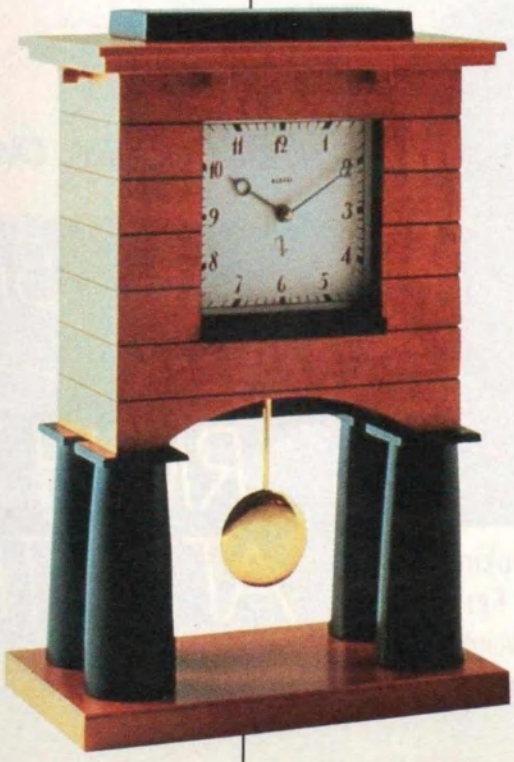
RIGHT STUFF

INDUSTRIAL ARTS
BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN



MINI-VIDEO
Now all your media is miniaturized. The latest entry into the midget-TV contest is this slick-looking device from Magnavox. The color screen is a three-inch LCD display that brings in all the stations, acts as a monitor for a camcorder, and can be hooked up to a cable. It also includes an AM/FM radio. Priced less than $450, the whole set weighs one pound four ounces.





CLASSIC POSTMODERN
Far more elegant than his yuppie tea kettle, this mantle clock designed by Michael Graves is something you'll want to keep time to for the rest of your life. It's manufactured by Alessi and is available at all stylish department stores.

UPRIGHT ANSWERS

It looks like a sleek radio, but it's Panasonic's new vertical phone-answering machine, the Easa-phone. It has all the features of the most up-to-date machines and high style besides. In addition, its upright posture means less clutter and more desk space.



SPECIAL SPECS

Enhance your looks and protect your vision on the street or on the road with Drivers sunglasses from Serengeti Eyewear. A tortoise frame is complemented with a gold bridge. Just add your own face and, voilà, instant intellectual.



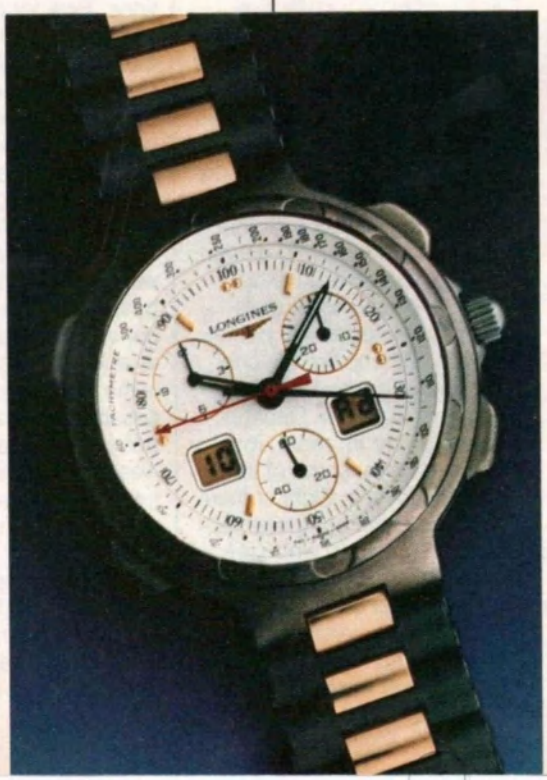


THE FRENCH HAVE A WAY WITH PHONES

After years of basic black and other kludgy telephones, Eurotel is importing the Versailles from France. This telephone is pleasant to hold and pleasant to talk on, as well. Its distinguished looks will enhance every desk.

TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Easily the most elegant sports watch going today is the Chronograph by Longines. Classic looks in a solid titanium case and hundreds of programmable functions make this the way to time your laps or set your stroke.



How far can a boss go in demanding that employees think, believe, and feel the way he wants them to? Where does motivation end and brainwashing begin?

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Imagine showing up for work one morning and being asked to participate in a "motivational" or "leadership" training session for company employees.

You go to the first session with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity. The doors are locked and you are asked detailed questions about your innermost thoughts, childhood traumas, parental and marital relationships. When you express some reluctance to "interact," the instructor tells you that he has all day, and that you cannot leave the seminar—even to go to the bathroom—until you unburden yourself in front of your co-workers. To add insult to injury, the hefty fee for your participation in the "training" is being deducted from your paycheck.

Your initial apprehension turns to fear, and your curiosity quickly becomes anger. This is not the way you wish to spend your time or money. These are not the people, you decide, with whom you choose to share your innermost thoughts.

But you do like your job, and want to keep it. And you've been told that if you don't go along with the program, you could lose your job. You speak to your supervisor, who assures you that nothing can be done. The boss genuinely believes that these "new age" motivational programs are good for business, and the bottom line proves it.

What can you do? Do you have any legal rights? If you are fired (or not promoted) because of your refusal to participate in a controversial program, are you a victim of employment discrimination? Is your boss guilty of religious discrimination if the program to which you are asked to commit yourself conflicts with your religious beliefs? Has your right of privacy been violated? Might compulsory participation violate your collective-bargaining agreement if you belong to a union?

These and other difficult questions are being raised as more and more employers are encouraging or requiring workers to attend all manner of training programs. Some of these are relatively benign, emphasizing the development and refining of skills directly related to job performance. Others, like the one organized by the DeKalb Farmers Market in Decatur, Georgia, are far more upsetting to at least some of its 500 employees. Eight of them have sued the company, its owner, and those who conduct the est-like seminars, claiming that they were coerced into participating and were humiliated, harassed, and traumatized in front of fellow employees. The lawsuit seeks injunctive relief and damages for "infliction of emotional distress, invasion of privacy, imposing a belief system, and invasion of conscience." According to the complaint, the owner, Robert Blazer, is a vigorous proponent of "The Forum," a comprehensive set of beliefs, values, and practices developed by est founder Werner Erhard and his organization. Blazer defends his insistence on employee participation on business grounds, pointing to the company's phenomenal growth since he introduced the program. Nearly 100 of his 500 employees participate.

The American Civil Liberties Union, which is representing the plaintiffs, sees this as a potentially precedent-setting case in the area of employer-employee relations. How far can a private employer go in demanding that an employee *think*, *believe*, and *feel* the way the boss wants him to? Where does motivation end and brainwashing begin?

Employers have always insisted on the right to create work environments consistent with their philosophies. Some bosses like "jock" atmospheres, where success at—or at least interest in—sports is the key to having a successful career at the company. There are also companies that use psychological measures of reward and punishment to stimulate productivity.

Within appropriate limits, the boss—whether an individual or a board of directors—should retain considerable discretion in determining how to best achieve the business goals of the enterprise. But the DeKalb case demonstrates that there must be some constraints on the power of employers to force a set of beliefs having little or nothing to do with job performance on unreceptive workers.

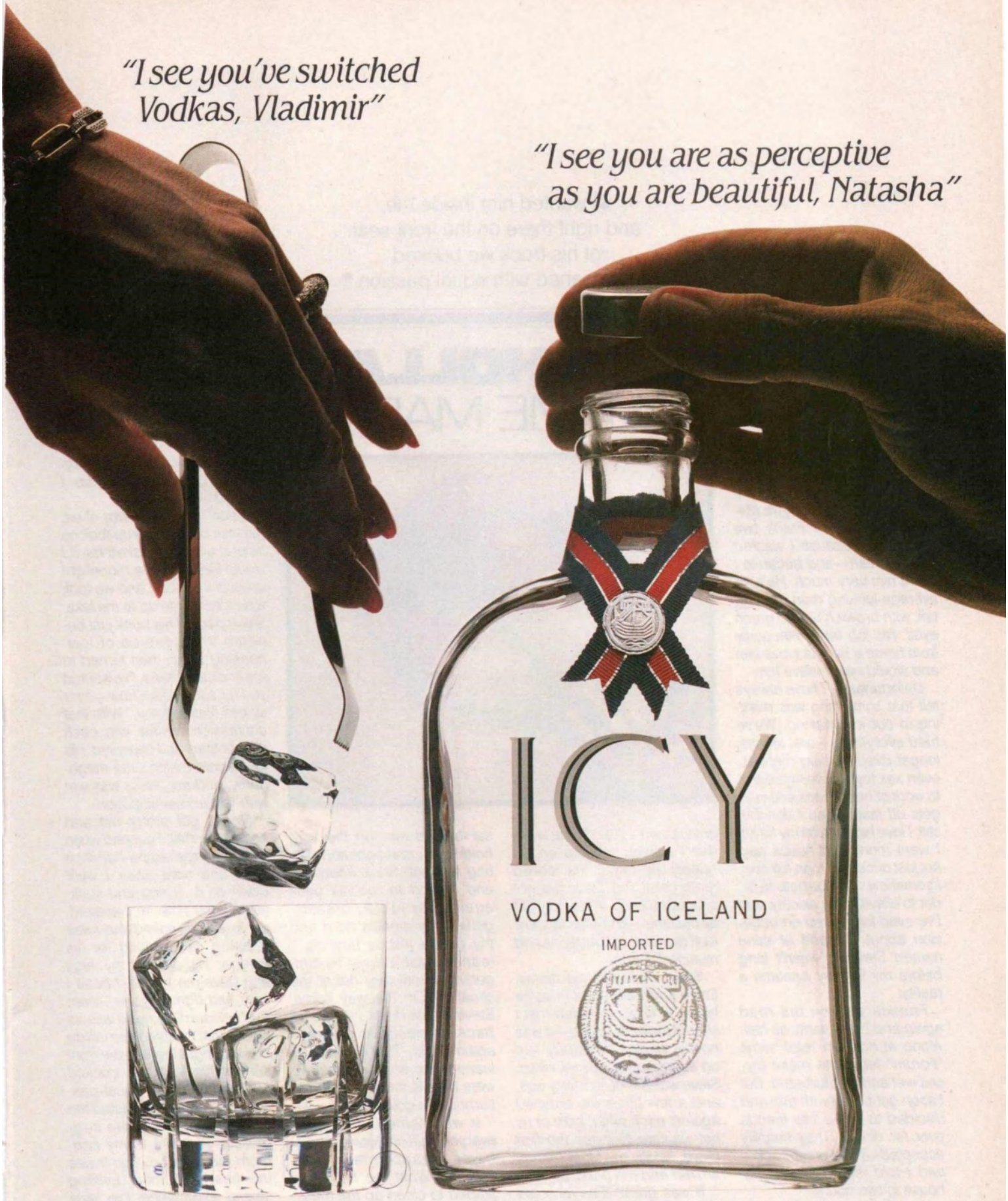
According to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission—the federal agency that monitors allegations of employment discrimination—there have been an increasing number of complaints against "new age" employee-training programs similar to the kind encouraged by Blazer. The E.E.O.C. has issued a policy with guidelines to the effect that employees who object on religious grounds should be reasonably accommodated unless it creates an "undue hardship" on the business.

It is difficult to imagine how a business could suffer unduly by allowing employees to opt out of such programs that violate their religious principles. Many states now require employers to accommodate Sabbath observances and other religious practices that keep employees away from work at particular times. If companies can thrive under such rules, they can certainly tolerate a few workers forgoing an est session.

Beyond the E.E.O.C. guidelines, there is little law that addresses employee rights when motivational programs are being contested. No statutes directly address the issue. The courts will be breaking new ground if they rule in favor of the DeKalb workers.

"I see you've switched Vodkas, Vladimir"

"I see you are as perceptive as you are beautiful, Natasha"



ICY COLD. ICY CLEAR. ICY VODKA. IT'S SMOOTH AS ICE.

Vodka, 40% Alc. by Volume, Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Co., Louisville, KY. © 1989

"I wanted him inside me,
and right there on the front seat
of his truck we bucked
and moaned with equal passion."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 20 years old, have long blond hair, blue eyes, and am blessed with a great figure (34-24-36). I married Frank two years ago because I wanted just one man—and because I loved him very much. He's an average-looking man, six feet tall, with brown hair and green eyes. His job takes him away from home a lot, but I love him and would never leave him.

Unfortunately, I have always felt that something was missing in our lovemaking. We've tried everything—oils, lotions, longer foreplay, sexy nighties, even sex toys. Nothing seems to work or help. Frankie always gets off faster than I do—but still, I love him with all my heart. I want more continuous sex, not just once and then roll over. I sometimes masturbate in order to alleviate my anxiety, and I've even fantasized on occasion about a friend of mine named Steve. It wasn't long before my fantasy became a reality.

Frankie was on the road again and I was horny as hell. Alone at home, I read some "Forum" letters to make myself wet and masturbated. But I soon got bored with that and decided to call a few friends over for dinner. They heartily accepted—I'm a great cook—and I told them to be at my house in two hours.

As I was preparing the meal, Steve pulled up out front on his motorcycle. I ran out to give him a big hug and told him he was more than welcome to stay for dinner. He accepted with



enthusiasm—little did he know that I wanted to jump on his bones like crazy. He looked really great, too. Steve has got a fantastic body—he works out all the time—and likes to show it off by wearing tight jeans and muscle T-shirts.

While I was making dinner, Steve and I engaged in some heavy flirting. I decided that I should make my move—it was now or never—and really laid on some heavy sexual vibes. Steve was handling it very well, and a few times we brushed against each other, both of us not wanting to make the first move. Finally my other friends arrived and the party began.

It was great! Everyone got pleasantly buzzed and really enjoyed the meal. Steve decided that we all needed more wine. I offered to go with him—I love riding on motorcycles—and Steve just said, "Great!" I sat behind him on the way, holding on real tight and getting real hot! Steve knew this and started to rub his back against my jutting breasts, getting my nipples hard and my pussy juices flowing. I leaned even closer to him, getting a real thrill out of the situation. On the way home, Steve let me drive. I sat as far back as possible to press against him. That's when he leaned over and said that we were both in for an evening of surprises! I could hardly wait.

It was some time before everyone left, including Steve. I was disappointed, but I thought "What the hell" and started to clean up the mess. Before I knew it, there were lights in my driveway. There was Steve, having returned in his pickup truck. I greeted him with a smile. He said he felt bad about leaving such a mess and would love to help me straighten the place up. I agreed with delight.

Since there were two of us, the task of cleaning up took no time at all. Steve asked me if I would like to take a moonlight drive in the truck, and we took a nice long ride up to the lake. Steve parked his truck just beneath this coppice of low-hanging trees, then turned to me and said, "Katie, I've wanted you for a long time now—ever since I first met you." With that confession we fell into each other's arms and caressed. His touch was making me mega-horny, and my pussy was wet with lust and anticipation.

Things got pretty hot and horny after that. I gasped when I saw his nine-and-a-half-inch dick, and right away I went down on it, licking and sucking. By the time he climaxed, we were both naked and I was dripping wet, waiting for his tongue. He spread my legs and gave me the best head I ever had from anyone—even my husband! My need was so strong that I wanted him inside me, and right there in the front seat of his truck we bucked and moaned with equal passion. The encounter lasted the whole night—with me suggesting we retire to my bedroom for more privacy. It was the best and most fulfilling sexual experience I've ever had in my life. He called me

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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The Franklin Mint

Future Hall of Famer George Brett has always been the subject of rumor and innuendo. Rather than reply, he's let his hot bat do all the talking. Now George speaks out.

SPORTING LIFE

BY KEN PICKING

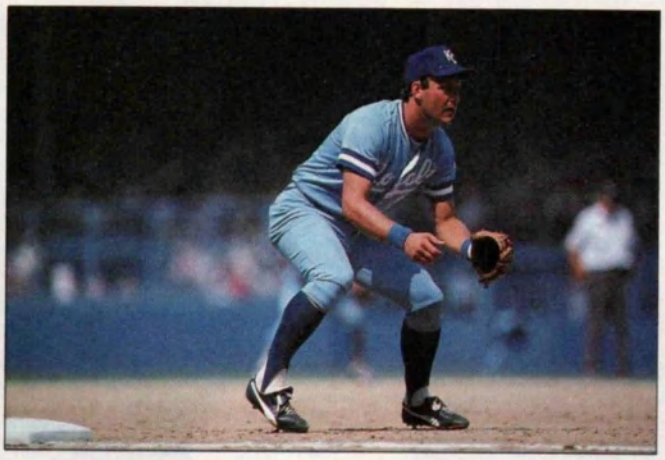
George Howard Brett started 1989 needing 601 hits for a career 3,000, which the Kansas City Royals' ten-time All-Star hopes will one day send him to the Baseball Hall of Fame.

The last man to hit .390 on the field also had an even better slugging average off it, living a fun-loving, devil-may-care lifestyle. But three years ago Brett got serious about his body inside and out, and was rewarded with a remarkable 1988 season (.306, 24 homers, 103 RBIs). "Moderation" is now the motto of the Royals' marquee player who, over the last two decades, played hard on and off the field, sometimes passing out in the arms of a half-dozen eager groupies.

Brett says he still likes to party, but much less frequently, as he seeks to get the most out of the final three years of a mega-million-dollar contract—which will probably be extended by two years—before becoming a front-office goodwill ambassador and high-profile hitting instructor for the only franchise he has played.

In the meantime, George is riding high, enjoying millionaire status, homes in Kansas City, Rancho Mirage, California (and one to be built in Manhattan Beach, California), and ownership in a restaurant bar, C. J. Brett's, and two minor league baseball teams.

But despite his new conventional lifestyle, George Brett still provokes questions. Why has one of baseball's biggest-name stars remained a bachelor? We've heard the rumors. Now at an age where he yearns for a family, does George regret paying for abortions for two women he got pregnant? Are George and longtime teammate Willie Wilson the center of a racial war within the Royals? And—on the lighter side—where's the famous "pine tar bat" that put Brett in the Bloopers Hall of Fame?



What do you get asked about most?

No contest: pine tar. [In 1983, Brett's home run was disqualified because of excessive tar on his bat. He appealed to the commissioner, who sided with Brett.] I can't think of a day since 1983 when it wasn't mentioned. I've had about 80,000 offers to buy the bat, but I've kept it in our family's restaurant in Hermosa Beach, California.

Many people wonder why you're still single.

First of all, I want to point out, I'm not gay or bisexual. I've read "George Brett is gay" written on rest-room walls. I get accused of that because I'm 35 and not married. My brother Ken waited until he was 36 to get married, when he was out of the game. The one void in my life is a wife and kids.



I've never been with a guy before and don't plan to in the future. Naked guys are ugly, anyway. I take showers with guys on the team and keep my eyes shut.

Why haven't you gotten married?

I graduated from El Segundo High School in 1971 and I've been on my own ever since. I'm set in my ways now. I come and go as I please. I can jump on a plane and go anywhere in the world. I live in Kansas City in the summer, Palm Springs and Manhattan Beach in the winter. My lifestyle makes it difficult to find someone and get real serious about them.

When I was younger, I always felt if things don't work out with this girl, I can always find someone else to take her place. In reality, meaningful relationships don't happen very often. I would say there are three gals that if I met them today rather than when I was in my twenties, I would not be so quick to say "Hit the road." But at that time I was out for sex, No. 1, and if anything else came out of it, then great. If not, see you the next time we're in town. I guarantee I'd have been a better player over the years if I'd had somebody to settle me down.

But you could have been a father now, if you had wanted.

Right. I know I'm fertile. I've got the checkbook to prove it. But getting a couple of girls pregnant probably gave me a sense that there's no sweat, I can have kids anytime I want. It seems like anytime I've ever wanted something before, I've always been able to obtain it. Plus I've had the security of knowing I'm a proven performer.

Do you ever think about the abortions?

I know I wasn't as supportive as I should have been when they happened, once in my twenties and once in my thirties. The second one was a lot tougher than the first. There were feelings involved. I regret it because it was a traumatic time for her. I just really wasn't there, traveling, playing ball. She was working hard and it was not fair to her career to marry me, have our baby, and then raise the child with me off playing baseball.

And the first abortion?

You know, three days

passing through town. It was quite a bomb she dropped on me—"Hey, I'm pregnant. What do you think?" There was no question. I didn't want to father a child that way.

What are you looking for in a wife?

I like someone who likes to cook, clean, do laundry, iron. [Laughs] Honestly, I'd like someone athletic, who takes pride in the way she looks, who'll work out, jog, play golf, tennis. Intelligent. Someone more laid-back and less competitive than I am. Domesticated, I guess. I've probably averaged 20 home-cooked meals a year since I left home in 1971. If she can't cook, I'd appreciate it if she went to cooking class. I don't want to meet someone who's going to sleep until noon, get up, watch soap operas, and want to go out to dinner every night.

More than a few times you stayed out till all hours, woke up in a strange bed, and went straight to the ballpark. Why did you keep doing it?

I felt I owed it to the public to go out. That's what George Brett was supposed to do, and I couldn't let them down. [Laughs] I used to go out every night, no exceptions. I didn't care if I only got two hours' sleep for a one o'clock doubleheader the next day. I've almost totally cut it out during the season for one reason: I can't bounce back like I used to. I always heard it was one of the first signs of aging.

How were you able to resist drugs?

Just from the way I was brought up. I knew it was illegal, unhealthy, and with three older brothers and a very strict father, someone



would have killed me if they even suspected me of doing drugs. And I love my family too much. I've chewed tobacco and dipped Skoal for years, but I've never smoked a joint in my life. Another reason I never tried cocaine is because, deep down, I was afraid I'd like it. And if I liked it, it would really screw up my life.

How did you react to the team's drug scandal in 1983?

I was caught completely by surprise. I look at the four guys indicted—Willie Wilson, Vida Blue, Willie Aikens, Jerry Martin. I did not know any of them were into it. They were discreet. I never was invited to their hotel rooms, their homes. When I look back, I'm glad. You can catch anybody at a weak moment.

Has AIDS had an impact on your lifestyle?

When I was young, I never gave the first thought to a condom. You'd get your little venereal disease and go to the team doctor. He'd give you a shot and tell you to keep your zipper up for a couple of days. Now everybody who's single is more careful.

What's happened to the Royals since winning the World Series in 1985?

I wish I knew. Maybe we've had too many changes. Already this season I've lost 50 years of friendship between Jamie Quirk, Jim Schaeffer, Al Zych, Paul McGannon. Our clubhouse used to be known for camaraderie, now there's hardly any at all. It's not like when I came up, when ten or 12 guys would get together after a game—young guys like me mixing with the veterans and storming the bars together. We weren't out chasing girls as much as we were into hanging out, being a team. That's changed.

You and Willie Wilson got into a much-publicized fight in 1988, one of three between white and black Royals players. Is there a racial problem on the team?

I've never felt that way. Frank White and I have been teammates for 19 years. Jamie Quirk, my best friend in baseball, is white, and we went six months without talking because of a stupid remark I made about his wife. Willie and I talked the next day. I look at it like Willie and I've been married 11 years, the number of years he's been in the big league, and we had one fight. It was just a team playing badly and frustration coming out. Willie and I have never hung out together, but we're all right. I got a Christmas card from Willie and Kathy.

Last season, 1988, was a comeback year for you and really kept the possibility of 3,000 hits alive. What happened?

I found out four years ago that working out in the off-season does help my performance on the field. I just wish I'd played better the last five weeks. Coming into the season, I was really worried that at age 34, I'd lost it. I wouldn't have been the first, especially the way I've lived my life the first 14 years in the big leagues. Whitey Herzog—and there's nobody in baseball I respect more—said I was going to be through at 30. He used to say, "You'll be 40 before you're 30." I was beginning to think maybe Whitey was right. That's why last year was satisfying to me: to come back and put serious numbers on the board and be named an All-Star at a new position [first base]. Now I feel I can play until I'm 40, and hopefully get enough hits to get into the Hall of Fame.

So if it's midnight, we can't assume George Brett is out partying somewhere?

My lifestyle is over-rated. The married guys want to be me, and I envy them. I think I'm changing, and for the better. When I was young and living in Kansas City, I didn't care what people thought of me because I was having too much fun. Now I think, "I can't do that," because people would get the wrong idea. I've never tried to portray myself as a Steve Garvey type, a goody-goody. But I'm not a bad guy. It's just that when I was young, I wasn't very thoughtful of other people. Now I try to be.

At this stage in your life, there seems to be no question about what you want.

Honestly, I don't know many people I'd trade places with. I've done everything I ever wanted to do in life. Now I just want to do it some more.

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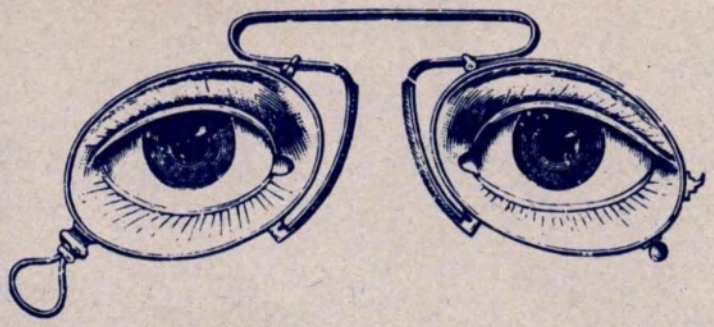


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

WOODSTOCK

BY EMILY PRAGER

Lunchtime. An outdoor café in Greenwich Village, summer '89. A man and a woman, both 39, both young-looking and wearing T-shirts and jeans, sit opposite each other, sweating.

Woman: It's the twentieth anniversary of Woodstock. Did you go to Woodstock? *Man:* No. Did you? *Woman:* No. The media says everyone our age went to Woodstock. Maybe I didn't live through the sixties at all if I missed it. *Man:* I didn't want to go. *Woman:* You didn't? I'm so glad you said that. *Man:* Why? *Woman:* When kids ask me, I lie. I say I went and it rained the whole time and I loved Hendrix and the acid was great, but— *Man:* But? *Woman:* I wouldn't have gone near the place, not if you'd paid me. *Man:* Why? *Woman:* I was a mod and I hated crowds.

Man: I was in Iowa. On my father's farm, reading Pynchon and Arthur Koestler. I wasn't into music. *Woman:* Shush. Don't say that. The revisionist police might shoot you. [Whispers] I wasn't into music, either. I was into theater and books and traveling to Europe. You know what else? Hippies made me nervous.

A lone woman sitting at the next table interrupts their conversation. She's about the same age and wears a sexy dress.

Lone woman: I couldn't stand them. *Man and woman:* What? *Lone woman:* Hippies. The no-shoes thing made me nuts. Can you imagine walking around Manhattan barefoot? It was dangerous, for God's sake! Love I believed in, of course, but communes? Forget about it. No one's that good-natured. No, I had fabulous shoes in the sixties, handmade platforms, amazing clothes.

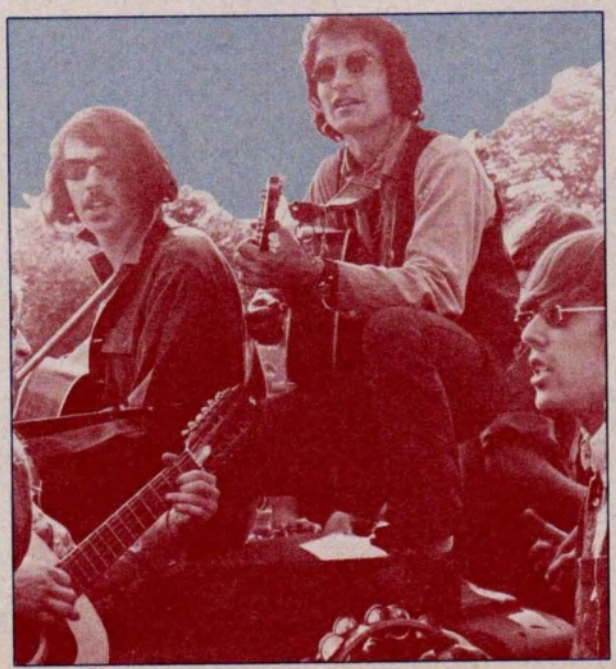
Woman: Me, too. I got dressed up every day of the week. I take it you didn't embrace poverty? *Lone woman:* God, no. And I retain my principles, may I say. The hippies are mostly yuppies now. It was inevitable. I'm the same as I was then, only the world is less fun.

Man: I'm more together than I was then. I'm getting my Ph.D. this fall. It's only taken 18 years.

The lone woman goes back to her lunch and the man and woman sit baking in the sun, silent for a time.

Woman: I had a friend who sold sandwiches at Woodstock. Made good money. Made a whole bunch of sandwiches, drove his van up, and cashed in. Had a great time. *Man:* You sound envious. *Woman:* No, it's just that I can't remember what I did the weekend of Woodstock. I feel unfinished, half-baked, like a frog.

Man: I remember what I did that weekend. *Woman:* What? *Man:* A friend of mine wanted to get out of the draft. His physical was the next Monday. He'd been fasting for ten days and was really skinny. He drove over to the farm and I spent the weekend rolling him in pasture mud so by Monday he looked really weird. He got out. *Woman:* That's another thing. I spent the whole time protesting the war. Now I wish I was a Vietnam vet. *Lone woman* [interrupting again]: I know what I did. I went to a bread happening. Then I went to a party given by a guy who claimed to be the illegitimate son of Louis Jourdan. His apartment was done all in black leather except for pink neon lights. Everyone was wearing velvet suits and looking incredibly Victorian. I smoked a joint and took the bus home stoned out of my mind. *Woman:* The bus? *Lone woman:* Yeah, the bus. We always took the bus in the sixties. Don't you remember?



Man [looking at woman, who seems very down]: What's wrong? *Woman:* I told you, I don't remember what I did the weekend of Woodstock. *Man:* Have you tried hypnosis? *Woman:* Only to lose weight. It didn't work. There is one possibility. That I was on water deprivation, preparing for a drive across Afghanistan. I was weak. *Man:* You think that was it? *Woman:* I don't know. I remember the day I graduated in '69. My cat jumped into a full bathtub and had to be dried with a blow dryer. But about Woodstock—nothing. Check, please.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

TRAVEL

BY CARL HOFFMAN

Lacking the firmness of their heyday, the springs in my Pullman launched me skyward. There was a creak and a jolt, then nothing but the rhythmic clackety-clack of train wheels.

At a civilized 30 miles an hour, we were rolling through a verdant carpet cut through by small gullies of water. Banana trees, purple morning glories, and flowering bushes were everywhere. It was Tuesday, my third straight morning to awaken on a train in Mexico.

As Amtrak acquired its fleet of new railroad cars decorated in polyester and plastic, it sold its once majestic Pullman cars to Mexico. The result: In slightly seedy comfort, train-loving travelers can journey the entire length of the country, from the U.S. border to Mérida in the Yucatán. The three- to five-day train journey (always with a change in Mexico City) is an adventure in and of itself.

Every afternoon at 6:25 P.M. El Fronteriza leaves Ciudad Juárez, just across the border from El Paso, Texas, bound for Mexico City, which lies two nights and 36 hours south. The old American "roomettes" are marvels of design. Across the compartment's width is a cushioned seat. On the opposite wall is a small padded footrest that, when opened, reveals a flush toilet. Just above it is a sink with running water that folds down from the wall. There is a large mirror, three lights, and a working fan. But most dazzling of all is the bed, which pulls down from the wall over the seat, thereby eliminating everything but itself. The room becomes a bed, and lying on it, you are exactly at window level, so you can gaze for hours, softly bumping up and down on its soft springs, at the strip of Mexico passing by.

At each of dozens of small towns, Mexico swirls into the train. Crowds of children and women climb aboard, selling everything from cold beer to hot tortillas to chewing gum. For an hour, a neatly dressed man and woman stroll through the cars strumming guitars and singing for spare change in gamy, passionate voices. But by far the best part of the journey is simply standing in the vestibule between cars, watching the countryside. During the course of five days the landscape changes from brown cactus-filled deserts that are geographical extensions of the American Southwest, to a lush tropical green, the first hints of the exotic worlds connected to the United States.



Trains with sleeping and dining cars depart for Mexico City daily from the Mexican border towns of Ciudad Juárez, Nogales, and Nuevo Laredo. The trip takes anywhere from 24 to 48 hours, depending on the city you depart from. All trains leave in the late afternoon or evening. The cost is about $70 one way, again varying slightly depending on the departure city.

From Mexico City, train No. 49, with sleepers and dining car, departs for Mérida every evening at 6:30 P.M., arriving 48 hours later.

Unfortunately, most American travel agents have no direct links with Mexican National Railways. If simply crossing the border and hopping on the next available train isn't for you, Fiesta Time Tours in Laredo, Texas, can make reservations and even buy your ticket for you. For more information, contact them at P.O. Box 3508, Laredo, Tex. 78044; (512) 727-3814. Or call the Mexican Tourism Board at (800) 262-8900.





CAMPUS VIEW

BY ERIC GIGUÈRE

What do architects pay attention to when they design university buildings? It's a question I ask myself daily as I trek through the William G. Davis Computer Research Centre on my way to classes or the library. The University of Waterloo campus in Waterloo, Ontario, is for the most part a sedate collection

of late-sixties, early-seventies architecture that tends to mirror its students' attitudes. The newly opened Davis Centre stands in stark contrast to all of this, a bold statement—or at least an upraised finger—to the university community from Canada's modern-day architects.

The Davis Centre has been a point of debate since it opened. After spending millions of dollars, what did the university get? A sardine can with windows. Outside, the beauty of a glass greenhouse is ruined by the chintzy-looking gold-colored aluminum siding that surrounds it. Inside, your eyes are bombarded by garish colors that *almost* prevent you from noticing anything else—except that you certainly keep hoping that those scary-looking pipes containing God knows what are solid.

Sitting on one of the many stools that populate the building, my friends and I like to enumerate the building's problems. There are technical flaws: classrooms that are too large to see the blackboard, an air-conditioning system in the library that sounds like a subway tunnel. There are the daily annoyances: washrooms that are both too small and too few, stairs that are too narrow and inconveniently placed. There are also peculiarities: Some of the windows that are used—including those for the two men's washrooms—have some interesting scenic vistas at the most amazing times (rooms with a view, so to speak). Even the metal mushrooms we sit on have become controversial. One of my friends says that they could each support (economically, if not literally) a third-world country. But another friend defends them, claiming that since "Canada has no real military, the universities must take up the spending slack."

What can we conclude from this experiment? That it's fine to be avant-garde in building design, but only if the small details—the ones that count—aren't overlooked. Or if functionality doesn't get lost in form. In my opinion, the Davis Centre fails this important test, and so the controversy at U.W. will likely continue until the building rusts away. As another student put it to me, "I like the Davis Centre, but I'm glad there's only one." Will the world learn from our mistake?

Eric Giguère is a student at the University of Waterloo. College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to: Robyn Lee, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

PEOPLE

BY LYNN KEARCHER

If you ever thought a job as a pizza delivery boy was a dead end offering a future so bleak, even the most ambitious soul would quickly pack it in, then talk to David Blum. The founder of New York's hottest gourmet-delivery service, Dial-A-Dinner, Blum is quick to expound on the virtues of his one-time delivery-boy stint. "Anything you do can trigger off an idea," he says. "For example, there I was, a student at the University of Miami, delivering pizzas to pay for my books, when a regular customer said, 'David, I'm tired of pizza. Get me some French food.' And I got this fantastic idea."

Blum's brainstorm was to deliver meals from a "variety of restaurants in town" to college students. He ran the fledgling business from his dorm room, employing students and actors to deliver the food while he manned the telephone and called in the orders. His business rapidly mushroomed and "before I knew it, I had a full-time occupation." As Blum's economic situation skyrocketed, his grade point average plummeted to a 1.96. Nevertheless, the then 18-year-old entrepreneur was asked to lecture at the University of Miami's School of Business Administration.



Blum decided to forgo academia in order to pursue and expand his business. In the true spirit of enterprise, he moved to Aspen ("because I love to ski") and there, too, found a clientele for Dial-A-Dinner. After a couple of years, he got a call from home, requesting that he return to Manhattan and, along with his brother Paul, manage the family's handbag business. Blum was working 12-hour days and ordering in all his meals. "I got very tired of deli and Chinese food," he tells us, "and I craved meals from The Water Club and Petrossian." Realizing that other business people probably felt the same way, Blum decided to launch Dial-A-Dinner in New York City.

Last February, Blum invested $300,000 out-of-pocket cash, bought a fleet of six vans equipped with warming ovens, and published a 32-page glossy



VIEW FROM THE TOP

magazine listing 18 restaurants from which his clientele can order. Thus far, he has received excellent response to both his service and the magazine. "Perhaps I'll make it a mainstream consumer magazine," he says, adding, "I've always been interested in publishing."

For now, this is how Dial-A-Dinner works. Let's say you come home from work exhausted and want to treat yourself to something special, but don't want to dress and go out to a restaurant. You look in the Dial-A-Dinner magazine and order from the menus of its selection of restaurants. Within the hour, your meal will be delivered by a waiter dressed in a tux—wine or champagne of your choice can be provided—and a complimentary orchid will be placed on your table. "We basically accommodate our customers' needs," says Blum. "If someone wants our staff to clean up afterward, we will." As a service to those staying at New York hotels, Blum says, "Just call me up—(212) 779-1222—and I'll get you a magazine and bring food to your hotel room."

When talking to Blum, one gets the feeling that he is a young kid playing with a business that is, at the very least, fickle. When asked how he plans to make money with such high overhead and only a 20-percent surcharge above the menu price, he says, with the confidence of a well-seasoned businessman, "I only touch businesses which will make me at least six-digit figures the first year."

While it's still too early to determine the financial strength of Dial-A-Dinner, Blum is planning to launch several more services throughout the country. A mere 30 years of age, Blum offers some good advice to budding entrepreneurs, telling us, "Anything you want to do in business you should do. Many people will tell you, 'No, it's a bad idea,' but if you have the energy, rely on your instinct and go for it."

Now, there's some food for thought.

SCENES

BY ROBYN D. LEE

Summer's here and the time is right for tanning on the beach, and armies of sunbathers will be out in force. So what does the discerning sun worshiper do to break away from the pack? Change towels, of course. What's needed here is a towel that makes a statement—one that's bold (not just in color), revolutionary, and truly bodacious. A towel that dares to be . . . round? Yes, round. A Los Angeles–based beach-fashion company, Son International, has introduced what it calls the best beach line since "Mind if I put my towel here?"—the Sonspot.

Sonspots are the world's first and only round beach towels. Don't accept cheap imitations: Not only will they not be made of 100-percent plush cotton, they also won't be "available in a choice of fiber-reactive prints or jacquards," and the prints and designs won't be created by "some of the most talented young artists in the world." Son International has recently been awarded the trademark for the circular shape, and



claims "exclusive right to manufacture and market all round beach towels."

The company is owned in part by Woody Harrelson, the engaging young actor better known to millions as Woody Boyd, the goofy but lovable bartender on TV's "Cheers." Harrelson and company introduced the Sonspot on a limited basis last summer, but the sales response was so great, the $3 million inventory projected for the year sold out in two months. To meet consumer demand, Son International joined forces with Springmaid, one of the country's leading textile companies. This season the Sonspot will be featured at over 4,000 retail outlets, with prices from $35 to $49. Springmaid has added nine new Sonspot designs for the 1989 line.

The Sonspot is available in diameters of either five or six feet. Its size and shape eliminate the nuisance of moving your towel, making it easier to follow the sun. It also allows you to stake a bigger claim to that much coveted beachfront property. (It's like dancing big on a crowded dance floor to keep people from invading your space.) Of course, the Sonspot commands such attention, you may want to share it with a space invader.

Many may challenge the company's claim that the Sonspot is the greatest shape to hit the beach since Elle MacPherson, but sales show they're "bound to be round."

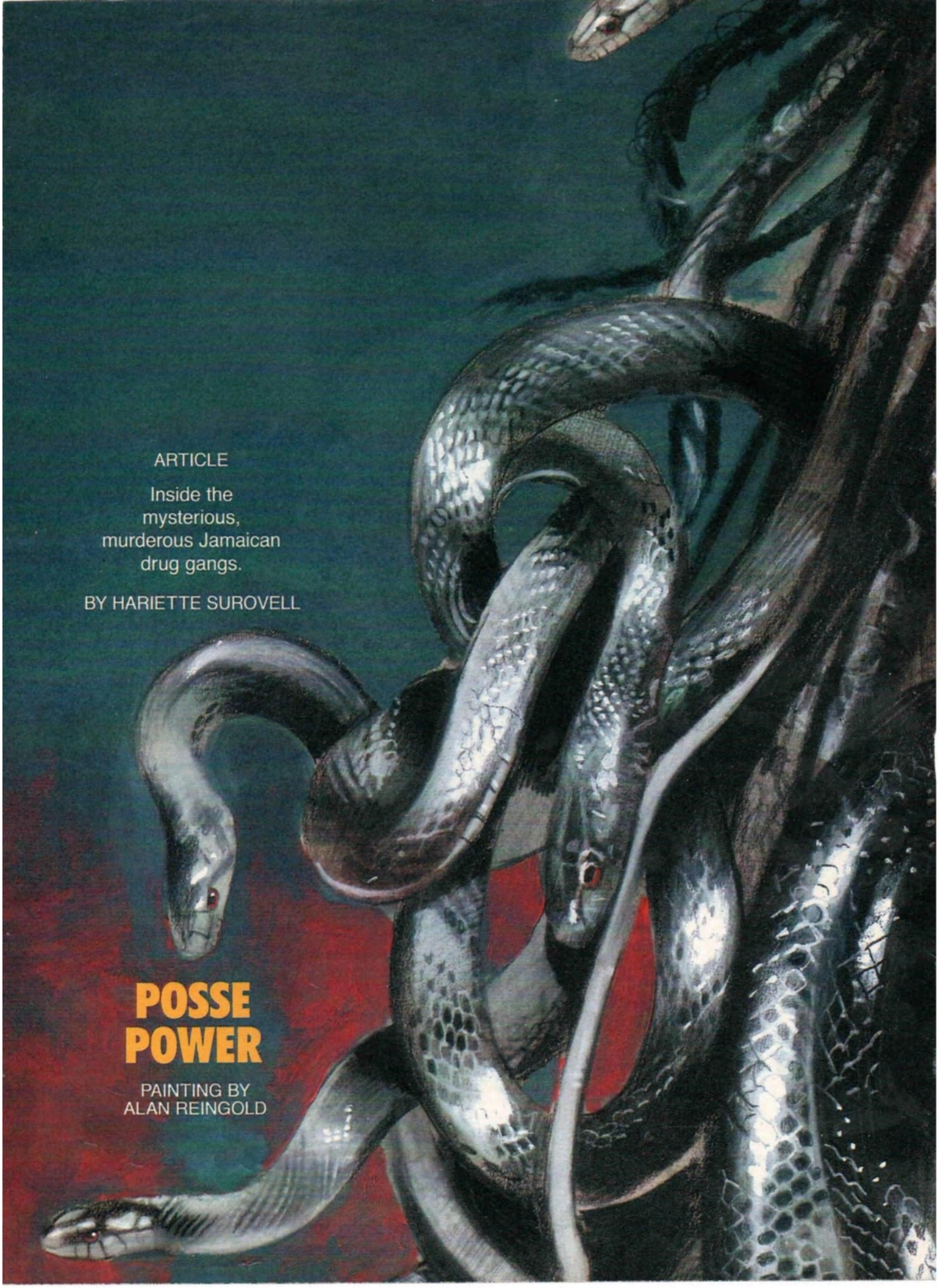


Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Have you tried prunes?"



ARTICLE

Inside the mysterious, murderous Jamaican drug gangs.

BY HARIETTE SUROVELL

POSSE POWER

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD

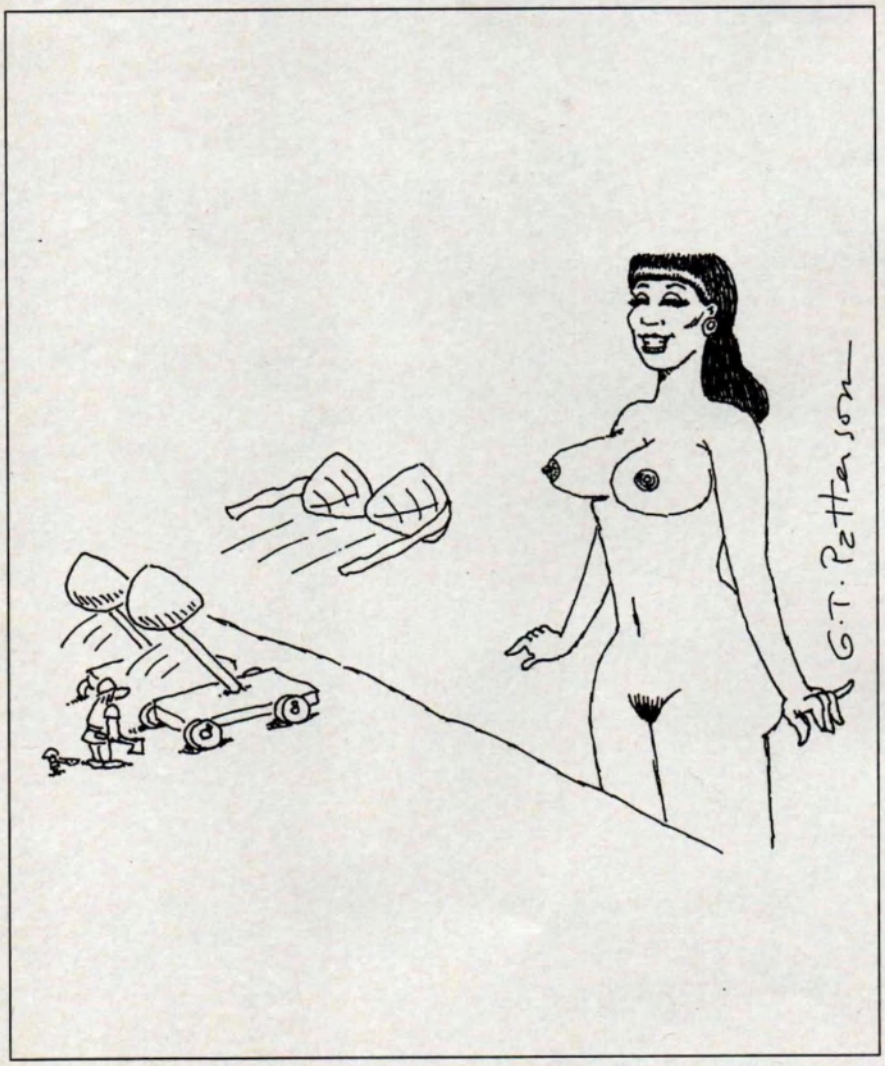


They have been called one of the most vicious and threatening criminal organizations ever to operate in America. They deal in crack, cocaine, marijuana, and firearms. They discipline employees by killing, beating, and slashing them, and eliminate disloyal members and competitors by means of point-blank shootings, decapitations, forced suicides, and kidnappings leading to prolonged, fatal torture. They are the Jamaican posses. Authorities estimate that they are responsible for at least 1,400 known homicides here in the United States in the past three years, and that they have infiltrated over 60 American cities and towns from Albany, New York, to Anchorage, Alaska.

Although the subject of Jamaican posses is becoming a "hot" media story, to date they've remained shadowy and mysterious. There have been no lengthy interviews with posse members—unlike, say, Colombian drug smugglers or Mafia soldiers. But through contacts in law enforcement and the federal government, *Penthouse* obtained an unprecedented, exclusive interview with a former top member of a prototypical posse gang. For obvious reasons, we cannot disclose where the interview was conducted, but the informant's claims were verified by the local detectives and federal agents with whom he currently works.

Identifying himself only as "David," this 24-year-old with a pleasant, almost innocent demeanor was totally candid about his activities and attitudes. We present his story exactly as he told it, edited only to eliminate repetition and awkwardness.

"I first joined a posse in 1982 in Brooklyn, New York," said David. "When I went to school, I always had about four different guns—a nine-millimeter Star, a German Luger, and two 38-barrel guns. There were other gangs in the school—Panamanians and Haitians—but the Jamaicans were always No. 1, and I was No. 2 in command. At first we used to go around stealing Porsches and Mercedes and drive around looking for girls. We'd have a screwdriver, turn it in the door lock, do the same thing with the key, hot-wire it, and take it to a guy at a shop who'd scrape off the serial number. In 1984, my posse got involved with drugs. Most people who graduated from high school tried to get jobs, but Jamaicans don't like people giving them orders. It reminds us of slavery days. But if we do drugs, we earn quicker money. If you work at a job, you really bust your ass and come home with $200 a week to show for it. In drugs, you make $10,000 a day. So we mostly think of not working for the white man, and making real quick money.



"We'd buy wholesale cocaine in Miami," he continued. "We'd buy two American black girls round-trip plane tickets to Miami. I'd fly down with them under a different name. The girls would rent a car, and I'd go down to the Cuban areas off Biscayne Boulevard in Miami, buy a kilo of coke for $12,000, and get the girls to drive it back up. Most cops will just give a girl a ticket if she is speeding, but a guy with a Jamaican accent would get stopped. We'd drive behind them in a car because we don't trust nobody but ourself. As soon as they get to New York, we take the stuff from them, pay all their expenses and $1,000. Then we drive the car up and down and dump it somewhere.

"You can cook cocaine down with baking soda or use this chemical stuff called 'Comeback' that you can get in a drugstore to stretch it out. A gram of coke sells for $100, so you make a profit of [over] $68,000.

"We recruited black American kids we knew from school days to sell on the streets and in crack houses. We'd offer them $500 a week, but it was a 24-hour-a-day job, five days a week. They're probably at the street corner at 10 A.M. and don't leave there until 4 A.M. the next morning, because people come every time of day or night. On the average week, I'd make $8,000 to $10,000 a day on Mondays to Wednesdays from one spot alone. On Thursdays and Fridays, $20,000—because a lot of people get paid then. Some people come back four times a night. They'd bring you their TV, VCR, just for a hit. One lady even wanted to sell her baby for a hit.

"If the American black kid who was doing the selling smoked a gram, we'd beat him up. We love to beat people up—with fists, guns, baseball bats. If the kid uses a lot of your drugs or money, you'll stab or shoot him, and American guys won't tell no cops because he knows the cop will find the Jamaican guy—but the Jamaican guy will find him first, because we believe *dead men tell no tales.*

"Jamaicans have a sense of feeling," David explained. "We can know when a cop is around—we're used to them in Jamaica. Cops there are mostly plainclothes, but they carry Uzis. Many cops in Jamaica are corrupt. If you're dealing drugs and they don't get a cut, they'll probably kill you. The cops are No. 1 in Jamaica. They're always right, never wrong; you're always guilty. In Jamaica, I was in a gang that used to get on their motorcycles with a gun over their shoulder, drive so fast, and shoot up police stations.

"Immigration is like police down there. A lot of payoffs going on down there, because if I'm a big-time drug dealer, all I have to do is go to a big-time Immigration guy and pay him off.

"In Brooklyn, I knew houses where you could stash stuff so good, even the cops couldn't find it. We'd dig out parts of walls,

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put it under trees and leaves. Jamaicans know where cops will look. A Jamaican could have drugs right in a cop's face and he won't see it. A Jamaican could have a gun in his car and a cop won't see it. We take the ashtray out and put the gun in between the electrical wires, or behind the radio.

"In my posse in Brooklyn . . . you got this man with all this money who owns all these houses. His money buys the stuff. But if the big man is out there collecting money and he sees a cop car coming, he'll have a big shoot-out with his guys—and his guys will keep on shooting, because they know even if they get arrested, they'll get bailed out and go to another state. I've been to almost every jail in New York City, but I never did time. I always got a good lawyer who got me probation.

"You see, we'd go around and listen to people who say who the best lawyer is, because drug dealers spend a good amount of money not to get caught. Once when I was in jail, my bail was $100,000. My friend's was $100,000, and another's was $200,000. We got arrested on a Friday, and on Saturday my friend's girlfriend was down there with the money.

"We used to have a party every night. We'd dance, and then, when we felt really good, we'd take out our gun and fire it into the air. We let our rivals, the Nineties Posse, pay their money and come in. But if a guy step on my $150 Clark shoes, I say, 'You step on my shoes.' He say, 'Fuck off.' I probably get mad, pull my gun out, and I shoot him—and that's how people start shooting up on the dance floor. You shoot to hurt or cripple him.

"Now everything is a gun battle, and Jamaicans have the best type of guns. They got Mac 10's, M-16's, German Lugers, SLR's, hand grenades. Ninety-five percent of posse members in New York City right now have two or three guns—one on them, one in the house, one in their car. Carrying a gun is like wearing clothes. In Washington, D.C., now the cops are trying to get automatic guns, but it takes so long that the Jamaicans laugh at the cops. They don't want to go to jail for life, so they'll shoot it out with the cop.

"I always wanted to be in a cowboy movie. A friend of mine went to Miami to buy a gun like Dirty Harry's in *Sudden Impact*. You have some Jamaicans who go to Texas or Florida. When they buy drugs they buy guns down there and bring them up and sell them. For instance, if I buy a Star nine-millimeter down there for $200, I can come up here and sell it for $1,000.

"Over the years, I probably earned close to $1 million. Most money I sent through Western Union to a family member I could trust. Right now you can get six Jamaican dollars for one U.S. dollar. If you get deported there, you gonna be rich. But I wasted a lot of money gambling and all that. I also invested my money in buying clothes, gold chains, a car. Most Jamaicans have BMW's—we call them 'Bad Man Wagons' or 'Bob Marley and the Wailers.' Most girls go for the guy with the biggest reputation, so most guys buy three or four gold chains. If a woman goes out with a Jamaican man, he'll spend money on her. If they have a woman, they want her to look better than any other woman. So they buy a $1,000 dress. She'll wear it one time and that's it. They'll buy them things, give them money and all that. But if they find out she's cheating on him, you'll probably find her dead, because he give her the best and then she gonna disrespect him. He class her like a dog. He say dog gets fucked by anybody. He'll take her, make all his friends fuck her out, then he'll take everything she got and run her away.

"I had a different Jamaican girl for every night of the week. Mostly I'd get girls by saying 'Oh, I love you' and all that, and 'I'll give you all this stuff,' but it was just to get her in bed. I had a habit. If I sleep with a girl, I don't want to see her no more. I'll probably tell my friends about it and they'll go take a hit now and then.

> Some people come back for drugs four times a night. They'd bring you their TV or VCR just for a hit. One lady even wanted to sell her baby for a hit.

"I beat girls up a lot. If a Jamaican woman disrespects me, I'm gonna kick her butt, even if she just raises her voice. Because Jamaican men are superior to women. But if a Jamaican woman knows her man is sleeping out with her friend, she can be crazy. Most Jamaican men sleep with a gun on either pillow and the lights on.

"When a Jamaican woman has her period she's unclean and can't cook for her man. The period is the bad part God give woman from Adam and Eve. Jamaican men will even sleep in another bed. Jamaican men don't like a woman to cook red-pea soup because she might put her period in it to tie him down.

"Most Jamaicans believe in the Bible. We believe if God wanted a man to go down on a woman, he would have put a tongue there instead of a dick. If a Jamaican woman ask a Jamaican man to eat her pussy, that's disrespect—he'll beat her and run her out of the house naked.

"Some Jamaican women are used to being beaten up from growing up in the ghetto. In Jamaica, if you misbehave in class, teachers will beat you with a belt or a cane—a small, thin bamboo put together and soaked in water to be firm.

"When I grew up in Jamaica, I fought people every day. 'Survival of the fittest' is the motto. In school, we'd fight on the soccer field. If a guy kicked me too hard, I'd kick him back and it would turn into a big fight using stones, rocks. Throw a rock, burst someone's head, and run home and that's it.

"When I played hooky from school, we'd sit down in some old car and play cards. If you got caught cheating it would probably cost you your life—he'd stab you or shoot you.

"As I grew older, my mom moved to the States and I stayed with my aunt. This guy I started hanging out with was really into politics—the P.N.P. [People's National Party]. And if I see a guy I know is J.L.P. [Jamaican Labor Party], I go up to him, probably beat him so bad, take his clothes off, tie him up, and leave him until somebody finds him. The cops come around and try to find out who you are, but if the cop is P.N.P., he don't pay no mind. Politics is why Jamaica is so bad. It's like fighting a war against each other. Down there, if a P.N.P. see a J.L.P. in their area, they'll kill him. Growing up there is real dangerous—I've been through hell.

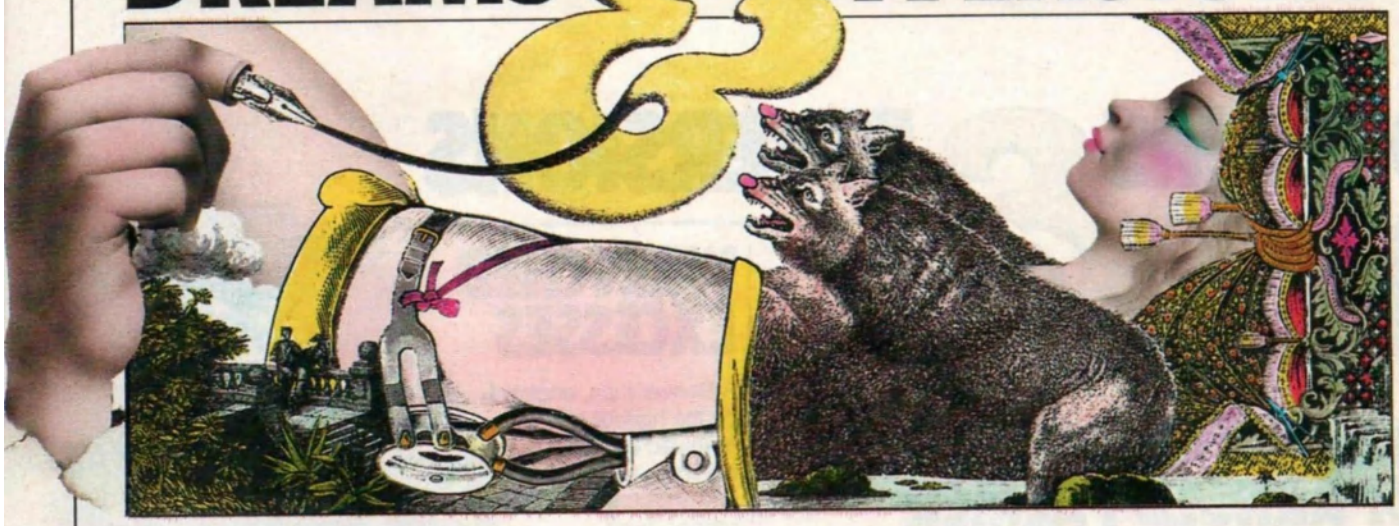
"Looking back, I think being in a posse was stupid. If I had a son now and I caught him dealing drugs, I'd probably beat him up. I don't want him to go through what I went through—night and day you got to look over your shoulder, always looking for the cops, for the next guy who wants to take what you got. Three guys in my posse got killed. You're always in jeopardy."

The posse that David belonged to was just one of what government officials estimate to be 40 such gangs with approximately 10,000 members in the United States. Canada and England are also experiencing major posse activity. David's experience was typical: He learned to kill or be killed in the violent political climate of his native Jamaica; his motivation for dealing drugs was purely financial; he used American blacks as mules and street salesmen because it was convenient and they were exploitable; and he was heavily armed with lethal weapons.

Even the most seasoned federal, state, and local officials are appalled at the posses' access to firearms and their propensity for violence. As one special agent with the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (A.T.F.), who prefers not to be identified, says, "The volume of firearms being used by the Jamaicans is simply ominous. Essentially all their operations revolve around drug activity. At the same time, they need firepower to protect their operations. Over the years we've seen this develop commensurately with the increase in the pre-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



HOW ARE YOU FEELING, GEORGE?

Criticized for his statement that "the Holocaust was one of the most shaming incidents in this nation's history" (the tragic event in fact occurred in Europe), Vice President **Dan Quayle** replied, "Well, I wasn't alive in this century."



TRUMP CARD

Billionaire developer **Donald Trump** announced that his wife **Ivana** has trademarked her name. Trump said the action was taken because of reports that someone was planning to introduce a new perfume called "Ivana."

OUR NATION'S POLICE FORCES AT WORK

A Miami police officer was suspended after farting into a police radio.

A Los Angeles police officer was suspended for farting in front of two handcuffed prisoners after telling them, "Check this out."

OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

The California Supreme Court ruled that a lawyer was not guilty of moral turpitude when he hired a hit man to seriously injure a former client.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

The finance minister of Sweden revealed that he has drawn up a will leaving his refrigerator to his pet dog Zeppo.

LIFE AT THE TOP

A list of the highest-priced streets for store rentals revealed that a square foot of commercial space along the Ginza in Tokyo costs $650, making it the most expensive retail space in the world. The cost is nearly triple what is required to rent along Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, now $225 a square foot.





SIC TRANSIT

A recently completed mausoleum to house the remains of the late entertainer **Jackie Gleason** has Gleason's famous "And away we go!" exit line chiseled into the tomb's steps.

During an auction in which an autograph by **Babe Ruth** sold for $600, and one by **Oliver North** fetched $350, a White House document containing the signature of then president **Jimmy Carter** failed to attract even a single bid.

The suits, hats, and sunglasses worn by **Dan Aykroyd** and the late **John Belushi** in the movie *The Blues Brothers* were auctioned for nearly $9,000 during a charity benefit.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

AN AUTOGRAPHED SET OF ARNOLD PALMER GOLF BALLS TO . . .

. . . **Matthew B'Yoa** of Benin, who drove a golf ball from a tee during a low-level flyby of the Benin Air Force's four planes. B'Yoa's shot crashed through the cockpit window of one plane, which then crashed into the other three, destroying all four planes. B'Yoa was fined about $50.

WRETCHED EXCESSES

A Denver man, angered by the haircut he received at a barbershop, returned and shot the barber dead.



UH-HUH

An Arizona man called police to his home, claiming that his wife had committed suicide. When suspicious police asked him about the eight wounds caused by a blunt instrument on the wife's body, the husband then claimed that the blows came from his attempts to perform euthanasia on her.



OUR LOCAL OFFICIALS AT WORK

A New York town asked the victim of a car theft to pay $371.87 in storage charges after police impounded the car for three weeks in order to conduct fingerprint checks.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Prior to an urban riot in Miami during which several people were killed and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, Mayor **Xavier Suarez** was heard to have said, "People fall in love with Miami when they're here—generally."

Two hotel maids in Columbus, Ohio, found $65,000 in cash left in a room by a departing guest and, being very upright employees, turned the money over to hotel management. The guest returned to claim the money, and departed without even bothering to thank the maids for their honesty.

VERY GOOD KARMA

The Finnish Health Ministry recommended that persons suffering from stress be allowed to go on "sex holidays" in order to help them recuperate. Finnish officials also said the idea might help relieve the problem of the country's falling birthrate. Recently, Finland's prime minister said that because of the decline in births, there might be only two Finns left alive by the year 3000—both of the same sex.



BAD KARMA

According to a national poll, at least two percent of all those surveyed said that they would not like to see an end to poverty in America.

YOUR INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AT WORK

An in-house study at the Internal Revenue Service revealed that the agency loses about two million tax returns and other tax-related documents from its files every year. "It is very embarrassing," one I.R.S. employee explained, "to tell a taxpayer I am disallowing all of your losses, and then ask them to provide a copy of their return because we can't find their original return."

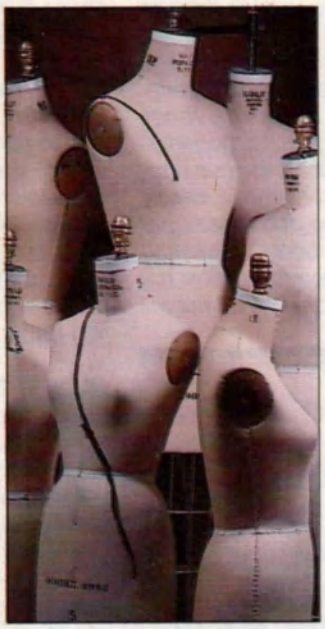
CLASS ACT

Television newscaster **Bree Walker,** who suffers from ectrodactylism, a congenital condition that prevents full formation of the hands and feet, refused to appear on a Seattle TV talk show after the station took out ads promoting her appearance with the headline "I Have No Hands."

ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD

When **Mickey Rooney** announced plans for writing his memoirs—tentatively titled *Me*—his son, Mickey Rooney, Jr., revealed plans for his own book, reportedly an exposé of a tumultuous life with his entertainer father, who was married eight times. The working title for the son's book is *Which One Is Your Mother?*





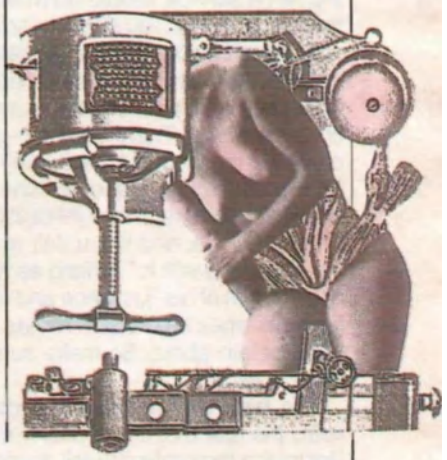
WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A Denver company is now marketing what it calls "Anne Droid," a department-store mannequin equipped with a concealed microphone and camera to monitor shoplifters and store employees. Cost: $1,800 each.

A New York firm offers talking baseball cards that feature recordings of major leaguers describing their biggest thrills. A complete set of 164 cards costs $228.

PRE-MENSTRUAL STRESS

A New York woman who was imprisoned on charges of hiring a hit man to kill her estranged husband filed suit to receive $600 a month in alimony. The amount was derived from a separation agreement the couple signed a few years before she attempted to have her husband killed.



THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

Tammy Faye Bakker announced plans for a book that she describes as "her side" of the P.T.L. ministry story. According to Bakker's agent, Tammy has demanded a minimum advance of $250,000, but guarantees to prospective publishers that her husband will buy the first 100,000 copies to sell on their newly resurrected television program.

Plans to promote the music video of **Madonna**'s song "Like a Prayer" were dropped in Italy after a Catholic group known as Famiglia Domani (Family Tomorrow) announced it would file court proceedings for blasphemy charges. The video shows the scantily clad singer praying in a church and later caressing a priest.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

Four inmates escaped from a new $69 million prison in Dallas by cutting their way through a fence with toenail clippers.

OUR FIRST AMENDMENT AWARD TO . . .

. . . Eastern Airlines, which ordered an issue of *Fortune* magazine off its flights. The magazine contained an unflattering profile of **Frank Lorenzo,** chairman of Eastern's parent company, Texas Air Corporation. Among other things, the profile portrayed Lorenzo as a union buster, a loose cannon, and a showboater.

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.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

his secret lover, then feeling spent, we lay down and fell asleep.

Xaviera, I'm ready for the next time. I want to please him like I've pleased no other man. There's so much that I want to try with Steve—we are great together, so passionate. The problem is that I feel guilty because I am married. Steve is a much better lover than Frankie, and if I decided to see Steve on the side, I would be getting excellent sexual experience. Should I tell my husband? Am I wise to take advantage of another opportunity with Steve, or should I call it off?—K. D.

An unsatisfactory sex life within what is otherwise a good marriage is more tragic and frustrating than it would be in a relationship that is lousy in all aspects. It sounds as if your husband is doing his feeble best and is probably not to blame. On the other hand, he seems perfectly happy with the way he thinks things are.

Although I have been a prime mover in supplying gourmet husbands with extra nooky, as a dilettante feminist I do think the same service should be available for frustrated wives. You seem to have dealt with the situation in an imaginative and efficient way, and I know that no matter what I say, you will almost certainly continue on with it. Therefore I will give you only one piece of advice, which comes from a sexologist friend of mine who is also a psychiatrist. "Your infidelity is your problem alone, and it is unfair to burden your husband with it." As long as you don't deprive him of his "just once and roll over" type sex when he wants it, he has nothing to complain about. So make sure that it stays a secret.

The best way to keep a secret is to keep the *fact* that it is a secret a secret. Resist the temptation to tell anyone else. People talk! Another point: The nuptial bed is not a good venue for extramarital activities. There is always the possibility that Frank might show up unexpectedly, and this thought may also inhibit Steve in the long run. So do some legwork in finding a more suitable location for your trysts.

GOT MY EYE ON YOU

I am 24 years old and of Italian, French, and Hispanic descent. To say the least, I am good-looking, well-built, and a good lover. I live with my parents in a nice residential area that is slightly isolated from the busy streets and businesses surrounding us. About one and a half years ago, a very attractive young woman moved into the second floor of the apartment house across the street, which is across from my second-floor room. I immediately took special notice of her, because she is a fantasy come true.

One thing that struck me as odd was that she did not install curtains or blinds, giving me a direct view into her living room. One morning I noticed that she was wearing a very sexy white robe that was slightly open. I kept watching until, to my surprise, she slipped off the robe and walked about in her panties and T-shirt. I watched for as long as I could—that is, until she left the room. This went on for quite some time, and I could not help but watch her every morning. Usually there'd be nobody home at the time, and I'd begin to masturbate while watching her. This became my morning ritual, and I'd fantasize that she was purposely putting on a show for me.

Well, one night I decided to return the favor. I opened my curtains and front windows, giving her a full view of my room, and turned down the lights. I proceeded to remove all my clothes, and soon finding that this was not enough, I hastily grabbed some baby oil and massaged the slick liquid into my body, presenting her with a gleaming silhouette against the soft light of the television. I could not tell if she was aware of my actions, but just the thought of her knowing aroused me more, and I soon had to relieve my raging hard-on. In full view of the window, I came with a shuddering fury.

Usually there'd be nobody home at the time, and I'd begin to masturbate while watching her. This became my morning ritual, and I'd fantasize that she was putting on a show for me.

My problem is that I've been doing this for some time. It is such an exciting feeling when I imagine she is watching that I don't want to stop. Recently she did install blinds—but they are only closed 50 percent of the time. Xaviera, she has never acknowledged my sexual yearnings. Am I a maniac or pervert? I would like to meet her officially, but I fear how she'll react. Also, am I doing anything illegal? When I do strip, no one else can see into my room except for her.—B. A.

For about one and a half years you have been watching your attractive neighbor, and all you have succeeded in doing so far is leaving a gleaming silhouette in the shape of an oily stain—not only on the TV screen, but probably on the furniture and carpet as well.

I am not a lawyer, so I cannot advise you of the legality of your actions—but I suspect that it is okay, as long as no one can see you. And since the girl has now acquired blinds, this seems to be the case. However, if you start to molest her on the street, she may well call on the strong arm of the law to protect her from further exposure to your actions. In fact, I don't think you really want to meet her—you are just annoyed to lose a source of masturbation fantasy now that she's installed an on-off switch on you.

If you would seriously like to make her acquaintance, you could write her a note giving her your name, address, and telephone number. Keep it brief, simply saying that you are her neighbor across the street and would like to invite her to lunch (or maybe just a cup of coffee) at the restaurant of her choice.

Also tell her that if she does not reply or call, you will respect her privacy and not pester her anymore. Make sure you stick to this part of the proposal. If she does call you to make a date, keep the conversation away from your curious sexual habits until you feel that she knows you better.

OLDEST SWINGER IN TOWN

I have read your column every month for years now, and I have to say that you are the smartest woman I've ever heard of.

For 30 years, up until the age of 85, I was an ardent swinger (I am now 91). I never had a woman I couldn't take care of. When I was 82, I attended a party while on vacation in California and had my fill of three beauties for hours and hours. It seemed that they were trying to see just what they could get out of an 82-year-old man. It proved it to be a fun, fulfilling, and surprising encounter! But now for my question: Do women lose all interest in sex after they turn 70?

My present wife—formerly an experienced swinger and a very amorous woman—suddenly lost all interest in sex. I know of one other woman who experienced this at about the same age. Is this normal?—W. A.

In the top-hamper of what is cautiously referred to as "gray power," comment or criticism of older people (even those not from your generation, who are probably your children or even grandchildren) is immediately taken to task on the grounds of ageism. However, I'll risk it and tell you that since reading your letter, I have been looking at older people with different eyes.

It is perfectly acceptable for an older man—even a much older man—to go around with (and presumably fuck, suck, etc.) a younger woman. But when an older woman (and for women, "older" starts at 40) goes around with maybe a 39-year-old male, tongues start wagging, it gets written up in some magazine, and finally the poor woman writes a long letter to me titled "In Praise of Younger Men." But it is all wishful thinking. Most women classify themselves as an insurance write-off around the age of 50, and they sublimate their sexual energy by embarking on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

"In the uptight eighties, when nuclear-family cocooning makes it hip to be square, Rick's allows a fellow's eyes to wander while leaving his vital organs unsullied."

NAKED LUNCH AND THE TEXAS LAP DANCE

BY KATHARINE LOWRY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

When a visiting San Antonio lawyer joined the regulars' table at Rick's, the portly judge to his left was not amused in the slightest to be found indulging himself in the posh Houston strip joint. As the 14th stunner of the evening jiggled across the stage in a G-string and micro-dot pasties, the judge glowered over at this fellow member of the bar. "Listen up," he growled. "You don't know my name, and you've *never* seen me here!"

It's Tuesday, Lingerie Day at Rick's, and by the time the doors open at 11, a caravan of Porsches, Mercedes, and Jaguars have already started cruising toward the graceful Mediterranean-style mansion, framed by towering palms, that houses this fantasyland for boys who will be boys. After parking discreetly out back, a business-suited assortment of bankers, oil barons, developers, and executives, all armed with gold American Express cards or cushy expense accounts, duck inside the canopied entrance, deserting Houston's sweltering late-spring humidity for this dimly lit oasis.



Sinking into a plush-upholstered chair at a black-draped table strewn with confetti, the customer is greeted by a smiling young waitress who perches on the arm of his seat or maybe even in his lap as she takes his order, her scanty tuxedo-and-tails top cut to showcase miles of leg and inches of provocative cleavage.

Today, though, that scanty outfit is demure compared to the dancers' getups. Normally, they begin their strip routines in a slinky dress or maybe a miniskirt and tube top, but on Lingerie Day they work the room in filmy baby-doll nighties, snug lace teddies, or garter belts and stockings paired with low-cut brassieres.

At any given time, one or two dancers are performing on the neon-framed mahogany stage that bisects the room with its flashing marquee-lit runway, while another reclines on the piano stage, warming up the crowd with a series of ivory-tickling poses. It's a soothing, enveloping environment, a sort of surrogate womb with a view. But as the banner EAT YOUR HEART OUT on Rick's large menu cards affirms, this is a look-but-don't-touch situation. As the management likes to say, this is definitely an "interactive cabaret," but lewd conduct and actual sexual contact are taboo.

In the uptight neo-Puritan eighties, when nuclear-family cocooning makes it hip to be square, Rick's allows a fellow's eyes to wander while leaving all of his vital organs unsullied. This is the kind of club, one imagines, that George Bush would have felt comfortable frequenting in his Texas days . . . where his mind (such as it is) could indulge in libidinous fantasies without his body (such as *it* is) getting into the sexually dangerous deep doo-doo that can come with the territory in a real relationship.

In its way, Rick's resembles wrestling—the quintessential sport of the Bush-Reagan Age. It's an elaborately staged, super-expensive, hyped-up fake . . . where only the aficionados who support it are willing to suspend their critical faculties for brief moments of macho fantasy. But the real thrill of Rick's, to those of us somewhat immune from the sexual smoke-and-mirrors game, is the observation of the age-old Human Comedy—a sexist comedy of hits, runs, and the occasional error.

At a table near the end of the runway, an enthralled developer from Corpus Christi is in the throes of the delirious tremors common to first-timers. The Houston contractor who brought him here smiles happily, secure that this naked lunch has guaranteed a done deal.

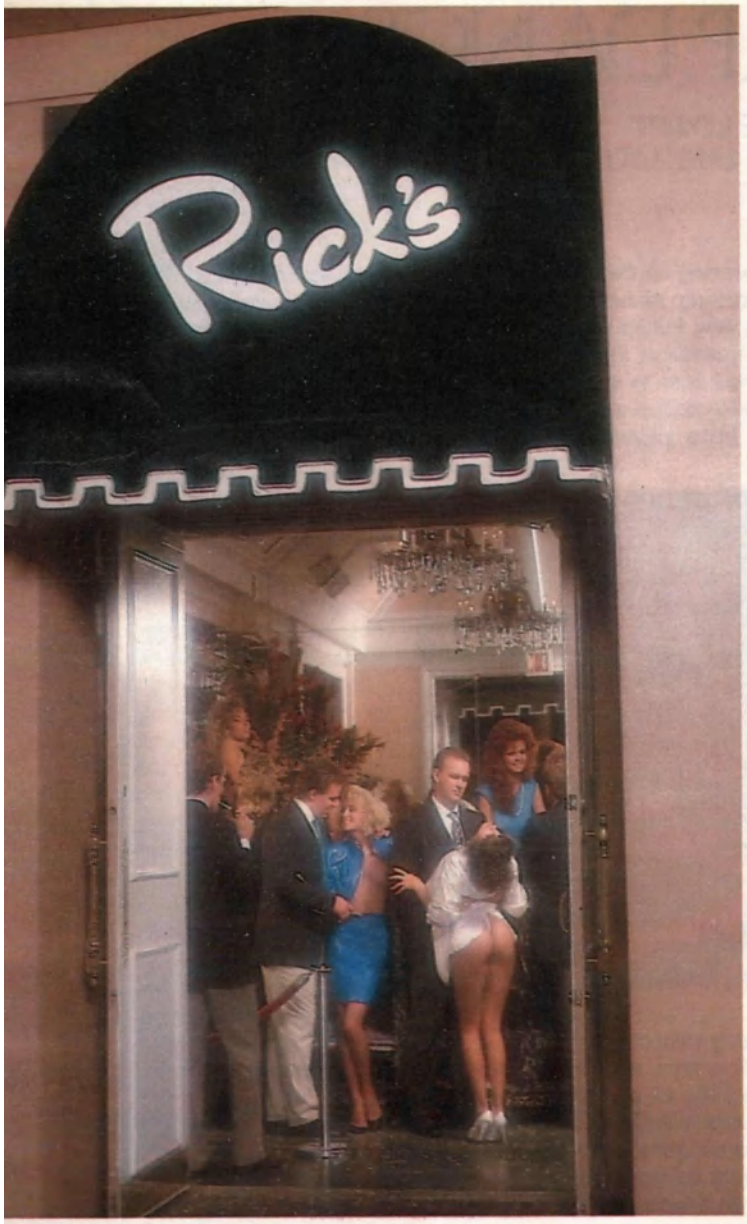
"It's not," starts the developer, finishing off his frozen margarita, "that I've never seen a few girls as pretty as these; it's just that there're so goddamn *many* of 'em!" He swivels his head to soak up the panoramic spectacle. "Jesus! Almost every damn one is a

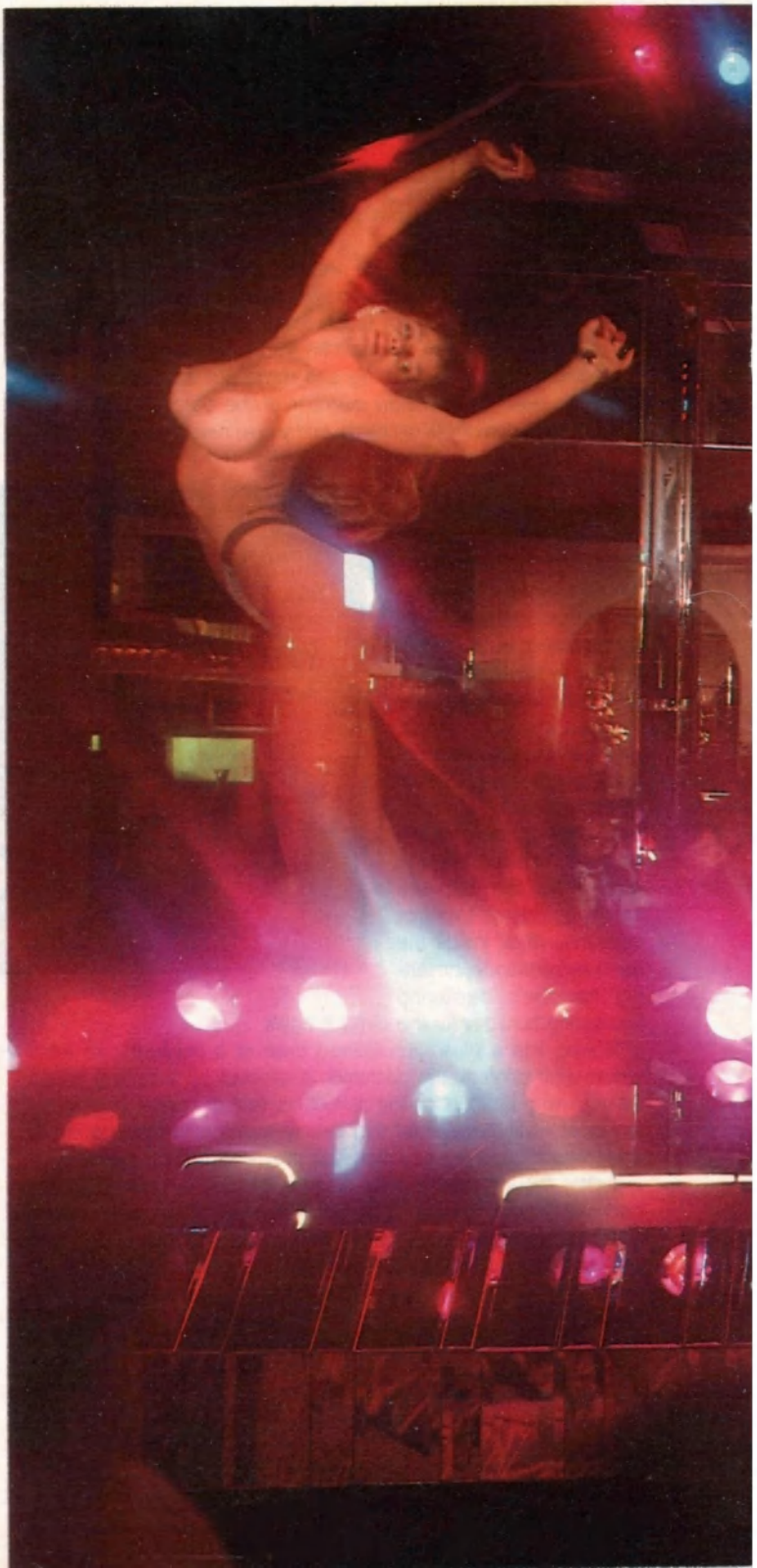
bitchin' nine or ten—not to mention more than semi-naked! Maybe," he offers, "being backstage at a Miss Universe contest when all the girls are walking around getting dressed might compare, but even then they wouldn't be strutting their stuff like this!"

True. But Texas women have traditionally been rather blithe about exhibiting their wares. Which may explain why the state's contestants have won the annual Miss USA beauty pageant five times in a row. The state may be running out of oil and gas, but since gene pools never run dry, uninhibited, flirtatious young Texas fillies represent an inexhaustible natural resource.

And at Rick's, it doesn't take a census-taker to note that *young* is the operative word. The average dancer's age is a tender 20.5 years. And in keeping with this outsize state, their cup-runneth-over breast size averages a stampede-stopping 38D. Over half have been siliconed, but as one satisfied customer puts it, "They're *all* real, real nice!" So, of course, is the rest of them. Most of those well-stacked decks are set off by shapely bellies and legs and backed up with plush little bottoms still high-and-mighty with youth.

Now appearing on the stage is Naomi, a willowy, exotic beauty with smoldering ebony eyes, delicate features, and waist-length

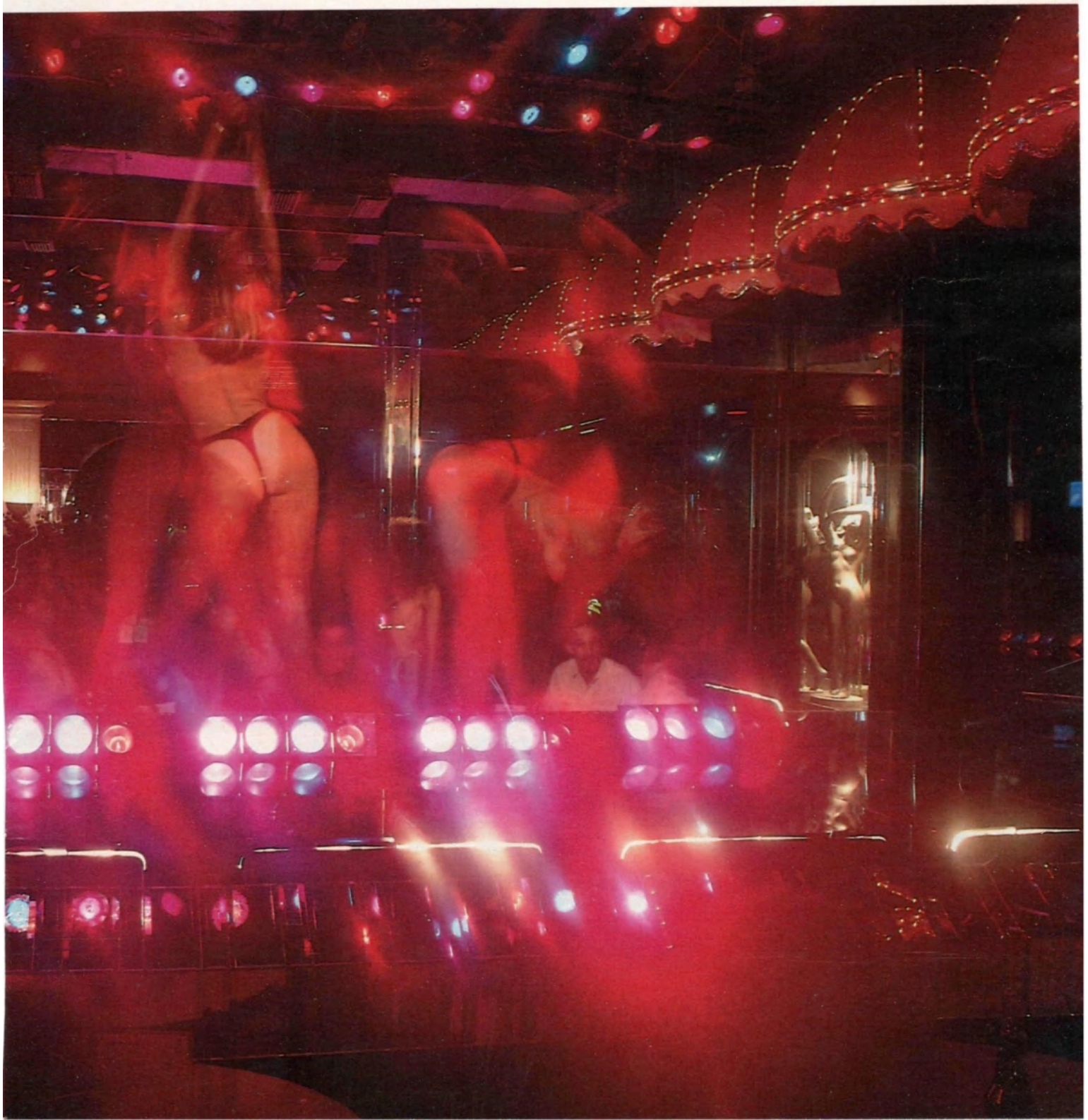




All these slender, undulating bodies reaching for the spotlights bring to mind a den of snakes—albeit the irresistible kind ostensibly dispatched to Eden. Only, these ultra-modern slithering seductresses are conjured up by piped-in music and the evergreen appeal of cash instead of a snake charmer's flute.

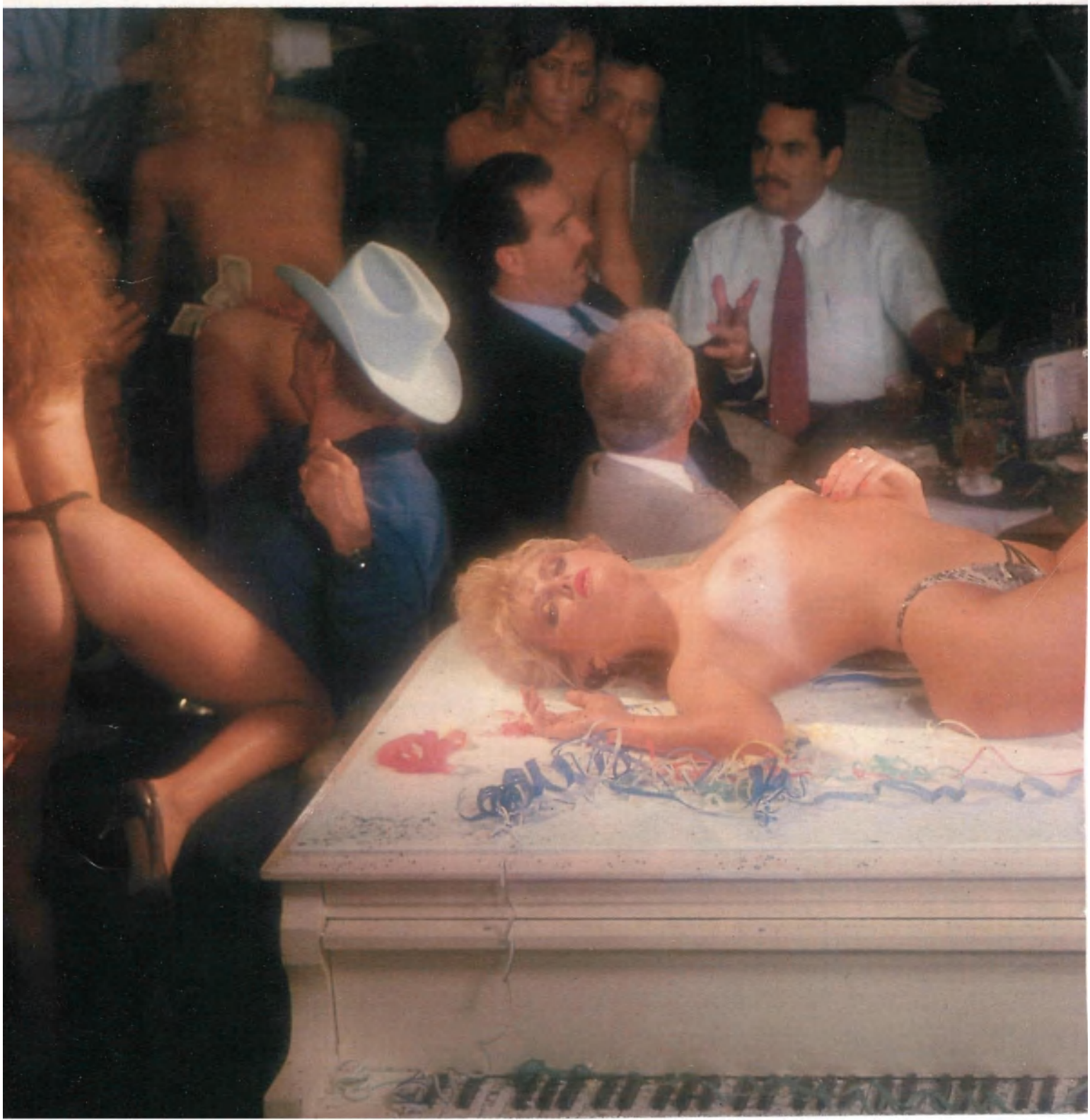
ripples of South Pacific hair. Coyly, she bites her soft bottom lip as she slides off each iridescent stocking, then tosses aside her garter belt and undoes the clasp that liberates her bursting-with-Texas-pride breasts, her nipples scarcely blemished by the tiny mandatory pasties. As the music's tempo picks up, so does her desultory dance; undulating her pelvis suggestively, her high, rounded bosoms bob in rhythmic time to the pulsating disco beat. When the music fades out and she steps down to scattered ripples of applause, a mellow-voiced deejay announces, "If you want to spend some more time with Naomi, now's your chance."

And this is quality time we're talking about, because the deejay's phrase euphemistically alludes to the Texas "lap dance," indisputably the icing on the cheesecake. As the contractor promises his goggle-eyed guest, "Sonny, the Texas lap dance is the best invention since the blowjob!" Within seconds, Naomi is ordered, along with a plate of barbecued short-ribs and cole slaw. With the speed of a genie emanating from a magic lantern, she appears before Sonny, looking as delectably demure as a mail-order bride in her ivory-colored Victorian lace chemise, despite all the tawny skin rounded into Hill Country curves that belie Victorian primness.



In a whispery Jackie O voice, she sweetly asks his name, then repeats it, as if it is the password to happiness, then delivers the kind of seductive Circean smile that must have prompted those sex-starved Marines in Moscow to betray their country. As tenderly as a mother tucking in a child, she gives him a gentle peck on the cheek, her cleavage momentarily enveloping his chin in the process.

Leaning back in his armchair, this dazzled country boy braces himself for his ascent into hog heaven. Wearing a foolish grin, he obligingly fumbles with a sash at her back, and Naomi's costume rustles to the floor, her Barbie Doll legs stepping out of the frothy lace as if it were Venus's half-shell. Going glassy-eyed with bliss, that silly smile still plastered across his face, he folds his hands in his lap, though his trousered legs are splayed wide apart to give her the floor space she requires to perform her made-to-order mating dance. With neon lights and recessed ceiling pin-spots enhancing her natural youthful glow, she becomes a wanton vixen as she wriggles, jiggles, and undulates her streamlined hips for his not-quite-private viewing pleasure, then sinuously arches her back and pivots around for a face-to-face encounter, bracing one high heel at the edge of his seat for leverage and flexing her knee back



and forth so her pelvis rocks close enough to his face that he could flick out a tongue and taste flesh (or at least its flimsy nylon casing).

Finally, when he's clearly reached the plateau stage of excitement, Naomi shifts to offer him a rear-view mirror to his soul, shimmying the cheeks of her bottom with trembling spasms as sweat breaks out on Sonny's brow. This will definitely be a return customer. One thrilled German munitions manufacturer, accustomed to Gallic reserve, couldn't believe his good fortune when his own lap dancer ended her exercise by leaning her glossy head against his shoulder, arching her back toward the spotlights, and squeezing her big American breasts together until they nearly brushed the tip of his nose. "*Only* in America could zis happen!" he raved to Danny, the day manager, a refugee from Houston's oil bust. "To have zese fantastic fräuleins doing zis decadent stuff—and all for ten or 20 dollars!" By the end of his ribald evening, his $1,300 tab (not uncommon) had done its bit to lower our nation's trade balance.

Rick's, in fact, is American Express's biggest draw, the most lucrative club on its list. The average tab is $200 per customer—and it isn't Rick's low-priced meals or even the expensive $5 drinks that run up the tab, but rather the dances they consume with





growing appetite. "Lap dances are like Ruffles potato chips," offers one mesmerized TV-generation Cadillac dealer. "You can't have just one." Profits are soaring, and Rick's waitresses and dancers grow rich tucking cash inside their bodices and G-strings.

As Cassandra, an exotic, almost oriental-looking beauty who is Rick's most proficient dancer and glibbest customer-schmoozer, likes to crack, "On a good night, I can grow almost an inch!"

Not all of Rick's talent is local, of course. Rick's has become a mecca for ambitious striptease artists from as far away as Maine and Hawaii. Rick's girls, current and former, spread the good word about this topless club purged of the usual sleaze factor—a classy, well-run place where a girl can cash in every night with $200 to $700 stashed in the instep of her stiletto heels. Without ever once putting her G-string in a compromising position, she can pull in as much as the average high-priced call girl.

"I don't feel exploited at all," says a feisty brown-haired nymphet from Wichita Falls who is putting her husband through med school and getting quite an education herself. "I feel like I'm exploiting *them!*" However, the National Organization for Women (NOW) adamantly differs from that opinion. Last year, the Houston branch of that feminist sisterhood awarded Rick's its Neanderthal of the Year Award.



This is quality time we're talking about . . . or, as one happy customer gushed: "Sonny, the Texas lap dance is the best invention since the blowjob!"

The two men who own Rick's and oversee the staff of 300 managers, bartenders, dancers, waitresses, and female bouncers (hired because customers don't get rough with them, and vice versa) are a classic Mutt and Jeff team, but the contrast works. Dallas Fontenot is a heavyset, bearded strip-club veteran given to loud Hawaiian-print shirts; the tall, bespectacled Robert Watters, natty in a pin-striped suit and tie, is a handsome, distinguished-looking former tax attorney. "I think of it as a little Fortune 500 company," Watters proclaims, detailing the complex payout system he instituted, along with a host of other reforms that have virtually eliminated bribery, violence, and other strip-joint ills. By all accounts, especially his own, he and Dallas run the tightest ship in the stripping business.

"I was sick of practicing law and even sicker of the tension headache I went home with every night," he says, explaining why he gave up a lucrative law practice for this far less prestigious profession. "The money is as good as I made then, and it will soon be a lot better, especially after we expand to L.A. and New York—neither of which, believe it or not, have anything to compare with this in terms of quality or quantity. Besides," he adds, affirming the obvious, "this is a *lot* more fun than filing briefs. Despite all the problems we had revamping this place, I haven't had a single headache in the two years I've been at this." Amazing, considering the fact that the incessant high-volume disco beat sends his inquisitor scrambling for an Advil.

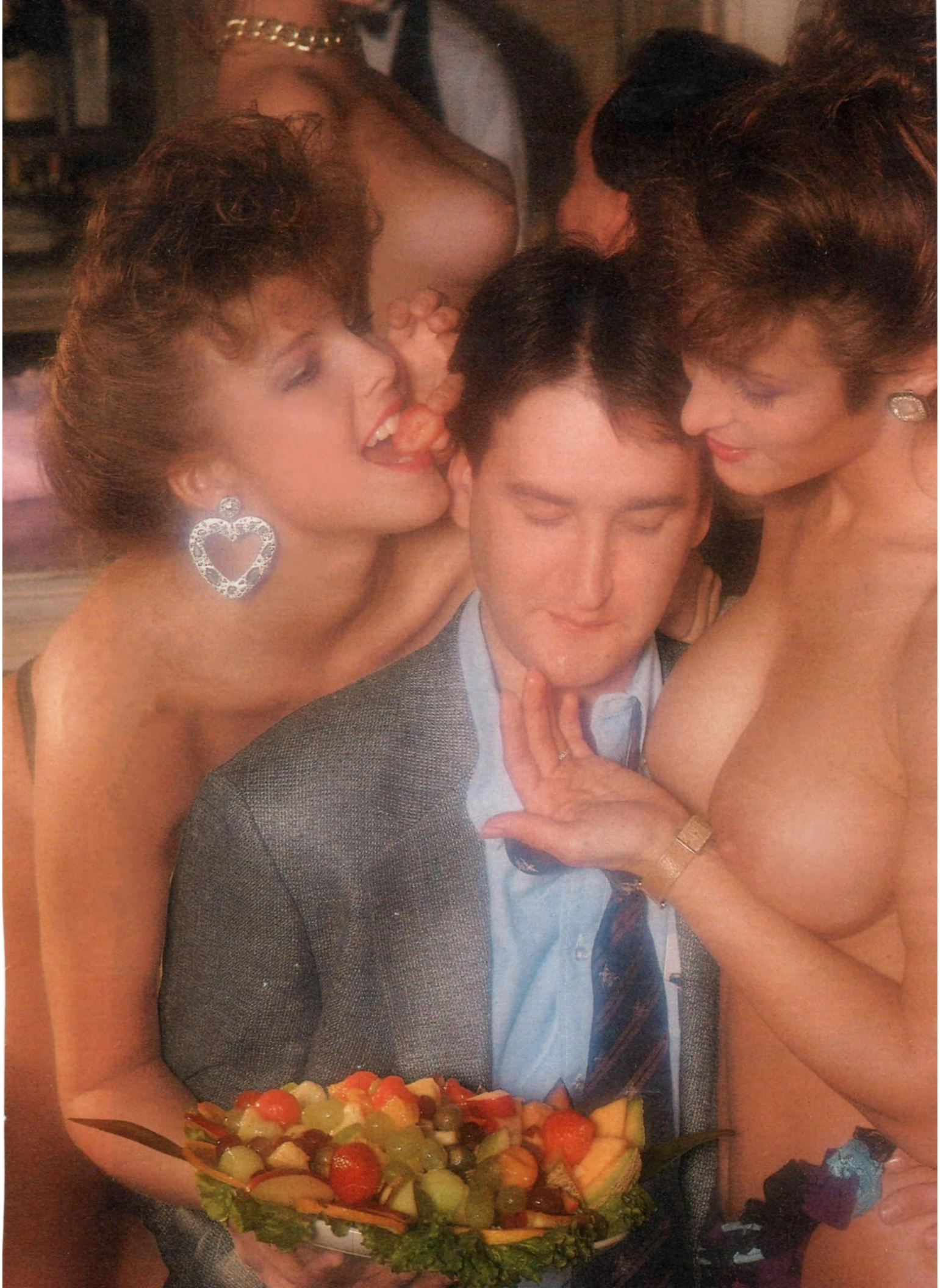
If Rick's is good for Watters's health, it is also good for business. Local businessmen quickly discovered that Rick's is an ideal place to develop clients, close a deal, or make a sale, assuming one's guest isn't a member of the Moral Majority. "Bring somebody here, and they're eternally grateful," says an ad exec in aviator glasses. "I've landed five major advertising accounts here worth about a half-million dollars, and it's cost me maybe a total of $180 for drinks and dances." In fact, the San Antonio lawyer who provoked the injudicious judge took a local banker to lunch the next day to solicit his business. Later that same afternoon, his firm received a $200,000 retainer.

But Rick's greases the wheels of commerce in subtler ways as well, simply by taking the tension out of the obligatory business lunch. As a recent *Houston Post* column pointed out, such lunches are hell for men, who generally have trouble with the easy intimacies women commonly exchange. When dining at Rick's, ogling girls can take the place of strained small talk, and the girls themselves double as stimulating conversation pieces. Lust, after all, is the great equalizer.

It's this universal lust, in fact, that has made the "six-inch rule" the No. 1 commandment at Rick's. Both dancers and customers must keep their hands to themselves, leaving at least a half foot of air space between them, except for such non-sexual contact as unzipping zippers. Generally, the spirit of that law is heeded, but the letter of the rule is broken about as often as that old-time favorite, the Golden Rule.

Usually, in fact, the six-inch rule is broken not by the customers but by the girls themselves. One befuddled-looking fellow, a major muckety-muck at Neiman-Marcus, was frank to declare that it was all a little too much for him. As one free-floating dancer circled his table, flipping his seatmate's necktie and playfully mussing what remained of his hair, he politely declined her offer for a lap dance, then muttered under his breath, "Jesus! This is the first time in my life that I've felt like a piece of meat!"

Not that Rick's management doesn't do its best to enforce that rule, as well as all the others. The heart of this operation is a small square cubicle partitioned with steel mesh, usually referred to as The Cage. There, Big Brother tactics combine with brave-new-world technology to keep the faith. The $25 a night that waitresses pay out daily to the club's managers is kept under guard here, for one









With clever lighting enhancing their natural youthful glow, these girls are transformed into wanton vixens as they wriggle, jiggle, and undulate their streamlined hips for the audience's not-so-private viewing pleasure . . . as the men watching go glassy-eyed with bliss, silly smiles plastered on their faces.

thing. But The Cage also serves as the club's surveillance center, a sort of emission-control room that continually monitors the behavior of customers and staffers. Twenty video screens line the walls, and the counter could pass for an air controllers' instrument panel. The lucky manager designated as Peeping Tom for each shift must keep his eye on half-naked girls changing costumes in the locker rooms, getting massaged in the spa, or dancing for customers trying to cop a feel. "We want to make sure there's no sexual activity, no drug use, and no fighting or violence," this day's watchman explains.

Still, off-hours and away from these prying eyes, regular customers swear that some girls stray from the path of righteousness. "About 15 percent," estimates a gravel-and-concrete distributor basking in this heart of softness, "turn tricks on the side—and more girls work to feed their coke habit than to pay their way through college." Most girls, though, *do* toe the corporate line, since getting caught with her pants down, even elsewhere, is grounds for immediate dismissal. "Since we took the club over," Watters reports, "the place has never once been cited for drugs, liquor, or prostitution. We police ourselves."

It's eerie, listening to this earnestly delivered spiel from a man in a decorous pin-striped suit and horn-rimmed glasses. As he sips his Diet Coke from a frosty mug, Watters seems oblivious to the bacchanalian abandon swirling all around him, real-life Sensurround debauchery as brazen as Fellini's orgiastic *Satyricon*.

Maybe he *is* oblivious, since a person can supposedly get used to anything, but it's a fairly astonishing feast for less-accustomed eyes. As you survey the room from one corner, all these slender, undulating bodies reaching for the spotlights bring to mind a den of snakes—albeit the irresistible kind ostensibly dispatched to Eden. Only, these ultra-modern slithering seductresses are conjured up by piped-in music and the evergreen appeal of cash, instead of a snake charmer's flute.

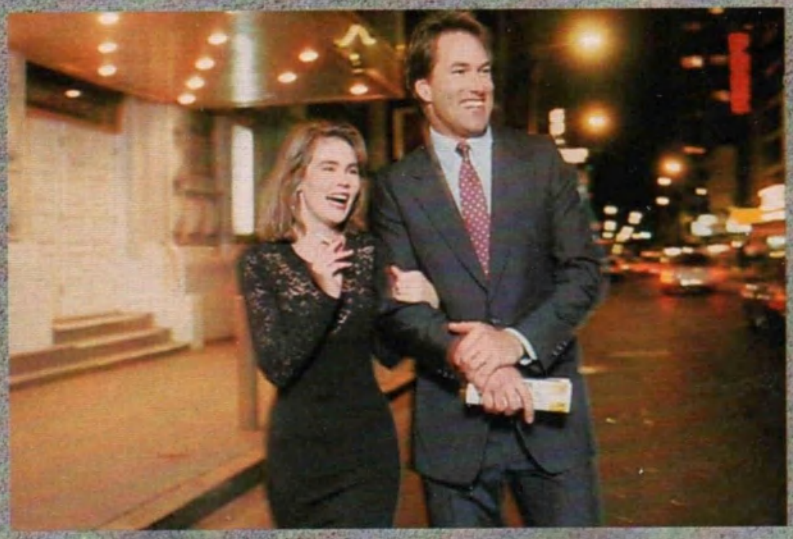
At a table right behind Watters's back, for instance, four snockered businessmen are playing host to two of the last three girls to taxi off the runway. They effusively chat the men up for a few minutes, cocking their heads prettily to hang on their every word, each perched on a different lap.

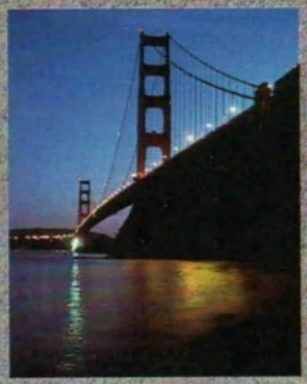
And at a table to the left, a brown-eyed blonde stage-named Nova lap-sits, too, showing her transient sugar daddy a thick stack of Polaroids she hopes to use as a portfolio to launch her into a legitimate modeling career. Though her body is beautiful, her bulbous nose should make it clear as, well, the nose on her face that *Glamour* and *Vogue* won't be calling. Politely, though, the fellow with a soft southern accent oohs and aahs over each shot, warming her up for the thrill. Then, as if on pre-programmed cue, Nova pops up dutifully, turning around to be unzipped from her dance-hall-style corset. Suddenly she's up-close and personal, slipping gracefully

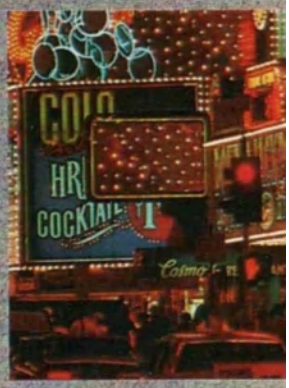
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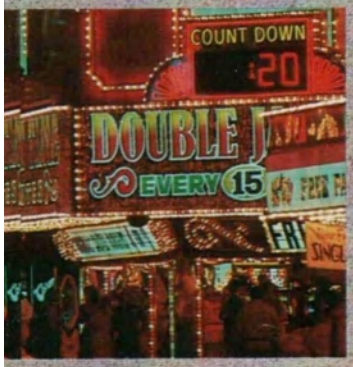
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THE RED CHINA SYNDROME

BY JOE CUOMO

Many Americans think of China as some benign and newly awakened giant, a state reformed, a nation chastened by past indiscretions. It is a common misconception. As this article goes to press, more than 150,000 protesters have crammed Beijing's Tiananmen Square, using the occasion of a funeral for former Party chairman Hu Yaobang to express outrage at the current regime. The scenes on the evening news are disturbing. They do not fit the image that has been carefully cultivated in the West. Here we think of China's supreme ruler, Deng Xiaoping, as a benevolent steward of change. Even President Bush has praised Deng as one of the "pre-eminent statesmen of our times."

This, too, is a common misconception. And it has spawned others, one of which involves Hu Yaobang, the man whose death has sparked the largest anti-Communist protests in the 40-year history of the People's Republic. Hu Yaobang was ousted in January 1987, and there is one explanation commonly accepted for his downfall. Hu, the story goes, was Deng's protégé, his handpicked heir apparent. But in December 1986, Hu had let student demonstrations get out of hand. The hard-liners in the government objected. Their ire threatened the economic reform. Deng had to appease them. So he sacrificed Hu.

The story paints a pleasant picture of Deng Xiaoping: a leader putting China's reforms before his own protégé's succession to the throne. But the story may be false. Quite a different version comes from a man named Liu Binyan, a man who has spent the better part of the last four decades in labor camps and prison, in isolation and silence—all for practicing his craft. He is a journalist—China's most renowned and controversial journalist—and he has paid an enormous price for his honesty and integrity in a nation that places little value on either. By nation, I mean of course the state, or more specifically, the Party. The population is an-

other matter. In China, Liu's articles—those he has been allowed to publish—are passed by hand from reader to reader until the paper literally disintegrates.

Friends in China tell me that no one ever reads the front pages of newspapers. "It's all *sixiang gongzuo,*" said one. "Thought work." Everyone skips to the back pages, where occasionally there is a human-interest story. Otherwise there is no real news. All this changes on the days Liu's work is in print—or the days when it was. In January 1987—the month Hu Yaobang was ousted—Liu Binyan was silenced again.

To understand what is happening today in China, as well as what happened in January 1987, it is helpful to have a little history. Liu's own life reads like an autobiography of the People's Republic. It is a story with which few Americans are familiar. And after being permitted to accept a Harvard fellowship in the U.S., Liu has revealed to me a side of China (especially regarding recent events) that may come as news to many seasoned observers.

The story begins some eight years after the Communists came to power. It was 1957, and after a series of small-scale purges, the nation lurched into a wholesale pogrom. On July 8, 1957, a meeting was called in the cafeteria of the Beijing newspaper for which Liu Binyan worked. The meeting not only interrupted Liu's day, it altered his life—an interruption that would last some 22 years.

Liu had expected the meeting in the cafeteria to be routine. Meetings were (and are) routine in China. True, the Anti-Rightist Campaign had just gotten under way, but in those days campaigns were almost as routine as meetings. Liu thought this one would have little to do with him. "I felt that I myself couldn't be a target," he told me through an interpreter, "because first, I was not anti-Party, and second, I was not anti-socialist." He was, after all, a Marxist, a Party member, and certain this latest purge would simply target those few still advocating democracy. He was wrong.

Only two months earlier, in May 1957, Chairman Mao had taken an unprecedented step. He had called for a new openness in his new nation. "Let a hundred flowers bloom," Mao had said, quoting from a classic Chinese poem. "Let a hundred schools of thought contend." It was an open-ended invitation to intellectuals to critique the Party itself. Liu responded. He wrote an article entitled "Shanghai Is Thinking," a report on a writers' conference that had indeed discussed Party mistakes.

Then in July, the meeting in the cafeteria. It was only the first in an endless series of such meetings at which Liu's colleagues "struggled" against him, shouting him down, papering the walls with huge posters that denounced him. A few of his friends, however, did speak up on his behalf. "There were two or three individuals who, although they criticized me, also defended me to a certain extent. They did not come out clearly and say that I was not a rightist, but between the lines, they pretty much defended me."

One of those who did so punctuated his remarks with an unmistakable act of protest. After speaking to the assemblage, this man walked out of the cafeteria, climbed the stairs to the top of the newspaper building, and jumped. He had been a close friend. "His suicide," says Liu, "was a result of his fear that . . . eventually he would also be criticized."

What it means to be "criticized" in China is difficult for most Americans to grasp. It's a form of official harassment involving public humiliation, psychological and often physical torture. These techniques would later be perfected in the late 1960s, a period that Liu himself depicts in searing detail in "Sound Is Better Than Silence" (published in 1981), a moving piece of reportage about a man who, to avoid being criticized, feigns being mute for ten long years.

> After speaking to the assemblage, the man climbed to the top of the building and jumped. He died, says Liu, because he feared "he would also be criticized."

The man in the article witnesses the rather routine torture of a school principal: "She had her hands tied behind her back and was hung there on a tree. Her attackers used a three-foot-long wooden club with a length of coarse rope tied to the end; the rope seemed to have been carefully soaked in water first. In the beginning, the woman cried out sadly, but very quickly lost her breath and grew completely silent. [He] could see only the faint twitching of the twisted little finger of her right hand . . . only that slight trembling of one limb showed that she was not yet dead."

Liu finally did discover why he had been branded a rightist at that cafeteria meeting in 1957. It seems Mao himself had singled out "Shanghai Is Thinking" and its author. "When Mao read it," says Liu, "he was very, very angry." Within months Liu was "sent to the countryside," a euphemism for banishment to a labor camp.

Mao, it now seems clear, had invited ventilation of the Party's mistakes only as a ruse to flush out even the mildest dissidents. It was a turning point in modern Chinese history. Under a bizarre quota system, the work force was required to label five percent of itself as rightist. The number of those singled out, criticized, condemned, ran into the millions.

Perhaps from the Party's perspective, such a housecleaning was necessary. With all reasonable (and potentially reasonable) voices silenced, there would be virtually no opposition to one of the most delusionary schemes in modern history: the Great Leap Forward—a massive economic-development program with an underlying theme that perfect communism, utopia, was within reach. The earth's largest nation, backward and primitive, had been ordered to close its eyes and wish itself into the twentieth century. It was intoxicating.

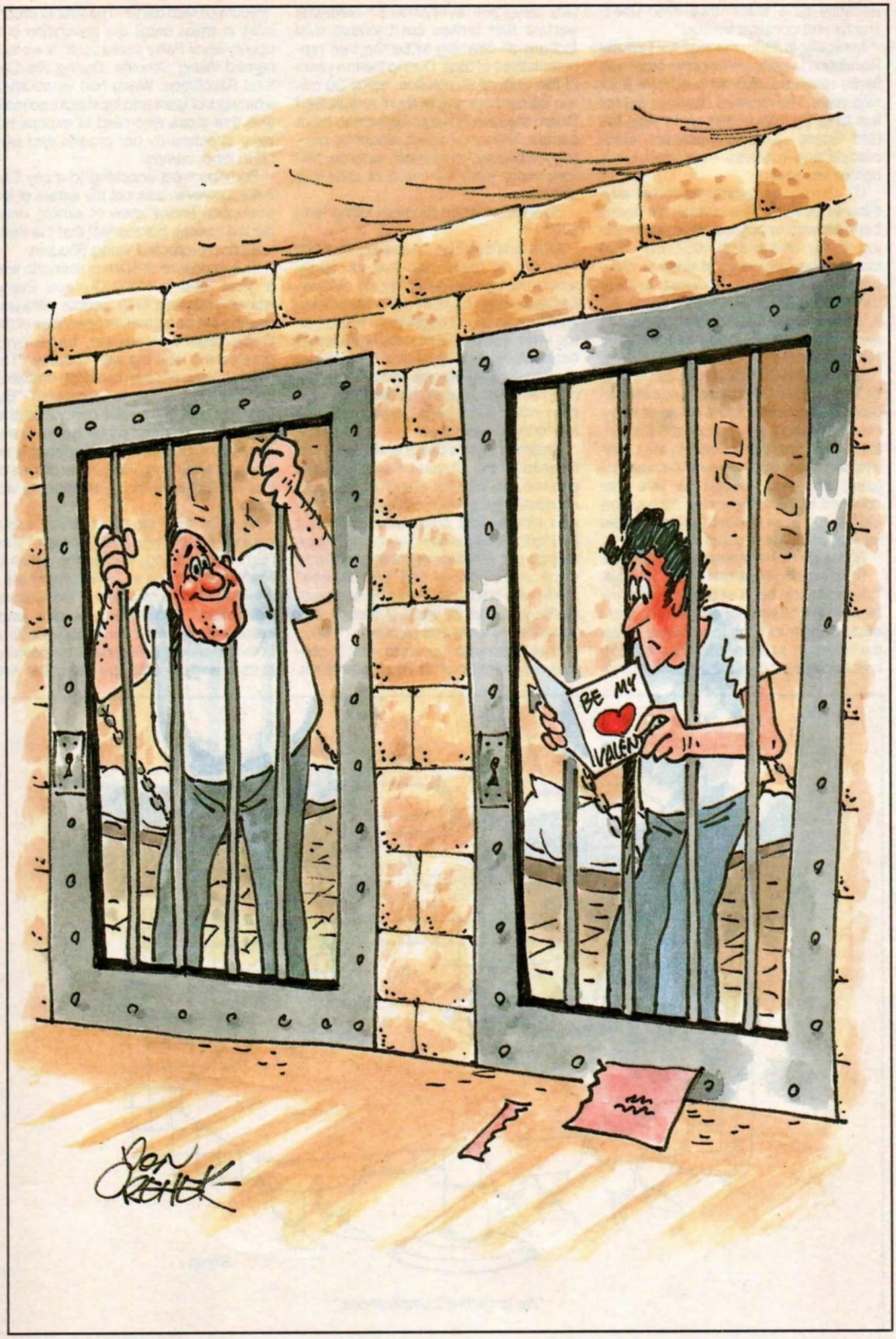
"For a few months," writes Liu in "Sound Is Better Than Silence," "a carnival atmosphere prevailed. And how could people help being ecstatic? Suddenly they discovered that the communism they had thought was still in the distant future was right there before their very eyes!"

Simply by decree, it seemed, all needs could now be met. Shabby houses were destroyed before new ones could take their place. Crop rotation was abandoned. Food rationing was ordered to cease. It was a collective hallucination, one that was difficult to maintain.

"Party meetings themselves," writes Liu, "were regarded as a magnificent method of 'production.' You see, every time a meeting was held, the per-acre grain production could shoot up several times. This kind of labor should not be slighted; it wasn't easy. The leadership had to apply great pressure. . . ." In each farm-cooperative meeting around the country, local Party officials "had to squeeze" managers to force them to inflate statistics; "then more pressure; then squeeze again . . . over and over, until the production figure reached unprecedented levels. . . ."

Unfortunately, hunger is not so easily assuaged. During what some Chinese refer to as the Three Years of Catastrophe—the years immediately following the Great Leap Forward—famine killed more people than perhaps at any other time in the history of humanity. One China expert, L. Ladany, estimates that between 1959 and 1962, starvation ended the lives of as many as 50 million Chinese.

Though he had survived the Three Years of Catastrophe—and several more of hard labor—those that followed offered little relief for Liu Binyan. "Yes," he says, "it was a very, very emotionally draining period, because during that period, of the 17 writers [accused of being rightists at his newspaper], 16 had been cleared. I was the only one left. And the people in charge could not and did not give me any reason as to why I was the only one left. And so I felt a tremendous feeling of guilt towards my family, my wife, my children.


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Because as a result, they lived under shame and constant tension."

Ironically, in 1966, the year the Cultural Revolution began, Liu's rightist label was finally removed. He had lived with it for nine years. The reprieve, however, did not last long. By May of that same year, the Red Guard—juvenile vigilantes, Mao-crazed and ruthless—branded Liu a rightist yet again.

Of course, he hadn't published anything to justify such a charge; he hadn't been allowed to publish since that meeting in the cafeteria in 1957. But 1966 marked the beginning of another campaign, this one lasting ten years. It would be a holocaust, one on such a scale that it is more than appropriate to mention these three names in the same breath: Hitler, Stalin, Mao.

By 1968 the Cultural Revolution was at its furious peak, and Liu was accused of being both a Soviet *and* a Taiwanese spy. He was now not only a rightist but a traitor. And he was again "sent to the countryside." This time, however, he was isolated, and even though his wife was confined to the same camp, he was forbidden to speak with her or his children for four unbearable years.

At one point, he contemplated suicide.

"It was during the winter of '68," he says. "I had already been separated from my family, my children, for six months, and I missed them terribly. In addition, I saw the situation as hopeless. The country was hopeless, chaotic everywhere, military struggles everywhere." Regional warfare had broken out between rival factions all claiming to be the true representatives of Mao. During the ten years of the Cultural Revolution, some 30 million students (many of them former Red Guard members) would be sent to labor camps. Millions of others would be publicly humiliated, tormented, tortured. Millions more were executed or driven to suicide.

So what stopped Liu from killing himself?

"The final decision," he says, "was that I wanted to make sure that my family would not be implicated by my suicide. Because they *would*, if I did it. My suicide would indicate to people that I was a traitor, I was a spy. In China, the relationship between the individual and his family is a very, very intimate one." So intimate that had Liu killed himself, his wife and children would have been persecuted as if his "crimes" were theirs.

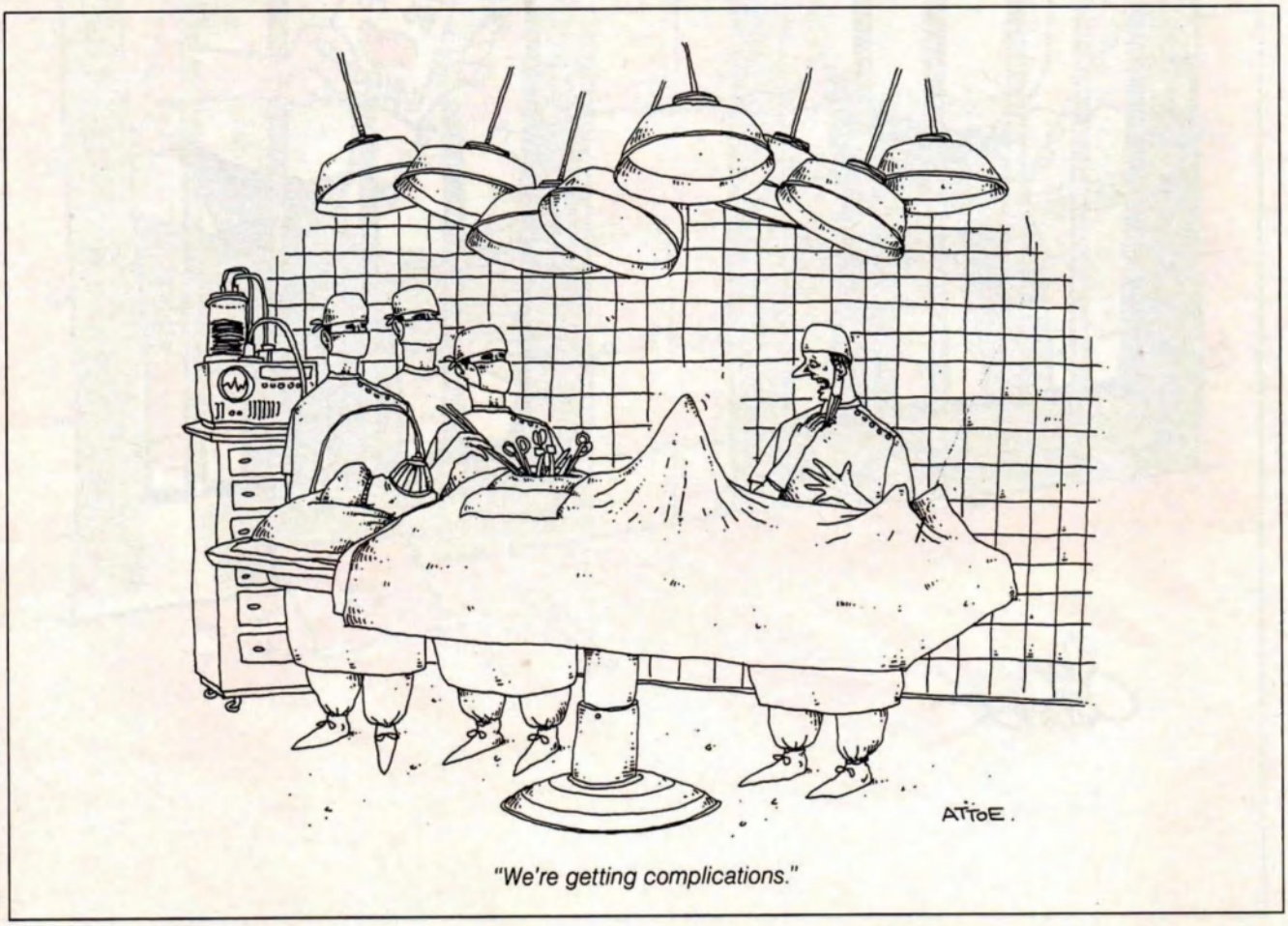
Chairman Mao's death in 1976 marked the end of the Cultural Revolution and opened the way for Deng Xiaoping to eventually succeed him. By 1979 Deng, who himself had come under criticism during the Cultural Revolution, had taken charge of the nation. He reversed Mao's more lunatic policies and "rehabilitated" many who had been unjustly accused. Liu Binyan, after 22 years of silence, was permitted to write and publish.

That same year Liu wrote what is considered a classic of Chinese journalism, "People or Monsters?" The article chronicles in great detail the corruption of a county-level Party bureaucrat, a woman named Wang Shouxin. During the Cultural Revolution, Wang had established a network of graft and kickbacks so massive that those who tried to expose her were attacked by her cronies and sent off to labor camps.

Perhaps most shocking to many Chinese, however, was not the extent of the corruption (many knew of similar, unreported cases), but the fact that the Party itself had protected Wang Shouxin.

The exposure of such a scenario was a great relief to many Chinese. Everywhere in China in 1979, people were welcoming the comparative openness of the Deng regime. However, Liu Binyan greeted the new era with sobriety. "The case of Wang Shouxin has been cracked," he writes in "People or Monsters?" "But how many of the social conditions that gave rise to this case have really changed?" He concludes the lengthy article with a warning: "People, be on guard! It is still too early to be celebrating victories. . . ."

To write this, says Liu, went "totally against the Party's interpretation." The Party, under Deng, wanted the nation to see Wang Shouxin as "an isolated case," one that was "a remnant of the Cultural Revolution." This served the new leadership's purposes. It could distance itself from the previous madness by pointing to its exposure of Wang's case. The new



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leaders, Liu says, announced "their position in newspapers, saying, 'It's a good thing we publicized this. It's rectified. Everything will be rosy from now on.' "

Soon after the instant success of this article, Liu published a short story entitled "The Fifth Man in the Overcoat," a story about a reporter who, like Liu, was branded a rightist, then cleared of the charge 22 years later. During the long process of his "rehabilitation," the reporter is struck by the irony of appearing before a particular Party bureaucrat. "In 1957," the reporter muses, "this man was the one who handed out the 'rightist' labels. Now the same man is in charge of the 'exonerations'!"

Most Americans don't fully appreciate the irony. Most of us don't know that in 1957, it was Deng Xiaoping himself who administered Mao's Anti-Rightist Campaign. The continuum this unhappy fact represents is perhaps in no way better illustrated than by Deng's launching, after he came to rule, his own series of campaigns, the most recent of which was the Campaign Against Bourgeois Liberalism in January 1987.

Liu Binyan was one of the most prominent targets of this campaign. As in 1957, he was again stripped of his Party membership, again silenced. The advertised reason for this treatment of Liu (and of several other dissidents, among them astrophysicist Fang Lizhi) was that he had in some way helped to inspire student protests that rocked the nation in December 1986, when 50,000 marched in Shanghai, tens of thousands in other cities, in a general call for democracy.

Liu's last major article had come in 1985. "A Second Kind of Loyalty" argued that although one must be loyal to the state, questioning the improprieties of leaders was part of that loyalty. Challenging the state, Liu suggested, was a means of improving the state. This notion, obvious to any Westerner, is a radical one in China. But it seems odd that the Party would wait nearly two years, until January 1987, to respond to it.

Indeed, another reason existed for the actions taken against Liu and Fang Lizhi: They were planning a conference to examine the Anti-Rightist Campaign of 1957, a conference that was never allowed to take place.

"Yes," says Liu, "many people have told me that the intention on my part to start such a conference was the direct cause of my expulsion from the Party." Such a conference, of course, might have exposed in depth the role Deng Xiaoping played in that campaign. And such exposure is something that Deng has proscribed for years.

He has even gone so far as to embrace the purge. "The necessity for the Anti-Rightist struggle of 1957," said Deng in a speech before the Central Committee, "should be reaffirmed." And once reaffirmed, it should be forgotten. "To sum up," he added, "historical questions should be expounded only in broad or general outline, and not in too much detail."

Liu believes that the intrigue goes even deeper than the attack on himself and Fang Lizhi. Another of the casualties of the January 1987 Campaign Against Bourgeois Liberalism was Hu Yaobang, then Party chairman and heir apparent to Deng Xiaoping. Hu was blamed for allowing the student demonstrations to occur, removed from his powerful position, and consigned to a less significant role in the Central Committee. The move had reverberations around the world. Many China watchers worried that Deng would take a step back from his famous "open door" policy, slowing China's rapprochement with the West.

But Hu's ouster may have had more to do with guarding Deng Xiaoping's carefully constructed image (in China and in the West) than with any shift in policy or any of the student protests. Liu believes that Hu Yaobang may have been perceived as a behind-the-scenes instigator of that controversial conference.

In China, it is commonly held that the reason Liu Binyan was allowed to publish reportage as muckrakingly potent as "People or Monsters?" and "A Second Kind of Loyalty" was that he was pro-



tected, that he had a supporter at the highest level of the Chinese state. That supporter is often thought to have been Hu Yaobang. According to Liu, this perception may have led to another: that "Hu Yaobang had somehow encouraged me to initiate such a conference . . . to create problems for Deng. As a result, Deng acted immediately."

But how true are the rumors? Was Party chairman Hu someone who protected Liu Binyan?

"I first met Hu Yaobang in 1979," says Liu, "at an official party, during which I asked if he had received a book of mine. And he answered three times, 'Yes, I have. Yes, I have. Yes, I have.' And his expression was very tense and nervous. It signaled to me that he did not want to get too close to me—to be associated with me too closely—because he was under a lot of pressure. People were watching him, attacking him. So I got the message . . . that was the only time I met with him."

Liu, however, does think that Hu Yaobang was "very sympathetic" to Liu's brand of journalism. "But because of his position, he had to attack me once in a while. Every single article I had written up to then involved a criticism of a provincial Party secretary, and therefore he had to attack me. But to be fair," says Liu, admitting what he has never admitted before, "he did provide a certain amount of protection for me."

So Liu was permitted to publish, then attacked.

In 1980 he published "Warning," a short story that portrayed several high Party officials as ghosts, ashes speaking with one another from their respective urns. None of the ghosts are named, but Liu tells me that one of them is the late Kang Sheng, once a close adviser to the architects of the Cultural Revolution. In the story, Kang is referred to only as "the chief."

"The chief's perverse disposition," writes Liu, "had worsened after his death. . . . Every waking moment of his final years had been spent with violent headaches and horrifying hallucinations. Innumerable apparitions haunted him, attacking him one by one." These were the spirits of those the chief had murdered throughout his long career, "those who had died because of forced confessions that he had . . . personally obtained, and those who were victims of the massive, nationwide witch-hunts of the late 1950s. Even more numerous were those from the 1960s and 1970s. . . . These unjustly persecuted spirits, smeared in blood, their hair in wild disarray, flew at him in droves before his wide-open eyes."

Soon after its publication, Liu was censured: His short story displayed "a lack of faith in Party central." He was asked to write a "self-criticism." And within months of the story's appearance, he did exactly that.

"I've always had the problem of being insufficiently serious," he wrote in a letter to the Central Propaganda Department, "and I have said some inappropriate things. I have also allowed my biases to emerge. . . ."

But did he think that he had gone too far? Or was he forced to recant?

"The pressure," says Liu, "was tremendous. The C.C.P. [Chinese Communist Party] tradition calls for the perception that no one is completely right. Therefore, as a result, particularly when higher-ups criticized me, I on occasion—not only one occasion, but several occasions—engaged in self-criticism to express that I am willing to compromise to a certain extent, to show to them that, yes, I as an individual have problems and defects. But my basic position has not changed. I feel 'Warning' is an article," he says, "the point of which I still stand by."

As he speaks, I can see how difficult this is for him. It is perhaps the first time he has acknowledged publicly that his self-criticisms were forced out of him.

In the past few years, Liu Binyan's name has often been linked to that of another outspoken dissident, Fang Lizhi. It was Fang and Liu (along with a third dissident) who were singled out by Deng

Xiaoping in January 1987. Since that time, Fang has spoken out with terrific force, particularly in an interview (done in Italy) with the German magazine *Der Spiegel*. (After the interview, Fang was prohibited from again traveling abroad.)

Of all the controversy stirred by Fang, however, there was one remark that reportedly caused considerable shock waves within the inner sanctum of the Party leadership. It was this: that Fang's next target would be Marxism itself. Marxism, said Fang, is useless.

Here Liu Binyan parts with Fang Lizhi. "I feel," says Liu, "that it would be wrong to totally negate Marxism, because there are aspects that are still valuable for us to use as an instrument or a weapon to assess our current reality. But on the other hand, of course, there are aspects which are outdated."

This is the Party line. And it is the most puzzling side of Liu Binyan. How, one wonders, can a man so profoundly victimized by Marxism still be its advocate? After Lenin murdered millions and Stalin butchered as many as 30 million, after the Great Leap Forward produced a famine starving 50 million and the Cultural Revolution killed and debilitated millions more—how, after all this, can Liu still have faith in Communism?

His answer is one I have heard before: Life in China before 1949 was worse. "You quoted 50 million," he adds, referring to the famine deaths in the wake of the Great Leap Forward. "My sources tell me 20 to 30 million. Even after that," he says, "the prestige of Mao not only did not go down, it rose up. . . . And this is explained in history. Certain objective factors would unfold, would exert their influence regardless of people's intentions. . . ."

In other words, determinism.

But what are these "objective factors," these unavoidable conditions? Liu falls back on yet another familiar refrain. "Stalinism, Maoism, and to a certain extent even Leninism," he says, "do not truly . . . reflect Marxism."

Is there any example in the history of the world that does?

Liu slowly lights a cigarette, then converts a clear plastic cup into an ashtray. "Yes," he says finally, threads of smoke escaping from between his teeth. "I've never been to Sweden . . . but I've heard that the socialism in Sweden is relatively successful."

Sweden. Marx must be spinning in his grave.

Liu Binyan catalogs in great detail the current maladies in the People's Republic: rampant inflation (the official—and understated—rate is 26 percent), epidemic corruption, profound disillusionment among the young.

"So, on the surface," says Liu, "China looks like a sinking ship, a very big ship, but it's sinking nevertheless. So many people are trying to escape before the whole thing collapses entirely. But," he adds, "if we were to analyze this desperate situation a bit deeper, we would discover that there is a level beyond the surface level, and when we look at it we see rays of hope."

How do these apparent opposites coexist inside this man: on the one hand, a searing analysis of Chinese repression; on the other, a faith that such repression will evolve itself out of existence?

The Chinese, says Liu, have learned two great lessons, one from the ten years of the Cultural Revolution, the other from the ten years of economic reform under Deng Xiaoping. "The positive aspects resulting from the Cultural Revolution are, No. 1, the total overthrow of a superstitious belief in the individual power of Mao, and also the great decline in the prestige and the perceived power of the C.C.P. As far as the achievements of the ten years of economic reform," Liu says, "they are even greater. First and foremost is the liberation of millions—tens of millions, hundreds of millions—of peasants who have been, for all intents and purposes, serfs, agricultural serfs. . . . During the 20 years of agricultural communes, a peasant would have to ask permission from his communal leader to go to a farmer's market one kilometer down the road to make a purchase."

> The earth's largest nation, backward and primitive, had been ordered to close its eyes and wish itself into the twentieth century. It was intoxicating.

Now the peasant doesn't need permission. And intellectuals, once restricted to a terrible degree by their leaders, are now, according to Liu, able in some instances to choose their own research projects. They have a new sense of independence, of freedom.

"So you would certainly ask the following question," says Liu, "that is, if the so-called positive results of the last 20 years . . . have been so great, how come we Chinese are experiencing in general a sense of hopelessness?. . . The main reasons are, No. 1, because we still don't have freedom of speech. No. 2, we don't have the freedom to engage in political or voluntary organizations."

Then he says, "I think that within the next three to five years . . . China will go through an unprecedented period of turbulence. . . . I believe that it would be possible for a movement such as the Cultural Revolution to occur again."

So much for lessons learned.

Liu goes on to explain: The general population is now at odds with the Party leadership just as it was in 1966, the year the Cultural Revolution began, following the Great Leap Forward and the Three Years of Catastrophe. And, says Liu, now the "intensity" of that conflict is "much higher than what we experienced during 1966." Later, he adds, "Especially in the past two years, I've seen the intense level of hatred of the people for Party officials. . . ."

This is perhaps the most depressing forecast of China's immediate future I have heard. Though many Chinese may deny that another Cultural Revolution could ever take place, some have told me privately that once Deng Xiaoping dies, the power struggle to succeed him might bring on another holocaust. But none have said so publicly, and none have spoken with the authority that informs Liu's words now.

Yet with all this, the journalist declares his sincere belief that a "non-violent, a legitimate, a legal way of resolving differences" can eventually be found. And he suggests he is being realistic about the possibilities. "Many people in China hope desperately for the emergence of an opposition party to counter the C.C.P.," he says. "Personally, I feel this possibility—at least in the short run—is quite remote."

What is possible, he says, is that the provinces may become more independent. We are "seeing the steady decline of C.C.P. central power, and as a result, it is foreseeable in the future that provincial power would increase correspondingly, therefore making several provinces more independent, more autonomous, and therefore making it possible for the more progressive element in the provincial Party [organizations] to pursue reform more rigorously."

Indeed, a month after this prediction was made, *The New York Times* ran a front-page story entitled "Beijing Authority Being Challenged by Local Powers," with the subtitle "Central Control of Economy Is Being Eroded by Wave of Regional Defiance." Liu's prediction of regional defiance is at once heartening and frightening. It seems precisely the type of situation that might lead to the extreme wave of repression he fears may be in China's future: another Cultural Revolution to whip everyone back into line.

But Liu sees additional possibilities for peaceful reform, such as the P.R.C.'s nominally democratic pseudo-structure. "In traditional China," he says, "we have a saying which goes like this: If you repeat something that is fake long enough, eventually something real will come out. So the situation right now is very similar to this particular saying in that we have a lot of fake organizations—the National Party Congress, a fake bunch of so-called

democratic parties—but because of increasing social pressure, these so-called fake organizations are being pushed and pressured into becoming more real organizations."

Another important dissident, Wei Jingsheng, the most renowned spokesperson for China's Democratic Movement, would probably disagree. "On the way toward democracy," writes Wei, "the smallest victory will exact a terrible price; let us have no illusions—democracy will be reached only after bloody sacrifices."

The Democratic Movement sprang up in 1978 in response to the "four bigs," four avenues of free speech newly written into the Chinese Constitution. The center of the Democratic Movement quickly became Beijing's Democracy Wall, where ordinary citizens were allowed, briefly, to air their views openly on rice-paper posters. Similar walls subsequently sprang up in other cities. At first the posters praised the new openness while attacking the memory of Mao. Then, inevitably, Wei and others attacked the Party and Deng Xiaoping.

Finally, in a speech on March 30, 1979, Deng read the nation the riot act. He announced the "four basics" supplanting the "four bigs" (since deleted from the Constitution). He declared it illegal to speak against socialism, the Party, its dictatorship, or its Marxist-Maoist philosophy.

Wei Jingsheng was arrested the day before Deng's speech. He has been held incommunicado ever since. He was last reported sighted in 1984—imprisoned, wandering a corridor of Anding Hospital, apparently unaware of his own surroundings and suffering from severe schizophrenia. In 1987 Amnesty International announced that it had received unconfirmed reports that Wei was dead. The Chinese government denied the reports but refused to disclose Wei's whereabouts or any details about his health.

"The Chinese authorities denied the fact that Wei Jingsheng was dead," says Liu Binyan, "but they did not deny the accusation that he suffers from schizophrenia. I think this is highly possible, because the conditions that Chinese political prisioners live under are simply deplorable."

Ironically, the month he was arrested, Wei published (in his outlawed magazine) a detailed indictment of China's extensive gulag. "Another even more common form of torture," writes Wei, "is to forcibly administer heavy doses of drugs. . . . Among the hospitals that cooperate in such practices [is] . . . Anding Hospital. . . . A visitor there once saw a stocky middle-aged man with a zombie-like expression on his face, his whole head pitted with scars [apparently from beatings], walking somnambulistically forward in a straight line. . . . These prisoners . . . have been brutally tortured to the point where they have lost all sense of reality."

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prophetic. The man Wei Jingsheng describes wandering the corridors of Anding Hospital sounds eerily like himself.

The state's rationale for imprisoning Wei is worth noting. He was convicted of passing along military secrets to a foreign reporter, even though Wei himself was a simple electrician at the Beijing Zoo, with no access to military secrets. Says Liu, "Some people said that the reason Wei Jingsheng was arrested and put in jail was because China wanted to show the rest of the world that there are no dissidents in China—no dissidents, only criminals."

Liu also explains the state's abortive support for free expression. "When the Democracy Wall first appeared," he says, "Deng Xiaoping was for it, and many people in China today hold the view that he supported it because it was to his advantage. Because during '78, Hua Guofeng [the immediate successor to Mao] was still at least a nominal power. Therefore it was to [Deng's] advantage to have the Democracy Wall."

Indeed at first, while the posters were attacking the Cultural Revolution (under which chairman Hua had risen to power), they also celebrated then vice-chairman Deng, crediting him with "putting heaven and earth in order, opening the doors, establishing order, discipline, and great democracy." It was November 1978. "By early '79," says Liu, "[Deng] was firmly entrenched; therefore he did not need Democracy Wall anymore."

Seen from this perspective, dissidents like Wei Jingsheng are merely marionettes in the behind-the-scenes power struggles within the Chinese politburo, allowed to speak when it serves an altogether separate (and unstated) purpose, silenced when this purpose has been fulfilled. One wonders whether Liu Binyan has himself served similar purposes, then having outlived them, found himself attacked.

Liu, however, sees it another way. In summarizing his life in journalism (post-"rehabilitation"), he says, "I published my first article in 1979 and my last in 1986. In these seven years, the pressure I experienced was increasing every day. And because of my articles, I offended no less than seven provincial Party secretaries, and these are powerful people. . . . Well, the fact that I could persist until 1986 was due to the tremendous support that people gave me. In other words, the support I experienced was much stronger than the attack and resistance. . . .

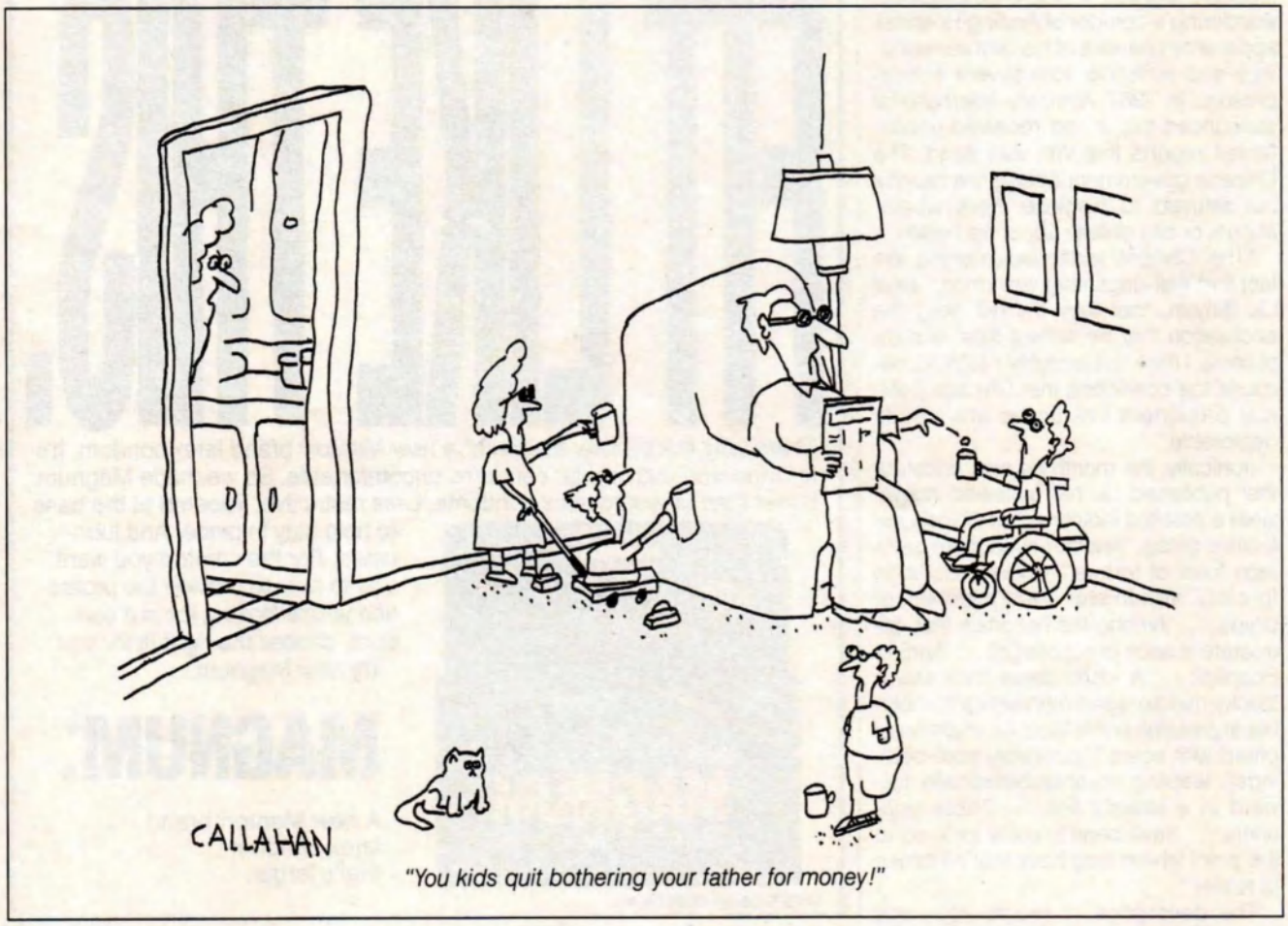
"There are individuals in the Party," he says, "who think in the same way that I think . . . and hopefully they will get better organized and make their presence felt. But in the long run, I do feel a multi-party system should appear."

Months now after speaking with me, several of Liu's predictions, for better and for worse, seem to be advancing into the present. In February, several dozen intellectuals, following the lead of Fang Lizhi, took a bold step. They signed a petition calling for the release of political prisoners, specifically citing Wei Jingsheng. So a new vocal dissident group has arisen, and the rarefied atmosphere created has already been compared to that surrounding the Democratic Movement of the late 1970s.

On the other hand, state officials have denounced the petition and gone a step further. They have called for a "new authoritarianism." When President Bush visited Beijing in February, he may have gotten a taste of this. First, Bush was lectured by officials on the ills of democracy. Then, when Bush invited Fang Lizhi to dine at a U.S.-sponsored banquet, more than 100 state police were employed to keep Fang out. (Bush protested weakly.)

Behind the scenes, a power struggle is brewing inside the politburo's five-member Standing Committee. In a January meeting with Deng Xiaoping, two of the five, Premier Li Peng and his ally Yao Yilin, are said to have demanded the resignation of a third, Party chairman (and heir apparent) Zhao Ziyang.

The new power struggle, the new dissidents, the new authoritarianism, and the mass protests last April make Liu's fears of a second Cultural Revolution seem all too real. But perhaps just as ominous is the state's continued ability to erase its own history, to restrict 40 years to a "broad or general outline" absent of all troubling detail. For, to paraphrase Santayana, those who successfully obscure the past condemn the rest of us to repeat it.



"You kids quit bothering your father for money!"



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BEN STEIN'S DAY OFF

In the Reagan years, a fundamental premise governed federal executive-branch fiscal policy: Any dollar left in the hands of taxpayers was better than any dollar taken from the taxpayers and spent by government. In the service of this concept, Reagan cut taxes drastically. Later, Congress passed a law, the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Act, that mandated deep cuts in government spending.

I respectfully suggest that the idea that any private spending is better than any government spending is fundamentally mistaken. To make the point, herewith a few places where we as a nation would be better off taxing more, spending more, and leaving less in the hands of taxpayers:

• *National defense.* The preservation of the free society under the Constitution is the most important duty of the President and the Congress. To cut defense spending to the point where it even comes close to tempting an adversary to begin hostilities or adventures is insane. The cost of a war on the nuclear level would be death. The cost of a conventional war would be overwhelming. That is, an adequate defense establishment is not an extravagance. It is a prerequisite to survival.

If war comes, the men and women who will be fighting it are our own brothers and sisters, sons and daughters. We want them to be as well equipped as they possibly can be.

Yet right now, the national defense is getting axed to the bone not on the basis of reasoned analysis by defense experts, but because of a slogan—and a slogan ("government is the problem") that does not address the world as it is.

A dollar spent to keep us strong enough to prevent war is better spent than a dollar left in the hands of a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon.

• *Education.* The flood of statistics about the catastrophic decline in knowledge and skills among young Americans, compared with either Asian students or U.S. students 30 years ago, is terrifying.

No society that allows its educational system to collapse has ever been able to compete with societies with strong educational systems. A free society under law is possible only with a well-educated people. Knowledge of the unpleasant alternatives, of how far America had to climb to get to freedom under law, of how easily freedom can be lost, is vital to instill the desire to maintain that society.

Yet our entire bank of knowledge is getting depleted so rapidly that soon it will be almost impossible even to refill it. For the first time since the Renaissance, a major Western nation has produced a generation significantly more ignorant than the one before.

A dollar spent on paying a teacher to educate our young is better spent than a dollar left in the hands of a takeover artist at any Wall Street firm.

• *Civil defense on our streets.* In a typical weekend in my little hometown of Los Angeles, there are half a dozen murders. This level of warfare is not particularly unusual in any American city. Our cities are the sites of ongoing guerrilla wars called crime waves, gang shoot-outs, and crack turf wars.

Any police officer or D.A. in America would tell you that crime, especially street crime, is inversely proportional to the number of police on the street at any given moment. Federal grants to local police departments would allow more policemen to be hired, trained, and adequately paid. In turn, this would not only make our streets safer and our cities more civil, it would also prevent the death, injury, and lifetime traumatization of our own children.

A dollar spent to keep a jogger in a park from getting gang-raped, stabbed, beaten, and left for dead is better than a dollar left in the hands of a sports-car dealer.

• *Investor protection.* Most of my life is spent preparing detailed analyses of corporate swindles. These are usually major transactions in which hundreds of millions of dollars are lifted from innocent people's pockets not with pistols and bandannas, but with those modern tools of the burglar's art, the pen and the S.E.C. form. The aggregate amount of this unethical, unfair taking is in the billions of dollars. In many conversations with S.E.C. officials, their lament is always the same: We would do more if we weren't so totally understaffed.

A dollar spent to prevent an elderly couple from losing their life's savings to a corporate hustler is better than a dollar left in the hands of a condo builder in Palm Springs.

A dollar spent on building a prison and keeping a repeat-offender murderer behind bars instead of letting him out because of overcrowding is better than a dollar left in the hands of TV talk-show hosts.

A dollar spent on paying a soldier freezing in Greenland enough to decently feed and clothe and educate his family is better than a dollar left in the hands of a casino operator.

Low taxes are nice. Lower deficits would also be nice. But a civilized society has other priorities as well. We have just finished eight years of governing on the basis of bumper-sticker slogans utterly detached from logic or experience or truth. Now we might try governing on the basis of thought, history, compassion, and reason. At least it would be a change.



POSSE POWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

dominance in street-drug trafficking, to the point where it's nothing for us to see $30,000 or $40,000 purchases of firearms in states like Texas or Florida or Ohio being distributed to different Jamaican groups controlling different locations. They are sophisticated in using false identities to purchase guns, or they will pay off drug dealers or anyone else they can get to purchase guns for them. In 1988 in New York City alone, we recovered 16,000 guns used to protect Jamaican drug operations."

According to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, posses are also involved in money laundering, fraud, kidnappings, break-ins, robberies, and murders. This is a nationwide problem, as the following list of areas that have experienced difficulties can attest: Atlanta; Austin; Baltimore; Baton Rouge; Beaufort, South Carolina; Boston; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Buffalo; Charleston, South Carolina; Charleston, West Virginia; Charlotte, North Carolina; Chicago; Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio; Columbus, Missouri; Columbia, South Carolina; Dallas; Denver; Detroit; Fort Lauderdale; Fort Valley, Georgia; Gulfport, Mississippi; Hartford; Houston; Jacksonville; Kansas City, Kansas; Kansas City, Missouri; Las Vegas; Little Rock; Los Angeles; McAllen, Texas; Martinsburg, West Virginia; Norfolk; Omaha; Oklahoma City; Orlando; Paterson, New Jersey; Pensacola; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portsmouth, Virginia; Raleigh; Reading, Pennsylvania; Rochester, New York; San Antonio; San Francisco; Saratoga, New York; Seattle; Shreveport, Louisiana; St. Louis; Tampa; Trenton; Virginia Beach; West Palm Beach; Wichita; Wilmington, Delaware; Wilmington, North Carolina; Winchester, Virginia—in short, from Anchorage, Alaska, to the Gulf states to Washington, D.C., and its surrounding counties and the entire New York metropolitan area.

There is mixed opinion among federal agents as to whether the majority of posses currently active in the United States originated in Jamaica. But there is general agreement that the largest, oldest, and most violent groups—the Shower Posse and the Spangler Posse—began in Jamaica, where they were linked with political organizations. Both groups have major Miami, Los Angeles, and New York connections. Jamaica's deputy police commissioner for crime, Sam McKay, speculates that many Jamaican gang members fled to the United States in 1985 to escape massive police assaults. Many law-enforcement experts believe that once they established themselves here, they formed independent outgrowths whose motivation for criminal activity is "purely financial greed."

Typically a posse member will enter the U.S. with a falsified passport, a fake birth certificate, a work visa, or a student I.D. Some come as migrant workers, others as disc jockeys with touring reggae bands. They seek out relatives in Miami, Los Angeles, and New York City, where they join a posse named after the Jamaican neighborhood they grew up in—e.g., the Waterhouse Posse, the Spanishtown Posse, or the Montego Bay Posse. The posse leader decides if the new member is needed locally or whether, outfitted with yet new false-identity documents, he should relocate to work for an existing operation or begin a new one.

Jamaican posse members infiltrate impoverished black communities, where they try to blend in with hardworking, law-abiding *legal* Jamaican immigrants. Targeting hungry teenage boys, posse members impress them by flashing their cash, gold jewelry, and luxury cars . . . and then offering $200 to $500 a week to work in their crack houses and sell on their street spots.

Initially enthusiastic about the opportunity to earn quick money, the teenager often finds himself stripped naked and locked inside a filthy house or apartment, conducting business through the mail slot. Should the worker smoke some of the crack supply or withhold a small



amount of money, he is severely beaten or knifed. If the crack house gets busted and a posse member is arrested, the organization quickly provides cash bail, often in the range of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then, utilizing the posse network, he moves to another city, where he obtains yet another set of false-identity documents.

While black teenage boys work the crack houses, black and Jamaican women function to protect the posse members' identities. Welfare mothers and other impoverished ghetto dwellers are paid to set up phone and utility services in their own names for the Jamaican men. They lease their cars to the men for cash or money orders. They let the men use their houses and apartments as gate houses and stash houses. And they act as "mules," transporting drugs and even weapons by car, train, or plane from city to city. Often the men promise to take these women back to Jamaica with them to live in splendor. But in reality, the posse member usually gets arrested, and after having the woman bail him out of jail, he disappears, leaving her with a massive phone bill, a drug habit, and possibly a newborn infant.

Sometimes coercion replaces charm and bravado. Sergeant Pat Moyer of the U.S. Park Police in Washington, D.C., speaks of instances where posse members will survey housing projects to determine which apartments are existing crack dens. Then they will force their way into the apartment, force the female tenant who rents it to strip as a form of psychological humiliation, and take over. They set up operations in her home, relegating the woman to one room, telling her when she can eat, sleep, or leave the premises. The A.T.F. agent says that he is "endlessly astonished at the Jamaican posse members' exploitation of women."

"These guys are out on the streets shooting things out," he says. "But they're really kind of afraid to be dirty, to be caught with the goods in their hands, so they put a lot of the women couriers at risk, carrying a lot of weight of cocaine, carrying guns, doing a lot of smuggling activity."

Bob McGraw, Immigration and Naturalization Service senior special agent and coordinator of New York's Organized Crime Drug Enforcement Task Force (O.C.D.E.T.F.) for the I.N.S., adds, "They also try to insert females into 'legitimate' parts of society that they can use to their advantage—be it a woman secretary at the phone company who might be privy to electronic surveillance by the government, or a cadet for the police department."

While most Jamaican posse members lack a formal education, they have an uncanny ability to exploit our legal system. For instance, cognizant of the fact that all Western Union wire transfers of $10,000 or more must be reported, a Jamaican will transfer $9,900. It is easy for a posse member to pose as a tourist and simply check suitcases filled with tremendous quantities of cash through baggage claims at airports. Instead of ordering couriers to transfer 20 vials of crack apiece, posse leaders employ ten people to carry two each—a lesser offense. For many years the Jamaicans successfully circumvented the law in this fashion, but now that the U.S. government has reformed its drug-enforcement guidelines, even small amounts of crack and cocaine can lead to federal imprisonment.

But U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration agents constantly fight against this street savvy. When D.E.A. agents are working on one of these cases, they term it "a typical Jamaican mystery." They will subpoena the phone company to find out whose name a number is listed under, subpoena the utilities company, check out the house—which will have two cars in the driveway, both registered to different people—only to discover that not one of the names they uncover is the identity of the criminal.

"In the case of Nicky Barnes," says Robert Stutman, special agent in charge of the New York field division of the D.E.A., "everyone in Harlem knew who he was and that he was a big heroin dealer. The question was getting him. But with the



Jamaicans, you lack a known quantity that law enforcement works with—basically, who is the individual, what do you call him, and where does he come from."

The ability to create a "typical Jamaican mystery" allows them to be utterly nomadic. Out on bail for committing a homicide, posse members can move from Brooklyn, New York, to Anchorage, Alaska, before the local police receive their fingerprint checks from the F.B.I. Philadelphia I.N.S. Senior Special Agent Mark Kahanic likens posses to "cells," because they are so fluid and amoeba-like. "We target one group and try to dismantle them as quickly as possible before they get a chance to move," he says.

In Poughkeepsie, New York, a city whose population of about 30,000 is approximately 25 percent black and which has 2,000 Jamaicans (only 200 or so are considered "bad guys"), homicides and other violent crimes have skyrocketed since posse members moved in several years ago. Detectives Paul Slater and David Birsner recall an assault case in September 1987, where two American teenagers had been slashed from ear to chin by the Jamaicans. The detectives sent a teletype to Jamaica asking for information on three possible suspects. One year and one day later, they received a reply saying that there was no record on any of the suspects.

Obviously this nomadism makes it difficult for law-enforcement officials to predict the groups' movements. The A.T.F. agent explains that he typically learns about a new posse operation *after* its existence:

"I'll be sitting in my office in New York City and get a call from a sheriff in Darlington, South Carolina. He'll say, 'Listen, I've just arrested two guys with sort of weird English accents and two grams of cocaine and Brooklyn, New York, addresses. Can you tell me what's going on?' "

According to a number of law-enforcement officials, posse members restrict themselves to selling crack, cocaine, and marijuana on the retail level, so much of their city-to-city movement is explained by the fact that they can sell drugs for higher profits in different locations. But both Sergeant Moyer and I.N.S. Houston-Dallas O.C.D.E.T.F. Coordinator Jerry Jacobson see the situation differently.

Moyer claims that Jamaicans are bringing in cocaine from Mexico, Florida, and New Orleans in wholesale quantities, and that after buying kilos of cocaine from the Colombians, they control every level of their operations, from wholesaling to retailing to paying off their workers. Planes filled with tons of marijuana flown by Jamaican pilots have been intercepted in Fort Lauderdale, says Moyer. He has also learned that some of the larger gangs are now growing their own coca plants in Jamaica. In Washington, D.C., he has apprehended Jamaican criminals selling PCP.

Working near the Mexican border, Jerry Jacobson describes Houston and Dallas as "the nexus between the drug source and the places where the drugs end up in, being halfway between Jamaica, Colombia, Mexico, and all the major retailing markets across the United States.

"From the cases we've done," he says, "we've determined that the Jamaicans moved to Texas for a number of reasons. One predominant reason has been the availability of guns, and the second is the major Mexican and Colombian populations in Dallas and Houston.

"In August of 1988," Jacobson continues, "an O.C.D.E.T.F. case that started down in the Rio Grande Valley revolved around a national organization planning to smuggle marijuana using a tractor-trailer from around McAllen, Texas, to Rio Grande City. When the 1,200 pounds of marijuana were finally unloaded, a search of the stash house uncovered ten Mexicans, five United States citizens, and 12 Jamaicans from New York City." They were all indicted on drug conspiracy charges.

> An American guy won't talk to the cops because he knows the cops will find the Jamaican guy—but the Jamaican guy will find him first, because we believe that dead men tell no tales.

According to Jacobson, Jamaicans maintain connections with Mexicans for marijuana because it's cheaper now to buy it in Mexico and ship it around the country than it is to smuggle in Jamaican marijuana on ships.

"The Jamaicans are absolutely working with other organized-crime networks," Jacobson maintains. "The posse situation has grown to such an extent that those Jamaican wholesalers couldn't supply the volume they needed to sell at a retail level—so there had to be a natural association with other ethnic groups who were wholesaling narcotics. You won't see a Jamaican or a Colombian running a crack house together in Brooklyn . . . but the expansion of the market means they must reach out to new suppliers. Furthermore, beyond the establishment of the narcotics connection, the movement for transporting illegal aliens began with alien-smuggling pipelines. Jamaican posse members are moved in and out of the United States from commercial flights into Panama then into Guatemala or Costa Rica, and from there surreptitiously into Mexico, either by air with no inspection, or overland, moving through Mexico over the border. The number of Jamaicans involved with smuggling people in through pipelines is increasing. Last year over 1,000 Jamaicans were arrested on the Mexican border between El Paso and Brownsville, Texas (though not all of them were entering the U.S. specifically to join posses)."

On a daily basis, posse members call attention to themselves through their flagrant and cavalier use of violence. In a February 2, 1989, federal racketeering indictment, Brooklyn posse leader Delroy Edwards was charged with participating in five murders, ten shootings, and one kidnapping. According to the complaint, Edwards once ordered his posse members to kidnap a disloyal employee and take him to a Brooklyn basement, where they hung him from the ceiling with chains and beat him with baseball bats. The next morning, his dead body was wrapped in plastic bags and dumped. O.C.D.E.T.F. sources add that the posse members had beaten the victim until his face was unrecognizable, pouring hot water over him to revive him whenever he passed out. According to another law-enforcement source, Edwards's typical M.O. for "punishing" a disloyal employee was to offer him the option of being shot or jumping out a window to his death.

This violence is typical of posse enforcers. Says I.N.S. agent Kahanic, "The major form of control is beatings, and they spare no mercy when the beatings start. There have been a couple of homicides related to that where it was like a feeding frenzy for sharks. They started out with a simple 'Don't let this happen again,' and then they just got into it and beat a couple of people to death."

Bill West, I.N.S. senior special agent and Baltimore-Washington O.C.D.E.T.F. coordinator for the I.N.S., speaks of mass executions in Landover, Maryland, and the gangs' sadistic torture of competitors in D.C. There, says West, Jamaican posse members kidnap rival gang leaders, place them in tubs filled with scalding water, and when the victim's skin starts to blister, posse members urinate on and whip him. West has also been told about ritual dismemberments, rival gangs killing their victims and scattering their body parts in dumpsters. But if violence is effective in disciplining members, terrorizing the neighborhoods they control, and eliminating competitors, it may ultimately prove to be their demise.

Says Bob McGraw, "The violence—if contrasted with the Colombians or some of the other groups that are also violent in this narcotics trafficking—is unprecedented . . . but it is also their undoing. The Jamaicans call attention to themselves because of it. If they're popping somebody who shorted them for ten vials of crack, and they shoot him three times in the head and leave him to die and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



SARA

"I'm actually a quiet person, and I really enjoy being alone. Of course, I also like sharing my quiet times with someone special."











CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

Nineteen-year-old Sara Norton, August's entrancing Pet of the Month, hails from Montreal, Canada. "I grew up alongside the Saint Lawrence River, and I still love to while away the hours watching the boats go by." A stunning brunette who's intent on proving that she's "not just another pretty face," Sara says, "I'm proud to be appearing in *Penthouse*, where they present the total woman."

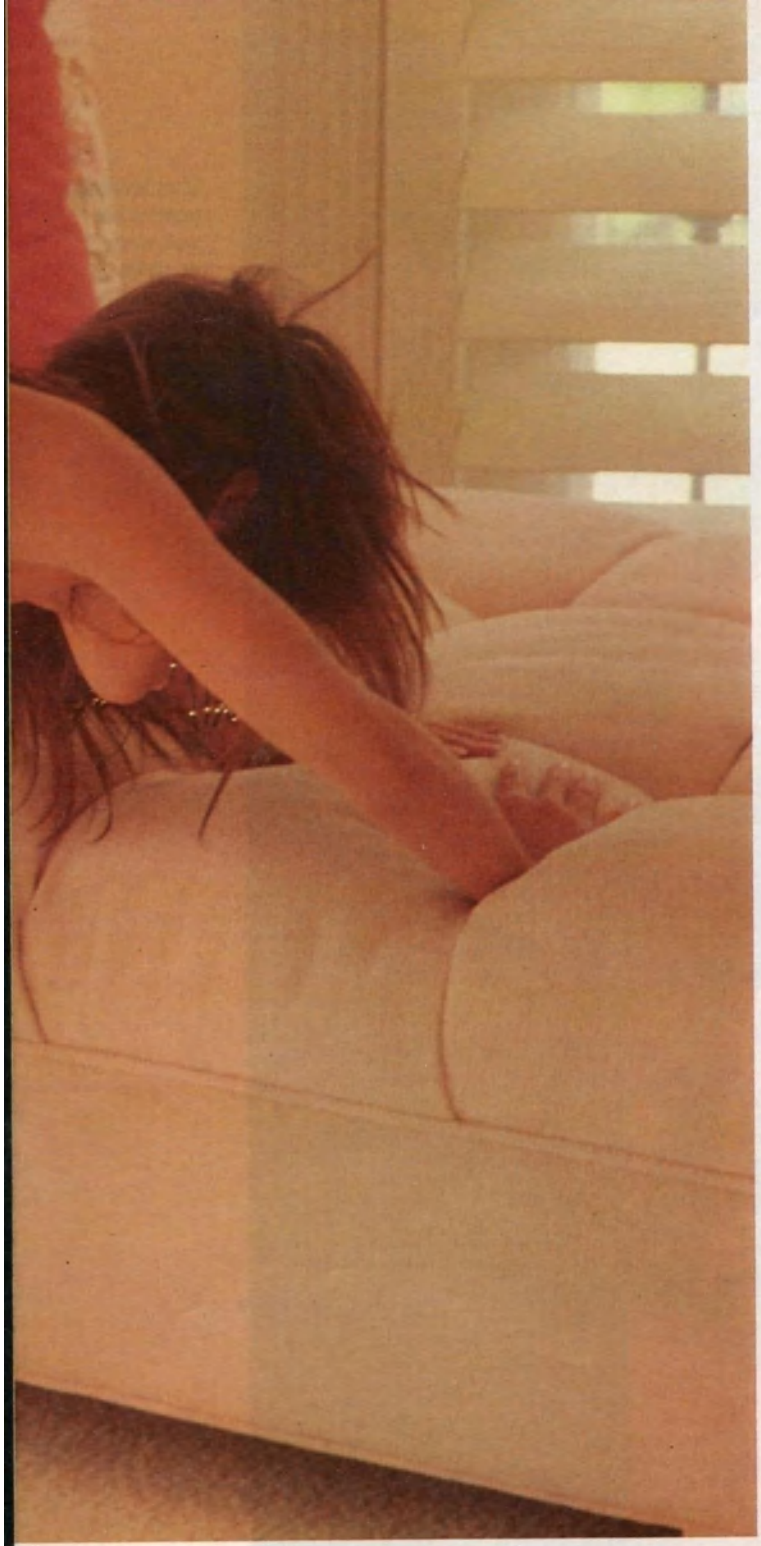
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



Sara can thank her French ancestors for the innate sense of style and the discerning palate that she's inherited, but she refuses to share the credit for the development of her breathtaking 35-24-34 body.









"In my favorite erotic daydream," says Sara, "my man picks me up in his arms and carries me into the bedroom, bolting the door behind him. After he kisses my entire body, we make love for hours, until we're both exhausted but satisfied."





Sara loves to treat herself well, such as dining in elegant restaurants. "My idea of the perfect date includes

dinner, a concert, champagne, and passionate lovemaking—all with the right guy, and all in Paris, France!"













Sara hopes to be able to travel throughout France—which is, after all, her ancestral home. Then she plans to continue her personal study of European history in England, Germany, and Italy, enjoying reflective moments in Europe's most historic places. "I'm actually a quiet person, and I really enjoy being alone. Of course, I also like sharing my quiet times with someone special."





A full-time student of business administration, Sara carries a demanding work load. To relax, she loses herself in the engaging fantasy worlds of J.R.R. Tolkien. "And I always make time for rock concerts," she adds. "I charm the guards and get a spot right in front of the stage!" Upon graduation, Sara hopes to work for a large multinational corporation, where, she says, "I can travel, learn the business from the bottom up, and eventually acquire the company!"


MISS SARA NORTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



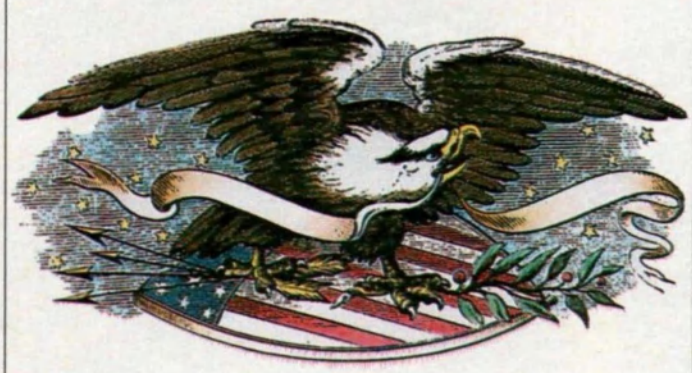
"President Bush's pledge of "no new taxes" almost guarantees that many veterans' programs will be afflicted with pernicious anemia and become candidates for elimination."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Vietnam veterans are in serious danger of becoming the odd men out in the congressional and presidential handwringing over the federal budget and the expanding deficit. Because they're a minority without much political clout, veterans are especially vulnerable to the indifference of politicians. The political clout enjoyed by those who fought in World War II and Korea is largely due to their inclusion in the ranks of Social Security recipients.

To be sure, veterans do enjoy some political support from a few senior members of the Senate and House Veterans Affairs committees, though they lack broad-based support in Congress. The congressional funding of veterans' programs is driven not by a cost-benefit analysis of these programs to veterans and the nation as a whole, but rather by a begrudged payout limitation based on how much it costs to keep "peace" with the amorphous veterans' community.

The result of this misguided approach is the worst of all possible worlds. Valid programs fail to achieve their objectives because they are underfunded, and marginal ones are continued after they have outlived their usefulness. Some programs, such as small-business assistance for veterans, have never gotten off the ground due to bureaucratic inertia and White House indifference to the poor performance of the agencies and appointees involved. What is new in 1989 is the fear that has been struck in the faint-hearted members of Congress by the widening impact of President Bush's single most famous utterance: "Read my lips—no new taxes."



Contrary to the view of some bureaucrats and other non-beneficiaries who derive their livelihood from the government trough, it is not written in stone that these programs have been given an "eternal life" charter. Times change, and so do the societal needs that can best be met by government. Today, for example, we have an income-transfer program called Social Security that was never envisaged by the Founding Fathers, and there may come a time when it will be repudiated by those who believe that it is not okay for government to transfer their here-and-now income to the aged and poor.

The point is that the conditions that might have once prompted a grateful majority of the electorate to support objectives such as pensions, rehabilitation, job training, and medical treatment for veterans can change. The costs of these and other efforts can simply become too expensive in the eyes of those who pay the bills—the taxpayers. We see it already in the political statements (largely made to test the direction and intensity of the prevailing winds) contending that the cost of veterans' medical care is "too high," or that it tries to do "too much." Thus the question "How much is enough?" becomes the assertion "Whatever it is, it's too much and is therefore not needed."

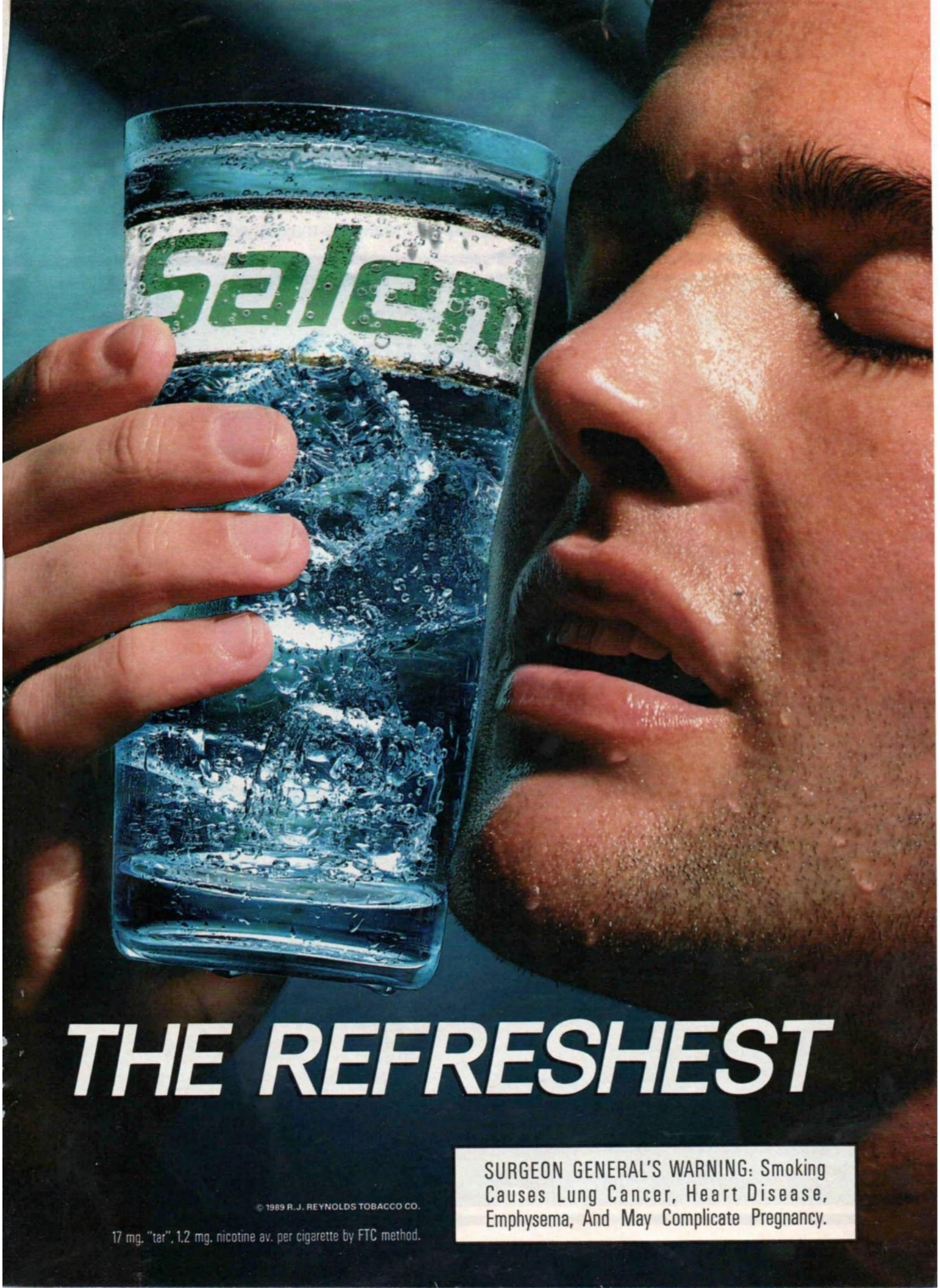
Our concern here is not whether the tendency to dismantle and/or eliminate some elements of the government is inexorable. Nor is it to finger any likely candidates. Rather, it is to point out that "no new taxes"—i.e., no material gain in government revenues—almost guarantees that many programs will be afflicted with pernicious anemia and become unable to carry out their mission. Thus they become candidates for elimination. These standards are then declared to be "objective" and to justify actions designed to eliminate the veterans' system of health care. On similar quasi-cost-benefit standards, a case can be made to eliminate the U.S. Air Force as a separate military service.

In recent months the opportunistic converts to the "no new taxes" credo have discovered a new and perhaps even greater joy than taxing and spending—"closing it down." It's a perverse, pseudo-libertarian concept of the role of government. Closing down a piece of the government is an easy method of solving a problem, especially if some way can be found to hand the problem back to the states, or leave its resolution to individual initiative, volunteers, "a thousand points of light," or the private sector. Viewed this way, there are literally no social needs that require government action.

The debate is still in its formative stages. Battles over pieces of the budget have not helped define the questions. For example, every witness who was not a shill for the Bush administration agreed that there was a requirement for a $600 million supplemental appropriation to this fiscal year's budget to meet critical V.A. medical needs and shortages. The compromise figure adopted was $200 million, and the V.A. medical personnel who care for veterans were told to "make do." This is a cruel hoax at best, because too little medical care is often worse than none at all, and it forces the V.A. to practice a kind of phony triage based on a false economic necessity.

We submit that the treatment of veterans in this regard is the forerunner of a conscious attempt to redefine the role of government so that it can adhere to the dogmatic cant of "no new taxes." It's important not to be misled by the canard that the real objective is to promote a leaner and more efficient government. This will be the excuse used to tear up the existing social contract between our people and the government, ultimately setting citizen against citizen in a class struggle to find a seat in the lifeboat.

This isn't social progress. It's an invitation to anarchy and a meaner, despotic society.—*William R. Corson*



THE REFRESHEST

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"From Palm Desert to Palm Springs, people are dancing the night away and stuffing their faces with salmon in the name of every conceivable malady and cause."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY ROBERT RENO

The author, a nationally syndicated columnist, is the economics editor of *Newsday*.

"CHARITY'S" BOGUS BLOWOUTS

Someday somebody is going to throw a charity ball for neurotic cats.

As Saint Paul said, charity endureth all things.

The proliferation of the charity ball, no longer limited to Manhattan and Palm Beach, is perhaps one of the most stunning accomplishments of Reaganomics—or at least that part of Reaganomics that had to do with the upward redistribution of wealth in America.

It was undoubtedly what one of George Bush's more demented speech writers had in mind when, with wild self-congratulation, he (or she) coined that phrase that will live as long as political rubbish is appreciated: a thousand points of light.

From Palm Desert to Palm Springs, from Indianapolis to Beverly Hills, people are dancing the night away and stuffing their faces with salmon in the name of every conceivable malady and cause, every curse of mankind and scourge of humanity. In Manhattan, the sheer opulence of these occasions has reached a crescendo to rival the Bourbon Court and make the imperial Viennese seem social pygmies by comparison.

Even the Waldorf or the Plaza won't do for the most unconscionably pretentious of them. To make people drop dead, you've got to take over the Great Hall at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where guards are put on overtime and a palace already staggering under the weight of visual splendor is further decorated with as much tinsel, damask, and tasteful color-coordinated centerpieces as the professional decorators can dream up to compete with Rembrandt and the Temple of Dendur.

Any well-dressed society lady not recently convicted of pig stealing needs only to find a disease—any disease—engage the most expensive caterers in Manhattan, hire a press agent, and she's almost guaranteed a mention in tomorrow's columns. Rumor has it that athlete's foot, varicose veins, vaginitis, prostatitis, and dandruff are still available. For dog-loving ball throwers, fleas, ticks, distemper, and intestinal parasites are said to be unspoken for. And if some maniacal cat fancier doesn't put together a hair-ball ball very soon, I'll be very surprised. After all, they already give a gala in New York for an exclusive dog hospital.

A charity event doesn't have to be a ball, per se. It can be almost anything you have the nerve to charge an awful lot of money for and can spend a mint arranging. Even a horse show will do. Hospitals tend to be more popular beneficiaries than, say, libraries, colleges, or research institutes, and for obvious reasons. If you throw a ball for a library, what's it going to do for you—cancel your fines? And some colleges can get stubborn about admitting your child with an orangutan's S.A.T. score.

But most rich people know that if you've thrown a ball for the best private hospital in town, they're not going to keep you waiting in the emergency room or send some junior in-

tern to paw you when you arrive in the middle of the night with a broken toe.

The idea that charity balls make a significant dent in the quality of health care in this nation is silly. Our great hospitals, depressing as they may be, are monuments to federal construction grants, medicare and medicaid reimbursements, and the premiums paid on private insurance by the great unwashed middle class. And when cancer is conquered, it will most likely be as the result of taxpayer-financed research grants from the National Institutes of Health.

The most persistent myth about charity balls is that they are merely the wealthy's harmless diversion—that even though they may involve an insufferable amount of self-promotion and witless vulgarity, they are essentially a case of rich people throwing around their own money for a good cause, so what business is it of the rest of us?

There are two problems with this kind of reasoning. One is that not all of it is their money—some of it's the U.S. Treasury's. And an awful lot of the money that goes into these balls is tax-deductible, which means, in effect, that the amount these people save in taxes must either be added to the federal deficit or to the tax bills of the rest of us. It's one thing to subsidize somebody's direct gift to the Salvation Army or the American Cancer Society. But why should we subsidize parties for people perfectly capable of providing their own entertainment? The I.R.S. has some vague and not very restrictive rules against total abuse, but tax auditing being the roulette wheel that it is, the rules are not much of a nuisance to these ball goers. Most of them know that the I.R.S. is hardly likely to bring a criminal case on a charity deduction.

The other problem is that by lending their name and goodwill to these evenings, many of these charities are providing greater value than they receive by giving the rich an excuse to behave this way. Too many of these affairs invariably involve staggering expenditures, only ten percent of which may reach the charity.

And even if it reaches the charity, it will as likely as not be the sort of outfit that has an enormous overhead that amounts to, say, 80 or 90 percent of its budget. This means that if it's for, say, feeding malnourished children, the little children may get food worth one percent of the total expenditures for some party where people ate poached quail and caviar.

Brother Brian Carty, who runs the decidedly unfashionable but widely recognized De La Salle Academy for academically talented children from Harlem, the South Bronx, and the Lower East Side, gets furious when he reads about charity balls. "What La Salle Academy and other grass-roots organizations wouldn't do with just the crumbs from the table," he says.

Of course the worthiest charities—those that operate with minuscule overheads, pay no press agents, and have officers who work their backsides off for low salaries—are rarely the object of large charity balls. Nor are they usually the beneficiaries of the big corporate givers who often underwrite these balls.

"A gift of $500 or $1,000 by I.B.M. or Bear Stearns or Chemical Bank would have a major impact on us," says Brother Carty. "I wonder how many corporate tables are purchased at the galas."

These underwriters include many of the Fortune 500 companies, as well as super-rich individuals who're often called upon in their generosity to underwrite, say, the champagne, the food, the programs, or some other phenomenal expense for a given ball. The more "enlightened" of the charity balls are thus very often able to say truthfully that 100 percent of their ticket proceeds at $10,000 a shot go to the charity. Of course, some of these balls are so lavish that the expenses underwritten may exceed the ticket proceeds, which makes you wonder why everybody doesn't just stay home and send *both* the underwritten expenses *and* the ticket proceeds to malnourished children, or even to starving cats.

This is, of course, a peevish question that presupposes that charity has much to do with the impulse to throw one of these social pigouts. And let's be fair. Some of these affairs are more appalling in their opulence than others, some more serious in their purpose than the ones that benefit costume institutes or clinics that primarily serve the rich.

Somebody is for sure going to write me to tell of an event where 1,000 Republican society people paid $15,000 a ticket to eat hot dogs off paper tablecloths and square dance to a donated Victrola for the benefit of some heart-wrenching cause. If I knew about such an event, I'd certainly mention it here. But who's ever heard of one?

Meanwhile, consider the recent, notorious example in New York of the studiously extravagant joint benefit for UNICEF and children with AIDS that took in $829,000—$67,000 of which was preempted to pay for the food alone. That was food for the gala goers, not the children. An estimated $49,000 was spent on invitations, $55,000 on two full-page ads in *The New York Times*, $11,000 on public relations, and $10,000 on decorations. A whopping $350,000 paid for the entertainment—a 20th-anniversary production of *Hair*—and to make the evening *truly* memorable, $21,000 was spent on souvenir programs. By the time everybody had stuffed themselves and had a good time, there was only $72,000 left for the little children. This was less than ten percent of what these good people spent on themselves. Of course, most balls return a lot better than ten percent. And the organizers of this one excused themselves by saying they'd had trouble getting corporate sponsors.

Let's suppose that they tried extremely hard to find them, calling every C.E.O. in America. And legally, of course, it's nobody's business if rich people want to spend $67,000 feeding themselves at an AIDS dinner. But it blackens charity's fair name to think how many teddy bears this might have bought for children with a year to live.

XAVIERA

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"career." Recently, possibly due to my preaching, the generation of golden girls whose orgasmic peak came during the sexual revolution (whenever that was) have been going on longer—it depends on the luck of the draw. Here are the answers to some of your questions.

A friend of my mother's—a beautiful, sexual lady who is now 75—turned lesbian seven years ago, ten years after the death of her husband, because she just couldn't find a man. Not the right man—*any* man. Sure she had suitors, but all of them were men older than her mentally, if not physically, and most of them needed a companion or a nurse rather than a lover. She is now involved in a crazy love affair with a "younger" woman (her lover is only in her sixties), and they rush around behaving like two teenagers. Occasionally, when they've had a lover's tiff, she confides in me and says that she would rather have a boyfriend than a girlfriend because women are so unpredictable. But it is only a passing cloud, and in no time they are once more basking in the sunshine of their relationship. I'm not extolling the delights of lesbianism, but rather pointing out the moral of the old saying "You are as young as you feel."

Your wife's loss of interest in sex may be caused by an imbalance in her hormonal secretions, which may be correctable with the help of her gynecologist. The difficult bit is to convince her and/or the doctor to take the problem seriously. I also know many elderly people who have renounced sex because they just can't be bothered anymore. It depends on the individual.

There is an old story about three old guys sitting on a park bench. One of them says, "I just turned 75. I used to enjoy going to concerts. Nowadays I don't hear anything too clearly—when you get old, your hearing goes." The next one, who's over 80, says, "It's the same for me. I used to love the theater. Nowadays I can barely see what is happening on the stage. When you get old, your eyesight goes." Then the third one (who might be you), a 91-year-old, says, "When I woke up this morning, I said to my wife, 'Let's make love.' She said, 'You silly old fool. We just did it 15 minutes ago.' It's sad—when you get old, your memory goes."

VIRGIN WANKER

I have a problem that has been troubling me for some time now. I am 21 years old and I am still a virgin. I am very ashamed of my predicament. I'm five foot eight, weigh 155 pounds, and consider myself attractive. My dick is seven inches long, and I am sure that any horny girl would like it shoved into her pussy. I have been told by female friends that I am "nice-looking" and a fun person—but still, I've not yet gotten serious with anyone. Xaviera, I have never been out on a date.

I do masturbate quite often—I guess this relieves the sexual tension that has been building up in me. But since I am so shy with girls, I masturbate all the time. I just can't stop. While I masturbate, I imagine myself fucking a beautiful girl. I can't resist the temptation of a good jerking-off session. I don't even care where or when. I have played with myself in a public library, while watching an X-rated video, and while driving my car. I almost always jerk off in the shower. The problem is that I want to stop. What can I do to keep myself from jerking off all the time?

Xaviera, please don't get me wrong. I like girls—you could even say that I love them! But like I said before, I am very shy. I get nervous when I am around a pretty girl—so badly that I can't talk to her. I want to date girls and make love. I would even like a long-term relationship. But first, I need to overcome my nervousness when I am around women.—F. T.

> Treat it like an ice-cream cone, a Popsicle, a lollipop, cotton candy, or anything else that you enjoy sucking and licking.

You say you masturbate all the time and just can't stop. Later on you ask, "What can I do to keep myself from jerking off all the time?" Why do you want to stop? What is wrong with lots of healthy orgasms that harm nobody—unless you come all over the books in the library, or electrocute yourself by shooting your load into the part of the TV containing high-tension electricity?

What, then, is the cause of your anxiety? Do you believe that masturbation causes physical or mental harm? If so, you are wrong. None of the old notions about the damaging effects of masturbation are true. No matter how much you masturbate, it will do you no harm. Even though you know it's not harmful, do you feel guilty about masturbating? Many men feel uncomfortable about masturbating, and this guilt can make you want to get it over with quickly. This is an attitude that may also make you overly hasty in your approach to sex with a girl.

Your continued virginity is not the cause of your problem, it is the result of it. If you feel inhibited about sex, you may be disturbed by the idea of losing control when you make love, or appearing vulnerable, ridiculous, or merely undignified. Your fear of being caught while masturbating shows that you are scared of doing anything sexual in public, which includes being with a woman. You say you have girlfriends but have never been on a date. The first step, therefore, is to simply make a date. Let it be with a girl you like, but not one that you find especially attractive. Choose a place or activity without strong romantic overtones. Lunch at an ordinary restaurant, plan a visit to an art gallery, or go to a concert; then repeat this undemanding kind of dating a few times, until your anxiety has decreased to somewhere more manageable proportions.

The next step is to date a woman to whom you are attracted and, if possible, one you think finds you attractive as well. You will probably feel very tense about this, but once again, keep the activity neutral and the relationship platonic. Now you can gradually get your relationship onto a more sexual footing. Resolve that you are not yet going to have sex with your date, even if she wants to. But you should let her know you fancy her, and you can find out if she feels the same. Once you have achieved a little closeness with someone you are attracted to, you will need to confront the underlying problem, which, I suspect, is anxiety about your lack of experience and therefore your actual performance.

You have two alternatives. The first, if you feel you know the woman well enough to expect a sympathetic reaction, is to just tell her, "Look, I'm a virgin. You're going to have to help me along." The other is to just trust luck. Don't admit the possibility of rejection or failure—just go for it. The worst that can happen is that she will say no, in which case you are back to square one, but with more experience for next time.

POPSICLE

I am a petite long-haired blonde with forest-green eyes. I have been told on many occasions how beautiful I am. Although I am quite popular with the guys, I feel that my sex life is lacking—I want to be naughty and nice!

My problem is oral sex. Thinking and fantasizing about licking and sucking my lover's cock really gets me off, but I am really a novice when it comes to giving a blowjob. Xaviera, I want to please my lover like he pleases me. I especially love the way he licks and sucks my clit and swollen cunt lips—I want to return the favor on his cock.

I want to suck hard on my man, but I almost always start to gag and then stop, opting to flick and massage his prick with my hands instead. I love him more than anything, but I am very inexperienced in this matter and would love for you to tell me the proper way to engulf a man's penis and suck him off. I always think about the passionate times that we have together, but it could be much better for him if I

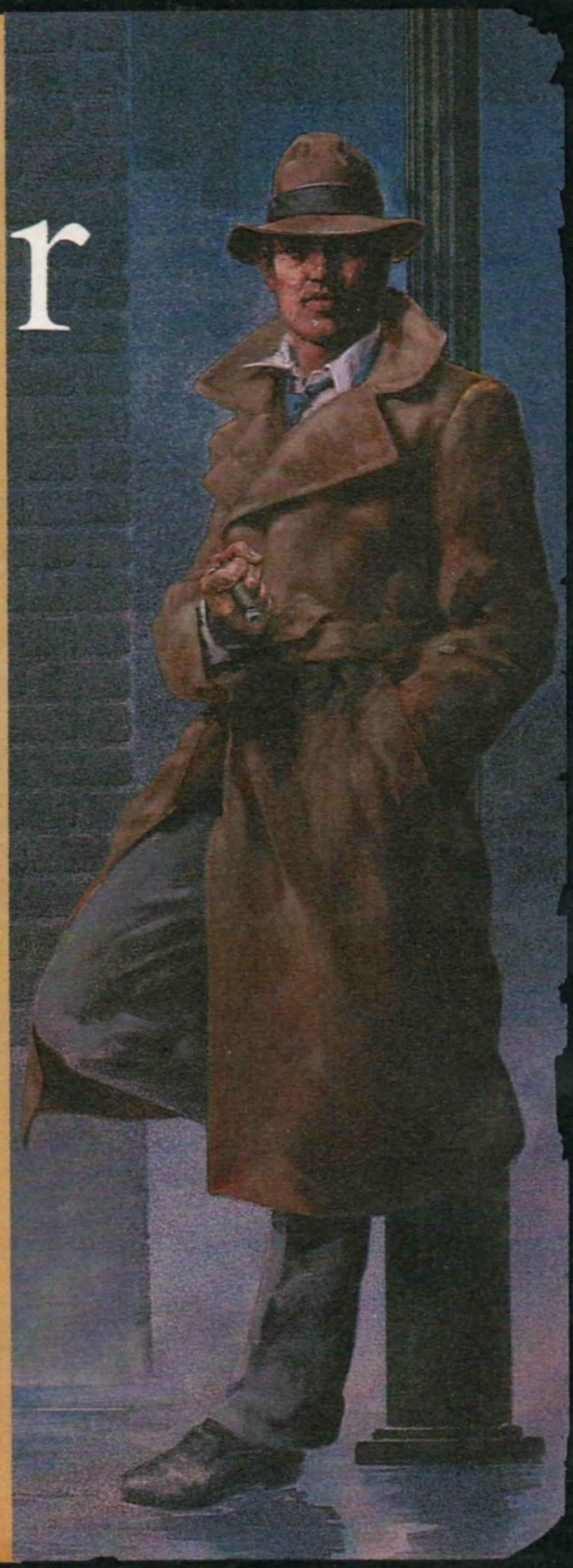
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The Adventure of the Sour Kraut

There was a big fish out there. It was deadly and it was deep. And it was lurking just beyond the waterline of his vision.... A case from the new thriller, Frequent Flyer.

By

KINKY FRIEDMAN



Being an amateur detective is not always as romantic as you might think. Sometimes, in fact, it can be fairly tedious. For example, in the case of John Morgan, a close friend of mine who disappeared under very mysterious circumstances, I became involved with several individuals who tied their shoes with little Nazis. One of them made a mysterious phone call to me one evening. I could tell by the way he rolled his r's when he said the words *Herr Friedman.*

To make a long and rather painful story short, the guy claimed to have information concerning the whereabouts of John Morgan. This, of course, I doubted. The guy wanted to meet me that night at a certain place and time I won't bother you with, to

Even decomposition was probably preferable to looking at Stengal's eyes.

Paintings by Kunio Hagio

give me the information. This, of course, I suspected to be a trap.

The people I was dealing with had to comprise a small group of rather geriatric bad sports who refused to admit they'd lost the war. No doubt they had the funds to recruit the occasional young skinhead or neo-Nazi lunatic along the way, but their hopes for taking over the world could probably be postmarked Fat Chance, Arkansas. This did not mean, however, that they would hesitate to kill a few more people in the glorious, mindless pursuit of their lost and hopeless cause.

I did not wish to become one of those people. But it was a chance I had to take.

I noted the time and place of the assignation, told the kraut voice I'd be there, and cradled the blower. Then I called my backup team—Rambam, Boris, and Sergeant Cooperman of the N.Y.P.D.—told them each about the mysterious call (Cooperman was the least happy with this information), gave them details of time and place, and cradled the blower three more times. I took a few cigars for the road, grabbed my hat and coat, and left the cat in charge.

Then I went to the place and waited for the time.

Time passes rather slowly when you're waiting for a mysterious kraut who you feel almost certain is not going to show up, but who you know, if he does, is going to try to kill you.

I can't say nothing happened. I'm sure while we waited many things did. Generations of Italian immigrants arrived on our shores, worked their way through life in the inner city, and moved out to the suburbs. A child playing with a paper boat in a gutter probably had time to grow up to be Lord Jim. Somewhere in New York a guy got a table in a restaurant.

Down the block in the gloom I was barely able to make out the shape of a car parked on the side of the street. This I took to be Cooperman, but I suppose it could've been Rambam or Boris as well. It never moved, and I couldn't tell if anyone was in it. Whoever it was, he was doing a pretty fair impersonation of a parked car.

It was a cold, foggy night, drizzling on and off. A good night to kill someone, as they go. Once I thought I saw a shadow moving along the side of a nearby building. Another time I heard hoarse shouting that sounded like it might've been in Russian. It wasn't guttural enough to be German, and it didn't much sound like the kind of English you'd hear in Texas. I crouched down and listened intently for a while until I realized it was two cab drivers yelling at each other.

A few people walked rather close to where I was standing, but if one of them was a Nazi, he kept it pretty much to himself. Besides, the party I was looking for was not a 300-pound woman, a man with a turban, or the young Negro who had just passed by with his shoelaces untied, his hat on sideways, and a handful of gold watches. Racists came in all sizes and colors, I thought, but you could count on Nazis to at least always be white.

After standing in the cold for what seemed like an eternity but was probably only a little under an hour and a half, Rambam stepped out of the darkness, waved, and shouted that he'd see me back at the office. Then the lights on the parked car came on, and it rolled up the street in my direction. When it came to a stop, I could see Cooperman and Fox in the car. Cooperman waved me over to the sidewalk. I lit a cigar and walked over to the car just as Cooperman chucked the butt of a dead Gauloise onto the curb. Fox's face was sneering like a cheerful Halloween mask.

"Sorry, fellas," I said, as I rubbed my hands together in the cold. "False alarm."

Cooperman pushed his hat back on his head and rubbed his forehead with his hand in a gesture of frustration. He lit another Gauloise. "Tex," he said in a tired and world-weary voice, "a wise man once said, 'When baiting a trap with cheese, always leave enough room for the mouse.' "

I didn't own a mouse but I had a cat, and the cat was sitting on my lap when Rambam came through the door of the loft later that night with the puppet head in his hand.

"Nice domestic scene," he said.

"Don't rub it in."

"You feelin' all right?"

"What are you, a doctor?"

Rambam shot me a strange look, and if I hadn't known better I would've thought there was pity in his eyes. He set his black knapsack down on the couch, mentioned some errands he had to run, and headed for the door.

"I'll be back to check on you later," he said.

"We'll be here."

When Rambam had left, I checked my travel alarm clock on the desk and noticed that it was pushing midnight. For some reason the loft seemed strangely empty and vulnerable now. Maybe the cat was just a cat. Maybe I was alone.

Suddenly I felt nuts, paranoid, inordinately out of line with the other ducks. Strange thoughts came into my mind.

Clearly either the pieces of the John Morgan puzzle would have to come together soon or I was in great danger of going to pieces myself. I would've gotten up to get a shot of whatever snake-piss happened to be around, but I didn't want to disturb the cat.

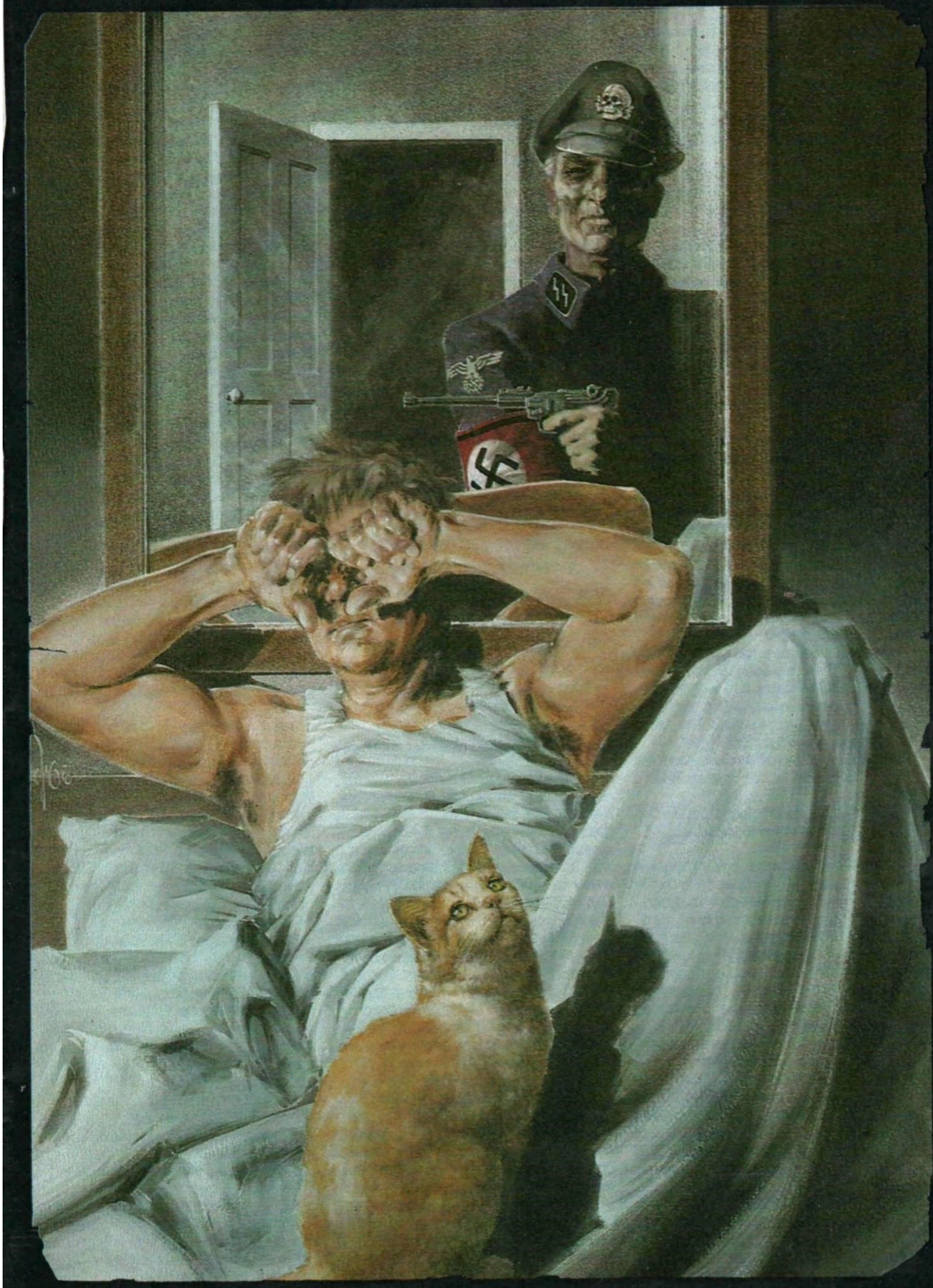
Not that I wasn't already somewhat disturbed myself. But people who love cats learn to think of the cat first and themselves second. Albert Schweitzer, who was left-handed, had a cat who always liked to sleep on his left arm. This forced Schweitzer to write much of his diary and many of his prescriptions with his right hand, which is why they remain almost illegible to this day. There is also a well-known story about Muhammad waking up at dawn to go to mosque and finding his cat sound asleep on the sleeve of his robe. Because of faulty record keeping in those days, we do not know if it was his left sleeve or his right sleeve. All we know is that he took out his knife, cut the sleeve off his robe, and slipped out of it without awakening the cat. Possibly some of the other Arabs kidded him that morning at mosque about the appearance of his robe, but guys like Muhammad and Jesus were never very big in their sartorial area, anyway. Of course, Ratso wasn't much in his sartorial area, and he hated cats. But Jesus loved cats. But then Jesus loved everybody. What did that prove?

This is the way the mind of a detective works, I thought. This is the way he sorts things out.

Then there was Winston Churchill's cat, Jock. During most of his later adult life, Churchill refused to eat until Jock was seated at the table, and would not sleep until Jock was in bed with him. Maybe I was only a *little* out of line with the other ducks.

I got up, which greatly irritated the cat, who probably didn't realize that I couldn't go on sitting there for the rest of my life, went into the bedroom, got out my clothes, and put on my sarong and my T-shirt with the picture of Elvis shaking hands with President Nixon on the occasion of Elvis being made a drug-enforcement deputy. I may have played before a lot of empty seats in my life, I reflected, but I was doing better than either of them.

"I'm not here alone," I said. This was patently false, and we both knew it.



I didn't know when Rambam was coming back and I wasn't going to wait for him. Just before he'd left, I'd given him an extra key so the puppet head and I could get some sleep. But as I Indian-wrestled with Morpheus, I wondered what or who it was that John Morgan had stumbled upon that might've placed his life and mine in the danger I now believed us to be.

There was a big fish out there somewhere. It was deadly and it was deep. And it was lurking just beyond the shadowy waterline of my vision.

A train roars through the night and the fog. The cowboy stars stare with empty eyes into the lonely attic. Faces crowded together on the train. Eyes like black smudges against the black-forest night.

A wall of a laboratory, consisting of a solid mass of human eyeballs. A lampshade, upon close inspection, appears to be made of the stretched skin of human beings.

It's the kind of dream that is so close to reality that it doesn't make any sense at all.

Heaven can't hear this train. Railroad ties can't bind the hopeless wound it cuts in the world. This is the train that Frank and Jesse James cannot stop.

It runs like a silent, screaming souvenir of evil which no one will save and few will remember. Only the cowboy stars who shudder against the wall as the wind sweeps the little attic.

The train stops at a station on the way to eternity. There is a debonair young man with shiny black boots and a space between his teeth. He is shouting a strange word in a strange tongue. The word sounds like *"Zwillinge! Zwillinge!"*

The children are walking away from the train in twos, like a little human Noah's Ark.

A terrible page torn clean from the Old Testament and thrown to the wind.

Sometimes a songwriter has a dream in which he hears the words and the music and he knows, even though he's dreaming, that they've come together right. When he wakes up, the first thing he does is rush for a pen and paper to get it all down, just like it was in the dream. He acts with great intensity, because he knows from experience that sometimes it's still there and sometimes it's gone.

The sensation I felt was an equal mixture of exhilaration and frustration. I had it and I didn't want to lose it. It had to do with "the greatest genius the world has ever known." It had to do with Morgan's pictures of the old man in the jungle and the young man with shiny black boots at the train, both of whom had a space between their teeth. It had to do with the vision of the two little native boys with blue eyes I saw in my delirium when I was receiving the tattoo that I now hoped to God would protect my soul.

Suddenly it all came together very vividly. The music in the dream was of a heavily Dopplered, distorted, Wagnerian country-rock flavor. It did not sound like it would cross over. The lyrics were a sort of subliminal rap of all the evil murmurings in the world.

Crazy as dreams can sometimes be, I knew in my heart that this one would still be true when I opened my eyes. I knew where the big fish was. Not only that, I knew his name.

But a new sensation was now rolling over me like waves of terror. I felt or saw or somehow sensed a presence in the room near the bed. A man in a peaked cap. For a moment I thought that a doorman from the Helmsley Palace had wandered into my bedroom.

Another wave of terror crashed into the dream. Now I was looking through the eyes of the brilliant, hard-living journalist Piers Akerman. Piers had been born in New Guinea, and what I was now experiencing seemed to have a very primitive, cannibalistic ambience about it. Ambience is only important in two places: dreams and restaurants. If this was a dream, it was becoming almost as unpleasant as what passes for reality. If it was a restaurant, it was time to tell the waiter to eighty-six the raspberry sorbet and drop the hatchet.

> Time passes rather slowly when you're waiting for a mysterious kraut who you feel almost certain won't show up, but who you know, if he does, is going to try to kill you.

But it was not a restaurant, and it was apparently not entirely a dream. I was Piers Akerman, and I was floating somewhere out to sea in a big storm. The vessel that was carrying me looked and felt uncomfortably like McGovern's couch. A figure the size of a Liberian-registered tanker loomed over me like the long-forgotten playground shadow of a childhood bully. I was not Piers Akerman. I was myself. I was in great danger.

I opened my eyes.

Someone was indeed standing there. It took a second or two for my dream-frazzled orbs to adjust to the gloomy room. Then I saw who it was.

I felt like I'd just gotten a wake-up call in hell. Maybe I *was* in hell, because Wilhelm Stengal, I knew, was dead. He even looked a little dead. Like death lightly microwaved. And if I wasn't in hell, what was Stengal doing in New York?

Of course, normally I did not think of hell as a geographic place. But fear is a funny thing. Sometimes it'll make a Catholic schoolchild out of you. For about 16 seconds there it had me reaching for my rosary.

Then logic kicked in.

Like Descartes, I deduced something very basic: There is an elderly Nazi standing in my bedroom, therefore I am.

I took a closer look at Stengal's hat. It was better than looking at his face. There was a silver skull and crossbones on the front of it. I remembered vaguely that I'd seen hats with emblems such as this in old World War II movies on late-night television. They were worn by some kind of SS death-squad guys. But the war was over. Almost 50 years had passed. It seemed incredible that so much had happened in the world since then and that so little had changed inside Wilhelm Stengal's head.

Suspended between the dark cap and black shirt was a face that I now gazed upon with something near to amazement. It was shocking in appearance. It looked like a cold, wrinkled mask of white, withering, genocidal hatred.

Then he smiled.

It was charming in a rather diseased way, but the longer you looked at that smile, the more horrific it became. Many years ago it might've won over a fraülein or two, but now it was only the wax lips of an old man forever smiling when the obvious intent was a rather sinister sneer. That or the whole world was upside down. One possibility was about as likely as the other.

Against the black of his shirt was a red armband with a black swastika set in a white background. Nice color scheme.

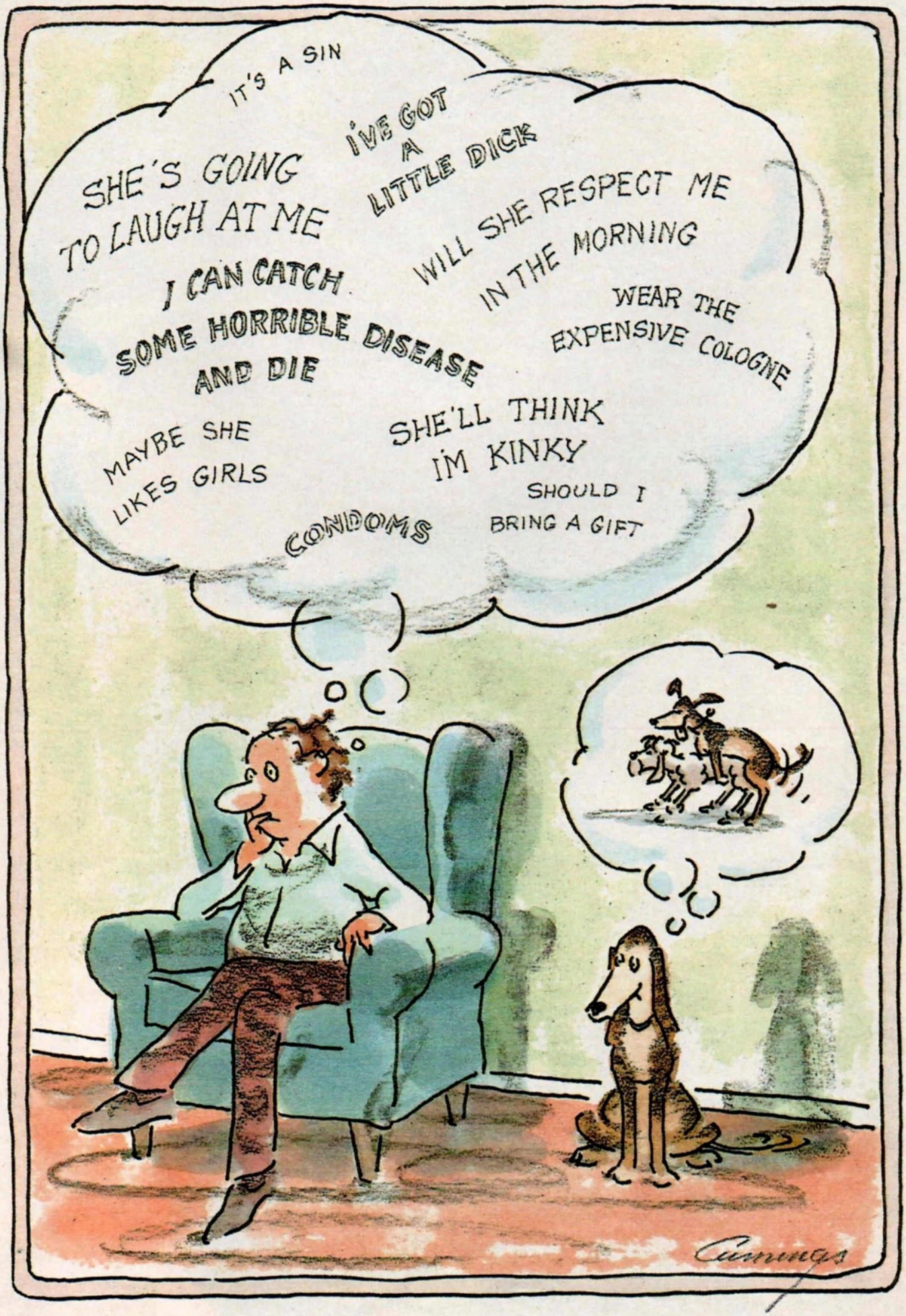
How Stengal survived the fire storm on East 86th Street, I did not know. Maybe the bunker had a secret emergency exit. Maybe Satan watched over child molesters and old Nazis. Possibly the bunker was fireproofed. As Smokey the Bear always says, "Never leave the site of a campfire until you're sure the crispy critter is fried just the way you like it."

Stengal had the Luger out again, and this time I wasn't taking any bets against his chances of squeezing off a successful shot. His eyes were shiny as a rain-swept sidewalk. He loved his work. He was an old Nazi, and I was becoming rapidly resigned to the fact that I might never get to be an ancient Jewish person and move to the land of my people, Miami.

We watched each other's eyes, if not with trust, at least with understanding. It was almost as if we were savoring the moment. I looked from the gun to the swastika, to the skull and crossbones, to the eyes. The eyes had it.

As I searched for a hint, even a glint of humanity, I found them empty as an office building in Texas. They shined like a glass skyscraper in the winter sun, with that cold, brittle light that emanates from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124


IT'S A SIN
I'VE GOT A LITTLE DICK
SHE'S GOING TO LAUGH AT ME
WILL SHE RESPECT ME IN THE MORNING
I CAN CATCH SOME HORRIBLE DISEASE AND DIE
WEAR THE EXPENSIVE COLOGNE
MAYBE SHE LIKES GIRLS
SHE'LL THINK I'M KINKY
SHOULD I BRING A GIFT
CONDOMS
Cummings









GERRY & DENISE

It was a beautiful day for a wedding. The morning clouds had broken, and afternoon sunshine was warming up the day for the big event. A few hours before the guests arrived, Denise sat down to have a talk with Gerry, her best friend and maid of honor. They had been inseparable in high school and roomed together in college. In fact, they knew every intimate detail about each other—a secret even the groom wasn't aware of.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DAVID







Gerry apologized for missing Denise's bridal shower, but explained that she wanted to give her friend a more personal gift, one she'd remember for a lifetime.







The blushing bride pulled her friend closer, reliving in her mind the carefree days they spent together in their one-bedroom paradise.





Her time with Gerry was nearing its end. But although she was to pledge her troth to another, she'd always remember that special passion that only a first love can inspire.







ARTICLE

A renowned British astronomer takes us on a voyage to the farthest galaxies and the end of the universe.

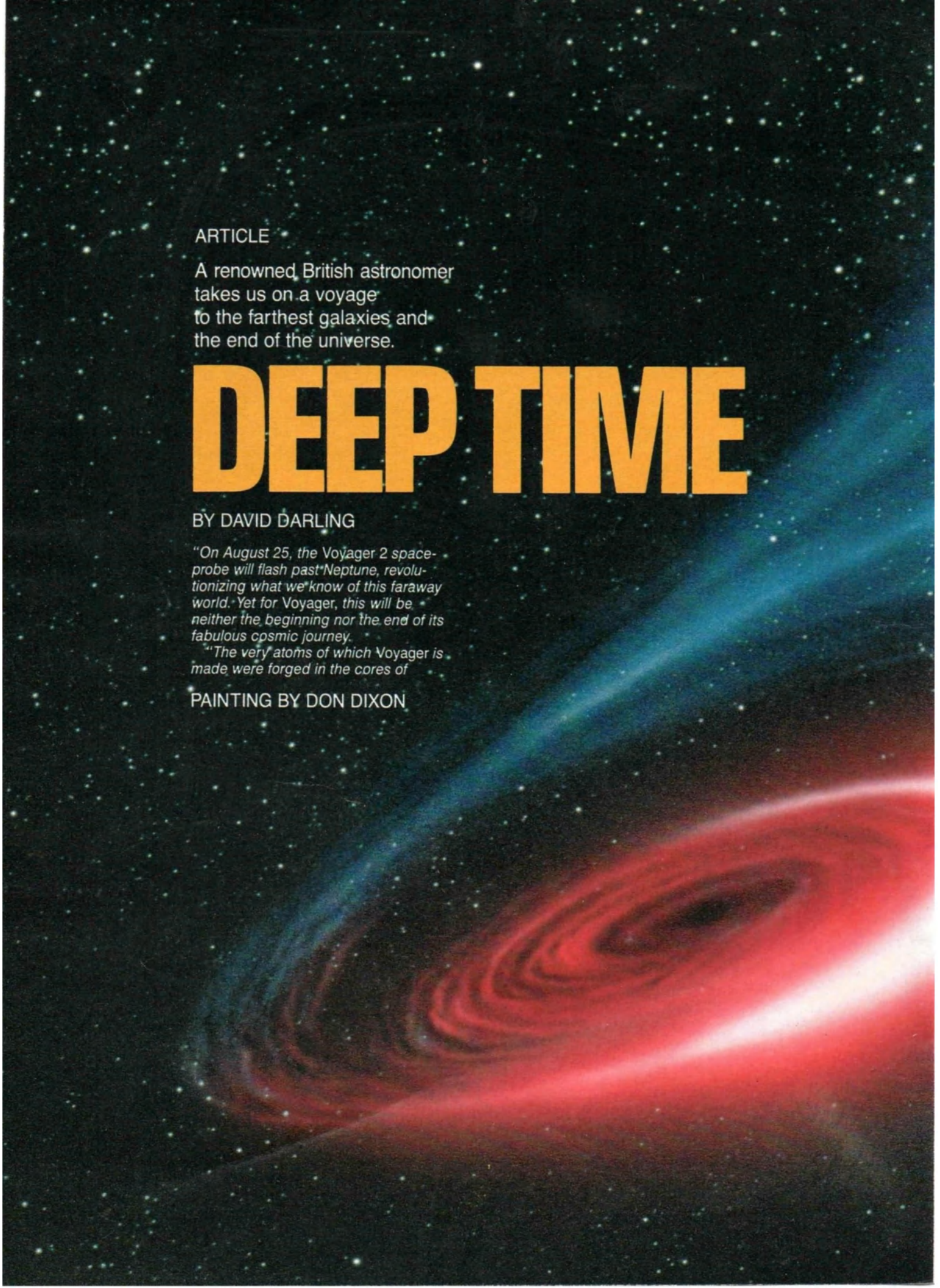
DEEP TIME

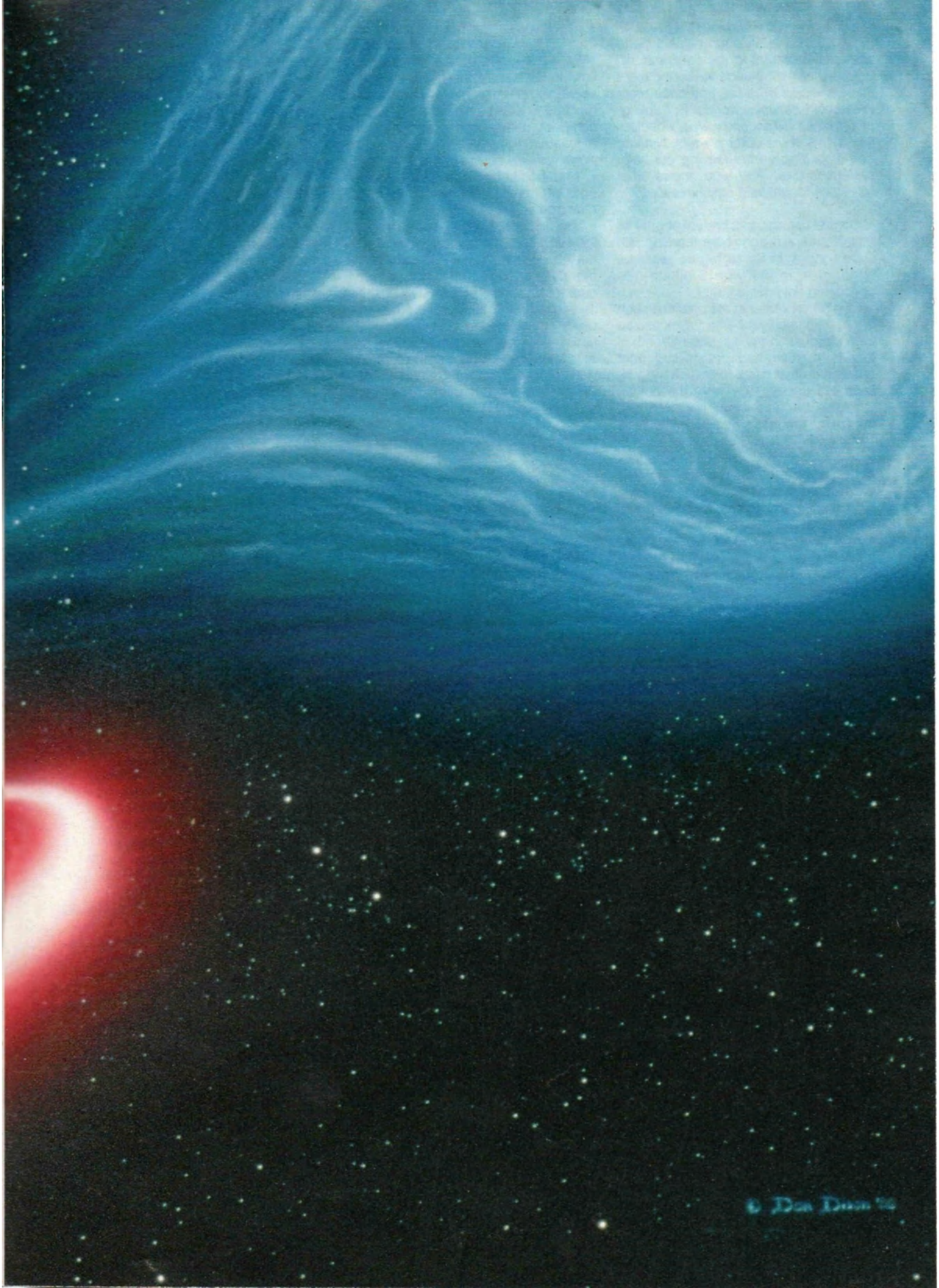
BY DAVID DARLING

"On August 25, the Voyager 2 space-probe will flash past Neptune, revolutionizing what we know of this faraway world. Yet for Voyager, this will be neither the beginning nor the end of its fabulous cosmic journey.

"The very atoms of which Voyager is made were forged in the cores of

PAINTING BY DON DIXON




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massive stars that exploded billions of years ago. For billions more years those atoms lay dormant in the earth's crust, before intelligent beings fashioned them into a spacecraft to sail free once more in the void between worlds. But Voyager*'s exploits will not end with its spectacular flybys of the outer planets. Nothing can stop it now from leaving our solar system forever. And who knows what strange encounters it may have then?"*

Millions of microscopic craters pepper its metal frame. A ragged hole, teeming with stars, gapes in its high-gain antenna. Otherwise, in the year 5 billion A.D., spaceship *Voyager* is intact.

Five billion years: In the previous such era human intelligence had synthesized from stardust. In the last one-millionth of that term, man had progressed from building its first cities to engineering lasers and genes. Now what the human race had become would not even recognize the tiny, battered spaceship as its handiwork.

Man has gone, or changed indescribably. Yet the galaxy—the familiar Milky Way—remains much the same. From still-plentiful gas and dust in the spiral arms, the mightiest of suns continue to coalesce, streak through their bright careers, and erupt sensationally at the end as supernovas. Together with more subtle ways of shedding stellar matter, these titanic outbursts replenish the galaxy for future generations of stars.

At the opposite extreme, red dwarfs, many as ancient as the galaxy itself, glow feebly. What is another five billion years to these stellar Methuselahs? Their modest hydrogen stocks are good for 50 billion—perhaps 500 billion—years at the miserly rate they are used.

But it is not so with *Voyager*'s native star. Somewhere, lost in the fairy dust of a spiral arm, the old sun is dying. Already it has doubled in size and brightness. On earth the climate has altered radically, the polar caps melted. Exotic new life-forms have emerged to suit the changed environment, and yet even these thermophilic species are doomed in the traumas to come.

Three billion years more elapse. Like a feather in a whirlpool, *Voyager* is swept around the galaxy a dozen more times. Now, in 8 billion A.D., the sun is swollen grotesquely, has become a red giant, 150 times its original size. Solar luminosity is up 2,000 times, temperature down 1,800 degrees centigrade to a ruddy 4,000 degrees.

And already the sun has cannibalized two of its attendant planets. First to go was Mercury, its old orbit engulfed by Sol's distending surface layers. Then Venus succumbed. Now earth is the new hell-world. Oceans boiled dry, its scorched mountains and plains are hot enough to melt lead. And it is utterly, permanently, scoured of life. Only the noisome clouds of gas that vent ceaselessly from its surface proffer any movement.

So it ends as it began. For a second time in its history the earth is lifeless, searingly hot. A great star illuminates its daytime sky, but it's not the Sol of old—compact, energy rich, and benign. The monstrous florid sun that now blazes down sprawls across half the sky.

What has happened since the spacecraft left home? Why has the aging sun changed so profoundly?

First, around 5 billion A.D., hydrogen in the sun's core started to sputter and run out. This was what had kept the sun shining more or less steadily for eons preceding. Now, choked with helium ashes, its useful fuel gone, the old solar-fusion power plant was condemned to shut down. With no outward radiation pressure left to buoy it up, the sun's core began to sag under its own weight. And in the process, some of its stored gravitational energy was set free. Exactly half this energy helped supply radiation from the surface; the other half drove a stellar central-heating system that catastrophically altered the sun's appearance. Heat migrating outward from the collapsing core caused the sun's entire atmospheric envelope to mushroom. And with that, the galaxy gained a new red giant.

On earth, exotic new life-forms have emerged to suit the changed environment, and yet even these thermophilic species are doomed in the traumas to come.

Continuing to shrivel under its own gravity, the sun's central region became hotter and hotter. At the fringes of the core, where hydrogen was still abundant, the temperature climbed to ten million degrees. And at this point a hydrogen-burning shell flared up around the core. Like a super-scale brushfire, it spread outward through the surrounding layers of the sun. Energy released by this mobile fusion reactor now contributed to the light that escaped from the solar surface.

Such is the sun's condition eight billion years after *Voyager*'s launch. The cosmic clock ticks on. . . .

Steadily the sun's sleeping helium core grows hotter. Gravitational contraction pushes the temperature up to 100 million degrees and sets the scene for—helium flash! Suddenly the core is alive again with fusion reactions. Helium nuclei smash together to form the heavier elements carbon and oxygen. And as the helium burns, so its carbon-oxygen ashes are dumped upon the shrunken core.

But helium is a poorer source of energy than hydrogen. Also, at the much higher temperature needed to fuse it, the reactions occur faster and the core helium supply is exhausted after only a few million years. Again the sun's central reactor shuts down. A second shell, this time kindled by helium, fires up at the perimeter of the hot carbon-oxygen core and follows in the path of the still outward-moving hydrogen-burning shell.

Then comes an uncertain phase in the development of Sol. By one mechanism or another, the sun starts to lose matter at a fairly high rate. Over a few thousand—at most a few million—years, it sheds virtually all of its dilated hydrogen-helium atmosphere. The outer layers may escape piecemeal by way of a gusty stellar wind. Or they may be shot out en masse as a bright expanding shell of gas. Whatever the means of ejection, all that eventually remains of the sun is a white dwarf—a hot, dense, planet-size ball of inert matter.

Voyager travels on. By 20 billion A.D. its old home star is a shadowy crystalline sphere of super-thick carbon. Earth, still bound by gravitational allegiance to the spent solar dwarf, is dark, dead, frigid as space. The star system that once nurtured the human race has expired.

20 billion A.D.: Now the cosmos has doubled in size since *Voyager* set sail. It is bigger—because space-time has expanded—more rarefied, somewhat cooler. And yet in character, the universe is little changed from the days when some large-brained biped took its first halting steps starward.

And the Milky Way? That, too, looks familiar enough. Still hugging the galaxy's plane are the warm, glowing nurseries of protostars. Elsewhere an occasional supernova bursts, showering several suns' worth of fertile matter back into the galactic melting pot. Stellar reincarnation goes on.

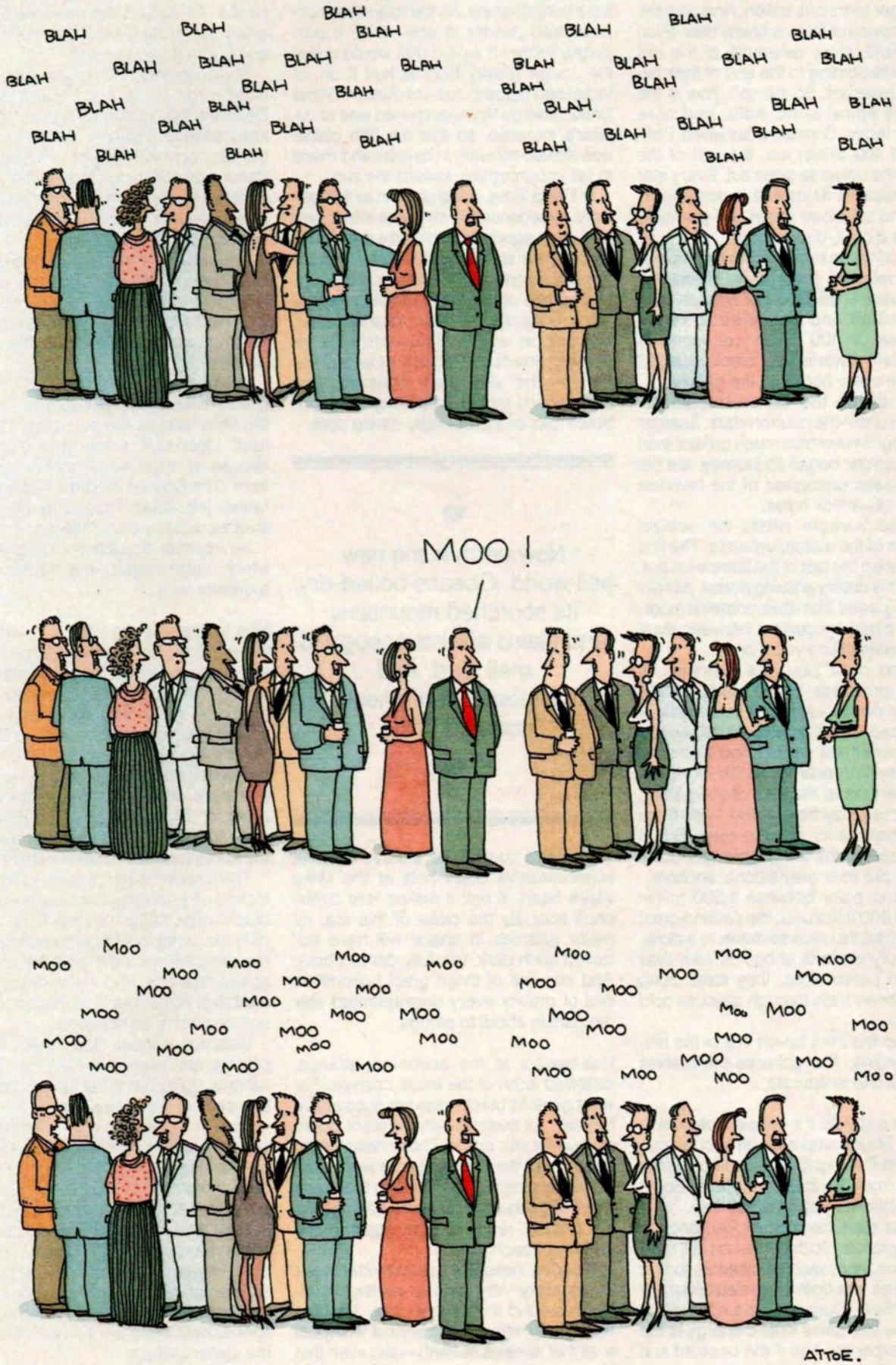
Another 20 billion years pass, and another, and another.

For 100 billion years the universe has endured, *Voyager* for four-fifths of that time. And now there are palpable signs that the galaxies are aging.

In the Milky Way, the star-making machinery has ground almost to a halt. What unconsolidated gas remains is too thinly spread to ever claw itself together again by gravity.

Slowly the galaxy changes hues. The white and blue of its once-majestic spiral arms fade as, one by one, the most massive stars disappear. Eventually even sun-like stars become rare, leaving only red dwarfs to light up the Milky Way with their dull ruby glow.

It is the same throughout the rest of the universe. And though maybe a few ren-


BLAH
MOO !
MOO
ATTOE.

egade, late-developing spirals remain tinged with youthful blue, before long these, too, slip into senescence.

Voyager turns one trillion. And now the golden epoch of stars is nearly over. Even the lightest, most venerable of the red dwarfs are coming to the end of their hydrogen reserves. So the soft glow of the galaxy's spiral arms, halo, and core steadily fades. Sometime between 1 trillion and 100 trillion A.D., the last of the stars in the universe goes out. Every star has consumed its usable fusion energy stock and subsided under self-gravity to become a cold, dark cinder.

Most common in this gloomy far-off age are the relics of small stars. These, the white dwarfs—earth-size or smaller—that have chilled and darkened to velvet blackness. In 100 trillion A.D. non-luminous white dwarfs, or "black dwarfs," populate every corner of the galaxy.

Scarcer are the dense remains of heavier suns—the neutron stars. Scarcer yet, though in numbers much greater than when *Voyager* began its journey, are the dark, sinister carcasses of the heaviest stars of all—black holes.

And so *Voyager* enters the second great era of the mature universe. The first ended when the last of the stars went out. Now, in this dreary ensuing phase, planets are being freed from their primeval moorings by close encounters between stars every seven trillion years or so.

For the most part, the liberation of planets proceeds in the dark. Slowly, painfully slowly, each star in the galaxy is stripped of its worlds. Possibly 100 close encounters are needed to shatter a solar system entirely. In the more rarefied, peripheral reaches of the galaxy, the process may be delayed—there are fewer chances for stars to meet. But in Deep Time, all the worlds throughout the cosmos slip their gravitational anchors.

At some point between 1,000 trillion and 100,000 trillion A.D., the second great era of the future universe draws to a close. Now every world is unbound. Like their decayed parent suns, they steal along private lonely trails through galaxies cold and dark.

And so the third far-off era of the universe begins. The galaxies themselves are poised to evaporate.

Envision a star as if it were a molecule in a liquid. Struck hard enough through collision with its neighbors, a molecule may escape from the liquid's surface. So, in similar style, may stars break free.

Just as stars can come close enough to eject planets, so they may, on still rarer occasions, approach so close as to hurl themselves free from the gravitational pull of the galaxy. During such a near stellar miss, one star gains kinetic energy at the other's expense. And if the boosted sun gathers enough speed from the encounter, it will simply break the shackles of its galactic orbit altogether.

The gravitational "slingshot effect"—that is what the scientists who built *Voyager* would have called it. Indeed, *Voyager* itself once used the slingshot to tour Sol's outer planets. As the spacecraft encountered Jupiter in July 1979, it purposely followed a path that would utilize the Jovian gravity field to hurl it on, at increased speed, toward Saturn. What kinetic energy *Voyager* gained was at Jupiter's expense, so that the fifth planet was slowed minutely in its orbit and made to fall imperceptibly toward the sun.

In Deep Time, dead stars in all the galaxies experience the slingshot effect over and over again. Multiple close encounters banish star after dead star into intergalactic space. By 1 million trillion A.D., nine-tenths of the mass of every galaxy has vaporized in this way—planets, dust, and gas, as well as stars—while the remaining one-tenth, robbed of kinetic energy by the same near collisions, has been drawn by the galactic gravity embrace into an increasingly dense core.

> Now earth is the new hell-world. Oceans boiled dry, its scorched mountains and plains are hot enough to melt lead. And it is utterly, permanently, scoured of life.

Perhaps there had always been a super-massive black hole at the Milky Way's heart. If not, it makes little difference now. By the close of this era, all major galaxies in space will have acquired such dark, fearfully dense cores. And into one of these great bottomless pits of gravity every unevaporated star remnant is about to plunge.

Half-familiar is the scene—a strange, distorted echo of the infant cosmos. For were galactic black holes not once active before? *As quasars*—the brilliant cores of youthful star cities? Those laser-bright beacons of the early universe were born of matter straying too close to the black heart of galaxies. And now it seems they are primed, ready to burn again in this far-flung epoch.

Steadily, inexorably, what matter is left in the Milky Way joins a swirling maelstrom around the central core. A trifling fleck deep within this frenzied whirlpool is all that remains of earth—and even that is about to be incinerated. Of the other solar planets, most were cast out of the galaxy trillions of years ago. The black dwarf of Sol, like earth, is ensnared in the hot vortex. *Hot* vortex—and growing hotter. And brighter. Glowing now, the Milky Way's core bursts into brilliant candescence. All around the universe the galaxies are putting on their final show—going quasar once more.

Perilously close, *Voyager* skirts to the outer edge of the black hole's domain. Dead ahead—a straggling neutron star, itself already doomed. White light from the blazing necklace of the black hole dances off *Voyager*'s interstellar record, a message that now will never be played—less than half the original spacecraft remains intact.

And now *Voyager* is upon the neutron star, banking sharply around its precipitate gravity field. Again the slingshot effect. And suddenly *Voyager* is reprieved, hurtling outward, away from the central danger zone.

From afar the spacecraft's pitted golden disk, like a glazed eye, stares at the Milky Way as the old galaxy devours itself. Light rays, some testimony to the demise of man's home planet, rebound from "The Sounds of Earth"—then spear farther into Deep Time, drawing out yet another subtle cosmic thread.

So *Voyager* departs the galaxy within which it was forged. And travels on into a greater void.

This is space in the year 10^{27}—an ever-widening ocean in which 90 percent of all cosmic matter wanders free in the form of extinct stars, planets, lesser debris, and individual sub-atomic particles. Well beyond comprehension now is the scale of the universe and the extent to which its contents have been diluted. On average, one sun's worth of matter enjoys a privy estate of 10^{28} cubic light-years. One hundred suns in a bubble of space as big as the entire twentieth-century cosmos!

The remaining ten percent of matter is locked up in a billion or so super-massive black holes, caliginous fossils of the old galactic clusters. Slippery and sheer are the gravitational walls of these abysmal space-time pits. And yet so far apart are the black holes that their influence upon one another is as nothing.

Galaxies without stars, stars without planets, and everywhere the ruin of gravitational collapse: What further devastation can the universe suffer?

Now, in 10^{27} A.D., space is chilled to absolute zero. All conventional ways of generating heat have gone. And the minuscule contribution made by decaying protons is at last becoming apparent.

How, then, does the disintegration of a proton heat a dead star? The proton simply delivers itself spontaneously of a shower of energy-rich positrons, photons, and neutrinos. Only the neutrinos—light-speed wraiths—escape directly to the stellar surface.

In the claustrophobic interior of a black dwarf, a newborn positron soon confronts its opposite number, an electron. And when that happens, because they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



CLAUDIA

"Any man in my life must understand that my greatest satisfaction comes from giving of myself. If he's unable to share me, he's losing out on what only I could give him!"

SUNSHINE DAYDREAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JON HARROLL

"My dream has finally come true," sighs 22-year-old Claudia Kleiner of her *Penthouse* premiere. A hairstylist for models and actors, she says, "Now I can take my turn in front of the camera and see how the other half lives!" When she's not working, the West German beauty turns her attention to her collection of exotic flowers. "There's something magical about a new bud about to burst," she says.











"Of course, some of my wildest times are spent indoors," confides the 36-23-36 fräulein. "I once spent a whole afternoon in the cellar of my boyfriend's parents' home, making love with him on a workbench."



Although she loves letting loose to the strains of Springsteen and Van Halen, Claudia also enjoys curling up with a good book. "My favorite author is Henry Miller," she says. "He wrote some pretty hot stuff!"





"Any man in my life must understand that my greatest satisfaction comes from giving of myself," Claudia explains. "If he's unable to share me, he's losing out on what only I could give him!"

Kraut

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

the Dallas of the soul.

As I watched, Stengal's eyes began to blink rapidly. As Ratso would say, not a good sign. He was blinking rapidly and I was thinking rapidly, and this went on for about seven years. Then he reached his left hand over to steady his right wrist. Every muscle in my body tensed.

His face was as somber as an old German clock and, as he blinked, the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes seemed to tick away the seconds of my life. Then suddenly the nervous blinking stopped, and the old man's eyes opened wide as ovens.

"Heute Deutschland," he shouted. *"Morgen die ganze Welt!"*

"Hold the weddin', pal," I said, in what I hoped was a soothing, rational voice. "We're both after the same thing." This, of course, was a fatuous lie. I didn't feel, however, it was the kind of thing that, if Stengal were to blow my brains out, Saint Peter would hold against me.

"Once we find Morgan," I continued in an even tone, "then we can settle our differences. As Ted Kennedy said, 'We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.' "

"Juden raus!" Stengal roared, waving the Luger wildly. *"Juden raus!"*

I sensed that he wanted me to leave. I also sensed that he wasn't going to give me the chance. I didn't have my German-English dictionary by my bedside, so I was flying by Jewish radar in more ways than one. He seemed to be growing rather frighteningly irrational and agitated, which rarely bodes well for you when you're sitting third-row center to a Luger.

"I'm not here alone," I said. This was patently false, and we both knew it. I could almost hear my voice echo through the empty loft. I was trying to stall Stengal in the slim hope that Rambam might return in time to save my life for the fourth time this month. Maybe the Baby Jesus was trying to tell me something. But Rambam, I knew, when he went on an "errand," might not be back for a week.

"You won't get away with this, Stengal." I was pulling out all the clichés, or rather, fear was pulling them out of me. I knew the likelihood was that Stengal *would* get away with it, and Stengal, for his part, didn't seem to really give a damn.

They would find me, I suspected, many months later. The cat and I would probably be in rather advanced stages of decomposition. Maybe a Jehovah's Witness who was overly zealous would come to the door one day and smell us. *Zealous* and *smell us,* I thought to myself, made a rather nice rhyme scheme. I also realized that was exactly the kind of nonsense that probably cluttered the minds of most men seconds before their deaths. It probably also cluttered the minds of the Clutter family. Well, there was nothing to do but think crazy thoughts. Any attempt at vocalization seemed only to rile Stengal, and that was certainly to be avoided.

In a fraction of a second, I worked out what everybody else in my life would think if Stengal were to pull the trigger, then slip quietly out the fire escape. They would all, of course, get my answering machine. Ratso would assume, when I didn't return the call, that I was miffed about something. That would miff Ratso, and it'd be a while before he called again. Decomposition would begin. My lesbian girlfriend Winnie would call, and when she didn't hear back from me, she'd assume I had a fear of intimacy or something. She'd harden her attitude toward men.

Decomposition would continue. A sample call might be from my friend Sal Lorello, who ran a limo service out of Chappaqua, New York, and who'd once acted as road manager for me when Cleve was busy listening to Hank Williams records. Sal might say: "Okay, Kinky Man, I guess you're out raising hell tonight. Call me when you get in." He might or might not say "*ciao.*" When I didn't call Sal back, he'd watch a few Giants games, meet a few new beautiful women, then eventually get around to checking back on me again. This time he'd say, "Kinky Man! Where are you? Okay, you must be in Texas. I wish I was with you. Tell your dad and Marcie hello for me." Decomposition would progress rather alarmingly. The lack of adequate heating in the loft might retard it somewhat, but you couldn't really count on something like that. Cooperman might even call just to rattle my cage. I kept no regular hours, so if he called me late at night he might just assume, as others would, that I was out on a tear. He might say something patronizing like, "Tex? You keepin' your powder dry?" Decomposition.

> I looked from the gun to the swastika, to the skull and crossbones, to the eyes. The eyes had it.

Actually, by the time I saw Stengal's index finger tighten, I was almost looking forward to it. Decomposition was probably preferable to a lot of things. One of them was looking at Stengal's eyes.

Then the cat jumped on the bed.

Stengal shot an irritated glance at the cat, then took two steps closer. I reached out and patted the cat on the head. Stengal shifted the Luger to his left hand. It looked like he'd had about enough. He raised his right hand high in the air. I couldn't decide if it was absurd or terrifying, but it was clearly Stengal's final statement. A Nazi salute.

"Sieg Heil!" he shouted. *"Heil Hitler!"*

The cat looked at Stengal, then looked at me questioningly. One of the most difficult things we ever have to do in life is explain a Nazi salute to a cat. I figured I'd wait until she got a little older.

I wondered very fleetingly what the girl in the peach-colored dress would say when she called my answering machine. Stengal shifted the Luger back to his right hand, steadied his wrist, and took aim.

Just as Rambam roared through the door and hit him like the Rockaway Shuttle, he pulled the trigger.

I figured it was about time I got out of bed. The cat was nowhere to be seen. There wasn't a hell of a lot to be seen in fact as I stumbled through the gloom and made a determined effort to find the light switch. I could hear Rambam and Stengal struggling somewhere on the floor between the far side of the bed and the wall. The acrid smell of the gunshot in the small room was powerful enough for even my beezer to pick up on. Just as I hit the lights, a second shot rang out.

I looked across the room, but my vision was obscured briefly. Then Rambam stood up with the Luger in his hand and something approaching a little Charles Whitman smile twitching on his lips.

I stood at the foot of the bed and peered over the far side of it. Stengal's waxen face was just visible. One eye was gone. It was somewhere deep in the base of his skull looking around like a child in the Black Forest at the dark and twisted branches that extended through his gray-matter department. I couldn't be sure what, if anything, Stengal himself was seeing, but one look at his body was enough for me. I was as close as I ever wanted to literally finding a Nazi under my bed.

Rambam, however, was excited by something. He motioned me to come closer, then lifted Stengal's left arm to reveal a tear in his shirt that he'd incurred during the struggle.

"See that scar under his armpit?"

"Yeah," I said in a thick voice. It isn't everybody, at four o'clock in the morning, that gets to see a scar under a Nazi's armpit.

"That's where SS men always tattooed their blood-types. After the war, they often had the tattoos removed, sometimes somewhat clumsily, to hide their identity. It was in case they were wounded in battle. Helped the doctors in giving them transfusions. Too bad Stengal removed his. Maybe we could've helped him."

Rambam smiled.

I walked into the other room, poured two double shots out of a new bottle of

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Jack Daniel's, downed one of them, found a cigar, lit it, refilled my bull's horn, and waited for Rambam to come out of the killing fields.

Moments later he came in, pitched the Luger onto the kitchen table, and lifted his glass.

"Here's to the occupants of Muranowska 7," he said.

"Here's to the Chicago Seven."

"Very funny. Muranowska 7 was the address of the command bunker at the Warsaw Ghetto."

"Fairly obscure, but I'll drink to it."

"L'chaim."

We killed the shots, and I paced back and forth a little in the kitchen, smoking the cigar and figuring out what the hell to do next. It was an unusual American, I thought, who could make a toast "to life" only moments after splicing a man, even if the stiff was a Nazi. But then, who among us is without his little foibles and inconsistencies?

"Glossing over the fact," I said, "that you saved my life, what purpose did it serve to kill the old bastard? He might've been holding back some information on Morgan. Maybe the authorities would've wanted to talk to him. You didn't have to ice the geek."

"The gun went off in the struggle," Rambam said with an amiable grin. "That's my story, and I'm sticking to it."

"Of course, I have to call Cooperman," I said. The thought was not a particularly pleasant one, but it was nicer than the notion of hiding a Nazi under your bed during the advanced stages of decomposition.

"You could make German sausage out of him," said Rambam as he poured another shot. "Keep him in the freezer along with your five-alarm Lone Star Cafe chili."

"No, I don't think so. There's two occupational groups that I never wish to see in action: politicians and sausage stuffers."

Rambam thought about it for a moment and shrugged. "Hell of an idea."

I walked over to the kitchen window and opened it a bit to let some air in, but not far enough for the cat to fall out. People say cats won't fall out of windows, and if they do, they always land on their feet. If that's what you think, you ought to talk to Joel Siegel. His cat took a nosedive off the 16th floor onto Riverside Drive. The results were not pleasant.

I walked back and called Cooperman.

"This better be fucking good, Tex," he said.

"Not to worry."

When I cradled the blower, I checked the clock and walked back into the kitchen area of the loft. It was 4:30 on a chilly Tuesday morning in March of the year of our Lord 1989, if you followed the Gregorian calendar. If you followed the Jewish calendar, it was the month of Adar in the year 5750. Only a minor discrepancy in the dates. I'm sure they could work it out.

"Cooperman coming?" Rambam asked. I nodded. He was now seated at the kitchen table, upon which rested the cat and the Luger. Rambam picked up the Luger.

"Why don't you try playing Russian roulette with it?" I asked.

Rambam ignored me. He put down the Luger, walked over to the sink, washed his hands thoroughly with soap and hot water, dried them off, went back over to the table, and picked up the Luger again. He took out a handkerchief, walked back into the bedroom. The cat watched him disappear into the bedroom, then looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders.

I stoked up the espresso machine and put it in gear, and soon Rambam, the cat, and I were sitting around the kitchen table, Luger-less, sipping espresso and waiting for Cooperman. All except the cat, of course. The cat didn't like espresso. It's an acquired taste. Rambam was making loud mewing noises to the cat. The cat didn't much like that, either.

> "Once we find Morgan," I said in an even tone, "then we can settle our differences. As Ted Kennedy said, 'We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.' "

"Well," I said. "Isn't this nice?"

"The fucking Bobbsey Twins in the Country," said Rambam as he sipped his espresso.

Cooperman was not pleased. He tried to conceal his irritation, but I could tell.

"You don't fuckin' discriminate, do you, Tex?" he shouted from the bedroom.

I had the right to remain silent, and I did.

Cooperman came out into the living room. By now the loft was a hive of activity. Technicians were measuring the angle of the bullet in the headboard of my bed. Technicians were photographing the body. Technicians were dusting the Luger. I considered asking one of them to take a look at some of the problems I was having with my old black-and-white television set, but it was a little late for levity.

Fox and a burly party I'd never seen before were working over Rambam in a far corner of the loft. The discussion seemed to be throwing off a nice number of sparks. Fox was becoming more and more agitato. Rambam was coming up with a wide enough repertoire of hand gestures to have been directing traffic in Times Square. I couldn't tell if the influence was from the Jewish or the Italian side of the family, but as the conversation became more and more animated, it began to look like it might be the Italian.

A little after five in the morning Cooperman flew out of the bedroom like a large and extremely angry bee and started circling counter-clockwise around my head.

"Last year," he snarled, "we get a call to come over here and we extricate seven wasted Colombians. This time we come over to your place and what do we find? A dead kraut!"

"I'm an equal-opportunity employer," I said.

Cooperman had a few choice words, then left in the direction of the stiff, trailing more steam than a train pulling out of Grand Central. Fox drifted by and helped himself to a cup of espresso. When he walked back past me, he was holding his cup like a demitasse in an exaggeratedly effeminate fashion.

"You must tell me where you get your coffee," he said.

"When my lawyer gets here."

"You know, Tex, I know how you feel," Fox said with a razor-thin grin. "I lost my favorite uncle in a concentration camp."

"Sorry to hear it," I said.

"Yeah, poor ol' Uncle Max." Fox took a sip of espresso, timing his delivery. "He was makin' the rounds one afternoon when he dropped his swagger stick. Prisoner jumped up and choked him to death." Fox chuckled like a rabid chipmunk.

"Sorry to hear it," I said.

Fox chuckled again and went back over to Rambam. Cooperman came out of the bedroom, went over to the desk, made a phone call, walked over to where I was sitting, pulled out a chair, and sat down across the table from me. He took a Gauloise out of his pack and, with a thoughtful and almost conciliatory expression in his eyes, lit it slowly with his Zippo.

"I know you admire Nero Wolfe," he said. "But just remember, Wolfe only arranged to have the *suspects* come to him. He didn't always have their goddamn dead *bodies* lying around his house."

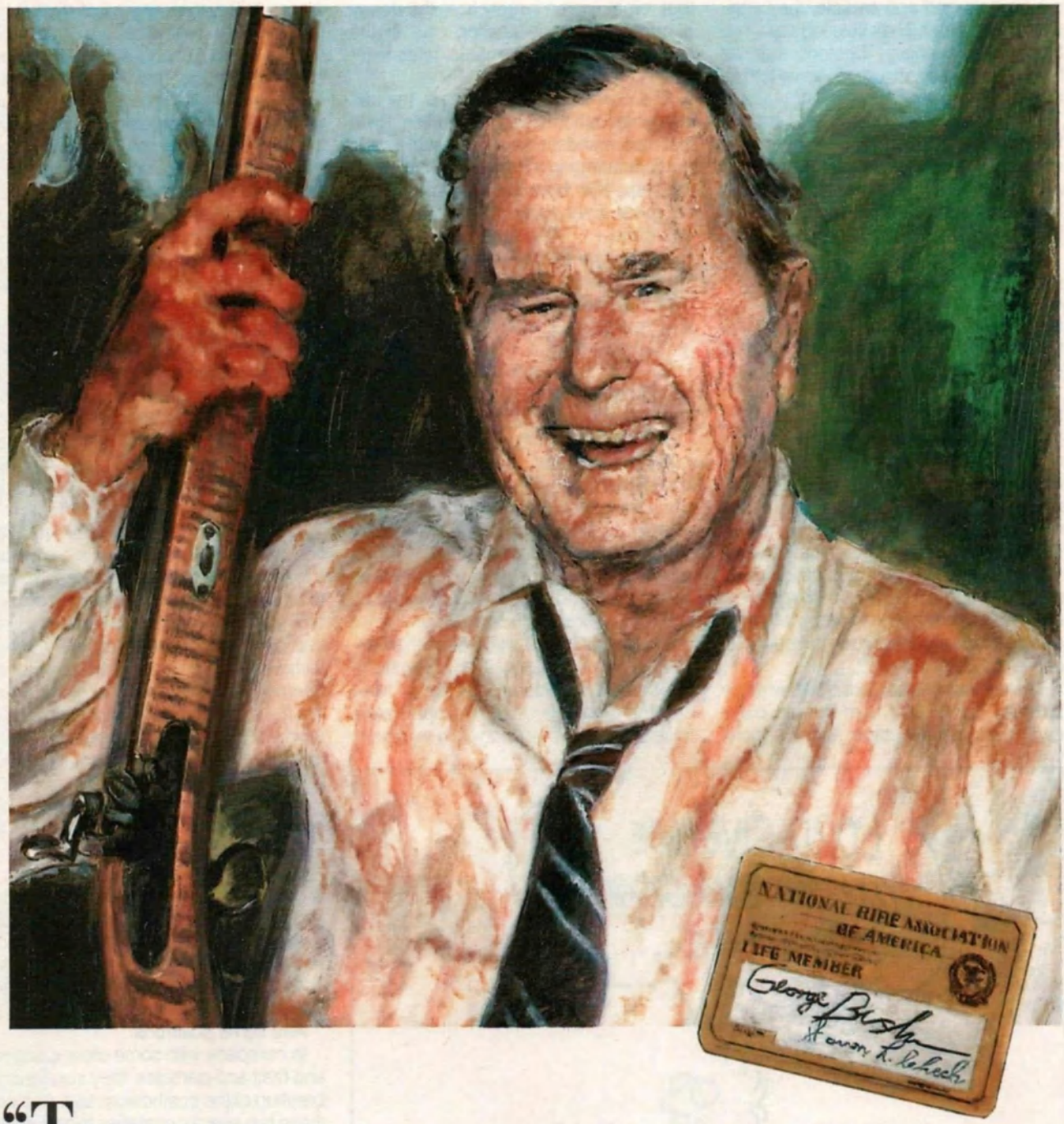
As if on cue, two guys began carrying what used to be Stengal through the living room. He was wrapped up so you couldn't see him, but you could feel an evil aura pulsate from the body bag.

"Get him outta here," Cooperman snarled, waving off the stiff like a guy passing on a hand of cards.

Not too much later, everyone else was gone, too. There were still things Cooperman wanted to talk to me and Rambam about, but that, apparently, was it for the night. It was a good thing, too, because the sun was peeking in the window.

I picked up the cat and walked over to the couch with her, where both of us lay down to take a little power nap together. I didn't feel like walking all the way to the bedroom.

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DEEP TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

are particle and anti-particle, they annihilate each other. Their sole legacy—two identical high-energy photons that, as they are promptly absorbed, serve to heat minutely the surrounding stellar matter.

So, by proton decay, is the surface temperature of a black dwarf raised—to about one degree above absolute zero. And cool as that may seem, it is toasty indeed compared with the wintry chill of the cosmic background.

Once all the protons and neutrons are gone, at an agonizingly slow rate, there will be no more stars. As their baryonic skeletons crumple, every black dwarf and neutron star in space will vanish in a puff of photons and neutrinos.

Spring in the year 100 million trillion trillion: Super-massive black holes are the only islands, unutterably small and lonely, in a cosmos awash with electrons, positrons, photons, and neutrinos. All "heavy" matter has eroded into these tiny, insubstantial grains. As a whole, the universe has enlarged 10,000 million trillion times since the age of man. And now the average distance between each electron and positron is greater than the diameter of the old Milky Way.

These electrons and positrons, whence did they come? Not from the old black dwarfs and neutron stars. As the protons inside these objects broke apart, the resulting high-density gruel of particles and anti-particles annihilated itself almost totally. No, the pelagic electrons-positrons that remain came largely from the decay of protons already floating free in the cosmic void—from archaic interstellar and intergalactic gas.

And now, in nature and scale, the universe has become altogether alien. Even that most mundane event, one sub-atomic particle bumping into another, has all but ceased—the separation distances are too great. Everything is desperately dull and banal.

Ten times more the universe ages, ten times more . . . 10^{35} A.D., 10^{40}, 10^{50}, 10^{60}. Now the entire age of bright stars seems less than the wink of an eye. More incomprehensibly brief is it in relation to this future cosmos than the quantum gravity era, spanning just 10^{-43} of a second, seemed to humans.

10^{65} A.D., 10^{70} . . . and then—change! In roughly the year 100 billion trillion trillion trillion trillion, a positron that came from *Voyager* finds a mate. With its companion electron it forms a single atom of positronium. Yet never was there an atom such as this. The orbit of the two particles around each other is as wide as the entire twentieth-century universe! Unbelievable as that may seem, this vacuous piece of matter is still millions of times smaller compared with its own huge cosmos than a humble hydrogen atom (less than 10^{-8} of an inch across) was in relation to the universe when humans lived.

Everywhere the same remote marriage of electrons and positrons is taking place. At last their energy of motion has fallen below the attractive energy invested in their bound state. An ethereal sea of positronium rapidly fills all of space.

But even that is not the end. As soon as an electron and positron conjoin, they begin spiraling in toward each other. When finally they meet, their first kiss proves deadly. Particle and anti-particle, the couple realize too late their fatal difference. In an instant they extinguish one another. And then, in fine theatrical style, their photonic spirits race apart as a pair of empyreal gamma rays.

Not that this self-destruction of the positronium sea is a quick affair. It takes about 10^{45} times as long as the age of the universe when the positronium first formed. So only by 10^{116} A.D. have the majority of positrons and electrons contrived to annihilate each other. And well before that, a far more striking event has taken place.

The scene on the universe's 10,000 trillion-trillion-trillion-trillion-trillion-trillion-trillion-trillionth (10^{100}th) birthday: All protons and neutrons have decayed. Most of space is replete with an incredibly dilute gas of positronium, steadily annihilating itself. Every stellar-size black hole has popped. And those exploding now are the biggest ones of all, harboring the crushed matter of entire galaxies. It is a spectacular finale. The universe ends with a fireworks display!

Except that the universe never really ends. It goes on, growing bigger, colder, darker, and sparser. Or does it?

A date unknown: The denudation of the last black hole belongs to a forgotten past. Even the final decay of the positronium sea took place lost eons ago. Now there is only blackness, ultimate cold, space without end.

And some positrons.

In company with some other electrons and their anti-particles, they survived the breakup of the positronium sea. And now these last specks of matter, together with greater legions of photons and neutrinos, are all that remain in the universe.

How else could it have ended? With the cosmos rebuilding itself? That was mere armchair theory, a physicist's pipe dream. It never came to anything. Nor will it ever. For what the human mind could not grasp, mercifully, is the utter desolation of this place. Were just two particles to come within a trillion trillion light-years of each other now, it would be a staggering juxtaposition.

And remember, space-time is still growing. The average gap between particles is widening, not narrowing. So that as time goes on, the prospect for some impromptu local gathering taking place becomes ever more bleak.

Is this, then, the true future universe:



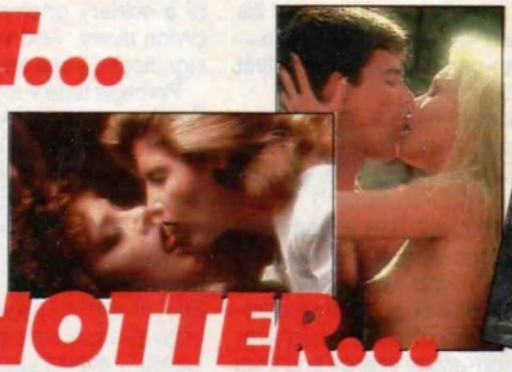
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space, huge and burgeoning, the home of solitary particles in eternal isolation? All of it cooling, thinning forever?

Will the cosmos in time fully unwind? Will the energy of all particles in the universe at last be smeared over a random thermal distribution? If so, this would be the "heat death"—the supreme blah—that nineteenth-century physicists first contemplated.

At the moment of heat death, entropy would peak at its maximum possible value—one. Chaos would rule unchallenged.

And the alternative? That would happen only if photons born of the decay of black holes and of the positronium sea stayed clear of collision with other particles. Then might the photons avoid ever sharing their high-grade energy and thus coming into thermal balance with the rest of the cosmos. In this case, the universe would drift closer to the dismal heat-death state, but never actually reach it.

But what difference does it make—100-percent chaos or 99.999-percent chaos? Either way, in time the universe ends up dark, dreary, hopelessly washed-out.

In time. In Deep Time. At the far end of Deep Time, for that is where the cosmos has arrived. And paradoxically, it seems that time's condition now is no more certain than it was at genesis.

In the beginning there was the problem of time's source: If time had a moment of birth, what was there before that? In the prenatal state of genesis, how could anything have happened, preparations been made, outside of time?

And now this new riddle. In the far-future universe, change has ground virtually to a halt. With particles so widely spaced, even the dispatch and receipt of a solitary photon becomes almost a divine event. And without change, what significance has time?

Perhaps time's axis needs new labels. Did it ever really make good sense to think of the Big Bang as being at Time Zero?

Moving back toward the Big Bang, events were crowded much closer together. Within the "first second" there was more change—a higher density of events—than in all the subsequent history of the universe put together. And edging back ever nearer to the point of creation, events were squeezed still more tightly into thinner and thinner micro-slices of "conventional" time.

Take, then, a bold step. Redraw the map of time. Rather than the Big Bang at $t = 0$, mark it at $t = -\infty$. Then, looking back, it becomes genesis, not Armageddon, that lies an infinite period away. And the remote future of the cosmos? Put that at Time Zero!

The result—a fresh view of the scheme of things. Rather like those tongue-in-cheek antipodean charts with south at the top and Australia, lording it, big and prominent, just above center.

And, too, the new temporal plan may offer more than just novel perspective. With the Big Bang set at t minus infinity, time stretches out farthest in the direction of most activity. Which is promising. Also, it removes the stubborn problem of "What came first?" since before any given event there would always be an infinite number of others. The quest for a genesis spark would be doomed to frustration.

As to the future universe, the new scheme literally has no time for it. As events become fewer and further apart, time loses the framework against which it was previously measured. Beyond a certain point, with every particle effectively cut off from every other, time would cease to have any meaning at all—the point of Time Zero.

Is it wild surmise? Will time really come to an end at some stage in the future cosmos? Or will it live on, ethereally aloof from the dispersed wreckage of matter, energy, and space? Again, it turns on the true nature of time. And that, as ever, remains elusive.

But one thing does seem clear. Even if time itself survives indefinitely, its direction—the way its "arrow" points—must come increasingly into doubt. Why? Because time's forward direction is taken to be that in which order dissolves into chaos, in which entropy increases. When all that remains is total chaos—chaos changing into equivalent chaos—there is no longer anything by which to distinguish past from future.

And so, to the end of everything. Entropy has peaked. Confusion abounds. Time is . . . uncertain.



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To lose weight, start by eliminating processed foods—anything canned, frozen, or convenience-prepared. Also, read labels and don't eat anything you can't pronounce.

HEALTH

BY GARY NULL



I need a good diet in order to get some weight off and keep it off. I've been on every diet imaginable and I keep gaining the weight back. Can you help?

The way to address a weight problem is to treat the causes, not the symptoms. This requires an understanding of how the body works, using its own natural mechanisms to produce the desired results.

What are the causes of weight gain? The answer seems to lie in a weight-regulating mechanism located in a control center of the brain called the hypothalamus. It determines the body's ideal fat level, then maintains that level, just as a thermostat set at 70 degrees activates the heating system when the temperature falls below that point. The weight-regulating mechanism works in two ways: It controls appetite, and regulates metabolism and the storage of energy.

This mechanism signals the body when to conserve energy or use it up. If you eat a large amount of food, the body increases the rate at which it burns calories. If you eat a small amount, the body decreases the rate. In each case the goal is to preserve the set weight. This explains why people on diets may temporarily lose weight but ultimately regain it. The body is accustomed to a certain weight and does what it can to maintain it.

Counting calories is not as important as thoughtfully choosing the foods you eat. The typical American diet needs to be adjusted to include more complex carbohydrates, fewer proteins, and less fat. Begin your new eating plan by eliminating the three whites from your diet: white sugar, white flour, and salt. Then eliminate processed food, including most canned, frozen, or prepared convenience foods. Read labels before you buy and don't eat anything you can't pronounce.

The best eating plan is to eat more frequently—smaller meals every four to six hours, so that the normal sensations of both hunger and satiety can be experienced. Maintaining this natural routine will help you stick to the new assortment of foods that will help you gradually lose weight. Eat breakfast, but keep your fat and sugar consumption down. Most people who skip breakfast are overweight rather than underweight. Keep lunch light, preferably eating complex carbohydrates, which are low in calories. Soup is a satisfying lunch, especially a water-based soup of vegetables, grains, and legumes. Salads are also good, and can be complemented with whole-grain bread to fill you up. But beware of salad dressings—most are high in fat, sugar, and calories. Eat enough breakfast and lunch to take away the strong hunger drive, but not enough to feel full. If you are hungry before the next meal, have a snack. Eat only in response to hunger, not for entertainment.

The weight you eventually reach may not necessarily be the weight you desire. Be realistic and philosophical. Genetic determinants may limit what you can realistically accomplish. If you follow the principles of exercise and diet for a reasonable period of time and your weight stabilizes, accept it and enjoy being yourself as you are.

I am totally confused about saturated and unsaturated fats and oils. For instance, is margarine saturated or unsaturated?

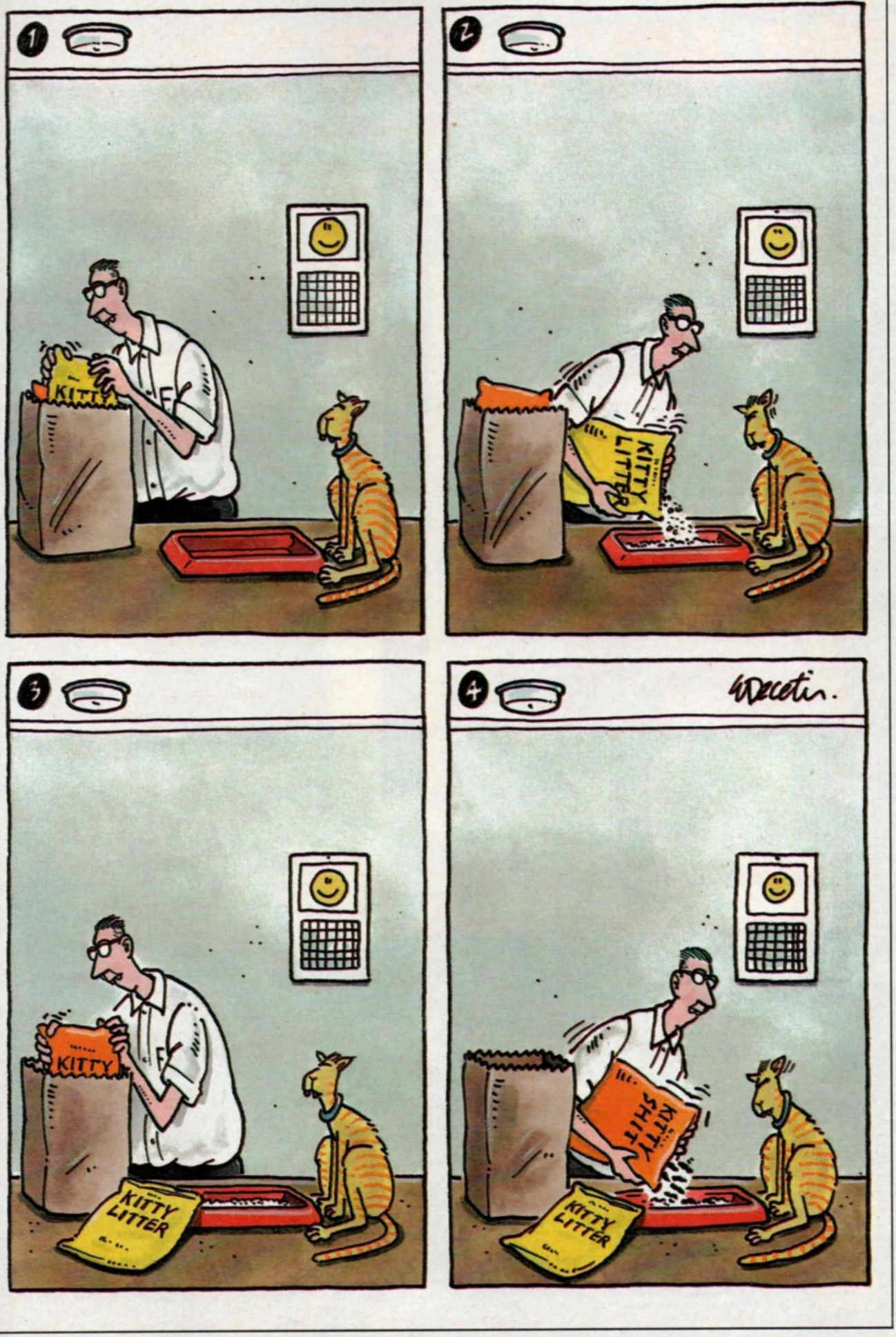
Not all fats are equal. They may be equal in calories, as the fat in margarine is no different in terms of its caloric count than the fat in olive oil or butter. But fats have unique properties. Omega 3 fatty acids found in fish, for example, have been shown to be healthful to the heart. They also allow the body to use energy more efficiently. The essential fatty acids found in the oil from sesame, sunflower, and safflower seeds and soybeans are vital for health, growth, maturation, hormone production, and other functions. It is therefore important to have a variety of fats in the diet in small amounts.

There are two kinds of fats, saturated and unsaturated. Saturated fats are found in animal food sources such as meat and dairy products. Technically speaking, fat is saturated if the carbon chain that makes it up is also saturated with hydrogen atoms. Examples of saturated fats include coconut oil, butter, and the visible fatty part of chicken, fish, veal, lamb, pork, and beef.

Unsaturated fats are primarily found in grains, legumes, seeds, nuts, and the oils derived from them, including corn, safflower, sunflower, and soy. The majority of your fat intake should come from these unsaturated oils, not potato chips. Unsaturated fats provide us with certain essential fatty acids that control high blood pressure, help form prostaglandins (important chemicals for a host of bodily functions), and regulate the ability of substances to enter and leave cells.

There are a variety of unsaturated fats. Most common are polyunsaturates found in corn or safflower oil. There are also monounsaturates as found in olive oil. There is new evidence suggesting that the latter type actually helps protect your heart by raising levels of certain types of cholesterols. The omega 3 fish fat mentioned earlier is also a monounsaturate.

All fats, however, are combinations of saturated and unsaturated, and we need both each day. But not more than 25 percent of the fat in our diet should be saturated. Most fat intake should be unsaturated.


1
KITTY
2
KITTY LITTER
3
KITTY
KITTY LITTER
4
KITTY SHIT
KITTY LITTER

STATE OF THE ART IN BIOTECHNOLOGY

PHOTOTRON



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PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING									
	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT									
	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY									
	SPECTRUM DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM									
NUTRIENTS	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH PLANT'S SEX									
	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX									
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS									
	GUARANTEE LENGTHS	1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT								
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POSSE POWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

maybe somehow he survives, he'll talk.

"The law-enforcement officials working with Jamaicans know that they're shooters, regardless of who's on the other end of the bullet. Consequently our strategy is to outnumber them in any confrontation—to meet force with force.

"It's because of the violence," he continues, "that now the federal, state, and local agencies are coming together successfully. . . . This is the essence of the O.C.D.E.T.F. concept. In the past, Jamaicans would not cooperate because they knew that the state systems were a joke. Now that their pals—and the word is out on the street—are getting hit with federal time, long time, they think again about whether or not they should cooperate."

McGraw concludes, "We feel that these people are laughing at our system and our society, and it feels good for us to think that we're fighting back. Congress is going more and more towards an integrated law-enforcement approach to any kind of organized crime. I think it's a sorry state of affairs that you can have 1,400 homicides by people from an island whose total population is only three million. There's still a general ignorance, perhaps even a little bit of apathy on the part of the public and some law enforcement as well."

To remedy this, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms has been intensely monitoring the posses ever since they received a 1986 Interpol request to trace firearms used in Jamaica that had been purchased in different areas of the United States. "At that time," says A.T.F. Director Stephen E. Higgins, "we probably had 25 to 30 identifiable posse groups. We realized that we needed to notify law enforcement that this phenomenon was growing, so we held a conference in Miami in 1986, and approximately 90 state, local, and federal agencies attended. Subsequent to that, we formed a national clearinghouse here in A.T.F. headquarters in Washington, D.C., and made sure that the information got out to the areas of the country that it needed to go to. When we went to O.C.D.E.T.F., we became full players with Immigration, Customs, the F.B.I., and the D.E.A. The results of the first conference, the intelligence sharing, the clearinghouse, and carrying it to O.C.D.E.T.F., was a nationwide roundup that occurred in October 1987, with some 150 arrests around the country. And remember," Higgins adds, "if you arrest one individual, you find out about five others. So we continued to pursue the investigation . . . with more and more people becoming interested in what was going on, particularly with the obvious rise in homicides that were posse-related.

"At a conference held in Baltimore in the summer of 1988, more than 500 agencies were represented—the banks of knowledge relative to criminal activity swelled, new steps were initiated, and subsequent activities resulted in a roundup of over 300 Jamaicans in October 1988 on charges of firearms violations, narcotics trafficking, immigrations violations, etc. For the first time, a major RICO indictment was directed against a posse—the Shower Posse of Miami.

"We're continuing to move aggressively to impact upon this programming," Higgins states adamantly. "The general public is getting tired of the violence accompanied with narcotics trafficking. And they're joining the fight. Whole community groups are coming forward and supporting law enforcement. Solid intelligence about posse groups is given to us through local police throughout the country, and much of their information comes from people in the community."

While Jamaican posse members like to think of themselves as old-style Wild West outlaw cowboys, they are finding more and more that the spaghetti westerns they act out end up, in fact, with the good guys winning the fight. A.T.F. Senior Special Agent Robert Creighton says, "We'll hit a crack operation and the raid goes down, and the prisoners are brought out in handcuffs and the neighbors applaud."

This applause will hopefully be heard more often, more loudly, and more gratefully.

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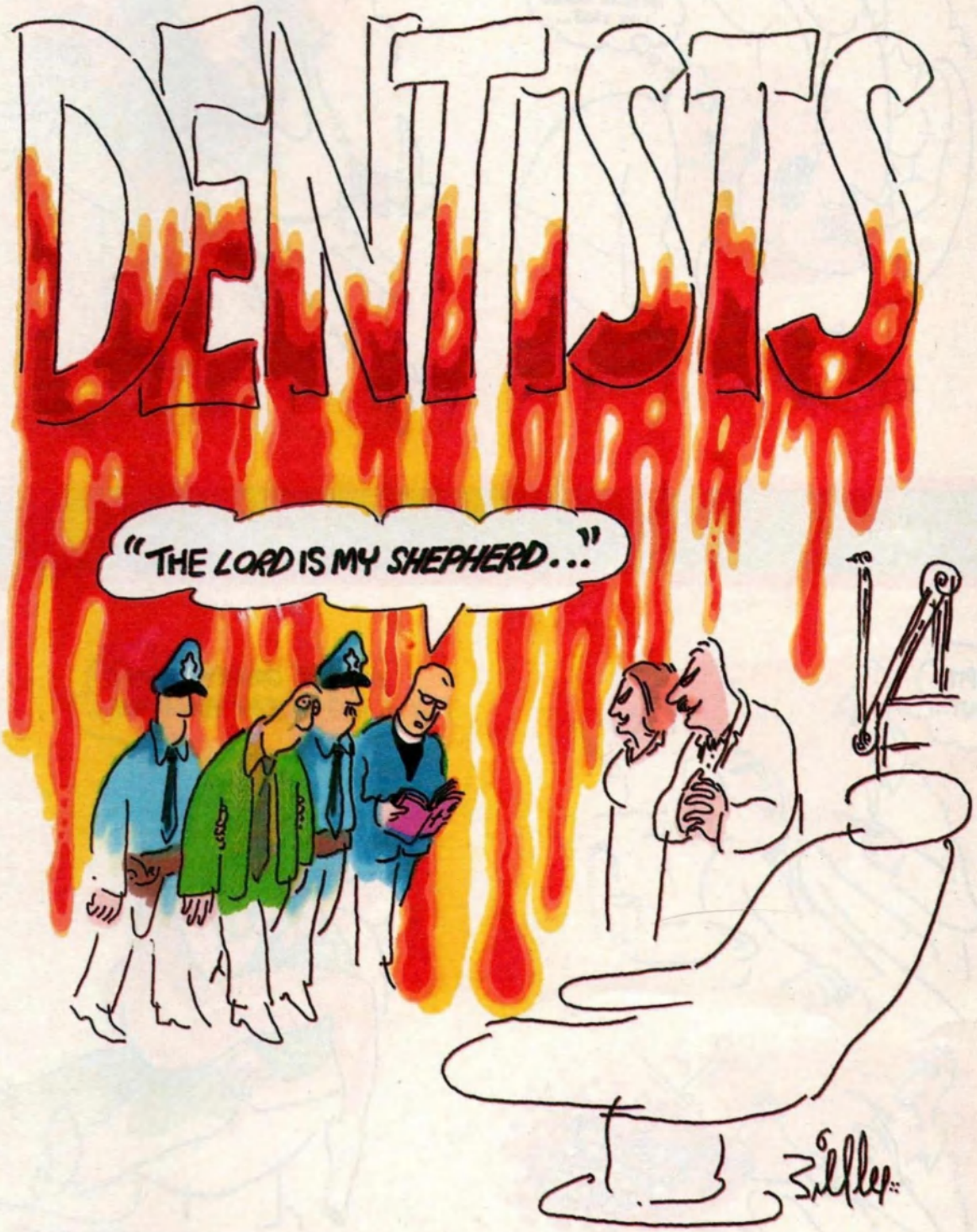
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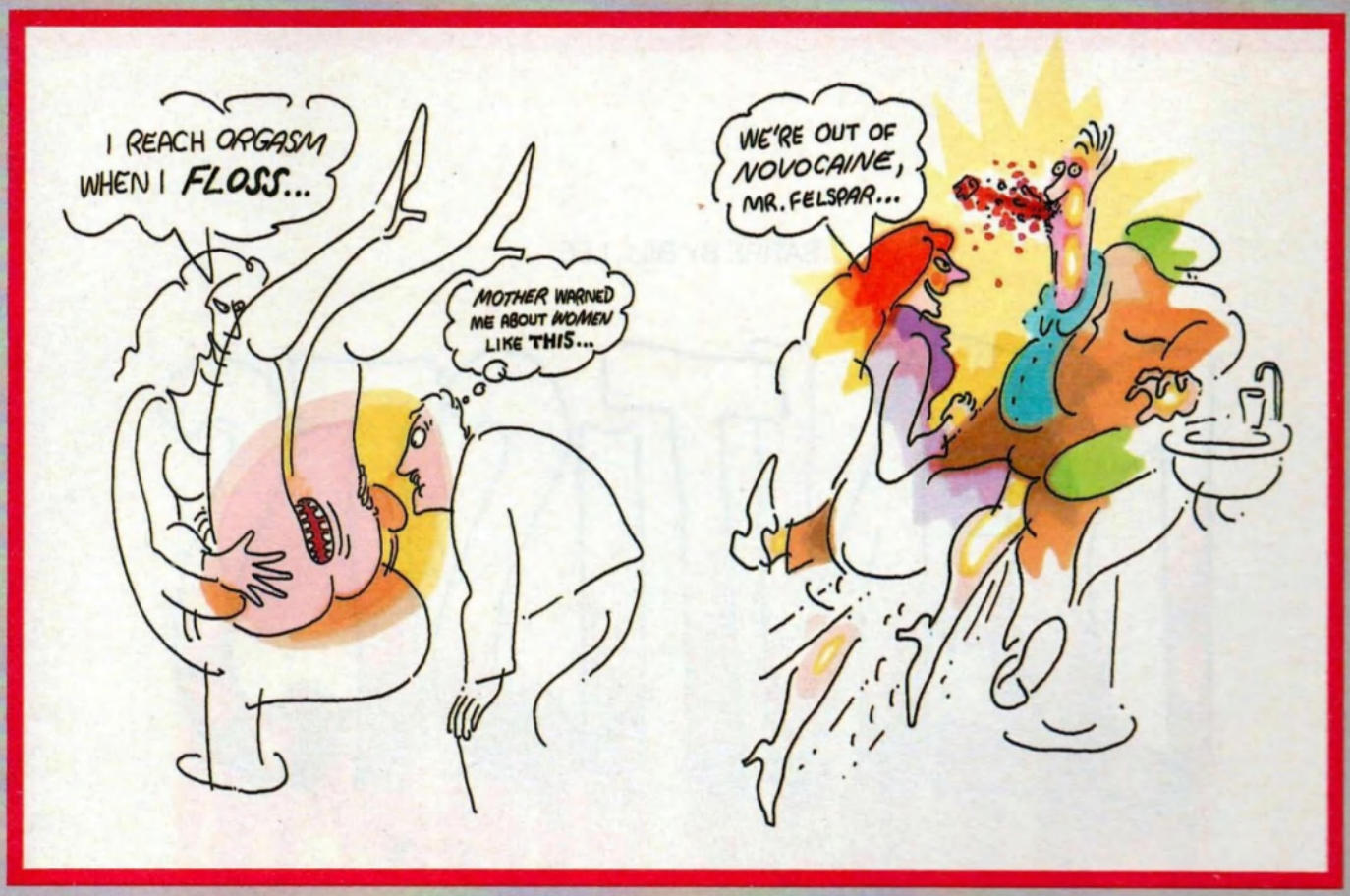
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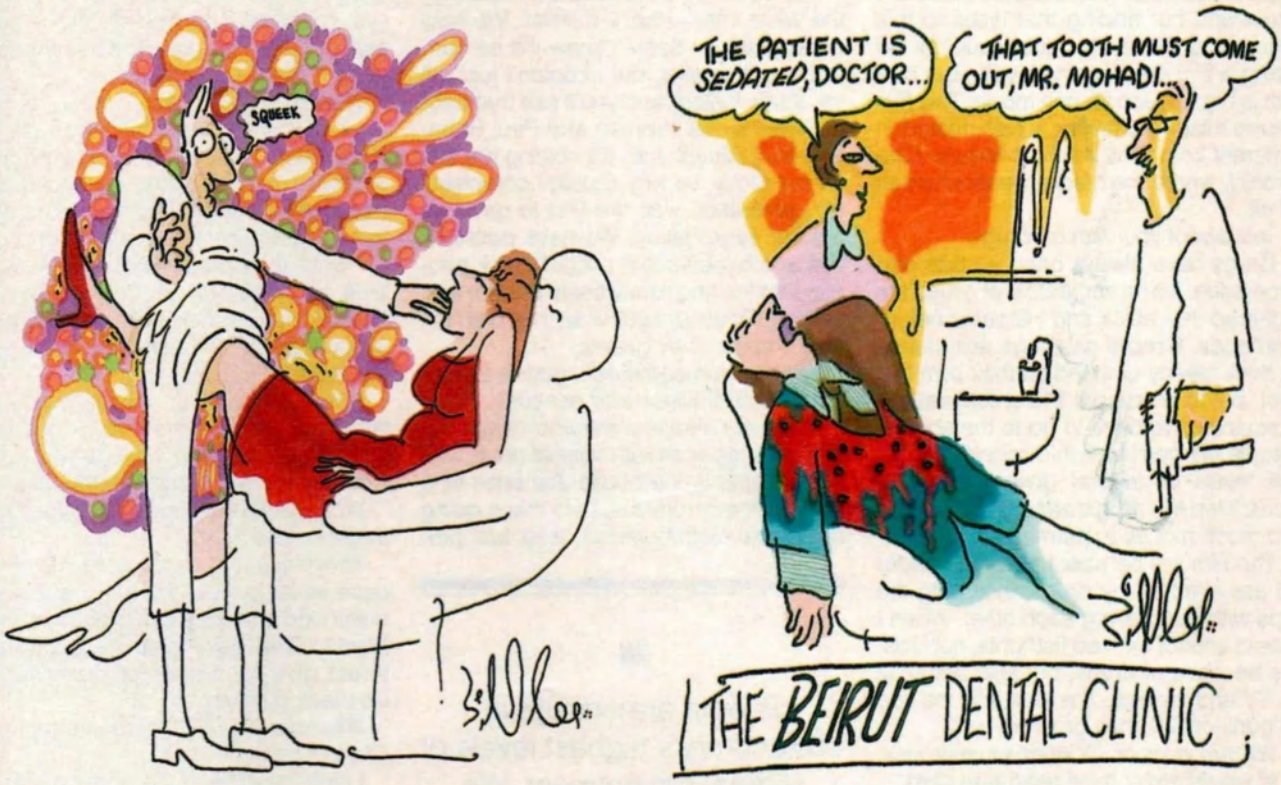
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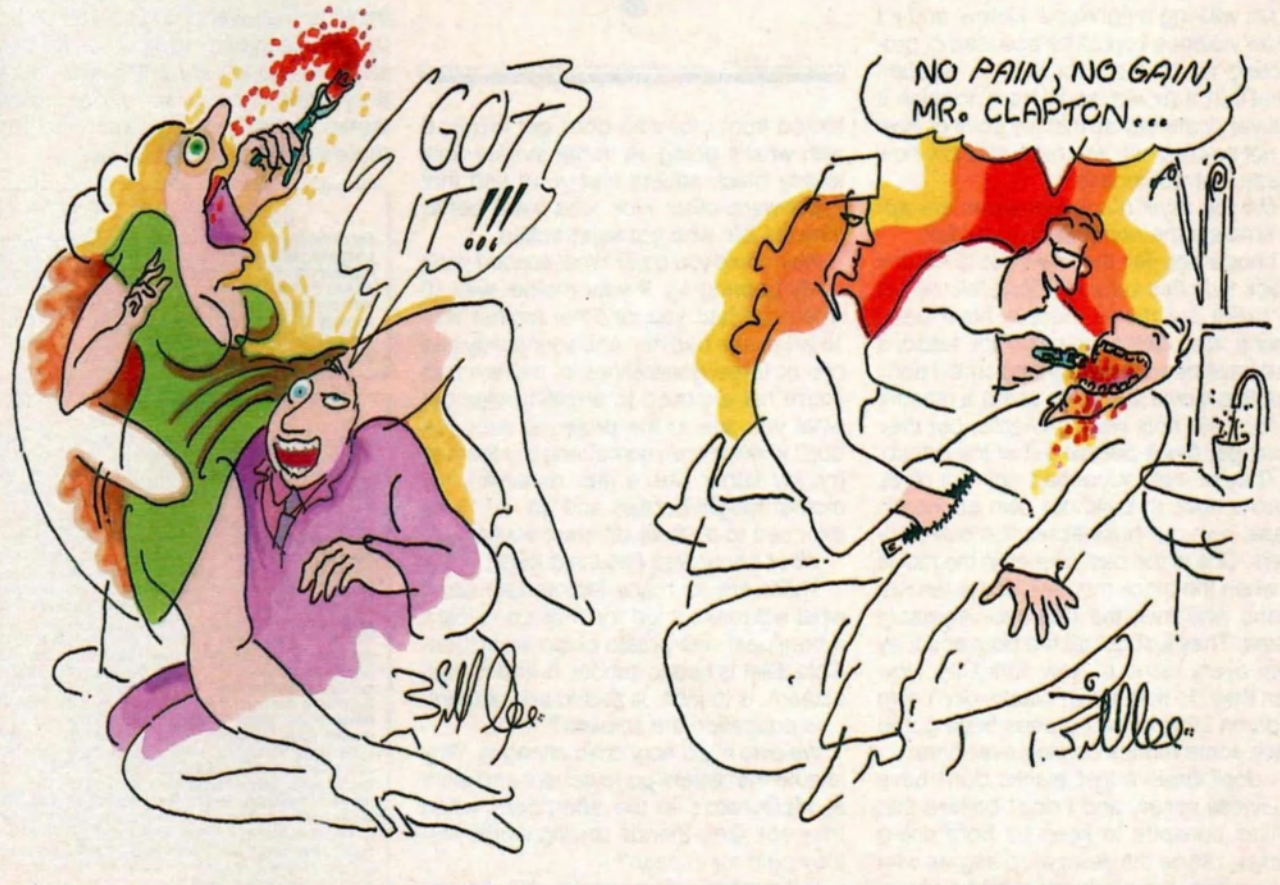
SATIRE BY BILL LEE




I REACH ORGASM WHEN I FLOSS...
MOTHER WARNED ME ABOUT WOMEN LIKE THIS...
WE'RE OUT OF NOVOCAINE, MR. FELSPAR...


SPIT OUT...
...OOH, GRANDPA, WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE...
LOVE, DENTIST STYLE.


SQUEEK
THE PATIENT IS SEDATED, DOCTOR...
THAT TOOTH MUST COME OUT, MR. MOHADI...
THE BEIRUT DENTAL CLINIC


GOT IT!!!
NO PAIN, NO GAIN, MR. CLAPTON...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

prevalent, but adding that issue to this film would dilute the race issue. I'll be doing a film on drugs next year, but racism is big enough for one movie. This film shows black humanity, which makes it different from films like *Fort Apache [The Bronx]*, where the blacks weren't human at all.

Talk about your film on drugs.

Drugs have always been a class and race issue. It's no accident that drugs are pumped into black and Hispanic neighborhoods. People on drugs are unable to think clearly or stand on their own two feet. But to prosecute $10 crackheads is ridiculous. We have to go to the source. People are corrupt in this country's highest levels of federal government. We could stop the drug business, but there's too much money to be made.

The film will be about how kids under 15 are affected by drugs, including the kids with guns killing each other. When I was in school we had fistfights, not Uzis. It's because of drugs, but also because of TV and movies. The kids see the use of guns on TV, they grow up on it.

We saw guns on TV when we were kids, and would never have used real ones.

Now real ones are available. Why get a play gun when you can get a real one?

Because you can kill someone.

It's no big thing to those kids. They've become that jaded.

If you show kids committing violence in your film, will it add to the problem?

I'm walking a tightrope, I know, and if I show violence I could be accused of promoting it. I don't want kids to emulate what's in a movie, so I'll have to think it out very carefully so that my point of view is not ambivalent. You have to show how crazy that violence is.

Do you think black teenagers are apt to emulate the riot at Sal's pizzeria?

I hope not. Tell the cops not to kill any black kids this summer, don't tell me not to make my movie. People have been rioting long before this film for reasons that have been around a long time. I don't see this movie suddenly being a reason.

You said riots were cathartic, but they don't get black people out of the ghetto.

They're not supposed to. For that, blacks have to build our own economic base, own our businesses, be self-sufficient. One of the best scenes in the movie is when the black men talk about the Koreans who own the fruit-and-vegetable stand. They just got off the boat and they own every stand in New York City. How can they do that, when blacks don't own a damn thing? The Koreans have got to have some money coming over here.

I don't believe that blacks don't have business sense, and I don't believe that whites conspire to keep us from doing things. I know the Jews will disagree with me on this, but the biggest crime of history was slavery, and blacks are still feeling the ramifications. But slavery is not an alibi, either.

For too long blacks have been blaming the white man—that's bullshit. We now hold ourselves back. I knew it'd be hard to be a filmmaker, but I couldn't just not try. Study history and you'll see that people like Harriet Tubman and Paul Robeson went through hell. It's nothing like that for me today, so why should I complain? My generation was the first to grow up without segregation. We have possibilities and benefits that a lot of black people died for, and if they could see the way we're bullshitting away what they died for, they'd spit in their graves.

Why are some kids able to take advantage of possibilities and get out?

There are always some who'll swim upstream—the ones with special drive, with two parents in the house, the ones who are shielded from the stuff that's going on in the neighborhood, who are protected from it or who don't get involved with what's going on in the streets. Talk to any black athlete and you'll find that there were other kids who were better athletes but who got sidetracked.

> People are corrupt in this country's highest levels of federal government. We could stop the drug business if we really wanted to, but there's too much money to be made.

Why could you do it? What pushed you?

My upbringing. If your mother was 16 when she had you, and her mother was 16 when she had her, and your family has two or three generations of welfare and you're not exposed to anything else but what you see in the projects, then you don't know there's something out there to try. My father was a jazz musician, my mother taught English and art, so I was exposed to a whole different world.

What about less fortunate kids?

There are so many factors tied up in what will make a kid try. Kids can't learn if breakfast was potato chips and Coca-Cola. Diet is tied to school, is tied to self-esteem, is to jobs, is tied to self-esteem.

Is education the solution?

We also need economic changes. Why should teenagers go to school and work at McDonald's in the afternoons when they see their friends driving Audis that they paid for in cash?

Is it a matter of persuading black teenagers that if they get a good education there will be decent jobs for them?

They don't want decent jobs. They want lots of money. It's a matter of their value system, which is fucked up. We've got to expose it. All that gold isn't the answer, it doesn't mean everything.

What do you think about [Eastside High principal] Joe Clark's policies? He got himself into Time *magazine saying, for example, that he opposes school busing because he doesn't believe blacks need to sit next to another race to learn.*

I went to a predominantly black college and no one had trouble learning. Parents care if their kids learn, but the schools don't. If they did, they'd be leaving more kids back.

Here's one problem I have with Clark. He says if you can't read, you're out. Then what do you do with the kids who can't? Are they the permanent underclass?

What should be the role of the black middle class here?

They have to do a lot more. All they've done so far is moved to the suburbs and distanced themselves from lower-class blacks. They have to take a genuine interest, give donations, volunteer, and set up black businesses.

What did you think of the treatment of Clark in Lean on Me*?*

I didn't like the movie, though Morgan Freeman was great. It was fake, formulaic Hollywood pap, like when the student test scores come in at the last minute. We ought to give more credit to the American public.

People have been tricked—force-fed the same kind of film over and over—into thinking that everything should be tidied up at the end of a movie. If you feed them shit long enough and tell them it's not shit, they'll start to believe it. It looks like shit, tastes like shit, but it's not shit. I think there's a movie in that.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Sara Norton was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Earl Miller shot our pictorial on page 47 with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. Claudia Kleiner, who appears on page 115, was photographed by Jon Harroll with a Nikon F2AS camera; Nikkor 24, 105, 135, and 43-86 zoom lenses; and Norman and Balcar lights.

CREDITS

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EXTRA

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

EXTRA

Hard Times

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A REAL BABA-LULU



An avid "I Love Lucy" fan claims that the soul of the late Desi Arnaz possessed his body after he viewed over 200 consecutive hours of the sitcom. The 37-year-old Chicago bachelor, now believing his best friend to be Fred Mertz, had spent the last three years videotaping all 179 "I Love Lucy" episodes via a satellite dish in his backyard. Now "Ricky Ricardo is alive and well and he is living inside me," he states in a thick Cuban accent. His girlfriend was the first to see him after his "Lucy" marathon. "I didn't even recognize him at first," she recalls. "He looked different somehow. I couldn't put my finger on it until he started beating on the coffee table with his fists and screaming 'Babaloo' real loud. Then I realized the awful truth—he had become Ricky Ricardo, or Desi Arnaz, I guess. I am shattered." She consulted a psychic, who believes the "I Love Lucy" fan is in desperate need of an exorcism. Meanwhile, he has just gotten a job as a nightclub drummer. (*Sun*—submitted by Russ Levine, Scottsdale, Ariz.)

Now, if only his girlfriend can hook up with Lucy . . . —Editor

MODEL SPILLS DIRT ON HUSBAND



A court evicted a Manhattan man from his apartment after his cover-girl wife charged him with never bathing and having a horrible smell. Manhattan Supreme Court Justice Walter Schackman ruled 28-year-old Jennifer Sheppard was totally justified in changing the locks on her estranged husband, 41-year-old paralegal Darnay Hoffman. Soon after the couple had moved into their 450-foot studio apartment, state the court papers, they ceased talking to each other, as well as sleeping and eating together. "Her major problem was that [he] had terrible body odor, and that for the past several years has stopped washing his upper body and . . . changing his clothes, wearing them for weeks at a time," claimed Schackman. However, Hoffman plans to appeal. "She said I'm a smelly bum, but it's totally untrue. The odor she complained about that permeated the whole household was actually from a bacterial infection that she had," he claims. (*New York Post*)

Just a big stink over nothing.—Editor

TITANIC VICTIMS HAUNT WATER BED

At least ten victims of the great *Titanic* disaster are reliving their deaths inside a married couple's water bed. "As soon as we got into bed, I heard the voices—mostly men, although I heard at least one woman and one child in there also," recalls the husband of his first night on the haunted mattress. "They were moaning and crying, 'Help! Save us! More lifeboats, please!' It was absolutely terrible." Says his wife, "We didn't know what it was at first. Then, when I listened closely, I realized the voices were from the *Titanic*. They were wailing, 'This ship can't be sinking! I paid top dollar for this cruise!' " The bed is currently undergoing intense investigation in the laboratory of a famed paranormal investigator. "It's been 77 years, and those spirits are still floating in that water," he says. "That same water has evaporated into clouds and come down as rain hundreds of times until it was eventually put in the water bed. It's just one more extraordinary example of the astounding psychic properties of the water." (*Sun*—submitted by David Zahler, Plainview, N.Y.)

If he's wrong, his reputation is sunk.—Editor





HITLER'S GHOST IN REFRIGERATOR BUNKER

An East German housewife claims the ghost of Adolf Hitler has invaded her new refrigerator. "It's Hitler—I know it's Hitler," the 38-year-old Dresden woman told reporters. "Every time I open the refrigerator door, the misty image of his face appears and he starts running his mouth. He orders me to rally the troops and invade Poland. He says he wants the Soviet Union wiped off the face of the earth. He even told me to see to it that a statue is erected in his honor in the middle of Berlin." After comparing a cassette recording of the ghost's voice with tapes of the Führer's speeches from the 1930s, two of the country's top paranormal researchers have ascertained that it is indeed his ghost, and are planning to investigate why he chose that particular fridge. According to the owner of the possessed appliance, the manufacturer and the store that sold it have offered to buy it back or replace it on the condition that she stop talking about the phenomenon, but she has declined the offer: "Adolf Hitler's ghost is inside my refrigerator, and I think the whole world should know." (*Weekly World News*)

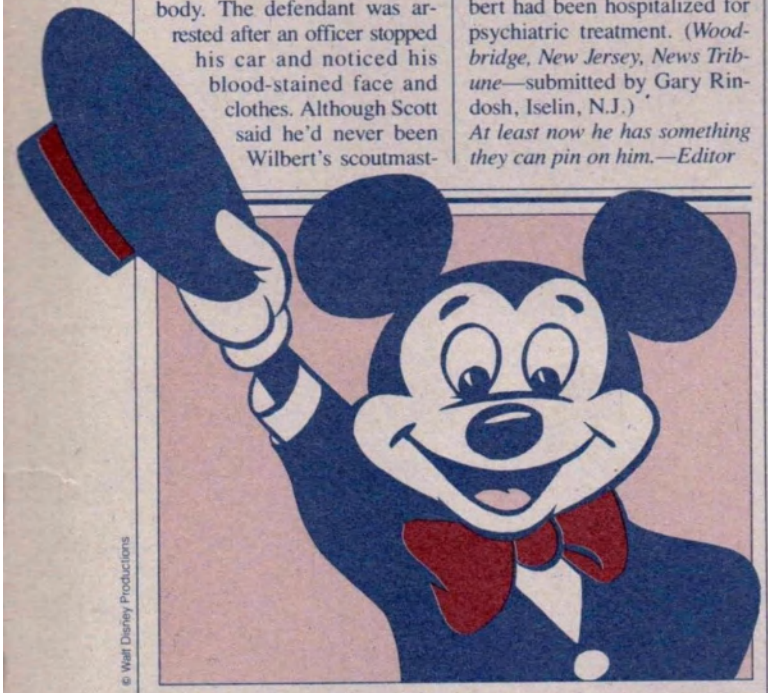
She should put it on automatic defrost.—Editor



GOD'S HIT MAN

An ex–Boy Scout pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity in his attempted murder of a scoutmaster who, the defendant claims, denied him a merit badge 14 years ago. According to police, 26-year-old John F. Wilbert of Long Branch, New Jersey, visited the home of Harold W. Scott, Jr., and stabbed him in the face and body. The defendant was arrested after an officer stopped his car and noticed his blood-stained face and clothes. Although Scott said he'd never been Wilbert's scoutmaster, he did admit Wilbert had been at his home to work on a merit-badge project. Reads Wilbert's statement, "I rang the back-door bell. Mr. Scott came to the door. I attacked him with the steak knife I brought with me." He also mentioned that he "was under the impression" that he was "a hit man for God." It was learned that Wilbert had been hospitalized for psychiatric treatment. (*Woodbridge, New Jersey, News Tribune*—submitted by Gary Rindosh, Iselin, N.J.)

At least now he has something they can pin on him.—Editor



© Walt Disney Productions

MICKEY MOUSE MURDER

A Long Island woman, claiming that Mickey Mouse had taken over her husband's body, killed him by repeatedly running him over with her car in their West Islip driveway. Found mentally competent to stand trial, she was convicted in March of first-degree manslaughter and sentenced to five to 15 years in prison. According to her defense attorney, the murder was a result of her refusal to take "prescribed medication for mental problems." (*Dayton Daily*—submitted by Dennis E. Wood, Miamisburg, Ohio)

Sounds like she was possessed by Goofy.—Editor

"DEAD" HAMSTER RESURRECTED IN TOASTER OVEN

After finding her kids' pet hamster lying lifeless in its cage, a British housewife brought the creature back to life by putting him in a heated toaster oven. "I thought about trying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but he seemed too small for that," she recalls. "So I sprinkled some water on him and stuck him in the oven. I couldn't believe my eyes when his little legs started to move." Claiming that she was just about to bury Harry in a baked-bean can when she came upon the idea, "I'm happy now that I didn't rush into anything," the woman told reporters. According to one veterinarian, the animal was probably just attempting to hibernate at the time he was found in his listless state. Although Harry is now doing well, experts don't recommend this procedure for other would-be hamster healers. (*Weekly World News*)

Well done!—Editor



ALL THE SHIT THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

Rob Collins of Alamo, California, calls himself an "excrement specialist." As president of Poop and Scoop, he will visit clients' lawns or backyards to clean up after their pets. One animal lover's collection—including a burro, a goat, chickens, and geese—makes for one of his most challenging assignments. "She's definitely my best customer," says Collins, whose fees start at $4.50. He will, of course, give free estimates (a yard containing a large Doberman might run $7). "There's no overhead," Collins explains. "I just throw it on a field." Although Poop and Scoop is just a sideline—Collins currently coaches basketball at Acalanes High School in Lafayette—business is booming. He's thinking about creating a line of designer fertilizer. "I'm the King of Poop," he brags. "I wanna be Mr. Poop '89." (*Pleasanton, California, Valley Times*—submitted by Paul N. Turner, Dublin, Calif.)

Now, there's a guy who's really full of it.—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

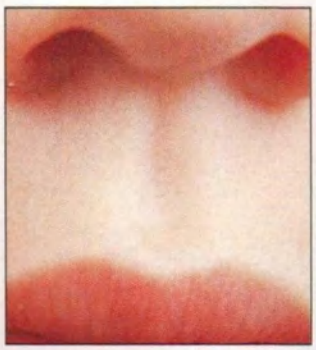


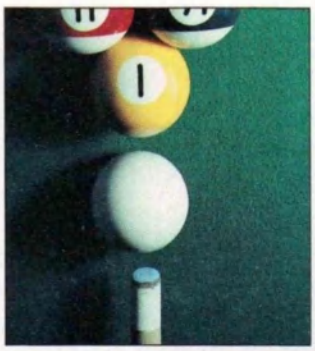
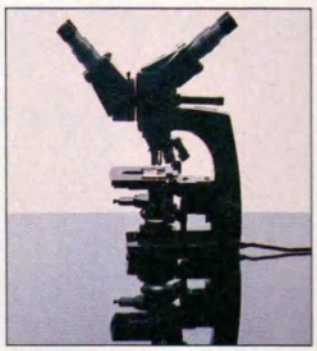

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GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN



Around here, our most useful acronym [sic] is B.B.B. It means "Bullshit Baffles Brains."

—unidentified ranking general at the Pentagon, 1988

THE NAMING OF PARTS

Here are some descriptions of common objects with uncommon names. How many do you know?

1. What is the name for the ridged groove that runs between the bottom of the nose and the middle of your upper lip?
2. What is the name of the place in which a pole vaulter inserts the tip of the pole when going into a jump?
3. What is the name of the green felt-covered area of a pool table?
4. What are the names for both the horizontal and vertical rows on a chessboard?
5. What is the name for the small platform of a microscope on which a specimen is placed?
6. What is the name of the part of a nozzle of a watering can that is punched full of holes?
7. What is the name of the little strap behind the buckle that holds the tip of a belt flat?

LIFE: TRUE OR FALSE?

Rate the following statements as either true or false.

1. Indecision is the key to flexibility.
2. People in groups tend to agree on courses of action that, as individuals, they know are stupid.
3. It is difficult to win an argument when your opponent is unencumbered with knowledge of the facts.
4. If the first person who answers the phone cannot answer your question, it's a bureaucracy.
5. There is always one more son of a bitch than you counted on.
6. All things considered, life is 9 to 5 against.
7. A lot of what appears to be progress is just so much technological rococo.
8. If it's worth doing, it's worth hiring someone who knows how to do it.
9. The expedient thing and the right thing are seldom the same thing.
10. Only a mediocre person is always at his best.
11. A leap beyond the state of the art may land you in a bucket of worms.
12. Fools rush in where fools have been before.
13. Peanut prizes inspire monkey contestants.

ODD LOTS

Write five odd numbers so that they will add up to exactly 14.

THE GODFATHER'S GRAB BAG

Every year the Godfather comes around with a grab bag for his loyal pals Guy and Del. The bag contains five $50 bills, six $20 bills, eight $10 bills, and ten $5 bills. Guy and Del can draw out one bill at a time until they get four bills of the same denomination. Guy goes first and hits it lucky. He got the most money possible. How much was left in the bag for Del?

COMMON COMPRESSIONS

Acronyms are letter sequences that stand for longer phrases. If an acronym is appealing and useful enough, it becomes a word itself. Here are some acronyms that have become words: FUBAR, LORAN, SCUBA, ZIP, SONAR, MEGO, RADAR.

What does each mean?

POST TIME

If you place 60 posts in the ground a yard apart, what will be the distance you'd have to run from the first post to the last?

MATCHING GRANTS

Following the annual fund-raising gala for the Send Little Dan Quayle to Camp Iran Committee, Mike Dukakis announced that he would match all the other funds collected for this noble purpose. Jesse Jackson was there and immediately offered one dollar. Fritz Mondale, also in the room, was immediately sick to his stomach. What happened?

THE CAREFREE COPY EDITOR

Peter was a copy editor at *The New York Times*. But he was a copy editor who didn't care if the paper ever came out again, who thrived on making numerous mistakes. The chief copy editor called Peter into his office one day and said, "Shape up, Peter. *The New York Times* is the bulwark and the bastion of the English language. You have one last chance to prove your worth or you are fired. Take this sheet of newsprint and write just one utterly correct sentence.

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If the sentence is wrong, you're never going to work in newspapers again. If it's right, you can continue to edit copy and bring me single malt scotch every morning at ten." Peter thought a moment, wrote a sentence on the paper, and handed it to his boss. The chief read the sentence, and three minutes later dropped dead of a cerebral hemorrhage from thinking too hard about it. Peter got the job of chief copy editor. What sentence did he write?

Answers:
NAMING PARTS: 1. philtrum. 2. planting pit. 3. baize. 4. rank and file. 5. stage. 6. rose. 7. keeper. TRUE OR FALSE: All statements are true, except this one. ODD LOTS: 11, 1, 1, 1. GRAB BAG: Del only had $195 to draw from. Guy got $305 by plucking out three of every denomination before he got the fourth $50. COMMON COMPRESSIONS: Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition, Long-Range Navigation, Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus, Zone Improvement Plan, Sound Navigation and Ranging, My Eyes Glaze Over, Radio Detecting and Ranging. POST TIME: Fifty-nine yards. Go figure. GRANTS: Mondale had made the same pledge as Dukakis. This means that the two of them would have to continue matching the sum until both went bankrupt. A small price to pay for sending Dan to Iran. CAREFREE EDITOR: "Peter will be fired from *The New York Times*."

QUAYLEWATCH!™
This month's winning Dan Quayle joke is from Roger Leal of Denver.

What does Dan Quayle listen to on his Sony Walkman? "Left, right, left, right. . . ."

A tip of the hat and a year's free subscription to *Penthouse* to Roger. Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks. (Send them to: Games, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023.) Remember, in case of duplicate jokes (and they are legion), the first version we receive will be deemed the winner. Please, no more jokes about the White House dogs chasing the Quayles and pissing on the Bushes!

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"Aren't you going to have a drink?" the doctor asks.

"*After* the police get here," replies the lawyer.

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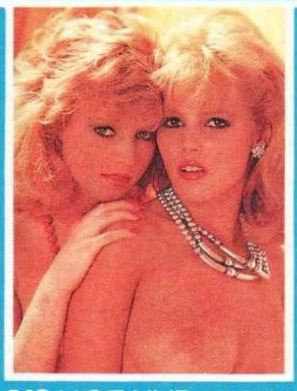
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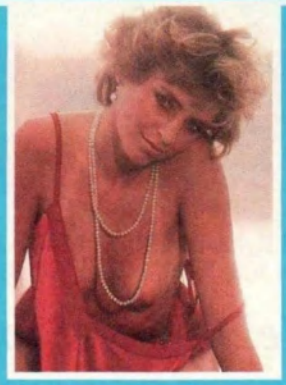
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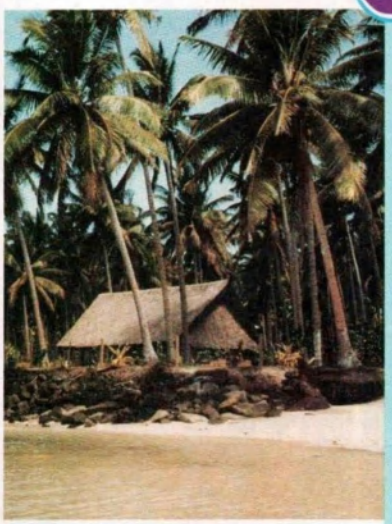
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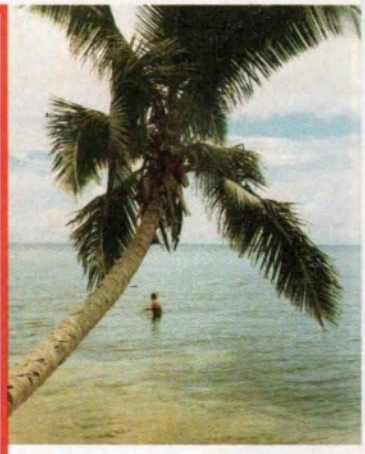
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PENTHOUSE

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

learned how to do it right! I have always been considered a nice girl, but I really want to add some spice and be naughty at the same time! Can you possibly help me out?—B. X.

Ever since the movie *Deep Throat*, I have been getting letters from women who feel they are in some way inadequate because they don't like having a giant salami stuffed down their gullet. People are always trying to make rules to limit what other people should be "allowed" to do during sexual intercourse. I believe that's wrong, on the "different strokes for different folks" principle, but there is one simple rule that makes sense: If you don't enjoy it, don't do it!

If your man is hung like a dinosaur, you are going to have enough problems accommodating his monster schlong in your vagina (which is capable of expanding enough to allow a baby to pass through it) without having Mr. Neanderthal trying to fuck your tonsils. Another disadvantage, from his point of view, is that the normal human mouth is full of teeth. The strange thing about man (the sex, not the species) is how fragile, delicate, and sensitive that fabled organ of maleness actually is.

An unexpected munch from a molar or an incisor usually leads to an abrupt end to sex play and sad childlike cries of complaint. Forget the word *eat*—it is a bad simile.

Another so-called technique to avoid is the one seen often in "soft-core" (i.e., poor quality) porn videos, where the woman's head is moving up and down over the man's crotch, like a chicken pecking in the dirt, looking for worms. Although it was once fashionable for a lady to have a neck like a swan, it goes with a birdbrain, and these fowl activities are not suitable for a nice girl's necking muscles.

Enough of the don'ts—let's get down to the do's. First and foremost is the position. Sixty-nine describes it okay in general terms, but the figures should be as they appear on a sheet (of paper) rather than vertically, like on an illuminated sign in Times Square. So get your household male to lie on his side and you do the same, facing his family fortune. *Make sure you are comfortable.* If you are right-handed you will find it easier if you lie on your left side. Now take the shaft of his penis between your fingers and thumb and study his penis. (If you have tiny hands and he is magnificently endowed, you can grasp it as you would a tennis racket, but normally you can exercise more control if you hold it as if it were a wine glass with a very long stem.) Hopefully he will by now have a rigid erection, but if by some mischance he does not, you should lick and suck the head (the bit that looks like a World War II German helmet, the kind sported by many Hell's Angels). At this stage, this is not so much to stimulate him, but merely to supply lubrication.

Caress him gently with your fingers (which should also be lubricated, either with KY jelly, if you don't mind the taste, or with honey or molasses, though spit is just as good.) Gentle, rhythmic squeezing of his cock will get him super-horny very quickly, and can be helped along further by pressing the shaft below his balls with your other hand.

Now you take the head of his cock into your mouth and do everything you can think of with your tongue and lips. Most men like to do a bit of thrusting at this point, but don't let him push it in so far that it makes you gag. Treat it like an ice-cream cone, a Popsicle, a lollipop, cotton candy, or anything else that you enjoy sucking and licking (*not biting*)—he will love everything you do. You can also run his penis along your breasts every now and again, rubbing it around your nipples. Let him have a look at what you are doing when he comes up for air from your pussy, because the visual aspect of a qualified cocksucker in action is apparently as much of a turn-on as the tactile part.



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- ☐ EAT ME
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- ☐ LICKING LEZ
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- ☐ DEEPER! DEEPER!
- ☐ SALAMI SUCK OFF
- ☐ SWEET CHEEKS
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- ☐ DOWN MY THROAT
- ☐ BUN LOVERS
- ☐ FINGER FUN
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- ☐ JERKING LOADS
- ☐ SHE LOVES IT HARD
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X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

HOUSING CRISIS

Torrid House
(Vivid) ⊥⊥

This is the raunchiest sector of the adult-video marketplace: the so-called all-sex tape, wherein the connecting action that links the sex scenes all but drops away. The title *Torrid House* is supposed to be a play on *Animal House*, but the resemblance is limited to the academic locale. Torri Wells is Marie Louise Wright, an 18-year-old coed whose first line is, "Wow! My first trip away from home!" Even if any self-respecting 18-year-old would commit hari-kari rather than utter a line like that, at least Wells looks a little bit like a teenager, which is more than can be said for the vast majority of actresses who try to palm themselves off as "coeds" in adult videos. At any rate, the tape consists of Marie Louise's search for a roommate, allowing her to stumble "accidentally" onto one fuck after another. She is initiated into the ways of campus life by a senior (a corpulent Jerry Butler), and pronounces her first sexual experience to be "interesting" and "thought provoking." Adult videos are constantly running in this particular college-dorm fantasy, allowing the director to cut away to still more hard-core action, yet giving the tape a patched-together look. All the various flavors of sexuality are represented—there is even a spirited session of deep throat, of all things. Of course it all comes out right in the end, when Marie Louise gets together with her hero and becomes *his* roommate. *Torrid House* is implausible, improbable, but occasionally steamy—not to mention interesting and thought provoking.

NO BOYS ALLOWED

Lesbian Lingerie Fantasy, Volume 1 and *Single Girl Masturbation, Volume 1*
(Eyeshadow Productions) ⊥⊥

Some men are very particular about their porn: They like girls and girls only. No men need apply, thank you very much. Psychologists could make a meal of this predilection—probably something about fear of the father, penis enmity, or some such drivel. We are not here to judge the reason why this or that fetish may exist. Suffice it to say that a booming sector of the adult-video market is made up of products with no actors, only actresses. Eyeshadow Productions puts out sensual, sensitive, and surprisingly raunchy versions of girls-only tapes, two of which are *Lesbian Lingerie Fantasy* and *Single Girl Masturbation*. The technical values in these tapes are acceptable, but it is the one-on-one flavor that makes them special. *Single Girl Masturbation* is a video version of a phone-sex call, with six ladies working out their libidos and encouraging the viewer to do the same. No plot, no frills, just a reasonably sexy model talking to the camera while doing a slow strip and then a frenzied jerk to climax. There's a little more setup to *Lesbian Lingerie Fantasy*, but not much: A frizzy-haired brunette in black lace strips her frillier comrade, and then it's just slurp 'n' chirp to orgasm. Nothing very complex about these videos at all, but if they suit your particular fetish, you may find them fulfilling.



Sensational sexual acrobatics in Sleeping Beauty.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Sleeping Beauty Aroused
(Vivid) ⊥⊥

Women will like the light, comic spin that director Paul Thomas has given this video, while the men will look forward to Hyapatia Lee's return to the small screen. Hyapatia took some time off to have a child, but motherhood hasn't hurt her perfect figure any. She remains one of the most sensuous females in porn, and although she is much more careful who she fucks nowadays—practicing a limited "know your partner" form of safe sex—she's still hot enough to render any action she's involved in volcanic. As a producer-director team a few years back, she and her husband Bud Lee did an adult classic, *The Ribald Tales of Canterbury*. That tightly controlled production had lavish sets and an overall quality since unmatched in adult video. *Sleeping Beauty Aroused*, on the other hand, is much more of a low-budget romp, with director Thomas's tongue firmly inserted in everyone's cheek. There are a lot of jokes off the word *fairy*, some dopey costumes, even dopier asides (a Thomas trademark), and sets that intrude miserably into the action. Electric lamps in 1512? Cars? Eyeglasses? It's just another example of careless production being palmed off as a massive inside joke. But beyond the improbabilities, there are some sensational sexual acrobatics, a great three-way between Sleeping Beauty, Prince Charming, and Mother "Mo" Goose, as well as a pretty consistent level of eroticism. All this and Hyapatia, too. Paul Thomas might snigger a bit much for some, but when it comes to sex, he gets all the angles exactly right.

LESS THAN PERFECT

More Than Friends
(Fantasy) ⊥

Starlet Carol Cummings, in a Jacuzzi, is called on to explain how she met Teuton smut queen Angela Baron and was

initiated into the adult-entertainment biz. Introduction, vignette, introduction, vignette—the producers sure didn't waste any brain cells dreaming up this one. Carol's backdrop looks like the one on the Johnny Carson show. Everybody gets to guest star: Tom Byron even plays the trumpet. Is that a reference to the famous Roxanne Pulitzer sex scandal? Don't think too hard on it—no one else did who was involved in this production. Three-way, dyke scene, end with an orgy, go by the formula.

As more and more of these types of tapes flood the market, a remarkable transformation has taken place. The typical piece of adult entertainment has gone back to where it began: the plotless fuck scene, known way back in the late sixties as a "loop." After all the fine, compelling adult films, we've wound up right back at the beginning, with shoddily produced quickies. The smut moguls have turned the American VCR into their personal version of the old peepshow.

FUTURE FOREPLAY

Dirty Movies
(Vidco) ⊥⊥⊥

Forget the ludicrous framing device Gerry Damiano uses to get into the action of this very fine, impossibly sexy adult video. Fast-forward past his future fantasy of a world without sex. He is just indulging his penchant for science fiction, and he did it much better in 1981's *Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*. The three "investigators" from the "Intergalactic Archives" are plain embarrassing, from their oufits to their use of a toaster as a video player. The year is 2729, and



Dirty Movies: *erotic vignettes.*

the three are viewing the contents of a time capsule—a time capsule filled with "dirty movies." This plot handily allows Damiano to do what he does best: produce exquisitely crafted erotic vignettes. There are five of these in *Dirty Movies*, and they get better and better. Damiano's use of the close-up is agonizingly sensual, a "front-row centimeter" seat in the middle of the action. Glossy lips caress spit-slick cocks, clits glisten and throb, pistons of flesh pump in and out of steamy pink ovens. The plot, dialogue, and performances are all negligible compared to the mastery of Damiano's unblinking eye. If you can keep a straight face and get past the fluff, *Dirty Movies* will reward you with some carnal meltdowns of definite epic proportions.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Second Skin
(VCA) ⊥⊥⊥

If it's got John Leslie's name on it, buy it—the ex–porn stud is that good as an adult-video director. His world is a little scary and passion-filled, and his tapes become slow, sensual dances of power mongering and psycho-drama, but they are head and shoulders above the pale, bloodless adult videos that fill the stores today. Almost single-handedly, Leslie is keeping the "adult" in adult entertainment. *Second Skin* is a sly remake of the Bogie-Bacall classic *Key Largo*, with a superbly menacing Jamie Gillis in the Edward G. Robinson gangster role. But Leslie does more than steal a plot. He exposes the self-censorship of his mainstream model, ferreting out the lies and silences that are at the heart of films made in a more prudish age. When Gillis cruelly makes Ona Zee sing a song in payment for a desperately needed drink, he parallels Edward G.'s sadism. The result is Hollywood without the Hays Office, the libido without the policeman of the superego. Leslie also throws in a few departures from the formula, like when he has two cute young friends of the family walk in right in the middle of the hostage scene. You know these girls are going to get fucked—you just don't know by whom or how. The result is something rarely seen in smut tapes—drama. Jack Remy's excellent videography renders all the action in blushing detail, and Leslie coaxes great performances out of his cast. The tape ends in a lame sort of cop-out, but it's brilliant, innovative, and very visual, right up to the last scene.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Nothing to Hide
(Cal Vista) ⊥⊥⊥⊥

If you're looking for an example of what an adult tape can be—given the budget and the talent of the participants—this is it. It stars John Leslie and Richard Pacheco as the pair familiar to us from the *Talk Dirty to Me* series. This is director Sam Weston's second entry in that series, before producers realized they had something going for them. Leslie is the suave Casanova and Pacheco his moony sidekick. This particular entry



Hide: *perfect romance.*

focuses more on Pacheco, however, and he turns in one of the greatest performances in all of smut. His dream girl is the great Chelsea Manchester, and couples will find their romance a perfect sexual example. If she says she doesn't like porn, rent this tape and see what happens.

RATING KEY

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

AIR FORCE PHONES HOME

The Air Force has awarded one of the largest computer contracts in history, worth nearly $1 billion, to AT&T, even though defense sources tell "U.S.A. Confidential" that Honeywell offered to supply equally efficient machines for $140 million less.

This alleged squandering of scarce tax dollars happened after an Air Force official "fell out with" a Honeywell staffer, says a Defense Department source.

However, another source tells us that the Air Force Military Personnel Center, which would be among the users of the 20,000 new mini-computers, "didn't like" Honeywell.

But the likely reason for the decision to go with AT&T is that the telephone company is a relative newcomer to a computer business dominated by the Japanese, says a knowledgeable source, who adds: "The government wanted to use this contract to ensure the company stayed in the business."

When the contract was first put out for bids, Digital Equipment Corporation and Wang Laboratories protested that the Air Force was planning to use an AT&T software test to rate the various bidders' machines.

An administrative judge ordered the Air Force to eliminate this "bias" by using other tests as well. But, our sources say, Air Force officials secretly inserted another test using AT&T software into the evaluation procedure.

When Honeywell filed court papers protesting the award, the Air Force assured the administrative judge that even though the company's equipment outperformed AT&T machines in a speed test, the test wasn't crucial.

The judge agreed with that contention and dismissed Honeywell's claim of bias, saying that the Air Force had decided that the AT&T system was "superior technically" and "worth the price difference." (The Air Force provided a similar comment to us.)

While it was true that the AT&T test was inserted into the evaluation criterion, the criterion was "optional," according to the Air Force. Or so the judge said. We can't report exactly what went on at the hearing because the judge sealed the record—"in order to protect material that is sensitive to the companies," the judge's counsel told us.

Although Honeywell declined comment, Terry Miller, a computer-industry consultant, said, "The problem was that the way the Air Force wrote its request for bids allowed it to be capricious." AT&T spokesman Dick Muldoon observed, needless to say, that his company "believes the Air Force made an excellent decision."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

into the quadrasonic Grace Slick tempo to wink and undulate and jiggle, lasciviously rubbing her squeezably soft breasts together with her hands as if trying to start a fire.

Membership in Rick's VIP room has its privileges, but also its price: a cool grand a year. Still, everything is on a smaller, more intimate scale there, the lighting and the music softer, the atmosphere more relaxed.

On a recent weekday night, the front two tables are occupied by some of Rick's lonely-guy regulars—men who come here to compensate for their inability to relate one-on-one in real life. One tall, lanky fellow with a Lincoln beard looks dangerously thin, perhaps because he's pining away for Candy, a dancer who seems to be stringing him along. "She let me take her out a couple of times, and she tells me she's gonna break up with the guy she lives with soon," he reports, "but that I need to be patient." So he settles for buying dances or just paying her to sit and talk for the allotted ten minutes.

As he watches her strut across the stage, he looks as sad and faithful as a basset hound. The object of his affections, on the other hand, seems radiantly happy. After all, she is guaranteed $100 or more a night.

Next, a breathtaking platinum blonde oozing with the naive sensuality of Marilyn Monroe makes her appearance. She is beyond perfect, in face, form, and motion, and Rambo, Lincoln's seatmate, whispers that he used to date her. "She's sweet," he says, "but very naive."

Finally, a stunning green-eyed redhead with torrents of auburn hair named Lola takes center stage in a satin royal-blue party dress with an enormous bow in the back. Near the end of her dance, though, a giant TV screen descends from the ceiling, suspended just a few feet above her head. On it, highlights of a Houston Oilers game are shown, along with a recap of that day's college games. Several of the old hands in the VIP lounge, preoccupied with drinking and talking to one another, suddenly stop what they're doing and look up. "At last," laughs a jaded regular, "some *real* entertainment!"

Do these lap dances and this breathtaking view, we asked one amiable fat cat with a matching waistline, begin to compare to the, uh, Real Thing? "Sweetheart," he sighed, shaking his head, "after the first four or five thousand lays, sex gets pretty routine, especially since not many of us have wives or girlfriends as pretty or sexy as these gals, and certainly never as wild. So, frankly, a lap dance is better than the real thing. And I don't even have to take a shower before going back to work."

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HOT FICTION

Penthouse proudly carries on its long-standing tradition of presenting its readers with the best in new fiction—exclusive previews of the future best-sellers that everybody else will have to wait months to buy, as well as original works. Next month, you'll find an extended excerpt from perennial best-selling author Ken Follett's new novel *The Pillars of the Earth* (to be published by William Morrow). But that's not all. We'll also be previewing Lucian Truscott's *Army Blue* (to be published by Crown), the long-awaited follow-up to the author's best-seller *Dress Grey* and another acid-eyed view of military life as seen from the inside.



AMERICAN HEROES

They're decidedly not the supermen or the one-dimensional do-gooders of an earlier time. They're the new breed of American heroes—the legends of our time—and we'll be meeting with some of them next month in a series of disarmingly personal profiles and interviews. Hank Williams, Jr. (pictured at left), interviewed by Nashville journalist Kay West, talks about what life's been like as the son of the greatest country singer of all time. Others include talk-show host Larry King; Joe Clark, whose success in turning around an impoverished inner-city high school won him wide acclaim and a film, *Lean on Me,* devoted to his achievement; and jailed American Indian revolutionary Leonard Peltier.



LAW-AND-ORDER LYNCH MOBS

All across America, good law-abiding citizens are getting fed up. Frustrated with an ever-rising crime rate and an increasingly impotent judicial system, many are taking the law into their own hands—forming vigilante mobs that dole out punishment as they see fit, without worrying too much about civil rights or even justice. Top reporter Laurence Gonzales, in his *Penthouse* debut, surveys the unprecedented blossoming of such groups and the often chilling official reaction to them. "We are now a nation of furious people," he writes. "We are not going to sit still for some high-talking analysis of freedom and liberty when it seems that the only people enjoying liberty are the most egregious sinners among us."



FIGHTING WORDS

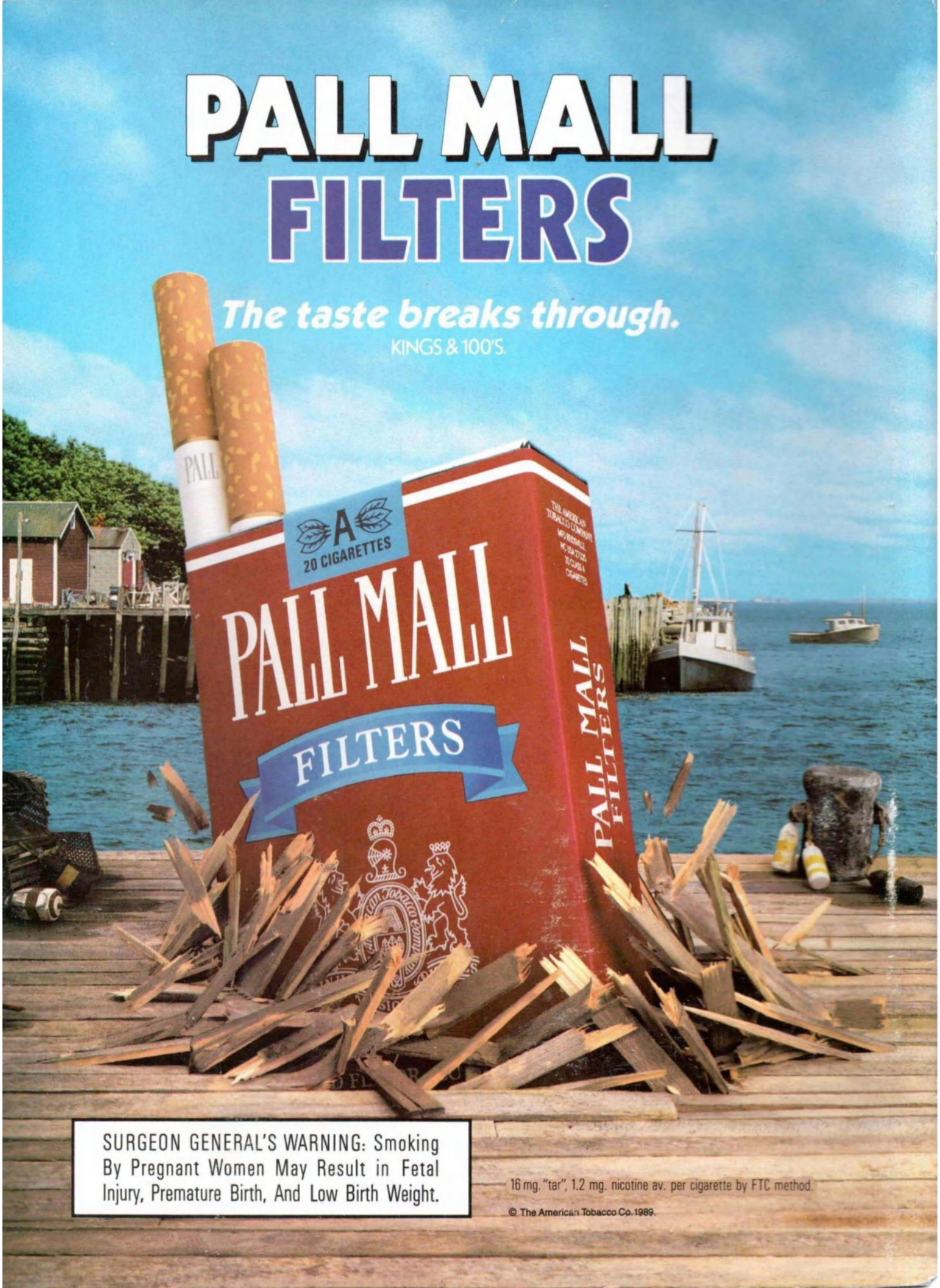
Penthouse has never shied away from taking on controversial issues. Next month, this tradition continues with Pulitzer Prize–winner and former *New York Times* editor Harrison E. Salisbury on the battle that has shaken the world of journalism to its core; with author Albert Goldman on the furor over his book *The Lives of John Lennon,* wherein he tells how quasi-religious rock idolaters did everything in their power to prevent his book from being read; with rock legend Ted Nugent on why he likes to hunt and why Mother Nature, far from being the Bambi-inspired fairy-godmother figure animal-rights activists imagine her to be, is really, well, a *bitch;* and with super-lawyer Alan M. Dershowitz on mercy killing.

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