

EXCLUSIVE: COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S DIRTIEST SCANDAL

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1990

LARRY KING:

THE TOP 3 COMICS
OF OUR TIME

LARRY LINDERMAN:

THE 20 WORST
TEAMS IN
FOOTBALL

BIG DEALS:

THE LURE OF
HIGH-STAKES
POKER

FAINT COLD

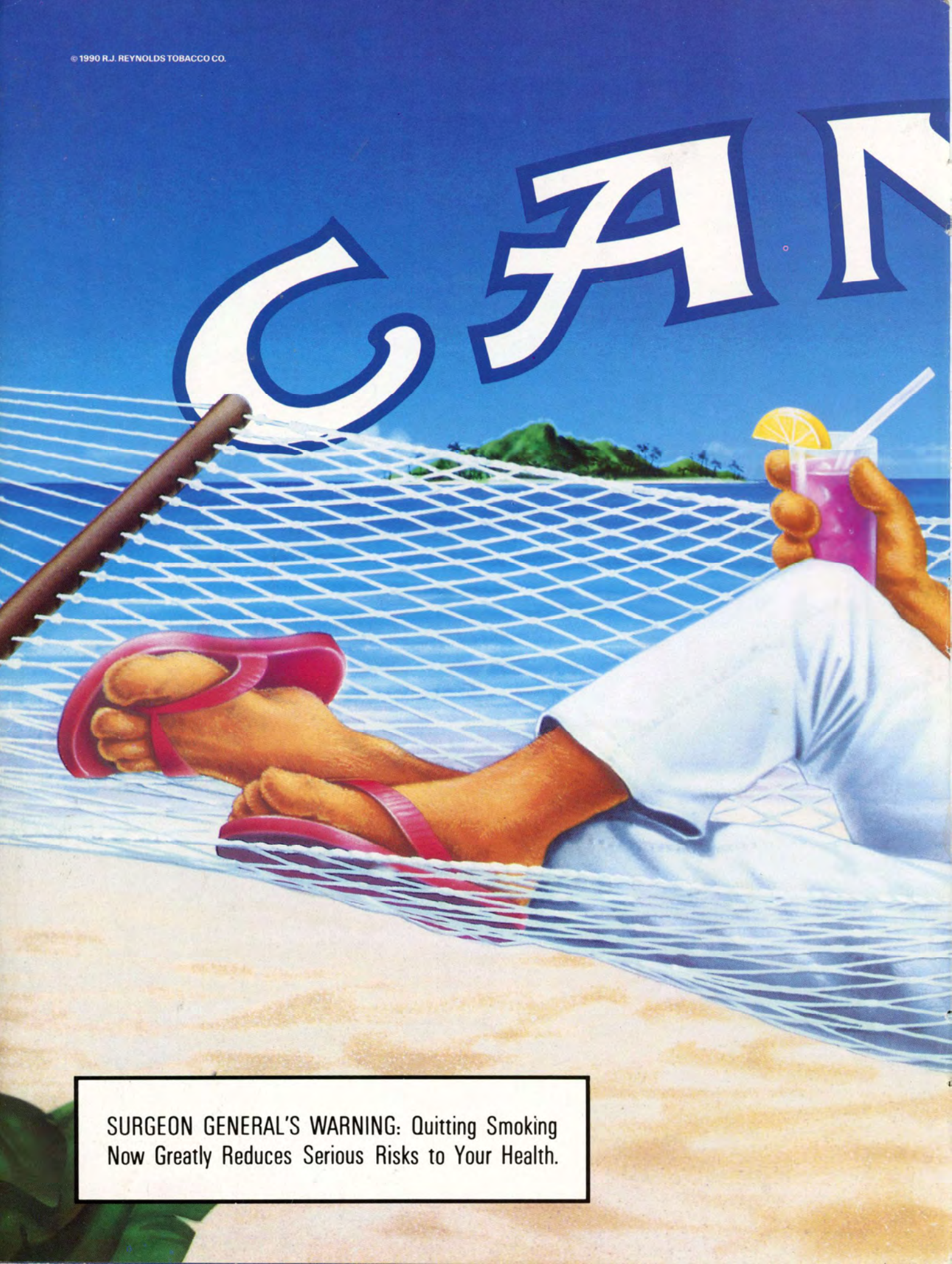
FEAR:

BLOOD AND
BETRAYAL
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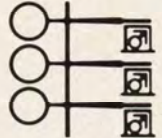
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Our cover features Amy Kristensen, who was photographed by Philip Mond.

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HOUSECALL

The 20 Worst College Football Teams, as selected by our fearless pigskin analyst, Larry Linderman, is a perennially popular *Penthouse* tradition.



Down and Dirty

But we're afraid that this year, Larry's selection is overshadowed by the real scandals of college sports. The corruption is dramatically illustrated in our exclusive excerpt from *Down and Dirty: The Life and Crimes of Oklahoma Football*. **Charles Thompson**, once the star quarterback for the mighty University of Oklahoma Sooners football team, tells how he went from sitting on top of the world to languishing in a cell in a federal penitentiary in Texas, serving a two-year sentence for conspiracy to distribute cocaine. This story, which Thompson wrote with *Penthouse* Special Features Editor **Allan Sonnenschein**, graphically recounts for the first time just how rotten many college athletic programs have become. Thompson's story shows the many pervasive dangers inherent in our so-called institutions of



higher learning, which too often allow young athletes to be materially enriched and adored by powerful alumni, college officials, and female students. At Oklahoma—and elsewhere—this kind of indulgence can lead to bizarre and often violent goings-on, including gang rapes, drug use, and shootings.

A Faint Cold Fear

Robert Daley's *Prince of the City* was a landmark non-fictional portrait of police corruption. This month we're proud to preview Daley's latest novel. It's a thriller that takes us, unforgettably, straight into the heart of Colombia's notorious Medellín drug cartel. A former New York deputy police commissioner, Daley has become a master



storyteller whose detailed knowledge of murder and double-dealing is—you'll discover—all too chillingly convincing.

King's Row

Perhaps the greatest satirist of all time, **Jonathan Swift**, once defined humor as "odd, grotesque, and wild." That's also a perfect description of our newest resident prankster, **Jackie "the Joke Man" Martling**, who has already proven his popularity by the volume of mail we receive for him every day (and that makes him popular with us as well). . . . And while we're on the subject of humor, be sure to read **Larry King's** memorable profiles of master comics **Jackie Mason**, **Jay Leno**, and **Albert Brooks** (an enlightening and entertaining excerpt from our nation's most popular interview host's most recent book, *Tell Me More*, written with **Peter Occhiogrosso** and

published by G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Big Deals

To many of us, poker may be just an entertaining diversion, but Britain's famous biographer **Anthony Holden** (whose life stories of Laurence Olivier and Prince Charles are classics of the genre) explains—in an excerpt from his book *Big Deal: A Year as a Professional Poker Player*, to be published by Viking—why the game has become his life's obsession. As England's top-rated player, Holden knows whereof he speaks, and after reading his highly literate and amusing account, you may well agree with another great British writer, **W. Somerset Maugham**, who opined: "Poker's the only game fit for a grown man." . . . But with all due respect to Messrs. Holden and Maugham, we feel that by far the most fitting games for grown men are those that include the active participation of grown women. Lest you have any doubts on that subject, check out our royal flush of beautiful October Pets. You don't need a whole lot of savvy to see at once that they comprise a truly winning hand—and any betting man (or woman) will agree that they're a sure thing . . . this month and always. 

RAY LIOTTA

ROBERT DE NIRO

JOE PESCI



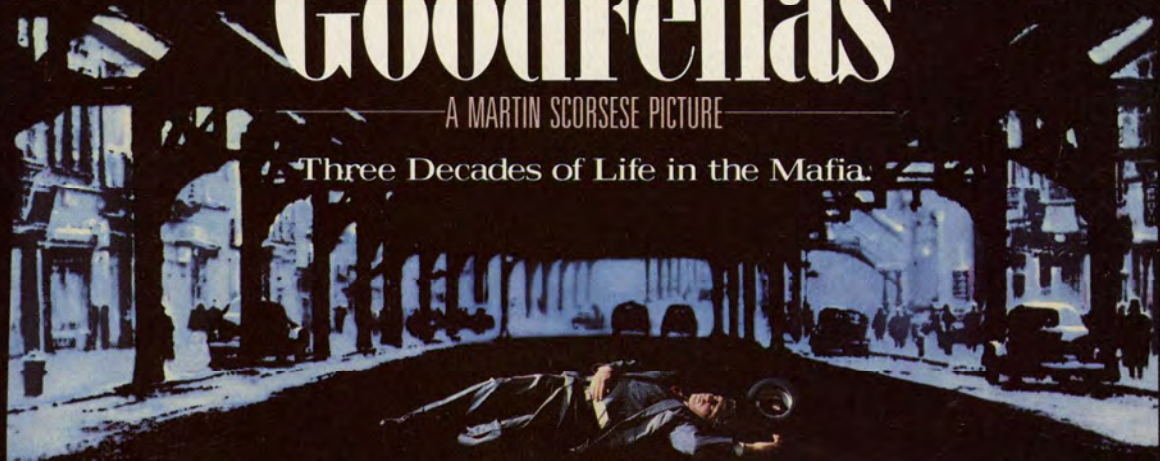
"As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted
to be a gangster."

—Henry Hill, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1955.

GoodFellas

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Three Decades of Life in the Mafia.



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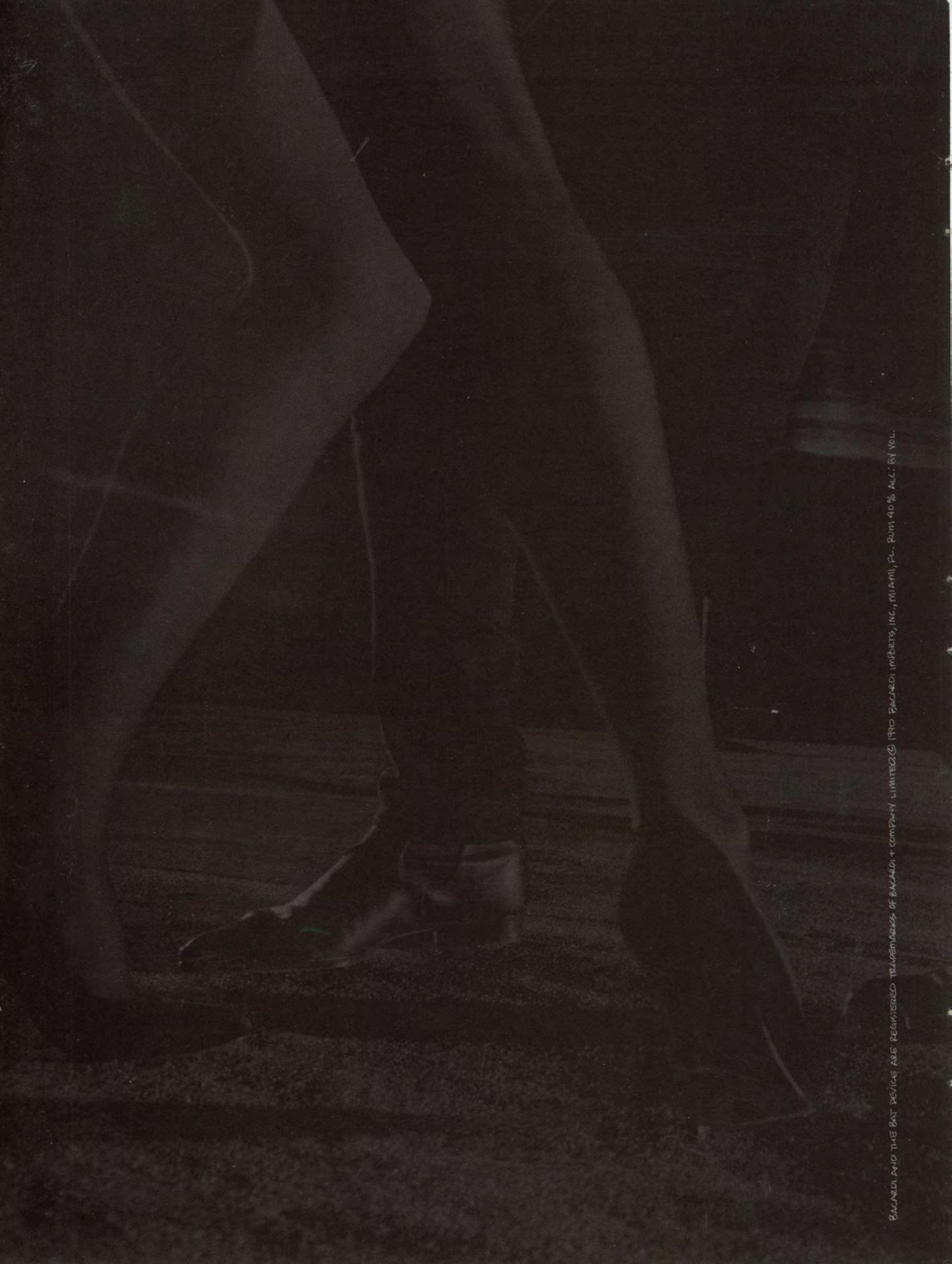
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Home Sweet Home?

I was hurrying home to my lovely wife Yvette one day. I had left work early because I couldn't concentrate—all I could think about was ripping her clothing off and going down between her luscious brown legs. I love watching the smile on Yvette's lips as she slides her tongue back and

down her entire slim, tan body. Her breasts were heaving up and down as she gulped for air. Her fingers were thrust in her tight, wet box, and her juices ran across the diamond wedding ring I'd given her.

"I couldn't wait any longer. Fuck me," she said. I was trembling with excitement. We have been married for eight years, but not once had I seen her masturbating so intently. She withdrew her fingers, knowing that something better was going to take their place. I tore my clothes off as though

forth, wetting her mouth, preparing it for me.

As rain splattered against the windshield of the car, I could see our blue house in the distance. Her '74 Vette was in the driveway, and the beauty of the car reminded me of the beauty of her body. I felt the bulge in my pants stiffen with excitement. I pulled into the driveway and hurried inside.

"Yvette, honey, I'm home." No answer. I peered down the hallway and saw that our bedroom door was closed and the light was on. I rushed into the room—there she was, naked on the bed. Sweat trickled

they were worthless threads. Then I jumped on top of her, grabbing my swollen pecker and driving into her hot, wet muff.

The heat from her love tunnel sent shivers through my body. I lashed at her mouth with my tongue as she pulled me closer. She clutched my ass tightly, driving my rod deeper and faster. I felt an orgasm beginning to peak. The bed slapped against the wall as I slapped against Yvette's sweat-soaked flesh.

Out of the corner of my eye,

I saw something move out from under our bed. I snapped my head around and glimpsed a naked man running down the hall with a handful of clothing. I turned to Yvette with disbelief on my face; a tear ran from her sky-blue eyes as she stared up at me.—*Name and address withheld*

Food for Thought

I read your fine magazine eagerly each month, and one of my favorite features is the letters you receive. I always enjoy hearing about readers' exploits, but until now I never thought anything like that would ever happen to me. However, all that changed one Friday night, when I had the most incredible experience of my life. I just had to write and share it with everyone.

It was about 10:30 and I was sitting in my dorm room going over some boring math homework that I really didn't feel like doing.

Normally, there is plenty to do on Friday nights at my college, but it was the first day of spring break and the campus was deserted. Since I couldn't afford to go to Florida with my buddies, I was forced to spend the vacation on campus by myself. I was fully expecting a rather dull week of studying and watching TV.

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PENTHOUSE®

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OCTOBER

Anyway, I was concentrating on my math book when suddenly I heard a loud bang and a screech coming from outside. I rushed to the window to see what had happened. On the street below, I saw a white minivan with the words *Tony's Italian Restaurant* on the side. The van pulled slowly to the side of the road, obviously suffering from a tire blowout. Relieved at an excuse to break up the monotony of studying, I decided to go outside and see if I could be of help.

As I approached the van, I could see the driver, a slightly overweight, brown-haired woman who introduced herself as Maria. We both examined the flat tire, and I asked her where she was heading. Maria said she had been sent out to deliver an order of Italian food to a party at the home of some rich eccentrics who live in the upper part of town. But the party had been canceled at the last minute and she was returning to the restaurant with their order. She said she didn't think there was a spare tire in the van, but I suggested that we take a look anyway.

We went around to the back and Maria opened the rear doors. A warm rush of steam came from inside, carrying the rich scent of fresh tomato sauce and Italian bread. In the cargo area were trays and trays of lasagna, meatballs, and pork smothered in sauce. A stack of pizza boxes lay to one side, and I could see what looked like a case of beer toward the back. Never in my wildest fantasies had I seen anything like the banquet that now lay before me. After living on lousy cafeteria food for two months, it all seemed like a dream come true.

Maria looked around and said she couldn't find the spare tire. She sighed, giving me a strangely seductive look. "Well," she said, "I guess I won't be able to get back to the restaurant for a while. It would sure be a shame to let all this food go to waste." At that, I knew something incredible was about to happen. Maria maneuvered her pudgy frame into the back of the truck. I couldn't believe my eyes as she began unwrapping the mountain of food before us. "Here," she said, handing me a huge tray of lasagna. The dish was warm, heavy, and full of rich Italian smells. When I looked back, I noticed that Maria had started without me and was already busy with a large, greasy pepperoni pizza.

I sat on the edge of the van and began removing the tinfoil from the lasagna tray. I peeled it back slowly, carefully, revealing the hot pleasures within. The sauce oozed like lava around the meaty mozzarella cheese, and pools of oil were everywhere. I ran my fingers along the edge of the tray, and then gently through the heart of the food, delighting in the warm, slippery feel of the pasta underneath. After a few min-

utes of working my fingers in and out, I removed them and slowly licked off the sweet-tasting sauce.

My sense of hunger heightened, I lifted the tray closer to my face. My hands sank into the center of the lasagna, scooping out huge globs of pasta, sauce, and cheese. I lifted the food to my face and stuffed it sloppily into my waiting hole. I chewed and swallowed deeply, my eyes closed in ecstasy. My entire digestive tract tingled as the food made its way down my esophagus and into the pit of my stomach. In a frenzy, I grabbed for the lasagna, stuffing my mouth till it was about to burst, choking it down so fast it almost hurt, and stuffing my face again. In a matter of minutes, I had lapped up the entire tray, licking it clean to get every drop.

I stood up and caught my breath. After such a feast I was sure I could eat no more, but the sight of several open pizza boxes soon had me going again. Reaching out, I tore off about half of a huge 15-inch pizza covered with pepperoni, mushrooms, and sausage. I folded the thick dough and thrust the pizza mouthward, alternately chewing at the crust and then sucking in the tender, cheesy filling. My mind in a blissful daze, I spent the next several minutes in this position, until I had devoured every last bite.

By this time Maria had discovered the beer, and she handed me a tall, frosty bottle. I wrenched off the cap and lifted it to my mouth, eagerly pouring beer down my throat. As I drank, the liquid spilled out of the corners of my mouth and dropped onto my face, neck, and clothing. Oblivious to the world, I continued consuming the brew like a madman until every drop was gone.

Finally, I could take no more. Grasping my stomach, I stumbled toward the grass on the side of the road. I opened my mouth and burped into the warm night, longer and louder than I had ever done before. The substance of my belch seemed to hang in the air in front of me, thick with the aroma of pizza and beer. I burped a second time, then lay on the soft ground and fell into a deep, satisfying sleep.

When I awoke several hours later, Maria and the restaurant van were gone. I never saw them after that night, but the fond memories of our encounter will stay with me forever. Perhaps someday I'll meet Maria again. If I do, I'll be sure to write and tell you all about it.—Name and address withheld

VIDEO MAGIC

I'd like to relate a story that has made a dramatic difference in my life. For the nine years that I've been with my wife, Lori, we've had a rocky marriage. She's a very beautiful woman, now 32 years old, and keeps getting better. Although she doesn't have big tits, she carries herself with class and has the best ass

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FAST FORWARD

John Hiatt keeps getting happier. And the happier he gets, the better the songs he writes. Considering he wrote some terrific songs when he was miserable, this is really saying something.

Sounds

By Vin Scelsa

John Hiatt used to be his own worst enemy, sabotaging his talent and career with a self-destructive streak fueled by personal tragedy. But in the last few years, he's eased up, found a private peace, and learned to be a friend to himself. His latest album, *Stolen Moments* (A&M), is a hook-laden song cycle of mature reflections on the healing

power of love, family, and sobriety; it is a deeply masculine statement of strength.

Like someone who has faced and cheated death, Hiatt considers himself to be living "in stolen moments."

There is a feeling of rebirth in these songs, but don't be scared—I'm not talking born-again, New Age pseudo-spiritual jive. I'm talking *real world*. John Hiatt is quite high on *Stolen Moments*—on love and life and the joy of making music.

Stolen Moments is a life-affirming testimonial to

"Real Fine Love," the kind that comes "out of nowhere, and for nothing."

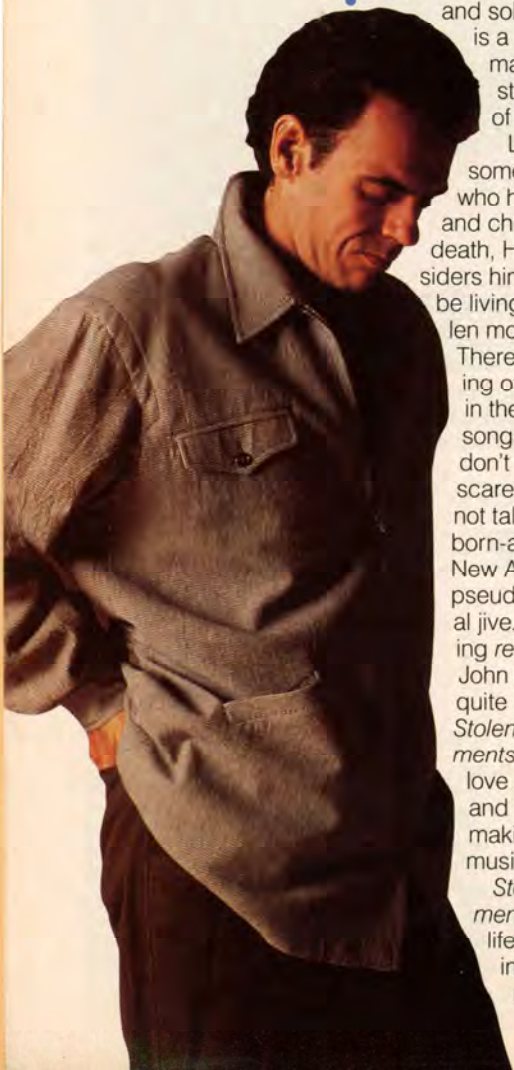
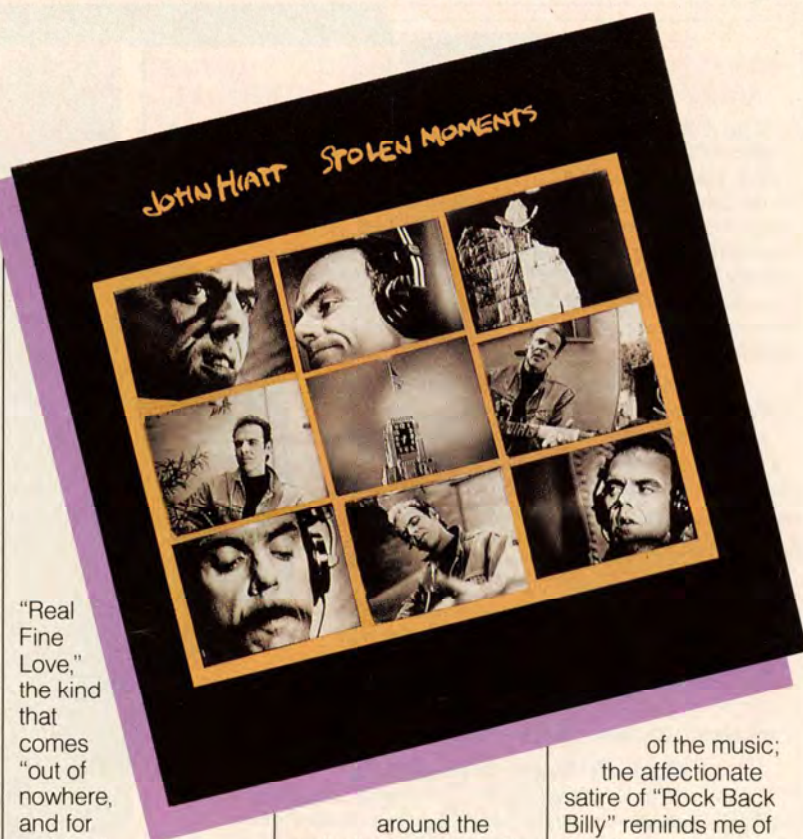
We meet the first of the LP's nuclear families: The babies are sleeping and the singer is reveling in "the way I feel tonight / A little joy / A little peace / And a whole lot of light." Family, contentment, humor, salvation. With the main themes of *Stolen Moments* thus introduced, a dissonant wailing guitar flashes back in time to Hiatt's childhood; the transition has a cinematic effect, like a cross-fade in a John Ford movie. "Seven Little Indians" is a folklike masterpiece about a family and their slightly mad but lovable father. The kids sit around the messy living room, listening enthralled to Dad's tales of working in Alaska for the Army during World War II. The old man dresses up in "mukluks and sealskin gloves / And a coat with beads

around the collar" and dances "in that blue TV light / Like it was a campfire blazing away." Dad dies and the kids grow up, and Hiatt, telling the stories to his own children now, finds himself wishing he had the old man's Eskimo souvenirs to complete the ritual. It's an achingly beautiful portrait of family life and the importance of tradition.

"The Rest of the Dream" presents a promise from parent to child: "When you can't find the light / At the top of the stairs / When you cry in the night / Well you know we'll be there"—the song moves with a reassuring jubilation. "Through Your Hands," a duet with the *Innocence Mission's* Karen Peris, is a declaration of a couple's mutual trust and faith. There's a hysterical look at an aging rocker who still believes in the magic

of the music; the affectionate satire of "Rock Back Billy" reminds me of Randy Newman. Like Newman, Hiatt possesses the ability to distill the essence of entire lives down to a few key lines, as he does in the closing "One Kiss," a wry observation on aging and passing batons to the new generation: "You kids let us know when you're finished with your artwork," chuckles old codger Hiatt, as he and "the missus" put the coffee on to perk at the break of dawn.

John Hiatt makes the poet's words "Grow old along with me! / The best is yet to be" sound mighty damn enticing. Whoever thought this would be the theme of great rock 'n' roll? If you're in need of a hug, a laugh, an emotional boost, do yourself a favor—steal a few of Hiatt's moments; this record is contagious! **O+**



WHAT IS THE SPEED OF SOUND?



202 MPH.
IN A LAMBORGHINI
DIABLO.
WITH THE ALPINE
MUSIC SYSTEM ON.

///ALPINE
Car Audio Systems

One look at the twin-turbo, inter-cooled Dodge Stealth was proof positive that it was a high-speed power spot all on its own.

Cars

By Lesley Hazleton

I'd never been to Arizona before. There was a prototype of a new high-tech sports car waiting for me at the Phoenix airport, with instructions on how to find Sedona, deep in red-rock-canyon country to the north. The moment I saw that car in the lot, I knew this was going to be a great trip.

The car in question was the Dodge Stealth, the Mitsubishi-built beauty that has redefined what a sports car could and should do in the nineties. The car was aqua-blue, the sandstone mesas were red, and all the New Agers who gather in this part of the country to get energized at "power spots" and "vortexes" were green with envy.

First off, it's a head-turner. The Stealth has that muscular, futuristic look that creates pure automotive lust. When I drove it, men's heads turned. When a male friend drove it, women's heads turned.

The Stealth turns heads—that is, if the heads have time to turn. We're talking about a top speed of 159 miles per hour,

produced by a three-liter, 24-valve DOHC V-6 engine that develops 300 horsepower at 6,000 R.P.M., and a gratifying 307 pound-feet of torque at a mere 2,500 R.P.M.

We're also talking about the sports car of the future right now. The top-of-the-line Stealth has all-wheel drive, four-wheel steering, and anti-lock brakes—not only does it go like a rocket in a straight line, it also handles like a dream. This is a

front and rear suspension, extra-wide front and rear tracks and high-grip 245/45 series ZR-rated tires, and you've got smoothness as well as speed. That's what sophistication does: It combines power and grace.

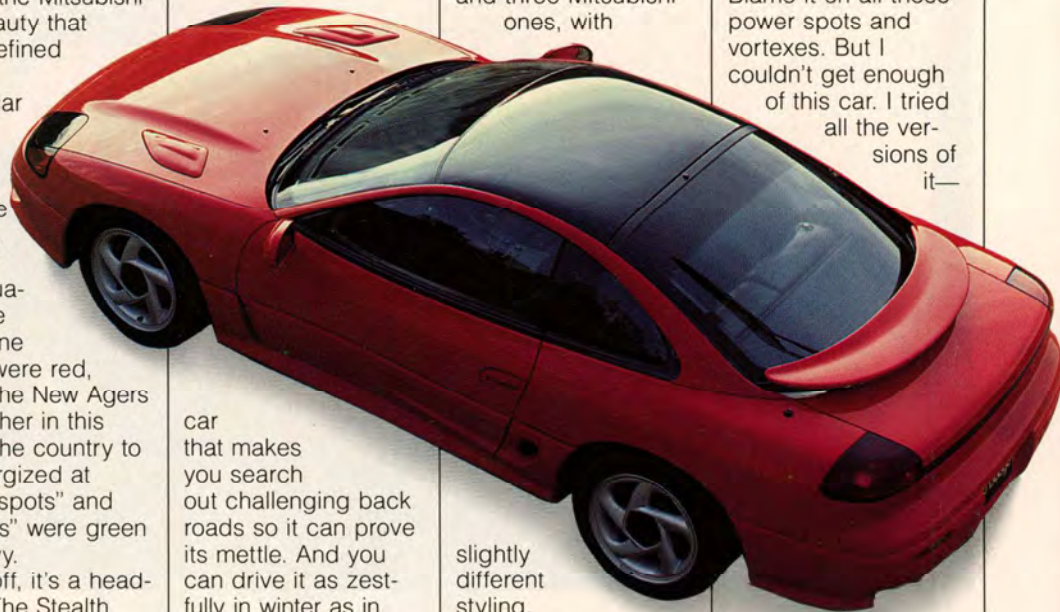
The Stealth is another happy result of Chrysler's cooperative agreement with Mitsubishi, one of the most high-tech and underrated auto badges in this country. The car comes in four Dodge models and three Mitsubishi ones, with

at high speeds.

In Japanese the top-of-the-line model is called the Mitsubishi 3000GT VR-4. In English it's called the Dodge Stealth R/T Turbo. In whatever language you care to use, it's a wide-built, low-slung winner.

The limited-production top-of-the-line turbo models are close to \$30,000, while the normally aspirated front-wheel-drive Dodge model is just over \$15,000.

Call me greedy; call me insatiable. Blame it on all those power spots and vortexes. But I couldn't get enough of this car. I tried all the versions of it—



car that makes you search out challenging back roads so it can prove its mettle. And you can drive it as zestfully in winter as in summer. The four-wheel drive combines a planetary-gear center differential with a viscous coupling unit to automatically control both front and rear slippage. Add in a Getrag close-ratio five-speed manual transmission, electronically controlled shock absorbers on independent

slightly different styling. And the top-of-the-line Mitsu comes with an "Active Aero" system—when you reach 50 miles per hour, an air dam lowers under the front of the car as the spoiler over the trunk rises and angles itself more steeply, providing more refined aerodynamics and improved stability

Japanese and American badges, stick shift and automatic, turbo and normally aspirated, two-wheel drive and four. And when I was through, all I wanted was to keep on going.

Some women are simply never satisfied. O+

Artist Woody Jackson
created a cash cow.

He also prefers
Christian Brothers Brandy.



Creator, Holy Cow Inc.
T-shirts, caps, cutouts, etc.
Last year's sales: \$1,800,000.



the
Christian Brothers
When you know better.

FAST FORWARD

Miller's Crossing is a gangster film that shoots with a velvet glove. Filmmakers Ethan and Joel Coen frame sex, loyalty, and greed like veterans of *The Maltese Falcon*.

Film

By Marcia Pally

• Ethan and Joel Coen's *Miller's Crossing* (****) is everything David Lynch's work should be but isn't quite. Like Lynch, the Coens investigate the corruption beneath the white picket fences of American life, but where Lynch gawks at sex and violence like a boy gagging at snot, the Coens crawl face-first into the decay and dig up the blood. Even when, as in *Raising Arizona*, they address Lynch's area of expertise—the corruption of packaging life into commercial-sized bites—the Coens get smart where Lynch gets attitude. Lynch stylizes hypocrisy and is then agog at his own stylization; the Coens turn hypocrisy belly-up and, smiling, ravage its guts.

About mob wars during Prohibition, *Miller's Crossing* splays out police complicity and dishonor among thieves. No moves of devotion or treachery are missing, and no one can beat the Coens for cunning. From the choking opening scene, where a sweaty mafioso (Jon Polito) leans over a mahogany desk into

of character and motive, and the performances race the script for range and risk. **Gabriel Byrne**, playing Brutus to Finney's Caesar, has the sort of withholding sexuality that makes women taut. Unlike, say, D. H. Lawrence's messy, probing fig imagery in *Women in Love*, Byrne plays with desire like a man toying with a twig,



the camera, cajoling and then threatening the unseen Irish boss (**Albert Finney**), the story has you by your tie knot and drags you through a plot the envy of *The Sting*.

On top of that, the film's a stunner. The Coens burnish their images in bronze, and then torch them till the coppers turn to ash.

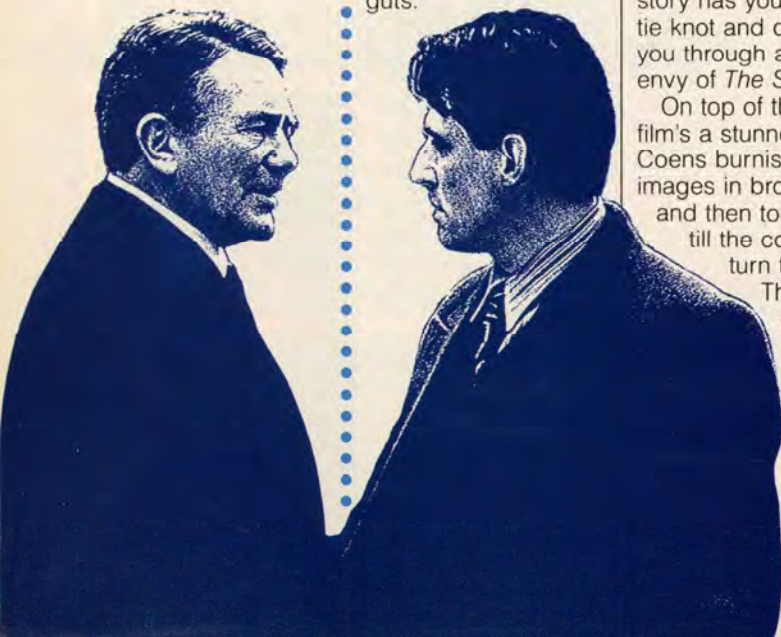
The camera flows like ballet; the dialogue, rimmed in sarcasm, is a wonder

which he snaps. Finney is coolly stubborn to Polito's dim-witted thuggery, and **John Turturro's** portrayal of a petty Jewish homosexual bookie astounds. Sliding between nervous self-abnegation and conniving, he sketches the squirmy manipulations of the guy who is totem low man to everyone. *Miller's Crossing* has shimmering elegance at the surface and a great, hauling undertow.

• At the end of the First World War, thousands of French families trekked through the country for traces of missing sons and husbands while their

government searched for the one guaranteed unidentifiable body to bury in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier as a symbol of France's "victory." The pathetic irony of the government's search becomes a cutting antiwar protest in **Bertrand Tavernier's** *Life and Nothing But* (***)—an ardent drama with Tavernier's gift for sumptuous scenes that evolves into a delicate romance between a gruffly debonair officer and a young widow searching for her missing husband's corpse. **Philippe Noiret** and the etchedly beautiful **Sabine Azema** have the restrained passion of **Spencer Tracy** and **Katharine Hepburn** late in their careers.

• *Pump Up the Volume* (***) tells what ails white teenage America. **Christian Slater** (*Heathers*)—like **James Spader**, a sweet-looking blond boy who surprises with bull's-eye acting—plays a high schooler who pirates a radio station and talks about what's really going down: sex, pregnancy, homophobia, and teen suicide, for starters. Writer-director **Allan Moyle** needles sass and punch into his no-bullshit script—though the too-innocent ending is too easy. Best line: "I love being the rap king of . . . Arizona." **O+**





Lite BEER

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Every time you pour yourself a Miller Lite, you're getting *the* greatest beer in the history of the world. After all, Lite's not some watered-down version of a regular beer. That's why it tastes great. And while we're really not one to brag, great taste is the reason we're America's most popular light beer.



MILLER LITE. WHERE LESS FILLING REALLY TASTES GREAT.

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THE PERFECT

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Re·cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra



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activity for rest or relaxation.
smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.



PARLIAMENT
Lights

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've always enjoyed going down on women and sucking and tonguing their pussy. Getting a partner off is pleasurable to me, and from my experience nothing excites a woman quite like cunnilingus.

Several women in their early twenties whom I've been with said that their first orgasms came from my eating their pussy, and I'd been the first guy to ever go down on them.

The smell and taste of a woman's cunt is a turn-on for me. Each woman is different, even the shape and size of her vulva. I realize that, unfortunately, for too long our culture has hit women over the head with unhealthy notions about their body, menstruation, et cetera, making far too many self-conscious about the "cleanliness" of their pussy.

Some partners I've been with are surprised or unbelieving when I say that I really would like to eat their cunt, saying things such as, "I can't believe anyone would want to do that!" But when they relax and are already a little horny, I convince them that I'd love to eat their pussy, and they usually let me do it. When they start to moan with pleasure and rub their breasts and nipples, I'm pretty sure we're both having fun!



It's not just the scent and taste of cunt juice that I love, either—a woman's vulva is a beautiful thing. The soft mountain of love fat, covered with hair (and for me, the bigger the bush the better!), almost begging for a palm to caress it. The outer lips, sometimes concealing and sometimes not. The delicate inner lips that slip so easily in and out of my mouth. Those moist pink lips tapering upward to the hood of the clit, so ready to be nudged and stroked by the tip of my tongue. Forgive me if I wax a little too enthusiastic, Xaviera, about the wonders of your gender's love parts, but for this 25-year-old guy, a woman's pussy is something not to miss laying your mouth, tongue, and eyes on!

As I mentioned, one of the things I've noticed that many women do when I'm sucking their cunt is rub their own breasts and nipples. As a visual turn-on, the sight of that just adds to the pleasure I'm taking in farther down. I've al-

ways been curious, though, as to why so many women do that. I realize that by stroking their own tits they must be adding to their pleasure, but do women do that when they're masturbating? That's something I've al-

ways wondered about.—A. K.

There is an old English saying—"A little bit of what you fancy does you good," which is actually a diet suggestion. If you suddenly have a passionate craving for strawberries and cream, or spinach cooked the French way—loaded with butter—or just the simple old-fashioned American breakfast—fried eggs and bacon with a generous portion of hash browns—the dietitians throw up their hands in horror and start muttering about calories and cholesterol. But the fact is, your body's computer is telling you that it needs some of those tasty, fattening poisons to make you strong and healthy.

Unfortunately, as well as nutritious animal and vegetable products, we are encouraged to indulge in other stuff, some of which are really drugs, like tea and coffee, tranquilizers and painkillers, and so-called "soft" drinks. We know that some of these are bad for us, but we're really

JOHN WAYNE™

WESTERN COMMEMORATIVE .45



A spectacular display piece, authorized and authenticated by his family and inspired by a classic six-shooter from his personal collection.

It is a dramatic and appropriate tribute. Honoring "The Duke" and the bold frontier spirit he captured so perfectly on the screen — and wanted us to share.

Precisely detailed, and embellished with images that evoke his finest Western films. This superb non-firing commemorative will be painstakingly crafted, sheathed in nickel, hand-assembled from over forty separate parts, and richly accented with 22 karat gold electroplate on the trigger guard, backstrap and hammer.

The intricate oak leaf-and-scrollwork design recalls the great traditions of gun engraving. The grip, inspired by the age-old art of scrimshaw, shows an American eagle. And John Wayne's signature appears on the backstrap, while the serial number — 151284 — matches the personal gun he carried in his Western films.

Pick it up. Savor its weight and bal-

ance. Cock the hammer. Sight down the barrel. Squeeze the trigger — and be part of the legend. Discovering how it must have felt for John Wayne to draw and aim his own Colt .45!

It is a work of which "The Duke" would have been proud.



This distinctive brass-fitted hardwood-framed wall display measures 10 3/4" high by 15 1/2" wide and will be provided at no additional charge.

This commemorative was inspired by the Colt .45 from John Wayne's personal collection. "Colt" is a registered trademark of Colt Industries, Inc. It has not been authorized or endorsed by Colt Industries, Inc., nor will it be produced in a manufacturing facility operated by that company.

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Shown actual size.

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I need send no money now. I will be billed for a deposit of \$90.* when my gun is ready to be sent to me. The balance will then be billed in four monthly installments of \$90.* each, after shipment.

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13171-6

not sure which, so we have learned not to trust our instincts or even our taste buds.

While some of us still enjoy the flavors of gourmet cuisine, vintage wine, and fresh pussy, there are, alas, many supposedly healthy men around whose palates have been atrophied by years of diet cola, and the idea of sipping nectar from the furry cup does not appeal to them. I am sometimes accused of being unromantic when I refer to the importance of cleanliness, but unwashed pussy is definitely an acquired taste for the connoisseur only.

Unfortunately, the United States—in one aspect of civilized life—is far behind Europe. I refer to the bidet, on which you can squat and wash your pussy (or your cock) without any of the drama involved in taking a shower or a bath. I suspect that one reason for the scarcity of this necessary piece of plumbing is that most plumbers are men, and in the United States—due to the grasping nature of the A.M.A.—most men are circumcised, so they don't really see the need for something they probably regard as a piece of feminine equipment. An English friend of mine who wanted to install a bidet in her house was informed by the local council that a bidet was classified as a "female urinal," and therefore had to conform with all the regulations applying to a toilet, which tripled the installation cost.

You may think that I'm going on too long with my commercial for bidets (they have them in the Plaza Hotel in New York City, incidentally), but possibly the lack of them is one of the reasons that oral sex is so hard to find during the day. It is fine to bathe and perfume yourself before your lover arrives, or to fool around with him in the shower when he does get there. But if you feel like a bit of cunnilingus along with your 75-cent hot dog, it is hard enough to find somewhere to do it, let alone somewhere to wash your box first.

One kind of bidet has a jet of water that squirts up like a fountain, which is designed to wash that bit of your body we don't like to talk about (because we all know someone who is one), but if you get yourself in the right position, the temperature-controlled water jet is so thrilling you don't need a man at all. This also allows you to caress your own tits while you are pleased aquatically.

One problem women have while masturbating is that they really don't have enough hands. Women like to play with their own nipples, but it is not always practicable. You must have seen a picture of that Indian goddess with all those arms. . . .

GOOD CLEAN FUN

Why does adult entertainment have to be so "dirty"? When traveling recently from South Carolina to Missouri, my

boyfriend and I thought we'd incorporate some adult pleasure into our trip. We were simply looking for an adult motel, with mirrors on the ceiling, X-rated movies, and a water bed—pretty tame stuff. After passing through five states, it became obvious that what we wanted existed only on the "bad" side of town, isolated among warehouses and run-down buildings. Who could feel safe there? It was discouraging and made me wonder, Don't others look for similar fun once in a while?

Likewise, when we decided to have some fun by participating on amateur night at a strip bar, it was hard to find a decent, clean place that wasn't set aside in a bad neighborhood, fostering the idea that these are sleazy joints. Finally, in the small resort city of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, we found two clean strip bars on the major highway that were worth walking into to have a drink. I did enter the amateur contest and we had some of our hottest sex sessions ever for a while thereafter.

I have a feeling that there are clean adult motels across this great nation that we are not aware of or cannot find in the Yellow Pages. I think it would be a great idea for someone to create a listing of adult motels and bars, giving us all a unique directory to rival "The Best of America's Bed and Breakfasts."—A. T.

You have answered your own question with one word that pops up all through your letter—the word *adult*, now used to describe any kind of entertainment that contains material with sexual connotations. As a nation, Americans sincerely believe that sex is disgusting, degrading, and dirty, and that our children must be protected from it at all costs for as long as possible.

There is a conspiracy of silence among adults to prevent kids from finding out how they were born. One curious result of this is that, in many cases, the sexual ignorance that we encourage in childhood persists on into later life. An amazing number of the letters sent to me by so-called *adults* contain requests for sexual information that they should have learned before they reached puberty.

It is this attitude that makes people afraid of sex. At least 80 percent of the letters I get contain the word *guilt*. Fear of sex also encourages fear of nudity, which produces another overused word, *embarrassment*, and then there is the word *decent*. What in the world is a decent strip joint? One of the definitions given for "decent" in my dictionary is "sufficiently clothed to be seen by other people" (e.g., "Are you decent?"). More meaningful is the quote "Decency is indecency's conspiracy of silence."

I have seen sex shows all over the world, from beautifully choreographed



nude dancing including intercourse in Scandinavia and gymnastic sexual contortions in the Far East to slapstick strip shows in Mexico and totally bizarre S & M numbers in Holland and Germany. Along with mud wrestling, wet T-shirt contests, and tight-jeans competitions, this is all in the realm of theater: It is entertainment, good, bad, or indifferent, but—up to and including the spectacle of a bearded Briton conducting an orchestra with his erect penis or a busty Belgian extinguishing lighted candles with blasts from her vagina—it has little to do with sex. The fact is that in our jaded, asexual society, we need artificial stimulation to stir up our hormones sufficiently to get turned on and have a good time.

I had a boyfriend who was into making love in strange places, especially while traveling. I had uncomfortable sex with him in airplane bathrooms (which now seem to be smaller than they used to be), on the back of a camel, and in a track made by a tank in the desert by the Red Sea.

The worst place we ever tried it—and failed—was actually designed for it. It was in Amsterdam, where, to celebrate the sale of half a million of my books published in Dutch, my publishers arranged a press party in Amsterdam's most famous bordello, the Yab-Yum. The press was invited for four o'clock in the afternoon and we had a discotheque at our disposal from ten o'clock that night, with well over a hundred guests expected.

After dealing with a lot of horny journalists, I needed a nap before coping with my friends and fans later on, and the Yab-Yum supplied us with a room. There was a fully fitted bathroom with a Jacuzzi, enormous mirrors everywhere, a round bed, a video with an XX-rated movie, et cetera, but what we wanted to do was sleep!

My boyfriend said that we owed it to the world to have some kind of sexual encounter—how could he admit that he went to a whorehouse with me and just went to sleep?—but after he scalded his penis with boiling water out of the tap on the bidet, we agreed to lie about it. There were no bedclothes, it took three phone calls to get the video turned off (the controls were somewhere else), and the only thing missing (thank God) was a water bed, which always makes me seasick. (I'm a bad sailor.)

In Japan there are specially designated sex hotels where you can take your gigolo, your secretary, your mistress, or, I suppose, your wife, and make love by the lily pond or in the simulated backseat of a 1952 Cadillac. But in the good ol' U.S. of A., such an idea is considered "indecent" and is therefore infrequently executed—especially in the Republican red-neck belt where you were looking.

To own such an establishment in America is also hazardous, as there are so many local laws against anything remotely sexual. Even theme bars offering puerile entertainment, like country-western tit-flashing competitions, are under constant surveillance by the police, so it is simply better business to sell beef or cheese without the cake. Anyone in the smut market gets moved down to the sleazy end of town where the dyslexic pimps have already bought warehouses. For you and your boyfriend to turn up there is their only hope of showing a profit. It is your ideas of clean, decent, picket-fence sex that have driven these poor people to where they are.

But by all means let someone de-

velop a directory of places whose owners are prepared to make a stand against prudery.

NO BLOW

I met my girlfriend during the first week of my first year at college. I am from a small town and had very strict parents. In high school I concentrated on athletics, school, and hanging out drinking with the guys. Although I had strong sexual urges, I did nothing about them. What I'm really trying to say is that I was a virgin when I met my girlfriend. She had dated someone during high school and had a monogamous relationship with him.

We dated for a few weeks before we made love, and for the past three

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



PASSPORT

Pocket-size radar protection

Over one million motorists depend on PASSPORT every day. Here's why:

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The first pocket-size high performance radar detector, PASSPORT fits your pocket as easily as a cassette tape. This miniaturization is only possible with SMDs. These micro-electronics, first used in satellites, provide performance that has consistently won the praise of automotive experts.

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"Cincinnati Microwave's famous Passport is still a terrific all-around radar detector. You won't go wrong with the Passport's robust construction, superb ergonomics, excellent bracketry, well-thought-out audible warnings, and deserved reputation."

Car and Driver, October 1989

"Over the years, this detector has consistently placed at the top. The PASSPORT sets the industry standard."

BMW Roundel, October 1989

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We only sell PASSPORT factory-direct to you—just call toll-free and we'll send your PASSPORT today, complete with accessories.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

STATES' RIGHTS

By Emily Prager

Recently, the Supreme Court ruled that states can decide whether teenage girls must notify parents before obtaining abortions. There was a time when I would have said, "Hey, if a girl's old enough to bludgeon her parents to death, she's old enough to terminate a pregnancy," and I would have fought for it. But not anymore. I feel that the nineties are going to be all about dependency, and I intend to be in the vanguard. I want the state to decide everything for me. I want the state to take over my life and figure it out. I want the state to decide.

To: New York State Boyfriend Examiner. Dear Sir: I'm dating two guys. One is very sexy, very warm, very wealthy, but erratic. I like him, but he makes me nervous, and he's a bit kinetic, having taken Ritalin as a child. The other guy is very sexy, very warm, but very broke. He's incredibly sweet and simpatico—he's the one I really love. The Gypsy down the street from my house has, for a mere 4,000 bucks, advised me to make a choice, as I am scattering my energies. Please decide for me. E. P.

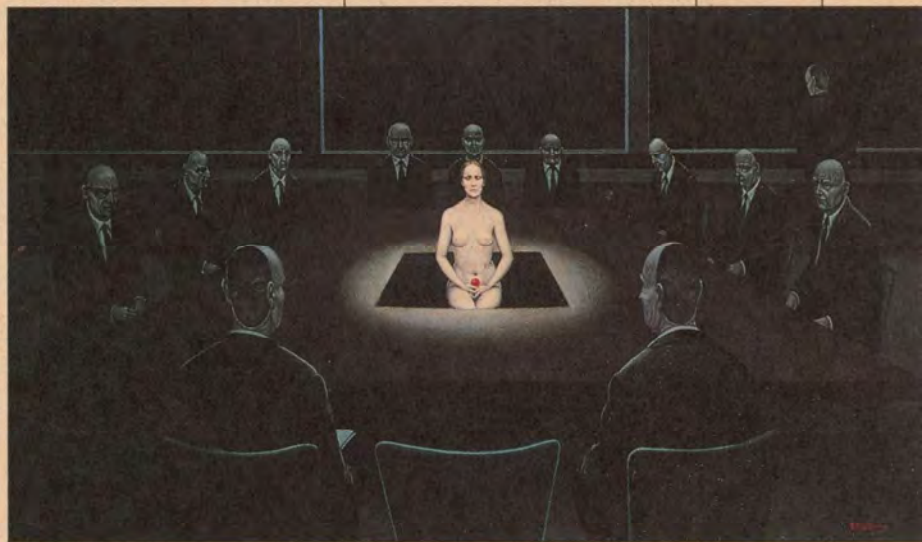
Dear Ms. P.: New York State chooses the rich guy. He may not be easy and may make you nervous, but at least it makes fiscal sense. Yours, B. Traven, N.Y.S.B.E.

To: New York State Committee on Home Gadgetry. Dear Sirs: I don't know whether to get touch-tone

service or not. The telephone company keeps calling and offering it to me for lower and lower installation fees. I don't really need it. I don't use phone credit cards. I don't have a beeperless remote. I'm really kind of a simple person. It was quite a big deal for me to buy a VCR. But every now and then some high-powered friend comes over and needs to beep in for their messages and can't, and I

the restaurants in my neighborhood. If I don't have an answer for him, we'll end up going to Hunan Palace, which I hate. Anything's okay except health food. E. P.

Dear Ms. P.: New York State has reserved a table for two at the Bistro on Grove Street. Have the de-boned chicken, a green salad, mashed potatoes, and collard greens. Skip dessert. After dinner, go get ice cream on Christopher Street.



feel weird. Should I get it or not? E. P.

Dear Ms. P.: New York State has ordered the service for you. The correct functioning of society depends on all its members having up-to-date technology in apartment and office. Your refusal to comply in this respect is tantamount to terrorism. We have taken your name. Yours, P. Baldwin, N.Y.S.C.H.G.

To: New York State Council on Restaurant Choice. Dear Sirs: I'm sending you this fax because my boyfriend is taking me out to dinner and I know he's going to ask me where I want to eat and I have no idea. I'm sick of all

Yours, R. Belzer, N.Y.S.C.R.C.

To: New York State Department of Sibling Affairs. Dear Sirs: My sister is really being an asshole. She borrowed one of my best dresses and spilled red wine all over it. She told our mother that I did drugs in the seventies. And she ran up my phone bill and killed my plants last time she house-sat. What should I do? E. P.

Dear Ms. P.: New York State has contacted your sister and she says it's all your fault. An appointment with an arbitrator has been scheduled for October 23, 1990. Failure to attend is punishable by a fine. Yours, T. Leopold, N.Y.S.D.S.A.

I used to be against the idea of the state deciding things for the individual. But not anymore.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

CAMPUS VIEW

By Jennifer Weiner

Pinceton University has a long-standing reputation as the most conservative

cussions of the issues belie the cavalcade of pamphlets that portray the university as an upper-echelon Eden. Yet sometimes events become too shocking or compelling for even the most stalwart of bureaucrats to ignore.

Such was the case in 1987. That spring an anti-

stressed the importance of the work that SHARE was doing. One senior woman wrote, "I was raped my freshman year here and there was no SHARE program. . . . There was really no resource on campus for me to go to."

Over the spring, thousands of signatures were collected urging SHARE's expansion. At an April march and rally, students who had been assaulted or harassed by professors spoke out in favor of a second full-time position. Graduate students pointed out that SHARE simply did not have the resources to extend much-needed services into the graduate college. Finally, in late April, 29 students occupied President Harold Shapiro's office to demand that SHARE be expanded. The occupation lasted for 35 hours, and though the protesters left with the promise that certain needs would be met, the administration remained adamant that SHARE's staff would not be increased.

Princeton's desire that rape and sexual harassment would vanish magically is understandable. But the fact that this fantasy has become policy is unforgivable. Princeton's commitment to stopping rape seems to reflect the fiction that no professor or student would do such a thing, and that the way to end sexual harassment and assault is to lock doors, hire guards, and keep outsiders outside.

Jennifer Weiner is a senior at Princeton, majoring in English. College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to Karen Angel, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.



The word rape evokes a variety of images; college does not usually come to mind.

of the Ivy League schools—and indeed, with its country-club atmosphere, ivied walls, and innate preppiness, the campus seems an unlikely hotbed of protest. Yet last April, the sleepy campus was rocked by a variety of direct actions, including a student occupation of the president's office, taken against an administration that was not adequately addressing the problems of sexual assault and harassment.

One in five women will be raped during her college years. In 70 percent of these crimes, the victim will know the perpetrator. And, like all rapes, the vast majority will go unreported.

At Princeton, sexual harassment and assault are—at least, in the eyes of administrators—dirty secrets, best not spoken of too loudly or too often, lest frank dis-

rape march was disrupted by students harassing the marchers with taunts of "We can rape whoever we want!" Although the administration claims to have long been considering how best to address sexual harassment and assault, it was not until after this incident that the Sexual Harassment/Assault Advising Resources and Education office was created.

SHARE was immediately given a myriad of duties, from counseling and giving legal advice to training student peer educators. It quickly became obvious that the office, with only one full-time and one part-time staffer, would have to expand if it were to continue to meet Princeton's needs.

What also became obvious was that the administration had no intention of expanding the office. Survivors

FINANCE

By Jerome Tuccille

As we move inexorably into the fall of the year, it seems appropriate to discuss a "fall" of a different nature: the fall of the financial titans of the last decade—Donald Trump, Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken, Canadian financier Robert Campeau, Australian Alan Bond, the Hunts, and others. To some extent I feel responsible for part of their problems: Three of the people on whom I've written biographies have subsequently either gone bankrupt or come perilously close to it. I hope there's not a message buried somewhere in there.

Perhaps the most telling message for all of us is that the old way of doing business no longer works. The empire builders of the eighties bought up everything in sight with borrowed money. Leveraged to the hilt as they were, they had everything but owned nothing.

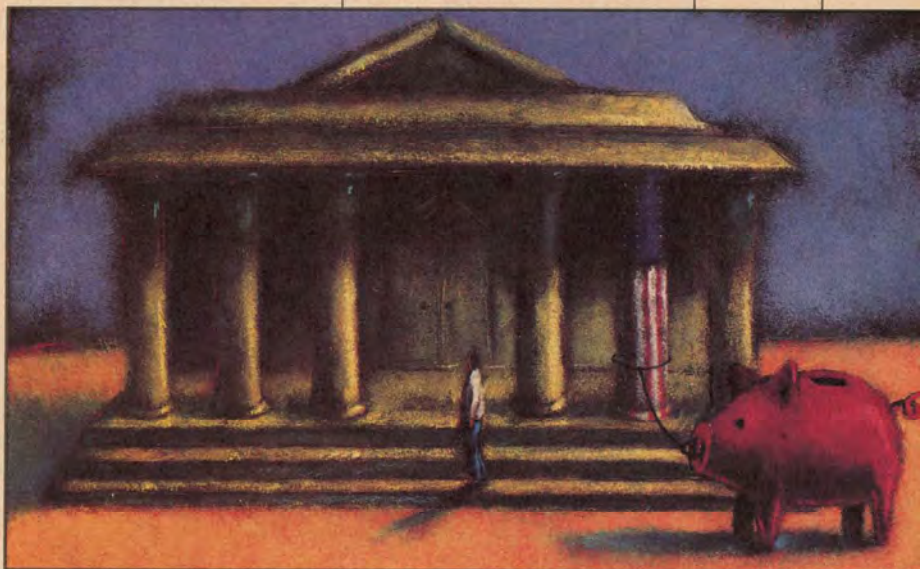
While it is sometimes a bit too easy for us mere mortals to derive some voyeuristic pleasure from seeing the high and mighty take a fall, their predicament really offers us very little comfort.

The sad truth is that we, as a nation, are also tottering on the precipice of bankruptcy. The President chooses to make a constitutional issue out of flag burning while the economic problems of the country spin farther beyond his control. The American people are being asked to pay even higher taxes by politicians who refuse to hold those responsible for the S & L mess and other financial crimes accountable for their actions.

A society that continues to live beyond its means by spending money it doesn't have, that allows its elected representatives to camouflage years of wasteful spending with accounting tricks, cannot continue to function indefinitely. Sooner or later the piper must be paid. Deficit spending eventually leads to bankruptcy, and it cannot be cured with mere accounting gimmickry. The problems associated with the financial barons are not isolated events. If the 1980s were a decade of overspending, of merger and ac-

within its constraints.

What's to be done? First, consider renting your home instead of buying. If you buy, buy carefully. The houses and condos we bought with mortgages are not appreciating as rapidly as they once did—in some cases, they're actually depreciating. Second, pay off your credit cards. The interest we pay on credit-card loans is no longer tax-deductible. Third, recognize that cash will once again be king. Those who save will be better off than those who borrow. Go into debt only when you're ac-



quisition mania on all levels financed by debt, the 1990s will be a period of paying for the excesses of the past.

It is never too late to come to terms with a problem once it is identified and faced squarely. There is no reason to panic as long as we all understand exactly what is taking place. The years ahead will be a period of retrenchment for all of us, of selling off assets to raise cash, of learning once again what it means to establish a budget and live

quiring an asset that has a good chance of appreciating, or when the interest is lower than the amount you can earn on the investment.

What is true for individuals is likewise true for the public sector: The laws of economics don't change to accommodate the whims of politicians. Every penny spent by our elected officials comes from your pocket and mine through the power of taxation. It's time we forced them to abide by the same standards that we should live by.

The empire builders of the eighties had everything but owned nothing.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

MEN'S RIGHTS

By Sidney Siller

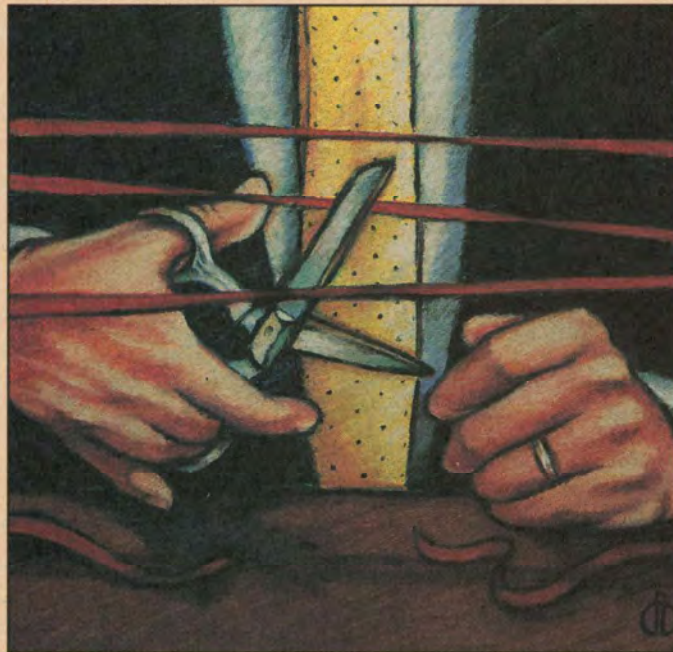
There is currently an extended effort across the United States to enact "no-fault" divorce legislation. Thereby divorces could be granted for irreconcilable differences without the approval or consent of both parties. Currently, 39 states have some form of no-fault.

For the purposes of this brief discussion, I will use a proposed New York State law as an example. Although these laws differ from state to state, the basic underpinnings usually remain the same. Bear in mind, however, in this as in all legal matters, if you need more information or plan to take any personal steps concerning a potential divorce, be sure to consult your own attorney.

One problem with the New York bill is that it would make it possible to obtain a divorce regardless of who was responsible for the breakup. But since a divorce must be granted before awarding child custody or deciding the equitable distribution of assets, the grounds for a divorce should be of vital importance.

The proposed law would permit a spouse to get a divorce if he or she can prove that irreconcilable differences exist between the parties and that they have been separated for at least one year. Irreconcilable differences will be presumed in the event that the separation lasts for 18 months or more.

Also under this plan, the court has the power to award equitable distribution of whatever assets accumu-



lated during the course of the marriage. The court may consider such criteria as each spouse's contribution and the length of the marriage. The present law allows the judge to use his discretion as to how much of the assets each party will receive. The proposed law would create a presumption of an equal distribution (50 percent for each spouse) for marriages of five years or more. No mitigating factors would be taken into account.

In addition, the law would mandate that the dependent spouse (usually the wife) be awarded attorney fees equal to those of the other spouse. In other words, if the wife is the dependent, the judge would order the husband to pay her attorney the same amount he had paid his.

Groups like the National Organization for Women have complained in the past that alimony awards have been inadequate because judges have an unrealistic concept of the earning po-

tential of a woman who has been out of the work force for a number of years. But, as with other feminist proposals, in real life many women are actually opposed to the shift toward no-fault legislation (and, in fact, NOW itself has come out against the proposed New York State law).

These women argue that in states where no-fault divorce has already been enacted, women have received smaller alimony awards. They also note that a wife's power to say no to a divorce has always been a crucial negotiating tool to help her obtain a fair settlement.

The permanent-alimony provision, intended merely to enable a dependent spouse to maintain their standard of living, may give a wife a stranglehold on her husband for the rest of his life. Finally, the obligation to pay the spouse's lawyer for the right to have them legally harass you will be a great thorn in the side of men. **OT**

No-fault divorce legislation is really a bad idea, although at first glance, the concept seems to be fair.

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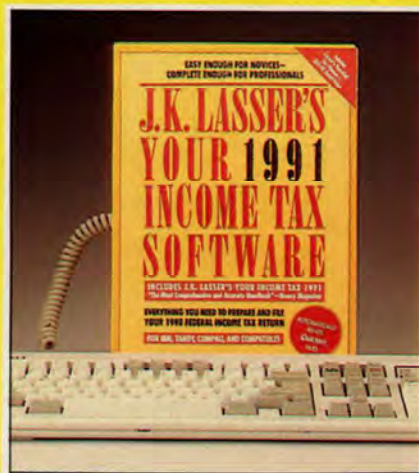
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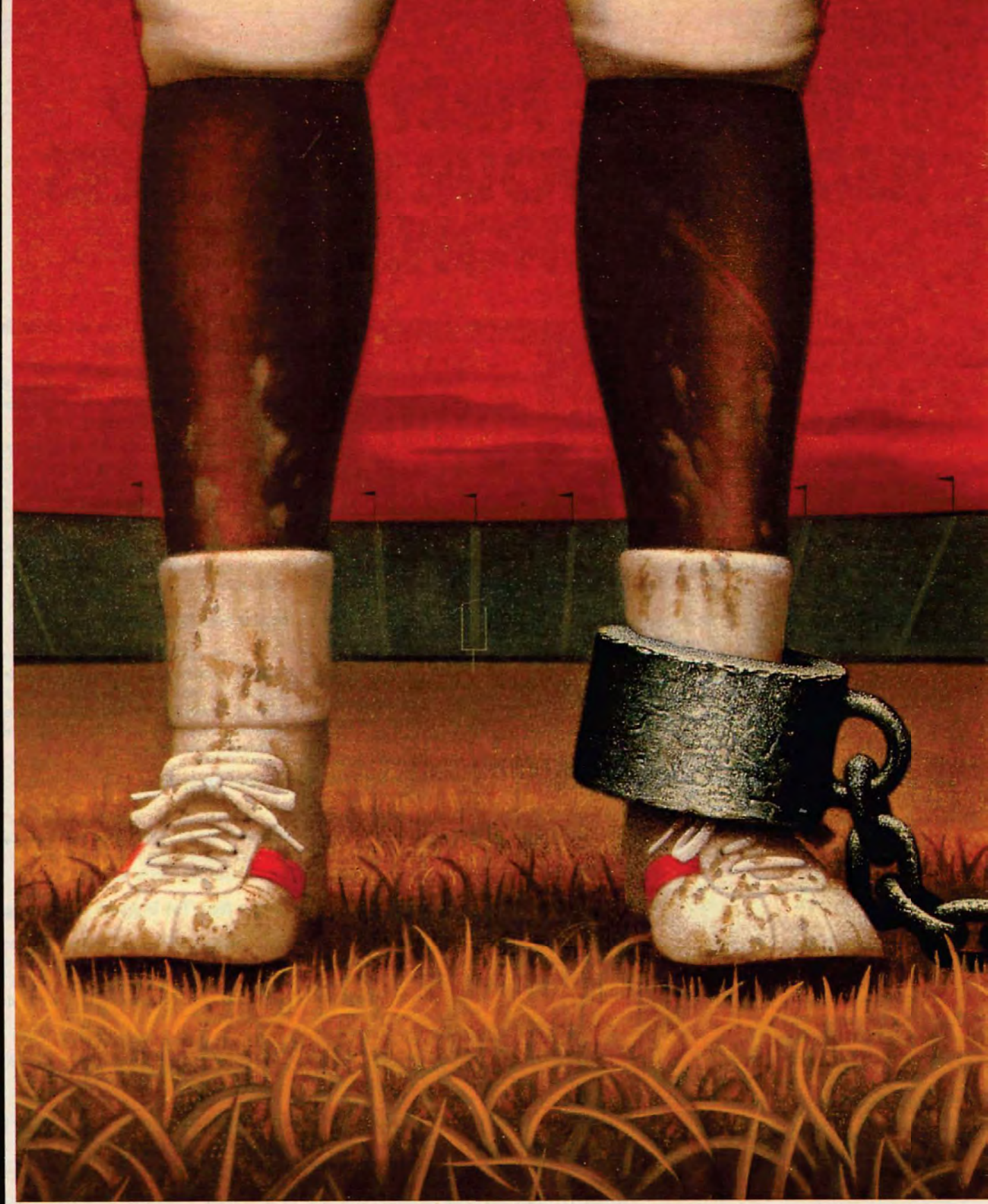
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ARTICLE

DOWN AND DIRTY

BY CHARLES THOMPSON AND ALLAN SONNENSCHIN

Christmas 1988 was no time for rejoicing at the University of Oklahoma. The school's Sooner football team—the state's pride and joy—had been placed on probation for illegal payments and recruitment violations. But the worst was yet to come.

PAINTING BY DAVID WILCOX



On the first day of the new year, the team was blown out of the Citrus Bowl by an inferior Clemson team. A few days prior to the game, some of the players had destroyed a hotel room, and one of their coaches, under investigation by the F.B.I. for drug trafficking, got into an altercation at an Orlando country club, causing hundreds of dollars' worth of damage to the premises.

On January 13, 1989, defensive back Jerry Parks got into an argument with one of his teammates and friends, Zarak Peters, a lineman who had gone to school in Houston with Parks, and ended the disagreement by picking up a gun and shooting Peters. One week later, a young woman visiting a player in Bud Wilkinson House—"Bud Hall," a lavish living quarters for members of the football team—was gang-raped by several players. A few weeks later, quarterback Charles Thompson made the cover of *Sports Illustrated* in handcuffs after he was arrested for cocaine dealing. A bad winter in Soonertown.

In this exclusive excerpt from *Down and Dirty: The Life and Crimes of Oklahoma Football* (to be published by Carroll & Graf), Thompson talks candidly for the first time about the shooting, the rape, and their aftermath. This is the story of a star athlete caught up in the mania of Oklahoma football. Many young boys growing up in Oklahoma dream only of the day they can play for America's most successful college football team—especially under the tutelage of its head coach, Barry Switzer. Switzer, a great American success story himself—going from a dirt-poor existence in rural Arkansas to the ranks of coaching history—was able to attract exceptional black athletes to play for O.U. Switzer was a winner and Charles Thompson wanted to be his quarterback, turning down dozens of offers from other universities and an opportunity to sign and play baseball with the Cincinnati Reds organization.

Thompson got much more than the chance to play quarterback for his idol Switzer, becoming part of a network of

millionaire Oklahoma businessmen and bankers who showered their state's football players with gifts of money, cars, condos, and drugs. Thompson learned that there was little he couldn't get away with as long as the Sooners put more points on the board than their opponents. Sooner players are the royalty of the state, eating, drinking, and partying for free. Going to classes was an afterthought; a failing grade could always be changed upward.

When the nation learned about the mayhem at the school, it was shocked, unaware that weapons, wild sex, and drugs were not isolated to a few weeks in January 1989. Guns and rifles were stored in several of the players' rooms and drug dealing was a daily occurrence in Bud Hall.

If you had toured the players' rooms in Bud Hall, you might have thought yourself in an armory. Many of the guys on the team had guns. There were handguns, hunting rifles, and shotguns all over the place. The scene was an accident waiting to happen. Given the drinking, drugs, women running in and out, and the presence of physical men with volatile tempers, it was only a matter of time before something exploded.

"It was wild," my roommate Jerry Parks recalled. "There were times when players would trash the bathrooms and overflow the toilets, and get us all in trouble. They would pop firecrackers and set them under your door, not knowing if something was going to catch fire. One time they shot a bottle rocket under my door when I was sleeping. I heard the noise and woke up. I went out and they were all white guys."

"Defensive end Proctor Lane and I didn't get along," Parks continued, "because I thought he was a racist. He was the one doing all the pranks on me. He thought they were funny. Once lineman Nigel Clay and Lane had a fight. There were seven white guys up in the dorm getting drunk. They had about two cases of beer there. One of them got the brilliant idea to get into

cars and throw eggs at the dorm. They began throwing eggs and hit everyone walking into the dorm. Nigel saw them when they were ready to throw one at him and warned them not to. They figured he was alone and couldn't do anything, and threw the eggs at him anyway. Nigel responded and it almost started a racial battle on the team."

"There were at least eight ballplayers selling cocaine or crack or weed. I knew 20, 40 guys on the team who used it. Some of the coaches knew, but they were just covering their asses."

Zarak Peters was a big, strong lineman who came to O.U. a year before Jerry Parks. Jerry was rooming with me and Zarak had the apartment above us on the third floor. Jerry and Zarak had gone to the same high school in Houston and got along well. They were different types—Jerry high-strung and volatile, Zarak laid-back and easygoing. To earn spending money, Zarak was the team barber, charging the players a few dollars for haircuts. He was a good barber, but unreliable at keeping appointments.

After I broke my leg in the final game of the season, assistant coach Jim Donnan gave me a Nintendo game to keep me busy. Zarak came down to my room every night to play the game, and for about a week I'd been asking him to cut my hair. Every night he made an appointment for the next day, but when I went to his room, he said, "Oh, man, CT, I can't do it today. I forgot about something I have to take care of." I was getting pissed off at him because I paid him more than the other players. I knew he didn't have much money and wanted to help him out.

Finally, Zarak promised, "CT, you come up here at seven and you'll be the first haircut I give." But when I arrived at seven, he was busy.

"What's going on, Zarak?" I asked. "You told me you'd cut my hair first."

Zarak shrugged and said, "Yeah, I know, but I can put your name on a list. You're number six."

"Six?" I screamed. "You ain't shit,

THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1990-91

BY LARRY LINDERMAN

Now that you're learning all about sex, drugs, and violence at the University of Oklahoma, get ready for the real horror of college football by reading our perennial list of the worst teams in America.

This year's 20 Worst contains 13 different entries than 1989's roster of the rotten, which only goes to prove a

point: My thankless task is a lot tougher than picking the Top 20, which always seems to feature the same old lineup. Really, when was the last time a preseason Top 20 didn't include Alabama, Auburn, Clemson, Florida State, Miami, Michigan, Nebraska, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Penn State, Southern California, and U.C.L.A.? Throw in schools that rarely

are left off the experts' preseason score of pigskin powerhouses—Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Ohio State, Pittsburgh, Texas A&M, Washington, and West Virginia—and you can see how simple it is to put together a Top 20. (Which I've just done.)

Something else: Do traditional football pundits receive tons of poison-pen letters when they spotlight a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



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man. You tell me to come up here at seven and now you tell me this shit. For the whole fucking week you been promising to cut my hair. I come in here and you got five people in front of me. That's fucked up. You know, Zarak, you come down to my place any time you want to play my Nintendo game. If I'm ready to leave my room, I let you stay to listen to my music, whatever."

I went downstairs and Jerry was there with Rod Fisher, another teammate. Kori, my girlfriend, was in the bedroom studying. Jerry and Rod had been drinking. I was furious and Jerry asked me what the problem was. "Jerry," I said, "why don't you go upstairs and jump all over your homeboy's ass and straighten him out. I can't believe how he played me for a fool."

Jerry said that he'd go up and get the whole thing squared away. While we were waiting for him to get back, we called to order a pizza. We were waiting for the delivery when the telephone rang and it was Billy Dykes from the team. "Charles," he said frantically, "you better get up here. Jerry's going crazy." In the background I could hear screaming and cursing. I told Rod what was happening, and he agreed that we'd better get up there. I got my crutches and was limping out the door, when Jerry came flying down the stairs. Jerry and I used to call each other "Po," short for protégé, and when he ran into me he screamed, "Po, where's the motherfucking gun? Where's my gun?"

Weeks before I'd learned that he had taken Zarak's gun. Jerry had gotten into a confrontation with some guy and was going to get the gun to shoot him. I took the gun away from Jerry and hid it in my car. That's where it was when he asked me for it. I tried to stop him, but Jerry was wild, his eyes bulging. "Fuck you, Po, where are the keys to the car? I'm gonna bust a cap in that fucker," he said, and rushed past me into the apartment to look for the keys. I hobbled in after him to get the keys first and hide them. Jerry had gone into the bedroom where Kori was, thinking she knew where the keys were. When he came out he saw that I had them and grabbed me. We started to wrestle for the car keys, and with one good leg I was struggling to keep my balance. Finally, he slammed me against a shelf and held me until I dropped the keys. Rod Fisher, who had a broken arm, was also powerless to stop Jerry. Billy Dykes had come downstairs and was standing by the door when Jerry rushed by, and though Billy's a big guy, he took one look at Jerry's eyes and did nothing to stop him.

I turned to Rod: "Rod, look, you gotta do something. Go down there and try to stop him before he gets to the car. He's gonna do something stupid." Rod agreed and went to the car, but he wasn't quick enough and Jerry was

soon on his way back, gun in hand. When he saw Rod he just flung him to the ground. Meanwhile, I went to the balcony and screamed up to Zarak on the third floor, "Jerry's coming up with the gun. Bolt your door or go to another room, because Jerry ain't the same!" I had seen Jerry angry and wild, but never so out of control that I feared for my own life. Zarak was acting as if the whole thing were no big deal. "Hey, CT, I know Jerry," he said. "He ain't gonna shoot nobody. He's just putting on a big front. I ain't worried."

By this time Jerry was running up the stairs yelling, "Where's that motherfucker now? He won't push me again." The .22 was cocked. I hopped upstairs, and when I got to Zarak's door Jerry was already inside screaming at Zarak: "C'mon, push me now, Zarak, you motherfucker." He inched closer to Zarak and was a gun barrel away from him. Zarak knocked the gun out of

6

If you had toured
the players' rooms, you might
have thought your-
self in an armory. Many of
the guys had guns.
The scene was an accident
waiting to happen.

9

Jerry's hand, but he got crazier and dove for it on the floor. Another person in the room, Steve, a linebacker from California, tried to put his foot on the gun. Jerry got up from the floor, drove Steve into the wall, picked up the gun again, and started waving it, talking crazy like a wild man: "Push me now, push me now."

The door to the room was open and I screamed at Rod to shut it before somebody walking by got shot. The way Jerry was waving the cocked pistol, anyone in sight was a target. Then things happened fast. Rod shut the door and at the same time I heard a shot and a scream, "Ah, motherfucker . . ." *Holy shit, I thought, Jerry shot him.* People who were in the other rooms came in to see what had happened, and there was Jerry sitting on the floor muttering: "I told that motherfucker not to push me any goddamned more. I told . . ." Rod got really scared and ran down the back way.

I didn't know what Jerry was going to do next. I thought I'd better get out of there, too, and started to hop off. Jerry got up and I tried to sneak to the

other side of the room to hide. I was scared shit. There were more bullets in the gun. He walked past me and saw me standing against the wall. He looked at me and I said, "Jerry, put that gun away before you do something stupid"; it wasn't registering in me that he'd already done something stupid. "Jerry, I'm your friend. Please put the gun away," I said, but he grabbed me and pushed me away, and headed out the door to our apartment downstairs.

I panicked. Kori was still in the room and Jerry and she did not get along. I got to the room and Kori was waiting for me: "Jerry came in," she said, "and tried to trap me. He's gone crazy." I got someone to take her out of the room and then tried to find Jerry. I didn't have to look long, because he was soon back in the room kicking and throwing shit all over the place. I had just gotten my clothes out of the cleaners and he had kicked Cokes and pizza all over them. The place was a mess and I was pissed off. "You dumb motherfucker," I screamed at him, "you need to cut this shit out. Go put that fucking gun somewhere before you make things worse than they are. You dumb piece of shit!" Jerry's back was turned, so he wheeled around and pointed the gun at my head. I turned around and walked away, snarling, "Get out of the way, motherfucker," thinking that if he was going to shoot me, it might as well be in the back of the head.

When I got out to the street, someone said, "I hope Zarak's okay."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Man, don't you know? He shot him. Jerry shot him."

It still hadn't dawned on me that Zarak had been shot. It was so weird; I was there, but I hadn't believed what my eyes had seen.

I went upstairs. Zarak was lying in bed with blood pouring out of him, moaning, "Man, why did that nigger go crazy? Why did he do it? Why, why, why did he go crazy?"

When I went back out, the police and an ambulance had arrived. When they got to Zarak's room, he wouldn't tell them who'd shot him. They went around the dorm checking the rooms. Jerry had gone to the room of another defensive back on the team. Reggie Finch, the brother of my former roommate Lonnie, was in the room with them when the police got there. The cops had their guns out, and when the defensive back saw them, he lost control and pissed all over himself. Jerry surrendered without a fight.

Zarak was rushed to the hospital and survived, the bullet lodged in a rib. Despite the amount of blood he had lost, the doctors listed him in stable condition and decided not to remove the bullet. Jerry was taken to the Cleveland County Detention Center in Norman,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



ONLY IN CHICAGO

An Illinois commissioner, who won reelection despite having died, was praised by a colleague as "an effective commissioner right up to the end and beyond."

SEE DICK HUMP JANE

Through a printing error, several chapters of a sexually explicit work wound up in a Chinese elementary-school reader. Until the discovery was made, the books instructed Chinese children on such matters as "modern prostitution" and "girls just looking for fun."

A LIFETIME MS. MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION TO ...

... the Revolutionary Command Council of Iraq, which ruled that any Iraqi man who murders his mother, daughter, sister, aunt, niece, or cousin because she committed adultery would not be prosecuted.

TRUE LOVE

The pre-nuptial agreement between billionaire John Kluge and his wife—who recently worked out a divorce settlement—is two and a half inches thick.

AH, THE FRENCH

Despite objections from religious groups, a Paris judge ruled that a subway poster showing a young angel with an erect penis was not obscene, and instead of arousing sexual passions, it "could just as easily raise a smile."

KNOCK ON WOOD

New York Yankees pitcher Pascual Perez complained that reporters often fail to ask him such conventional questions as which hitter gives him the most trouble. Accordingly, he was asked just that. "To tell the truth," Perez replied, "I can't really think of anyone who's consistently been trouble for me. Then again, no one ever asked before, so I really haven't thought about it."

MOOD INDIGO

A New York City politician demanded that the city cancel funding for a statue honoring Duke Ellington because it includes figures of several nude women. A member of the art commission that approved the design said, "They're not voluptuous women. They're muses."

SAMURAI VCR!

To the mortification of Sony, it was discovered that an instruction manual for the firm's VCR used an especially auspicious date as an example showing owners how to set the clock: December 7. An apology came in response to a complaint from a man who said that his father was killed during the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The chairman of the Federal Communications Commission wants a \$16,000 appropriation to build a private bathroom in his office, in order to avoid using a nearby public lavatory.

OUR SPECIAL ACADEMY AWARD TO ...

... cult movie director John Waters, who said he might include the rock band Red Hot Chili Peppers in his next film on the grounds that he shares certain characteristics with band members, whom he described

as "hip, young, rich, and nude." Waters added, however, that he has not yet started writing his next movie: "I look at my scripts as a disease. If I announce them too early, someone will invent the vaccine."



REEFER MADNESS

Veterinarians report a growing number of cases in which they treat pets that have consumed the narcotics of their owner.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A blind California man was arrested after he handed a threatening note to a bank teller, collected \$105, and then asked for the teller's help in leaving the bank.

EXTREMELY BAD KARMA

Arizona Senator Dennis DeConcini on his campaign fund-raising techniques: "I would literally go anywhere for somebody who would raise me \$10,000."

WELL, BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

A recent study on why some foreign-made products fail dismally in the American market concluded that almost all flopped because of inappropriate product names that offended or bemused U.S. consumers. Among them was a French soft drink called Pschitt, a Japanese coffee creamer known as Creap, and a Finnish product used to unfreeze car locks with the trade name Super Piss. The study also noted that American companies occasionally fail to consider cultural differences in selling products overseas—a notable example being Chevrolet's Nova line of cars, which flopped in Latin America. It seems that "no va" in Spanish means "it doesn't go."

MAMA TOLD ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS

A New York woman, who had suffered injuries when she was run over by a car driven by her drunken husband, was run over again by a fireman who was driving while inebriated.



OUR PHYSICALLY FIT PRESIDENT AT WORK

President Bush, demonstrating his golfing ability during a White House ceremony marking national fitness, fired an errant putt that barely missed smashing into the head of a bystander. Bush reassured the man: "I'm heavily insured."

SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED

The dean of the University of Alaska's business school has filed for bankruptcy.

OUR HOLLYWOOD BUBBLEHEAD AWARD TO ...

... actress Ellen Barkin, who bitterly complained to *Vanity Fair* magazine because it did not place her picture on the cover of the issue containing a story about her. Instead, the magazine's editors used a picture of Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

SOUNDS QUALIFIED TO US

Despite revelations that he is a transsexual and was once convicted of shooting a man and then setting his body afire, a candidate for a Democratic county chairmanship in Texas refused to withdraw. "They're scared to death I'm going to win," he said. "I just want to help Democrats get elected."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Comedienne Sandra Bernhard, explaining why she voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980: "I was hanging out with . . . Republicans, and they brainwashed me. I thought if I voted for Reagan, I'd become gentile by proxy."



IT'S THE JIM AND TAMMY SHOW!

Tammy Faye Bakker, reacting to a TV movie on the career of she and her husband, imprisoned television evangelist Jim Bakker, called the film "trash." Mrs. Bakker complained that it focused on the intimate details of their marriage: "How do they know what happened in our bedroom? We have a wonderful marriage. . . . He never turned me down sexually." Mrs. Bakker said that she did not watch the movie.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

A group of 85 New York City schoolchildren, brought to City Hall to be honored by Mayor David Dinkins for compiling excellent school-attendance records, discovered that Dinkins failed to show. An aide, blaming the mayor's schedule for his failure to appear, gave a speech that Dinkins had prepared for the occasion, which read in part, "I appreciate people who are on time for appointments."



HOW ARE YOU FEELING, GEORGE?

Vice-President Dan Quayle's Christmas presents to President Bush included a toilet-paper holder that plays "Hail to the Chief" when the paper is pulled.



WELCOME TO THE BIG APPLE

A guide produced by the New York Daily News for out-of-town workers who may be imported to the city to replace employees in the event of a strike warned them not to make eye contact with

passersby, not to go alone to bank cash machines at night, not to go to Times Square, not to go to Central Park in the evening, and not to let taxi drivers know that they're from out of town.

HEAVY BREATHING 101

The president of Washington, D.C.'s prestigious American University resigned after he was charged with making obscene phone calls from his office.

GOTCHA!

Los Angeles officials investigating a suspicious request for a disability pension that had been filed by a sheriff's deputy discovered that, despite claims of serious injury, he was working as an exotic dancer.

EGO OF THE MONTH

After receiving a \$12 million, four-year contract, Rickey Henderson of the Oakland A's complained that it did not include a gift of a Ferrari for setting the all-time record for stolen bases. "The little things mean more than the big things to me," Henderson said. "And that was one of the little things I cherished. And I didn't get it. And I was hurt. I really was hurt."



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

Harried by a pack of several dozen reporters, photographers, and television cameramen, a young New York woman in formal attire desperately tried to hide, only to see herself proclaimed that night on news broadcasts as the bride-to-be of John Gotti, Jr., son of reputed Mafia godfather John Gotti. However, it turned out that the woman was only a bridesmaid at the wedding. The wedding itself was not filmed, since cameramen and reporters went to the wrong church.

DOWN AND DIRTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

where he pleaded no contest to the shooting charge and served 82 days in jail with two years probation. The media didn't know what to make of the shooting and decided that Jerry shot Zarak because the two had had an argument over a borrowed cassette. No, it was dumber than that—it was because of a haircut. Looking back, I'm very sorry that I allowed myself to get so angry at Zarak because he delayed cutting my hair, and about making a big deal about it to Jerry, but I never expected Jerry to shoot Zarak.

"After the shooting we were told to get the guns out because they were coming around to check," Jerry Parks told me later. "I know for a fact that at least seven players had rifles and pistols. There were handguns everywhere. Some of the coaches had to have known about them. One time we came through with three rifles in the middle of the day. Right in front of the dorms. We parked in the parking lot and came between the coaches' offices and the dorm and we didn't have covers for the rifles. One coach said something to the effect of 'Y'all need to have cases for those rifles.'"

"After the shooting the university froze me out. I was going to tell everything I knew about Bud Hall, but my lawyer told me, 'No, no, no, he ain't pressing charges. Just keep quiet, say nothing. Don't give the university a bad image.' And I said, 'Fuck the university.' Shit, they were talking about sending me to jail for ten years. This university is going to be here until the day I die. It was the same thing with [you]. The federal attorney wanted [you] to go to jail."

What angered me after the shooting was the position of the school, especially that of acting president David Swank, who refused to acknowledge any responsibility for what had happened: "At the University of Oklahoma we go to great lengths to protect our students. Possession or use of a firearm on the O.U. campus is in violation of the student code. In enforcing the student code, the University of Oklahoma is more stringent on student athletes than any other students, with frequent room visitations by members of the coaching staff."

That was Swank's statement on behalf of the school, and it was a joke. If the school administration was leaving the policing of Bud Hall up to the coaches, they might just as well have left it up to the athletes. The coaches rarely came to the dorm, and they were as aware of the violations as I was. Bud Hall was a 24-hour revolving door of girls, students, and strangers. Nobody checked on us—in fact, none of the players thought it necessary to hide

their guns. They hid their alcohol and drugs only because they didn't want them stolen.

One week after the Parks-Peters shooting, a more horrible incident took place in Bud Hall. There are different accounts of what happened, but court documents state that a 20-year-old woman claimed she was raped by five men. Like the shooting, the rape was one more disaster waiting to happen. Less than three weeks after David Swank's statement, weapons were found in the room of Nigel Clay, one of the accused (and later convicted) rapists. Dr. Swank refused to discuss any of these incidents for this book, as has everyone in the athletic department.

There is no excuse for anyone to force a woman, or for that matter, anyone else, against their will. What happened can only be understood within the context of life at Bud Hall. The day after the incident most of the guys in

I didn't think that was
a big deal. . . .
But it was not unusual
for a woman to
come to a player's room
and wind up
having sex with a group.

the dorm knew something had happened. Coming from study hall, I bumped into Nigel Clay, a 290-pound lineman who wasn't noted for being a ladies' man. Earlier, I had been with some of the guys on the team who were saying that a girl had been raped in Nigel's room. It was one of those stories where the facts are wrong, but the core of it is right. I asked Nigel what everyone was talking about.

He began talking 90 miles a second and it was hard to follow him. "Oh, man," he stuttered, "I never did nothing. Fucking Bernard Hall, well, he went and took some pussy last night. They might be in trouble, man. I was under the impression . . ."

"Nigel, man, slow down," I said. "What are you saying?"

"Yeah, yeah, man," he said. "I had nothing to do with it, but you know Bernard. She's trying to say we raped her, but you know Bernard."

It was still difficult to figure out what he was saying. My impression was that some girl had gone to Nigel's room and that both he and Bernard Hall had screwed her. At the time, I didn't think

that was a big deal. It was not uncommon for women to come to the players' rooms, and after one had had sex with her, his roomie might join him. Sometimes a woman would get upset, but it would blow over.

Women in Oklahoma were no different than men when it came to Sooner football. Everything centered around the team, especially on campus. For good or bad, the players had top priority when it came to women. If a regular student and a football player were going after the same girl, the athlete had a much better chance. To the players it was part of winning—when you reap the benefits, and women were one of the best. After a win we'd say, "Let's go home and get some V.P. [Victory Pussy]." For the few occasions when O.U. lost, there was another expression: "It ain't that bad, we'll go home and get some S.P. [Sympathy Pussy]."

The most attractive O.U. coeds were always in Bud Hall. Even after the rape they still came around. After the rape a curfew was established and women had to be out of the dorm by midnight, but that was more public relations than anything else. Waking up for breakfast, I'd see women leaving the dorm.

Musicians use the term "groupies"; at O.U. the expression was "freaks." There were plenty of women going out with several players at the same time. I know of a few who slept with seven different players within a two-week period. There were others who spent a night sleeping with five, six, seven guys. It was a common sight and you just accepted it as normal. It was like rock music, with our stage the football field and the quarterback the lead singer. Our freaks were as attractive as any of Mick Jagger's groupies. We didn't have to force anybody to have sex with us, but like the gifts from the boosters we expected it. None of this excuses what happened in Nigel Clay's room, but it does shed light on the mentality of the football team when it came to women.

It was common at O.U. for black players to be involved with white women. This wasn't only a matter of preference—most of the groupies who hung around the jocks were white (O.U. is an almost all-white school). The black girls who did hang out at the dorm usually had boyfriends. The coaches liked the players to think of the team as a family, but when it came to interracial dating, they thought differently. It was one thing if the woman was not attractive, but when a pretty white woman was seen in the company of a black player, the coaches let us know their displeasure. The white players felt the same as the coaches. When I started going out with Kori, a few white players went to her sorority sisters and told them to pressure her not to see me. Everyone on campus was for Charles Thompson on Saturday afternoon on



CHRISTINA AND DENISE

At best, Christina and Denise had been reluctant roommates. The price of New York apartments, not friendship, had brought them together. Each was wary of the other and protective of her own space. But unknown to each other, they shared a common bond that would change their lives forever.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIDIER PÉDRON





In time, they became more than roommates.
They became more than lovers as
well. They explored the mysteries of a brave
new world that they alone had created.



Christina was the more daring one. It was she who first understood the changes in their relationship and roused in Denise desires that her friend had always held deeply and darkly within her.



To Denise the salty sweetness of Christina's body was the taste of heaven. Like two sundered shades of one soul, they came together with a hunger that was more than physical.



Hours had long passed
without words, their
tongues speaking a lush
but soundless language . . .
a lexicon of soft, deep sighs
and gentle moans.







Together like
this, they
needed noth-
ing but the
magic of
each other.
Love or lust,
that magic
was their
new world.







TELL ME MORE

There's no question in my mind that the face of comedy has changed over the years, but describing that change is not so easy. On the minus side, there is nobody around today who can do what Lenny Bruce did, which was to make you fall down laughing and think at the same time. Robin Williams is brilliant and I love him, but two minutes after you've split your sides laughing at his act, you can't remember what he said to make you laugh so hard. George Carlin probably comes the closest of anyone today, and he does a marvelous Lenny Bruce imitation, but he isn't Lenny, either. Johnny Carson's monologues actually have more consistently biting political humor in them than any stand-up comedian I can think of. Dick Gregory has pretty much given up comedy. Even Mort Sahl isn't Mort Sahl anymore. He gave Al Haig the line that Haig was throwing his "helmet into the ring," which was pretty funny, but would Lenny Bruce have been writing lines for Nixon?

So we don't have a major political and social commentator in the country anymore, and that's a shame. But the legacy of Lenny and Mort Sahl can be felt everywhere nonetheless. Largely because of their impact, the newer comics have moved away from the tired shtick of the Borscht Belt comedians and the old routines of vaudeville, and begun to shape material based on careful obser-

AMERICA'S
FAVORITE INTERVIEWER
TALKS CANDIDLY
ABOUT THREE OF HIS
FAVORITE COMICS.



BY LARRY KING WITH
PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

vation of their own lives and of current events. George Carlin and Richard Pryor have made a fortune doing just that. And the comics who have followed their lead have had to be even more inventive, fashioning entire stage personalities as vehicles for their sometimes absurd or surreal observations on modern life. If they aren't exactly Lenny, they sure as hell aren't Buddy Hackett.

Of all the New York Jewish comics who came up through the Borscht Belt, Jackie Mason may have been the best, as his recent resurgence bears out. I think Jay Leno is among the best of today's comics at working off what's in the papers on any given day. So is Albert Brooks, except that Albert combines that ability with a gift for impersonation and endless invention that puts him in a class by himself. Each has something to tell us about where comedy is today, and maybe where it's going tomorrow.

Jackie Mason was a Borscht Belt boy all the way, except that he was hipper and more creative than the average Borscht Belt stand-up. One of the reasons Jackie was ahead of his time is that he didn't rely on the same old boring routines about schlubby husbands and castrating wives that had proven successful for so many Jewish comedians who worked the hotels of the Catskill Mountains beginning in the 1930s. Jackie was

a true maverick who wrote original material based on the weirdness of life in these hotels. As a "social director" in the Catskills, he built his routines on careful observation and skewed insights into the basic craziness of civilized life. He continues to write the same kind of stuff today, although his subject matter has expanded. His idiom may be New York Jewish, but his approach is inventive beyond category. And unlike the safe and stodgy comics of the Catskills, who could be acceptably vulgar, Jackie always lived perilously close to the edge of unacceptability. Maybe it shouldn't have come as such a surprise that Ed Sullivan thought Mason was giving him the finger when he was just horsing around. Jackie emanates that kind of irreverent energy.

As we know, Jackie's father wanted him to be a rabbi, and Jackie trained for the rabbinate for some time. But his interest in being a rabbi turned out to be secondary to his interest in telling jokes. So after he quit the rabbinate, he started looking around for a way to support himself. Jackie ultimately decided that since he was so successful at comedy from the pulpit, and since he was able to make so many jokes out of truths he was trying to deliver, he would turn his humor to more important things—philosophical and social commentary. The hope that he could do this for money in front of an audience led him to take the job as social director. This was a mixed blessing for Jackie. I once asked him if it was easy to get that kind of job, and his answer sounded like one of his typical early bits.

"You have to wake the same old man up at eight o'clock in the morning to do calisthenics. He didn't know he was supposed to do this, either. He gets up eight o'clock in the morning all year round, and he comes here to sleep. I'm chasing him: 'Go ahead, jump!' He didn't want to jump. I wanted to jump less than him. I came there to rest, too, but they hired me for the job. I killed seven old men in one day. And at night you're supposed to tell jokes, too. I always made sure I took the job at night. So I figured if I wasn't such a hit with the calisthenics, they saw me as a comedian. So if I got laughs, at least I lasted another day. By the time they noticed I didn't get up for the calisthenics, I've got the job for another day."

When I asked Jackie where he got his material in those days, he seemed insulted that I'd asked. "I didn't get it," he said. "I was writing it."

I was surprised by this, because back then it was common for successful performers to buy jokes and other material from writers. Remember, Woody Allen got his start by selling jokes to comedians. "You did all your own stuff?" I asked incredulously.

"I was sitting around all during the

day," Jackie said, "and I used to think of jokes about the hotel, the owner, the boss, the waiter, the food, the cars, the bellhops, the this, the that. I used to try to see what I found funny about this hotel. And I would do homework all day long to write the jokes for the night. And I would do it every day, but every day in a different hotel. Because as soon as I didn't do the calisthenics, I was out another job."

It seems that every time Jackie showed up at a new hotel applying for a job as social director, he would be looked on dubiously by the management, something that he found both frustrating and paradoxical. When I asked him why he had so much difficulty with Jewish managers, Jackie fumed.

"Because they could see I talked with an accent," Jackie said, "and they were ashamed of it. Jews were always more ashamed of my accent than gentiles."

“
The Jews figured,
“If the gentiles hear this,
we’re all finished.”
Instead, the gentiles were
breaking up—they
loved it. It was an immediate
sensation.”

Gentiles found me funny. Jews just thought I was a 'mockie.' I sounded so much like the manager that he figured, 'Why do I need him when I could do it myself?' He wants me to entertain his guests. His guests are all old broken-down Jews who can't talk a word of English. But for them he wants to prove that he's got a great hotel, so he wants a guy who sounds like Laurence Olivier to entertain them. They don't understand a guy like Laurence Olivier. But he wants to prove that he's got a high-class hotel."

Jackie finally managed to overcome the Jewish prejudice against him when he got booked into a hot nightclub on La Cienega Boulevard in Beverly Hills run by the Slate Brothers, retired vaudeville performers. It was the same club where Don Rickles became an instant success. Jackie was a big hit opening night, despite his jitters.

"I was panicky," he said, "but I was also hilarious. As I started to talk, before I even knew what I was talking about, they were laughing. They thought it was uproarious. The Jews that thought the gentiles couldn't stand me

were sitting in the back of the place hiding because they were ashamed. They figured, 'If the gentiles hear this, we're all finished.' Instead, the gentiles were breaking up—they loved it. It was an immediate sensation."

Bill Dana, who was then the head writer for "The Steve Allen Show," came in and heard Mason's act, and got him booked on the show. "I went to Steve Allen's show panting in front of the camera," Jackie told me. "I didn't remember my jokes. I don't know if I got any out. But I was a sensation there, too, because my accent and my character were something they loved immediately. And I went from \$300 a week to \$1,000 a week from one 'Steve Allen Show.'"

After Steve Allen, Jackie's next big hit was on Jack Paar's "Tonight Show." To Jackie, Paar is the greatest salesman of our time. "If he liked you and he thought you were great," Mason said, "even if you stunk right in front of the whole country, and everybody saw you stink the house out, they thought you were great, because Paar said so. They figured he knows something. And if he knows, who are they to say it stinks? So Jack Paar was the prime thing for me, because he took an immediate liking to me. He was discovering a Jew every week."

"Was it a plan?" I asked. "A Jew-a-Week Plan?"

"It almost worked out that way," Jackie said. "I think he did more for the Jews than Moses."

Jackie also explained the origin of his stage attitude, his "I don't need it, I'm a star, I'm the biggest thing in the world," which he used in his recent hit Broadway show, *The World According to Me!* "I honestly don't know how that evolved," he said. "I think it probably came from the fact that I had an intense inferiority complex. I unconsciously expected to be rejected. Even though I said to myself, 'I'm great,' inside I probably wasn't that sure, and I was really more frightened than I care to admit. So I used to go on the stage with some kind of defensive attitude. And my defensive attitude was, 'Here I am, the greatest comedian in the world.' I was trying to win over the audience's sympathy by making it very clear that I'm not sure of myself, by howling 'I'm the greatest,' when I was obviously unknown. I make it such a farce that it'll become ridiculous of itself."

"Are you over that now completely?"

"I don't think I'm over it. I think deep in my heart I'm still very insecure."

"Have you ever sought help for it?"

"Oh, sure, I went to a psychiatrist for years."

"Did it help you?"

"Sure, he told me that I'm all right, but he told me *you're* not so great."

In thinking back on Jackie through all the years I've known him, I'm amazed



Marlboro

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17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

at how little he has changed, from his attitude and his accent to the kind of humor he creates. All that has happened in 20 years is that the rest of the country has caught up with him. The network may have canceled his television show, but the guy with the accent is a star.

Next to doing a national weather report, the thing I would most like to do that I've never done is stand-up comedy. At least, that's what I think every time I watch somebody like Jay Leno go to work. Jay is deceptively funny, which is a little like saying a pitcher is "sneaky fast." What do I mean? For one thing, a lot of Jay's material, like Jackie Mason's, is built around observations of daily life, although Jay's insights are somewhat less acerbic. But Jay is one of the best at tapping the other source of material that has marked the great modern-day comic since Sahl and Lenny—current events.

When Leno works his way around from personal observation to the social and political stuff taken from the day's newspapers, he's in top form. You've probably gotten used to seeing Jay sit behind the desk as guest host on "The Tonight Show," but check out his monologue some night. His jokes have a lot of the same political bite for which Johnny's monologue is notable. He may use Johnny's writers for that, but his own material is just as pointed.

I saw Jay's stand-up show when I was out in Vegas a few years ago, and when I had him on the radio later that same night, I asked him what kinds of jokes get the biggest laughs in his shows. He told me the hottest jokes are usually based on things that have been in the news that day or just previously. "For example," he said, "almost any joke you tell in the next two weeks about Jimmy Swaggart will get a laugh."

The story had recently broken that Swaggart had been involved with a prostitute in New Orleans, so I asked Jay exactly what jokes he was telling about Swaggart.

"Well, I think there are some good side effects to the Bakker thing and the Swaggart thing," he said. "Even people who are atheists are starting to say, 'Hey, maybe there is a God.'"

"What about Jimmy himself?" I asked.

"For years," Jay said, "what did he tell people? If you've ever watched him, what would he say? 'Stay out of porno bookstores, stay out of cheap motels, because you'll see something you shouldn't see.' And apparently it was *him*. But I saw one of those P.T.L. guys on your show. What was his name, Dortch?"

"Reverend Richard Dortch," I said. He'd been second-in-command of Bakker's P.T.L. organization.

"Yes, and this is exactly what he said. What he wants to do is establish a code

of ethics for TV ministers. You know, I thought they *had* a code of ethics. It was called the Bible. Whatever happened to that? Do we really need an Eleventh Commandment? *Thou shalt not play the pirate and the slave girl in cheap motels*. Do you have to write that down now?"

When I asked Leno if he was doing any Jesse Jackson stuff, his answer gave me another insight into what works and what doesn't in the area of topical comedy.

"I don't do much on Jesse," he said. "You've got to give him a little more time. Other than trying to find a word to rhyme with 'orange,' Jesse hasn't made any promises yet that I can really hold against him. But you know what it is, too? People say comics are not making fun of him because he's black, and the comics are afraid they'll be seen as racist. But Jesse is the candidate of the underdog, and from a comedy point of

I think there are some good side effects to the Bakker and Swaggart things. Even people who are atheists are starting to say, "Hey, maybe there is a God!"

view, you really can't make fun of the underdog. Because the comic sees *himself* as the underdog.

"When a politician says that his platform is to stop drugs, and to help the farmers and working people—well, that's good. You can't say much against that. Comedy is always knocking down the pompous, so you want to go after the candidate who's the guy of the rich and powerful. So it's not really true that comics are laying off Jesse because he's black. You make fun of him the way you make fun of any other candidate. It's just that he doesn't have the big money interests behind him, so there's really nothing you can nail him on. At least not yet. But we'll find something."

But when you talk about comics who can work off the events of the day, the guy I think is the best in the business is probably also this country's best-kept comedic secret. And that's regrettable, because Albert Brooks is a genius. His films—*Real Life*, *Modern Romance*, and *Lost in America*—have remained cult hits without ever becoming big box-office favorites. He was nominated for an

Oscar for his brilliant supporting role in *Broadcast News*. But Albert followed up his critical success by carefully avoiding acting roles for the next few years. Some people feel that he has a thing about success—that he's terrified of it. But me, I think that's just Albert, always doing the unexpected.

I don't know how to explain Albert Brooks's fractured comic genius if you haven't already experienced it, other than to give you one thin slice of his bizarre brain in action. With his IQ, I'm sure he can spare a sliver. We were talking shortly after the Supreme Court had handed down its controversial ruling that the Texas law against flag-burning was unconstitutional. If you recall, that same day the Court also released its decision that those 976 phone numbers—the ones people call for phone sex—were legal. Putting this all together, Albert said he had an idea for a new phone line: 976-FLAG. You call and hear the flag being burned.

"You would just hear a guy giving directions," Albert said. "You know: 'Okay, Bob, lay it out. Put kerosene on the stars and put Union oil on the stripes. All right, light up the torch! *Wohhh!*' And then they hang up like they do on the sex phones. You have to call back to hear it actually burning."

That was a throwaway that came up accidentally, but you get the idea. Albert told me that when he was starting out as a comic, the biggest deal in the world for him or any other comic was going on "The Tonight Show" with Johnny Carson. It was so traumatic, and he worked on his material so hard and in such excruciating detail—and Albert is a perfectionist to begin with—that he just can't bring himself to go through that kind of torture anymore. It's not any easier for him today than it was ten or 15 years ago. That he was brilliant at it and that it may have come across as being very off-the-cuff doesn't belie the fact that it was all sweat and blood. In fact, Albert won't do any TV show now, including mine, even though he'll come on the radio just about any time he feels like it.

If Albert doesn't drop by the radio, he may call up the show, although I never know when he's going to call. One night after I had finished interviewing Shirley MacLaine and had gone to open phones, I got a signal from the control room that Albert was on the phone as President Bush. I guess he'd been working on Bush and wanted to try out his impression in a national forum.

"I understand that George Bush is with us," I said. "Hello?"

"I guess I'm talking to Larry now," Albert said in a hesitant semi-drawl that was immediately recognizable as George Bush.

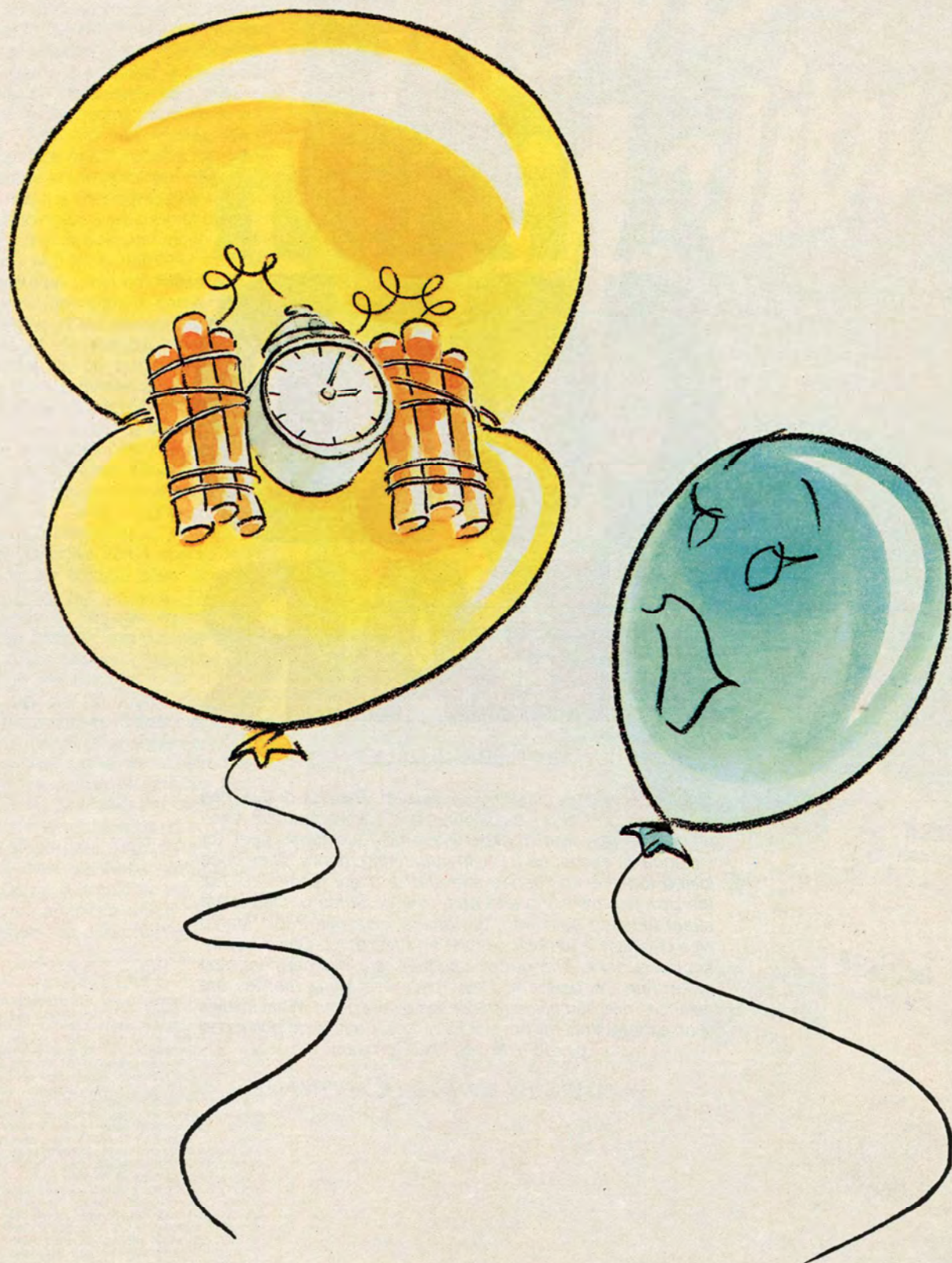
"Mr. President?"

"Larry?"

"Yes."

Balloonsheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"I love a guy who knows where he's going!"

FICTION

A FAINT COLD FEAR

BY ROBERT DALEY

The Medellín drug cartel is not a cartel. The four or five men at the top of it know each other and sometimes use each other. One may furnish expertise in new electronic gear, for instance, in exchange for help laundering money. They once joined together to finance and staff a major jungle lab, but the government found and destroyed it. Some of them were street thugs to start with, but others were not. Pablo Marzo was originally a tombstone thief and murderer. David Ley inherited a bank. The cartel chieftains are not partners, any more than the heads of New York's five Mafia families are partners, and sometimes they have a falling-out. What follows is an excerpt from my novel A Faint Cold Fear, to be published by Little, Brown and Company.

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



Arismann

David Ley looked across the desk at the man who called himself Buford Short.

"How did my people find you?" he said.

"I don't know," said Short. "You tell me." He was smoking and he squinted at Ley through a haze of cigarette smoke.

Smoking was distasteful to Ley, but he did not say so.

"They found me," Short gave a shrug. "What difference does it make?"

David Ley knew very well where and how his men had found him and what his reputation was, and that his name was not Buford Short. He looked at him and thought: So this is the guy.

"You've worked in Lebanon, I'm told. In West Germany—" Before entrusting him with a job as important—and as potentially dangerous—as the one he had in mind, Ley wanted to get some personal sense of the man.

"West Germany, yes. Lebanon, no. I was only there a few months. I conducted a kind of a school. I didn't work there."

"Yes," said David Ley. "And was the school successful?"

Short shrugged again.

It depended how you measured success, Ley thought. Every time a car blew up in Beirut, every time a bomb went off in a lobby, Buford Short could probably take some credit. He had taught a generation how to do it. His clients in Germany merely blew up airliners. The man must be ice inside.

He made Ley uncomfortable. There was something predatory about him. He was small, about five six. He looked wiry. Gray hair. He wore a three-piece suit, blue pinstripes. Garish. The stripes were too wide, and the suit, bought off the rack somewhere, didn't fit.

David Ley prided himself on being able to sit behind his desk and take the measure of a man.

"The money is satisfactory to you?"

"The numbers, yes. The mode of payment, no."

"Please explain."

"I told your people my terms," said Buford Short. "Half up front in cash. The rest cabled to Switzerland to a number I'll give you."

Buford Short was from Philadelphia. Ley had felt it necessary to search that far afield to get what he wanted. "You don't mind," he probed, "carrying that much cash around?"

"No."

"And the rest to a numbered Swiss account, you say."

"A rich Jew showed me how to do it," said Buford Short. "Jews are best for that sort of thing."

In the banking business you let others structure deals, but before implementing them you examined the structure carefully and you made the key yes or no decision yourself. If you hoped

to stay solvent, that is. The decision now was up to him.

"You're sure the job is something you can do."

"You want a parked car to blow up on a radio signal," said Buford Short. "Nothing to it."

"I see."

"Something I explained to your people," said Buford Short. "My part of the contract is, I put the mechanism in place. Then I leave. Your guys operate it or don't operate it. What they do is immaterial to me. By then I'm out of here."

"I see."

"As long as we understand each other."

"And if the device fails to detonate?"

"Then you don't owe me anything more."

"And you immediately return the down payment," Ley said. It was an attempt at humor, and he grinned at him.

6

"You want a parked car to blow up on a radio signal," said Buford Short. "Nothing to it . . . as long as we understand each other."

,

Buford Short peered back through the cigarette smoke and did not reply.

"What would you use?"

"RDX, Pentolite, plastic, amatol. Anything you want. You tell me."

"RDX?"

"Also known as cyclonite or hexogen. RDX is good. It's used in artillery shells. When you mix it with liquid TNT it's called Composition B."

Ley nodded. "People speak about a shaped charge. What's that?"

"You want to blow a hole in the ground or do some damage?"

Ley said nothing.

"You know anything about explosives?" asked Buford Short.

They studied each other across the desk.

"Then why don't you let me worry about that end of it?" said Short.

He had beady little eyes, Ley decided.

"Dynamite is still the best," said Short.

"The most readily obtainable, the most reliable, the safest. I like working with dynamite. The target will be how far away?"

What had been only a notion sud-

denly became far too explicit. David Ley gave another inappropriate grin. "About twenty meters at the most."

"Dynamite," said Short. "It does the job, believe me."

"How much would you need?"

"Four or five sticks will take out everything for fifty yards around."

"Maybe less would be sufficient." David Ley considered an area that size—the area he had in mind. How many people would be in it?

"You want to make sure, or don't you?"

Well, maybe no one. In any case, it couldn't be helped. "Sure? Yes, of course."

Buford Short looked at him.

"Unfortunately," said David Ley, "it's necessary." *Why am I apologizing to this man?* he wondered.

"Or I wouldn't be here," said Buford Short. "Right?"

Behind the desk, Ley rose to his feet. The interview was over.

But Short remained seated. "We haven't talked about when."

"You'll be advised. Where do my people have you, my ranch? My villa? Are you comfortable there?"

"I'm at the Intercontinental."

"Oh?" This seemed to Ley a security lapse, and he was surprised.

"When I work, I stay in hotels," stated Short. "A little precautionary measure, you might say."

It was almost a challenge. They stared at each other for a moment.

"Talk about when," said Short. "I don't like to hang around a place. You can understand why."

"A few days," Ley murmured, "a few days."

"And I'll have to have a look at the location."

Ley nodded, and showed Short out.

When the man was gone he opened the window and tried to fan out all the smoke. In Philadelphia Short had been a cop. His name was McCoy. When cops go bad, thought Ley, they are the worst. He did not like it that Short was on his own in a Medellín hotel, but basically he was satisfied. He took two deep breaths and decided to go ahead with it. Picking up his phone, he gave instructions that the down payment be delivered to Short's hotel in a suitcase, and that whatever gear he required be procured.

That night Ley drove Short past the location. He had been about to order someone else to do it, but changed his mind. The whole idea—what was to happen and why—was making him giddy, but also excited. Besides which, security so far had been lax, he believed. The fewer people who knew anything, the better.

It was past midnight. There was almost no other traffic. He picked Short up in front of the hotel and continued on. They were not alone in the car. A

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alcoholic brew.*

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number one. Try Miller
Sharp's. The breakthrough
taste lets you keep your edge.™*

young Colombian whose name was Pepe Cáceres sat in the back and did not speak. Ley considered Cáceres absolutely trustworthy, and had decided to make him part of this operation. He wanted him to watch as it was set up.

There were no backup cars. Ley drove around in circles for a while to make sure he was not being tailed, then steered into a street off Avenida Bolívar and pointed out the building in which Pablo Marzo kept an apartment. Marzo had the entire penthouse floor. It was where he always stayed when in Medellín. He was not in residence at the moment, Ley believed, but would be tomorrow, because a summit meeting of the cartel was scheduled for 7 P.M. in the bank.

Ley drove on by without slowing and without stopping—nothing should attract the attention of any of Marzo's men who might be watching. There was a garage ramp that went underneath the building, and he pointed it out. The target would come up that ramp, Ley told Short.

The car loaded with explosives would be parked at the curb beside the entrance to the ramp. Since this was a one-way street, the car would have to turn to the right onto the street, and for a moment it would be placed exactly beside the parked car. The car containing the detonator would be posi-

tioned in the driveway of another building about a block away.

"A block?" said Short, seated beside him. He had half-turned and was peering behind him. "How far would you say that is?"

"About eighty meters. Is that far enough?"

"Unless the windshield disintegrates and comes in on you."

"Will it?"

"Blast waves are hard to figure."

"One has to be close enough to see who's in the car when it comes up the ramp."

"One does, doesn't one," mimicked Short. "That's your problem, pal. I don't want to know about it."

They drove by twice. Short made a rough map. They spoke English throughout, and no one translated for Pepe Cáceres in the backseat. Ley drove Short back to the hotel.

Marzo's name had not been mentioned. It was not something Short needed to know. Probably he would not have recognized it anyway, Ley believed. But any local bomber would have—and either become paralyzed with fear or gone straight to Marzo with the news. It was for this reason that Ley's men had had to search so far afield. They had had to find someone with the necessary skills who was both willing to take on such an assignment and unknown in Colombia. They had

settled on, and brought back, Buford Short.

The next day Short was driven out to David Ley's ranch to prepare the two cars. One was a ten-year-old Chevrolet. He taped the five sticks of dynamite together, and taped the detonator on top. It made a small, neat package. He took the backseat out and laid this package down in the seat well, testing to make sure the seat would fit snugly back in place.

Ley, watching him work, was fascinated.

Now he lifted the floor mats and strung his antenna wire forward until it reached the base of the car's radio aerial, to which he attached it. He attached another wire to the car's cigarette lighter, and brought it back under the floor mats to the backseat, where he tied it loosely to the seat frame.

"The cigarette lighter's where you get your power from," he commented. "Your surge of electricity that sets off the charge."

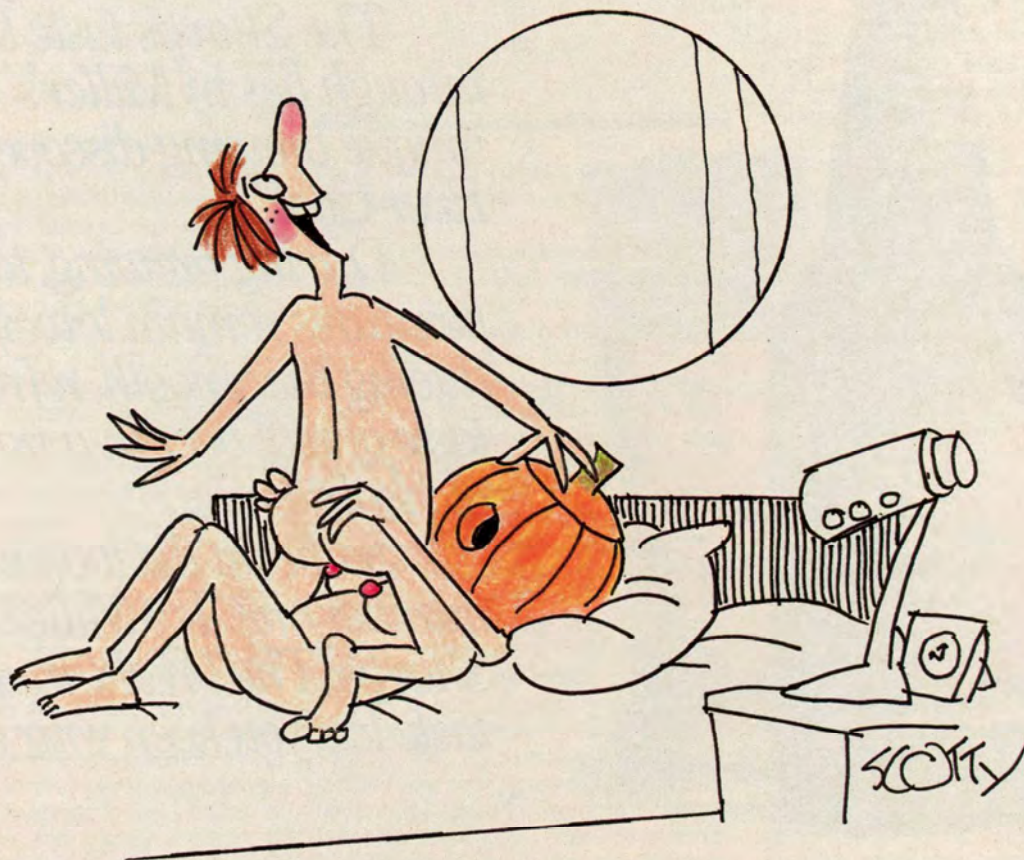
David Ley nodded.

"You don't want to attach the power to the dynamite until the last minute."

"That makes sense," said Ley.

"When you're ready to move, I'll hook it up."

Ley found an almost sexual excitement in contemplating all this. Marzo's car would come out of the garage onto the street and—



"Wow, Ruth, you sure give great pumpkin!"



Winston

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At first Ley had thought he would use Cáceres to trigger the explosion. He himself would be far away. Now he was not so sure. The stakes were very, very high. Cáceres might panic and fail. In any case, he realized he wanted to do it himself. It made him almost dizzy to think about it.

The second car was a Buick. It was newer, though not so new as to attract attention. The radio transmitter was the size of a garage-door opener, and worked, Short explained, exactly the same way. It would send a signal forward to the detonator in the other car. He showed Ley, and also Pepe Cáceres, who was present, how it worked, pressing the lever several times and making them do it. Ley's hands began to tingle as he handled the little black box. Such a neat little box, in appearance totally innocuous, yet deadlier than a great white shark.

Short bolted it to the underside of the dashboard and, when Ley asked why, told him that if it were dropped or jarred it might set off the dynamite prematurely.

Ley nodded. He was thinking about pressing that lever. He had never done anything similar before but was confident he could do it, and afterwards everyone would applaud. With Marzo out of the picture, the mindless violence would stop before it was too late.

Short attached the wire from the transmitter's terminals to the Buick's cigarette lighter.

"Extra power, to carry the signal forward," he said. "Flashlight batteries might do it, but it's best to be sure."

The transmitter had an antenna wire, too. Short strung it over to the fender well and attached it to the base of the Buick's radio aerial.

He had worked about an hour. "That's all I can do for now," he said, and Ley had him driven back to his hotel.

That same afternoon Cáceres drove one of the pickup trucks into the nearest village, ostensibly to buy supplies. Instead he made a phone call from the post office and then drove on to another village, where he was unlikely to meet anyone who worked for Ley and where he waited more than an hour in a bar. Finally a man came in, questioned him briefly, and then drove him in a second truck to an isolated house at the end of a two-mile-long dirt road. Cáceres went inside and found himself face-to-face with a number of men, one of them Pablo Marzo. He had met Marzo only once before, and he was immediately afraid.

Cáceres and his wife both worked for Ley. He took care of Ley's horses and his wife was one of the maids in the big house, and one day Ley had raped her. Had simply walked in while she was vacuuming his bedroom and ordered her to get undressed. After

moping around for two days afterwards, the woman had been overcome by her shame. Amid many tears she had told her husband.

Cáceres's first reaction was what any man's would be. He beat her severely, which she seemed to expect and even perhaps to relish. His second was to make contact through a cousin with Pablo Marzo. His one meeting with Marzo had been brief. He let it be known that he was willing to betray David Ley, but when Marzo asked why, Cáceres was so ashamed he was unable to answer. How did he mean to do this? Marzo asked next. Again Cáceres had no answer. Quickly losing interest, Marzo told him to keep in touch. An underling paid him 30,000 pesos. With the money Cáceres had bought himself a pair of patent-leather shoes. He had not yet worn them. They were in the wardrobe in the outbuilding in which he lived with his faithless wife. He liked to

Once McCoy defused 200 pounds of dynamite in Penn Station. The area had been evacuated. The bomb was already ticking. It was the supreme experience of his life so far.

take them out and look at them. They were so shiny he could almost see his reflection.

Today, once again face-to-face with Pablo Marzo, Cáceres was again unable to speak. Marzo ordered him served a glass of *aguardiente*, and got him calmed down, and finally Cáceres managed to explain about Buford Short. He didn't know Short's name but knew the hotel where he could be found. He described the car bomb that was being readied, but he didn't know who it was for. He knew the address where it would be placed, but not who lived there. He mentioned this address, and Marzo's eyebrows went up.

"Is this that I have brought you important?" Cáceres asked anxiously.

"No," said Pablo Marzo. He ordered someone to pay Cáceres another 30,000 pesos and to drive him back to his truck.

That night Buford Short's telephone rang in his hotel. It woke him out of a sound sleep. Short squinted at his watch. It was two in the morning.

"The boss wants to see you," the caller told him.

Short argued with him, but the caller was insistent. "Get dressed, be downstairs in five minutes. Mr. Ley is waiting for you."

Short was driven through the empty city to Marzo's apartment. He recognized the street when the car came onto it, and then the building, and as the car shot down the ramp into the garage he knew he had a problem.

Short—McCoy at the time—had been corrupt almost from the day he took his oath as a Philadelphia policeman. It was a corrupt department at that time and he saw this and wanted his share. When he intervened in family fights, he stole whatever was lying around. He stole money and jewelry off corpses. He stole goods out of shops that had been burglarized, making sure first that the burglar was gone and that the owner had not yet appeared. He stashed the loot in his radio car and took it home with him when his shift ended. He extorted money from shopkeepers for allowing cars to double-park outside, and then from drug dealers and others in exchange for their release. He gave perjured testimony in court for a fee.

When a corruption commission was appointed and began its investigation, McCoy knew enough to lie low for a while, and he asked for and got a transfer to the bomb squad. There was no corruption on the bomb squad—how could there be?—and the commission was unlikely to look there. He was sent to a school run by the F.B.I. in Quantico, Virginia, for three months. He learned the properties of the various explosives, which ones were stable, which volatile, how much of each would do what. He learned about letter bombs, pipe bombs, time bombs, all kinds of bombs, and how to defuse same. He watched bombs detonated. No one ever taught him how to make a bomb or rig one, but it wasn't too hard to figure out.

The bomb squad was good duty. The cops sat around all day like firemen, waiting. Of course when they worked, the sweat tended to run into their eyes. Over the next eight years, McCoy defused dozens of bombs. Amateur bombs. Professional bombs. Little bombs. Big bombs. Knowledge and technique was what it took. And steady hands. He became a man of absolute confidence. Once he defused 200 pounds of dynamite in Penn Station. The station had been evacuated. The bomb was already ticking. He volunteered. There was no one in that whole vast enclosure but him. It took him seven minutes to dismantle the bomb. It was the supreme experience of his life so far, and he had had a weakness for dynamite ever since.

Finally, having concluded that he was worth more than the police department was paying him, he took his pension

and went into business for himself. He demanded big fees but gave value, and the groups he worked for willingly paid them. His first job was in Belfast. The Irish Republican Army had sympathizers in most of the major police departments in the Northeast. They were always looking for contributions, arms, people with specific skills. With a name like McCoy, they found him easily enough. He stayed more than a year in Ireland and even acquired a bit of a brogue. When he returned, he was held up at Customs. The British government wanted him for questioning. He talked his way out of the airport and became Buford Short. He did other jobs for the I.R.A. later, and his reputation and new name passed along the underground grapevine from country to country, group to group. The work was not particularly dangerous if you knew what you were doing. The people he had to deal with were another story. Most were angry and some were not quite sane. They didn't frighten him. Time after time he faced them down. He was a crook; nobody ever said he wasn't brave.

Now he was shoved into a room containing several men. It was a living room: modern sectionals, a thick glass coffee table, a huge television set, glass doors to a terrace. There were no flowers or plants in the room; Short guessed nobody lived in this place very often. There were no glasses or snacks on the coffee table or end tables. But Short already knew that the men in this room were not there to relax.

The one who seemed to be the leader was short, heavysset, with black hair and a black mustache. Short studied him a moment.

"Who are you?" he said bluntly.

Marzo, who did not speak English, glanced at the man who had been Short's driver.

"Pablo Marzo," the man said to Short.

Short knew the name. It was his business to know such names. He nodded.

"Maybe we can come to an arrangement," said Marzo amiably. He spoke in Spanish, and the driver translated.

Short again nodded.

"Maybe you leave here a rich man," said Marzo.

The cars were moved into position late the next afternoon. Short parked the Chevrolet against the curb at the exit to the garage ramp. David Ley, sitting in the Buick in the driveway as planned, watched him walking back up towards him. The Chevrolet was illegally parked, Ley saw. The tail of it extended into the ramp area.

Short stuck his head into the car window. "That's good enough," he said. "It's not going to be there long, is it?" And he grinned.

Ley wondered how he could grin at such a time. Ley's own mouth was dry. His palms resting on the Buick's steer-

ing wheel were so damp they felt stuck there. He was in the same state of heightened excitement as before, except that it no longer felt a bit sexual.

Short got into the car beside him. "Who's going to do it, you?"

"We have a proverb here," Ley said, managing a weak smile. He was trying to appear debonair, but it was harder than he had hoped. "A man is never as well served as by himself."

Short nodded. "Interesting," he said.

Marzo said: "Who's going to do it?" and waited while this was translated.

"Him, I think," said Buford Short.

"He's not that crazy."

"That's the sense I have."

Short leaned under the dashboard to fasten the second wire to the transmitter fixed there. "We don't have such a proverb where I come from," he said, "but I can see what you mean."

His fingers seemed to be working with extreme care. "There," he said, "it's armed. Don't touch it now unless you're serious." He sat back and glanced out the window. There were stores along this street and pedestrians moving in both directions. "What's he for?" he asked, jerking his head in the direction of Cáceres in the backseat.

"I might need him," said David Ley.

"How much is supposed to be in that car?" asked Marzo.

Short waited for the translation, then answered: "Five sticks."

"Use the same."

"Jesus," said Short. "One stick will send a man through the roof of a car. Five sticks, the birds'll be eating him off the trees for a year."

Marzo did not wait for the translation. Staring at Short, holding up his hand, he counted off his fingers in Spanish: "Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco."

To Short his meaning was clear enough. "He won't be identifiable as human," Short warned.

"Bien," said Marzo. Short knew that word. Good. Marzo wanted such a result. He wanted to insult somebody. He saw it as the ultimate insult.

"Have you considered there's stores in that part of the street? People walking by."

This time Marzo spoke in heavily accented English. He said: "You do it."

"This is as far as I go, pal," Short said.

As he started to get out of the car, Ley thought about making him wait with him for whatever was to happen; then he decided against it.

"Take it easy," Short said, and left. He walked up and turned the corner into the side street where a car waited to take him to the airport. Ley watched him in the rearview mirror until he disappeared.

Ley had two other cars in the side

FATHOM

COLOGNE FOR MEN

FOR MEN OF MOTION

WHOSE FEELINGS RUN DEEP.

FOR MEN OF MOTION

WHOSE THOUGHTS RUN DEEP.

FOR MEN OF MOTION

WHOSE EMOTIONS RUN DEEP.

A FRESH, NEW

THRILLING COLOGNE.

FATHOM.



street as well. Backups. Five men in each who didn't know what they were waiting for. They would be terrified if they knew. Afterwards he would stroll back there and they would take him to the bank. Although he saw himself strolling, at the moment it was hard even to swallow. Afterwards he would chair the summit meeting while pretending not to know why Marzo was late.

He glanced behind him at Cáceres. He had fucked the young man's wife, and it had bothered him. She had wept from beginning to end. Afterwards, despite himself, he had felt almost a kind of remorse. As a result he had determined to bring her husband forward in his organization. He would make his career for him. Tonight Cáceres would serve as an insurance policy if all went well, or else, though he had been told nothing yet, of course, he would undertake his first major assignment. Because Ley was by no means sure Marzo was in the building at this time. If he wasn't, still he might return there after the summit meeting, or late at night to sleep. Ley of course would be gone by then—having given Cáceres his instructions and leaving him on post. There would be three cars probably, with Marzo in the middle one, he would tell him. He believed he could trust him to press the transmitter at the proper time. This was a careful young man. He took excellent care of the horses.

It was dusk. The sun was well below the buildings. Ley wore disreputable clothes and dark glasses, with a big fedora pulled low on his forehead. He looked like any workman waiting in a driveway. No one walking by had taken any notice of him. Cáceres in the back-seat was a small brown man and from the sidewalk could barely be seen at all. He sat there as serenely as if they had come out to buy groceries. As if confident that the device would misfire.

Suppose it did misfire? Suppose Ley pressed the lever and nothing happened?

No harm done. Marzo in his three-car cortege would drive off not knowing how close they had come. Ley would wait a few minutes, then drive away in the Buick. Ley almost wished this was what would happen. But a lot of nervousness, a lot of sweaty palms would have been wasted. He would have to notify the police anonymously to come and defuse the bomb before somebody with a cellular telephone or CB radio set it off by accident.

Beside him on the seat lay a pair of binoculars. But he couldn't afford to be seen peering through them at the ramp. Besides, he could see it well enough. Marzo always moved in the middle of three cars, all black Cadillacs. When he saw the first Cadillac come up the ramp, he would know it was now only a matter of seconds. Then, as soon as the nose of the second appeared, he

would press the lever. He reached toward it now, touched it, almost caressed it. He had a tremendous urge to press it, see what would happen. It was akin to the urge one felt on top of a tall building. The urge to jump that always made one step quickly back. But in this case Ley did not step back immediately. Instead his finger stroked the lever. There would be nothing to do after he pressed it but duck. Ley's mouth had grown increasingly dry. His lips felt dry and chapped. He was thirsty and needed to go to the bathroom.

Just then a man walked up the ramp. He stood there glancing around. One of Marzo's men. Ley recognized him. Get ready, he thought, and was gripped by sudden panic. He reached his fingers towards the lever and saw in the uncertain light that his hand trembled. Don't try to caress that thing now, he told himself, you'll set it off for sure.

Apparently satisfied with what he had

He had a tremendous
urge to press the lever, see
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seen, the man had disappeared. Gone back down the ramp, Ley supposed, though he hadn't seen it. Where had he been looking that he had lost sight of the man? He listened hard and thought he could hear car motors coming up that ramp. Impossible. He was too far away.

The first car came up the ramp, five men inside it. One of them was Marzo, but Ley didn't know this. The light was worse than he had expected. He couldn't identify anyone. With a squeal of tires, the car burst out of the ramp, veered right, and vanished. It had been in sight only an instant. It didn't even stop at the stop sign on the corner. This might have been a warning to Ley, but wasn't.

The adrenaline was surging through him. He was no longer thinking clearly. Taking no chances on a re-double cross, Marzo was already safe, even as Ley reached for the lever. It was the second car he wanted. The second car was coming. He saw its headlight beams first, then its nose. Another Cadillac. He didn't even wait for it to turn out of the ramp onto the street.

Fifty yards, Short had said. Close enough. He pressed the lever.

"Is there some way to build a delay into that thing?" asked Marzo.

Short waited for the translation, and then thought a bit about it. He nodded.

"A delay that makes a noise, so he'll know about it?"

"Some clicks," said Short. "Yes."

"Say three seconds," said Marzo. "Do it that way."

Short nodded.

"He should think about it," said Marzo. "I want him to have some last thoughts. He won't have time for any last words."

David Ley pressed the lever, but it failed to send its signal forward to the Chevrolet loaded with dynamite, or if it did, the detonator up there malfunctioned, because nothing happened. What he assumed to be Marzo's car came up the ramp at a hundred kilometers an hour, or so it seemed, and its driver threw it into a 90-degree turn, hard right, brakes and tires screeching, and it was gone, though Ley pressed the lever again and again. Through the stop sign without even hesitating. Marzo was getting away, he was gone. Ley was angry, disappointed, frustrated. He was outraged. He couldn't believe it. The third car came up the ramp right on its tail, same thing, the wrenching turn, the punished tires. The lever that Ley kept pressing seemed to have no effect this time, either. None whatever. On anything.

And then he became conscious of the clicking noise under his seat, *click, click, click*, the noise that ought not to have been there, that could mean only one thing, and he knew instantly what had been done to him—he entertained exactly the final thought Marzo had wished him—and there was only enough time for him to whisper, or perhaps only think: Oh, my God; and to throw the door open and attempt to dive out of the car, as if that might save him.

The explosion caught him there, half in, half out. He heard only the start of the noise, felt only the start of the blast. That part of him still in the car disintegrated, along with Cáceres and the car itself. The part outside got plastered to the wall of the building, as if cans of various colors of paint, red obviously but some other colors too, had been slung up there. When the police arrived they found nothing of the car but the engine block and one axle. All the rest had become shrapnel. Had anyone been in it? There was no way to tell. Other cars were burning in the street and along the curbs, as were some storefronts, and there were a great many dead. It was some days before anyone in an official capacity thought to associate the stains on the wall with a human being, and no one ever associated them with David Ley. 

FATHOM

C O L O G N E F O R M E N



FOR MEN WHOSE EMOTIONS RUN DEEP



Richter

DOWN AND DIRTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

the field, but not on Saturday night in his own bedroom.

Switzer was as bad as anyone else at O.U. when it came to race matters. He loved his black players scoring touchdowns and making tackles, but not scoring or making it with white women. Switzer went as far as to tell me, "Charles, stop fucking with my secretaries," when I flirted with them and had them type reports for me.

Switzer and some of his coaches carried on with women as much as their players. One of the coaches went to bed with several girls I introduced him to, and when another coach met Kori, he told me, "What's she doing with someone like you? I could go for some of that pussy." The issue was never sex with the coaches, but race. At least it was at a dinner some of the players were invited to along with coaches Mike Jones, Gary Gibbs, and Scott Hill. Some white ladies asked Hill for an introduction to a few of the black players. Scott looked at me and said, "Thompson, why don't you and your buddies go to one of those places where you can meet black women?"

Three of the players, Bernard Hall, Nigel Clay, and Glen Bell, were charged with first-degree rape.

I wasn't there that night, but I do have a pretty good idea of what happened. Two women, one 17 and the other 20, had come to the campus to see Nigel and go dancing. There were several players in the room when they arrived, and the 17-year-old left to go to another player's room where, according to a third friend's trial testimony, she had sex. The older woman left Nigel's room to buy liquor and returned. After a few drinks somebody grabbed her from behind, threw her to the floor, and her clothes were removed. The lights in the room were out and she couldn't see the men who raped her. At the trial Jimmy Fennell, a former O.U. player who was in the room that night, testified that Clay, Hall, and Bell had raped her. After 11 hours of deliberation, the jury convicted Clay and Hall. Bell, who did not testify on his own behalf, was acquitted.

Details that came out at the trial cast doubt on the testimony of the victim, but I believe that the essence of her story was true. I never talked to Bernard Hall about what happened, but I don't doubt his involvement that night. To me it fit right in with his character. Bernard loved to boast that he was a ladies' man, that girls chased him all the time. Few of us believed him. Bernard was a very aggressive person who liked to throw his strength around; if you wouldn't do what he wanted, he would try and make you do it. He was not a favorite among his teammates.

Once—and there were other incidents—Bernard had stolen some money from another player. This player, who had left the money in the ashtray of his car, had driven Bernard home and after dropping him off had realized that the money was gone. It was one more theft in which Bernard was the only suspect, and Switzer was told about it. Switzer planned to call a meeting of the players to decide if Bernard should remain on the team. We thought it was unfair for Switzer to place the burden on us, that it was the coach's decision to make. But because Bernard was a great athlete, Switzer didn't have the balls to do whatever was right.

Bernard remained outside the meeting room while Switzer told us about the numerous reports of theft he had received. We listened while he tried to explain that Bernard had psychological problems, an illness called kleptomania, and that he was at the mercy of his disease. But, Switzer wanted us to know, he had discussed this with Bernard and told him that the only way he could help himself was to throw himself on the mercy of the team. "Bernard is going to come in this room," Switzer said, "and he is going to own up to what he has been doing, and I want you guys to make the decision as to whether we keep him on the team."

When Switzer left the room we all looked at one another. Fuck, what could we do but forgive poor Bernard Hall, suffering from a disease none of us could pronounce. Switzer returned to the room with Bernard and asked him, "Are you sorry about what you have stolen from your teammates?" Bernard looked at Switzer as if he were from another planet, and said, "I never stole anything, Coach." Switzer looked like he'd died, and we eventually voted Bernard off the team. Of course, when we needed a tight end, Bernard was quickly reinstated.

As I said, I didn't doubt Bernard Hall's role in the rape, since there was little in his character to make me question the victim or Jimmy Fennell. Nigel Clay, who was from Fontana, California, had something in common with Bernard, who was from Detroit. Both of them looked down on Oklahomans. They were both slick talkers who thought Oklahomans had no common sense. Nigel's attitude toward everyone from the state leads me to believe he thought he could get away with anything. Glen Bell was the only one I believed, though I couldn't understand why a guy like him who had no trouble meeting girls would get involved in something like that. Glen was in Nigel's room when everything was happening, but it was not unusual for a woman to come to a player's room and wind up having sex with a group. There are aspects of Glen's personality I never liked, but I believed that when a woman decided

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that things were out of control he would not do anything against her will. In the aftermath of the rape the school's main concern was Barry Switzer's job; neither David Swank nor Athletic Director Donnie Duncan appeared to show any interest in the welfare of the victim. The issues were not the shooting and the rape, but can we save Barry Switzer?

Charles Thompson did not help matters. At the time the rape and the arrests were announced, I was preparing to meet with three of my buddies to sell 17 grams of cocaine. Within 13 days the University of Oklahoma football team went on a felony rampage—shooting, rape, and cocaine dealing. It was a sad time in Norman, a time to come to grips with reality, but nobody knew how to deal with it and instead it became a public relations issue. Governor Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma didn't blame the school's permissiveness toward its football players for what had happened; rather, he was "thoroughly disgusted" with the athletes, and underlined his confidence in the university and support of Barry Switzer "as long as he is on the staff."

Switzer did not believe that he was responsible for the behavior of his players, although the student newspaper thought differently—one of the few Oklahoma voices with another perspective—and called for his resignation. He let them know that he was not worried about losing his job: "Our regents and our president have told me they think Donnie Duncan and I are the people they want to get this thing under control. I think I am the most qualified person to get it done."

Switzer was at his best with the media when it came to the rape charges against Hall, Bell, and Clay. None of them had been tried, but Switzer was going to show how tough he could be: "I've made my decision. They won't play here again. And if they're found guilty in the courts, I want them behind bars. I want them caged." Being tough is something Barry Switzer does as a matter of convenience. He didn't want Bernard Hall "caged" after he was caught stealing from other players. When the team was out of tight ends, Switzer quickly reinstated Hall—not, as he explained it to the media, because the players came to him and asked to have Bernard put back on the team, but because the coach knew we were in deep shit at that position.

Switzer continued to play to the press when it came to my arrest for drugs: "It destroyed me, it really destroyed me. I had a good relationship with Charles. I had talked to Charles about him being drug-free, him doing the right thing, because he was a quarterback in the public eye. Now I worry about Charles going the other way, going into that culture, those associations."

Then Switzer wanted to explain why

he warned me the F.B.I. was investigating me: "I've been accused of ruining an investigation by doing this. If I let it go on, after what's happened to me, how would that have looked? When it all came out, and people found out I had known . . . how would that have looked? If we know that information, we have to protect ourselves."

I'm not blaming Barry Switzer for my drug use and dealing, but I think he deceived the public by portraying himself as the concerned, protective coach. He knew I had been involved with drugs six months earlier, but did little more than make me attend the rehabilitation clinic for less than two weeks. Yes, he talked to me about cleaning up my act in time for the football season, and it wasn't Barry Switzer who went to Dallas to score cocaine, but me. Still, what did my coach, teacher, and role model do about those "associations" he was so concerned

There were at least eight ballplayers selling cocaine or crack or weed. I knew 20, 40 guys on the team who used it. Some of the coaches knew, but they were just covering their asses.

about? Switzer was honest when he told the press: "We have to protect ourselves." That was his only reaction to the shooting, rape, and drug dealing—protecting the program and himself.

An incident that took place at O.U. in 1987 demonstrates what the overall problem was at the school. Joe Brett Reynolds, a wrestler at O.U., had been caught having another student sit in for him to take one of his final exams. He was tossed out of school and told that he could not reapply for admission for two years. But Joe got a lawyer to appeal the student suspension before the board of regents. The board voted to reduce the suspension to 11 months. Faculty and students couldn't believe the decision; the faculty met and passed a resolution demanding that Reynolds suffer the original penalty and the student congress initiated a petition that censured the board of regents. There was an uproar over the matter, but in the end Joe Reynolds returned to school 11 months after his suspension. Rules may be rules, but to the O.U. board of regents, Joe Brett Reynolds's winning wrestling record

came first. That is the real problem at the University of Oklahoma.

I can't speak for Jerry Parks, Bernard Hall, Nigel Clay, and Joe Brett Reynolds—I speak only for myself and am responsible for my own actions—but when people ask me why I would do what I did when I had everything in the world going for me, I can only try to explain by saying that student-athletes are unlike all other college students. Even before high school we are treated differently. We are special because we can run faster, throw faster, and hit a baseball farther than our classmates. We are pampered, and our behavior, never tolerated from other students, is excused.

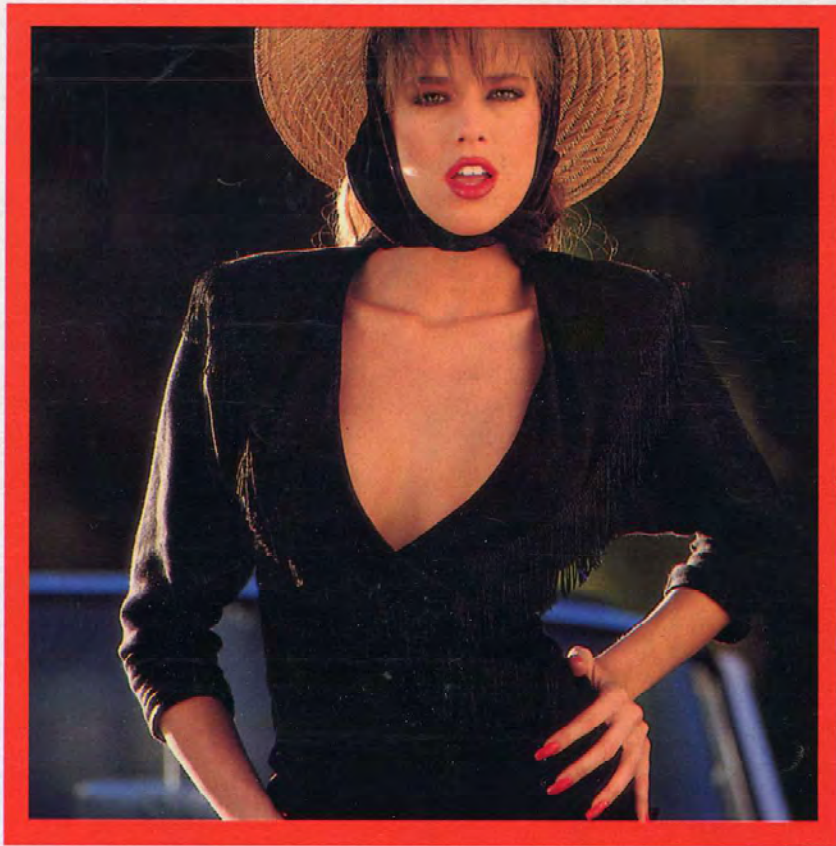
In 1987 the N.C.A.A. surveyed college athletes about their experiences. This is what one athlete said, as reported in *The Wall Street Journal* by Frederick C. Klein: "They say that I am a student-athlete, but really I'm an athlete-student. They lied to me on a recruiting trip. Football is No. 1 here."

"The pressure put on us to win at all times has resulted in physical violence, such as slapping and punching by coaches. Some days the coaches make you feel as though you are part of a large herd of animals. In other words, they treat you like a piece of meat."

"Somehow, and I don't know how, the game needs to be played for fun again, and not for the big-bowl revenues or lucrative TV contracts."

I never want anyone to feel sorry for me, but I identify with what other student-athletes are saying. I never felt like other students, because I was at the University of Oklahoma for the sole purpose of playing football, not for the reasons other students go to college. Nobody, including myself, was concerned about what I should study to prepare myself for the future. My future was immediate: Play and win football games for O.U. I could look forward to only two things after my eligibility—a career in the N.F.L. or working for an O.U. booster. I lived in a world separate from the rest of the student body and had very little in common with them. If I gave my best on Owen Field, I was allowed to do my worst off it. I took advantage of the license given me, and when the F.B.I. put the handcuffs on me in the attorney's office, I realized for the first time I'd have to take responsibility for myself. 

Listen to Charles Thompson tell his startling story from behind prison walls! He will give incredible details in his own words and explain why he thinks the Oklahoma program should be barred from the N.C.A.A. You can also tell us what you think. It's all on the *Penthouse* Sports Line. Dial (900) 568-SPORT. The charge is \$1.49 per minute.



KELLY

“Once, during a Beethoven concert, my date and I snuck into a men's room stall and made love. It was just like our own “Ode to Joy”!”



A PLACE IN THE SUN

A sparkling turquoise pool, shady palms, and California's beautiful Kelly Jackson, our sun-kissed Pet of the Month. Together, they're as close to a perfect oasis as we've seen. "I get my strength from the sun," says Kelly. "There's nothing I enjoy more than lying in a beach chair and absorbing all those wonderful rays."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





"But please don't think of me as one of those typical California girls," adds Kelly, who is Irish and American Indian. "I

like to think of
myself as quiet,
moody,
and a little in-
trospective.
Not exactly a
beach bunny,
in other
words!"







An experienced model, 35-21-34
 Kelly hopes to one day conquer
 the silver screen. "Print work has
 certainly been challenging," she
 says, "but I want to be regarded as
 more than one-dimensional.
 When you have a beautiful body,
 unfortunately, people don't seem to
 care what's inside your head."





To balance a weakness for Northern Italian food and margaritas, Kelly enjoys bicycling, weight lifting, and horseback riding. "In fact," she says, "my favorite erotic fantasy is to go riding through grassy hills with the man I love, stop for a picnic, and . . . well, you know the rest!"







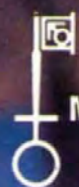
"I grew up on rock 'n' roll," the 22-year-old Pet reports, "but I have a thing for classical music. Once, during a Beethoven concert, my date and I snuck into a men's room stall and made love. It was just like our own 'Ode to Joy'!"







"I never went to college," says Kelly. "I'm just not an academic-type person. My goals in life are to explore myself from the inside out, to discover all I'm capable of. In a way, posing in *Penthouse* is like the first chapter of my adult life."



MISS KELLY JACKSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





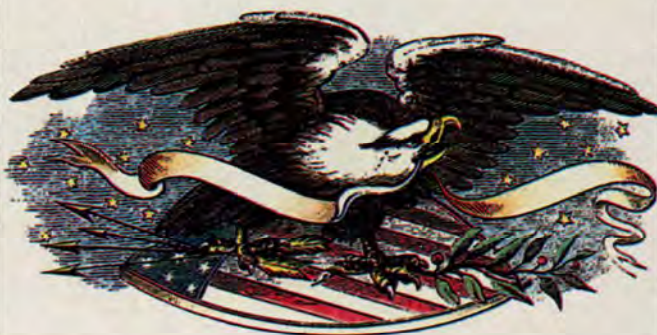
●In 1932 crowds of veterans marched on Washington to secure benefits. It might be time for a replay in 1990.●

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Happy Fiscal New Year! October 1 marks the beginning of the 1991 fiscal year, though, like 19 of the past 20 years, there is no agreed-to federal budget. Unfortunately, the near chaos of the government's financial situation is likely to produce a phony search for savings in the already austere veterans' benefits programs. These programs have already been targeted for major surgery by a substantial number of members of Congress whose loyalty has been bought by various political-action committees.

The modern history of America's veterans' benefits and programs reveals a great deal about the underlying corrupt—if not pernicious—effects of vote-buying politics. In the aftermath of World War I, Warren G. Harding, arguably the most popular president of this century and also one of the great sunshine patriots of all time, seized on the notion that "our boys" who fought in the French trenches deserved more than a belated thank-you from a grateful government. To this end, Harding created, with the help of Congress, the Veterans' Bureau—and proceeded to turn over its operation to a crony who robbed the fund blind.

After this estimable start, both political parties tried to outdo each other in their promises to aid America's heroes. Calvin Coolidge, who succeeded Harding, served almost without leaving a trace. He was followed by Herbert Hoover, who increased veterans' benefits so that by October 1930—exactly 60 years ago—25 cents out of every dollar paid out by the federal govern-



ment was spent on veterans' benefits and programs.

This remarkable state of affairs was not due to some lingering guilt over the treatment of America's veterans. The real reason was political fear. The stock market had crashed a year earlier, and the Great Depression was being felt across America. Politicians from both parties were scared to death that the veterans would rise up and do more than merely "throw the rascals out" at the ballot box. Today, that fear seems incredible. Sixty years ago, it was quite real.

By 1932, in spite of the expanded veterans' benefit programs, which were designed to deal with the seriously disabled, most veterans were filled with despair. The national unemployment rate had reached 25 percent, yet the rate was almost double among veterans. The World War I doughboys took to the streets, staging hunger marches and demonstrations in several cities.

The city governments were broke and could do little to help the protesters. This situation finally led to the creation of the notorious Bonus Expeditionary Force, an "army" of unemployed World War I veterans who sought

the assistance of the government they had served. They had received next to nothing after they returned from France. The Soldier's Bonus Bill of 1924 had given every veteran a money certificate, based on service, payable in 1945. But in 1932, veterans wanted the bonus immediately.

The House of Representatives, which had come under Democratic control in 1930, passed their demand. In May 1932 about 15,000 veterans marched on Washington, D.C., to bring pressure on the Republican-controlled Senate to pass the bill. The veterans set up a tent city on the Anacostia Flats, from which they launched their unprecedented lobbying effort. Crowds of veterans converged on the Capitol steps, marched around the building, and visited senators in search of support for the bill. But the Senate defeated the bonus bill.

The veterans decided to remain in their tent city and try again. This challenge to the government's authority prompted President Hoover to send troops, under the command of General Douglas MacArthur, to drive them out of Washington. MacArthur burned the tent city and used bayonet-armed

soldiers to disperse the hapless veterans.

The government's justification for using military force against a peaceful group of demonstrators was that there were "outside agitators" and Communists in the B.E.F.'s ranks. After the press exposed the government's cover story as a lie, Hoover soft-pedaled the Communist allegations—but he did continue to say that he was opposed to the bonus because it wasn't financially sound.

Hoover won the battle of Anacostia Flats, but he was trounced in his 1932 bid for reelection by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The Senate fared even more poorly: Thirteen out of the 16 Republicans up for reelection lost.

Since those days, the population of America has doubled and the number of veterans has increased tenfold. Politicians of all stripes have discovered the political mileage to be gained from supporting benefit programs for whatever group has votes up for sale. Today, a mere one-fourth of one cent of every dollar in the federal budget is spent on veterans' needs—while need-blind entitlement programs like Social Security and farm subsidies account for more than 50 percent of the federal budget.

The future prospects for veterans are not good. Because the men and women in and out of military service neither squawk nor vote in unison for their best interests, the old saw applies: "Nothing's too good for the boys in service—so give 'em nothing." Perhaps a brand-new expeditionary force is needed to get the politicians' attention.—William R. Corson O+—

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“You men who think it’s clever or manly to make sexual remarks to women may imagine it’s all just harmless posturing. Not so. You’re part of what makes the city increasingly intolerable.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY CRISTINA DEL SESTO

The author is a regular contributor to *The Washington Post*. Her articles have also appeared in *ARTnews*, *Sports Illustrated for Kids*, *Woman*, and other publications.

OOOH, BABY! GROW UP AND GET A LIFE!

I know how to flirt with men.

In fact, I take immense pleasure in doing it. I don’t mind when a stranger on an elevator catches my eye and says hello. If I feel like it, I may even play along.

Some people might go so far as to say I’m mischievous—I’ve been known to respond to flirting from long-distance operators, pizza deliverers, and ground crews at airports who wink at me through the glass.

I applaud and encourage a man’s creative efforts in trying to get to know a woman; sometimes they’ve ignited lasting friendships.

But clever, creative, or intriguing remarks from strange men are a rarity. What I am much more likely to hear on the street is something like “I’m going to fuck the shit out of you,” or an invitation to “sit on my face.”

This street harassment isn’t “flirting,” and it isn’t funny, either. It’s violent and intimidating, and it can happen whether it’s dawn, high noon, or dark; whether I’m dressed up or dressed down.

You don’t have to be beautiful or thin. You can be fat and what is generally considered “unattractive,” but still find yourself regularly harassed. And the sad reality is that most of us are not physically strong enough to retaliate.

Although harassment is sometimes done under the guise of being a compliment (“nice ass . . .”), there is always an implied threat (“Can I have some of that?”). Verbal abuse is a way for men to intimidate women to boost their own fragile egos.

Harassment is not limited to social, racial, or economic barriers. “Harassment can be subtle,” says Karen Geer, 26, a native New Yorker. “It doesn’t have to be a panhandler swearing. It can be a man in a business suit leering lasciviously at you on the subway.”

The most you can say for such street harassers is that, despite their ignorance about women, they’re sexual neologists. That is, they can think up intricately foul phrases referring to sex that would make anyone who hears them lose interest in the subject immediately.

Theirs are not the calls of admiration or desire. And to women it’s clear that their words are not a compliment, not a come-on, not even a way to make our acquaintance. Anyone who would humiliate us in such a way cannot like, or have much respect for, women in general.

Katherine Stuart, 25, lives in Los Angeles. “Sometimes I feel like all I am is a walking pair of breasts,” she says. “It’s a little disconcerting. I feel violated. It’s awful. My privacy has been invaded and it makes me feel like telling them to fuck off. But that always makes it worse.” Stuart says she finds it particularly insulting when men look at her and then grab themselves.

M. B. Christie, 27, lives in San Francisco. “I was dressed up for work and three guys in a truck yelled, ‘Oooh, baby, come fuck me!’” she says. “They were redneck types, but

it still makes me feel awful. I like to get dressed up every now and then, and when I do, it's so I will be respected professionally, not degraded by men at large."

Jennifer Engel, 25, rides her bike to work in downtown Washington, D.C., each day. It's a ten-minute trip that more and more frequently has moments that last an eternity. "Oooh, baby! I wish I were your bicycle seat," men squeal as she rides by.

Being constantly harassed and verbally abused, while feeling powerless to stop it, has a predictable effect on a woman. The whole world begins to look threatening. Men—as a group—become suspect. This is not paranoia; it's self-defense. The soaring rate of urban crime is a reality. Most people focus on murder statistics, but these are meager compared to the number of women in cities who are psychological victims every day.

You men who think it's clever or manly to make sexual remarks to women may imagine it's all just harmless posturing in front of your pals. Not so. You're part of what makes the city increasingly intolerable.

Try to imagine what it is like to be a woman living alone in a city. Our lives are restricted and deliberate. There is no room for sloppy mistakes. We don't take carefree strolls through the park—as the Central Park jogger's misfortune reminded us. We set curfews for ourselves and we try not to let anyone walk behind us. We would rather stick our money in our shoes than carry pocketbooks, and many of us have nightmares with the same recurring theme: being physically attacked. Some of us have devised "human alarm" systems in which, after going out together, we actually call one another to announce we've made it home in one piece.

Every night my uneasy sleep is stabbed by police and ambulance sirens. On my bedside table, beside my family photographs, stands a can of Mace. My windows are all barred. My phone number is unlisted.

Most men will never have to know such restraint in their lives.

"You shouldn't have to get up in the morning and control your behavior," says Denise Snyder of the Rape Crisis Center in Washington, D.C. "But that is exactly what women have to do. We internalize and say, 'If only we had walked on another street, if only we had worn another outfit, if only we didn't look up when we walked, we would have been treated differently.' This response to harassment is an abomination."

As an army brat, "Elise Reiss," 46, grew up all over the world. An editor at a major American publishing company, she's now living in England. She refers to street harassment as "verbal rape." "It really depends where you live," she says. "The Latin American countries are beyond belief. And then there are the Pakistanis. It's not so much sentences as it is noises."

But American streets are the meanest of all. "I've never heard 'Hi, cunt' while traveling abroad," she says.

Reiss says that even though it's still wrong and unacceptable, it's clear why the Latins and Pakistanis engage in verbal harassment on the street: They're following their machismo tradition, in which women are second-class citizens who may even be considered property.

But she has no clue as to why the rest of male society, especially in the United States, engages in such a debased activity. "Maybe," she wonders, "it's testosterone poisoning."

Lest you think street harassment is a new trend, Mary Ann McCarthy of Virginia wants to set the record straight. At 74 years old, she says that it's about time women start talking about an annoyance that has existed since she was a little girl. "They used to call us 'tomatoes,'" she says. "You know, 'ripe and juicy.' But girls didn't talk about their problems then—just like you didn't talk about rape or incest. The harassment is more violent these days, but it has always been around. It's awful and it's got to stop."

Street harassment is hardly ever provoked. Despite male myths or excuses, a woman does not "do something" to elicit such behavior from men. Street harassment would be easier to stop if it only had to do with the way we dress, act, or comb our hair. In fact, there is no way for us to escape being bothered—short of a sex change. It is our very gender that makes us targets.

Are you beginning to get it? Next time you yell something "friendly" but trite like "Smile, you'd look prettier that way!" think about how the woman you're bothering is being crushed by the sheer mental exhaustion of your tiresome harassment. Don't you think she knows she'd look better smiling? What she doesn't know is if and when your abuse will stop, or even if it will suddenly turn violent.

"A lot of my male friends don't see what's going on right in front of them," says Jennifer Engel. "I tell them what it's like, but it's so frustrating. They just don't understand that being verbally harassed makes me feel really dirty and really, really mad."

"One of the reasons men harass women has to do with a lack of breeding, pure and simple," says Dr. Steven Sabat, a psychology professor at Georgetown University. "Some people are just uncivilized, and I mean that technically. The primitive way they express themselves is not confined to making guttural sounds at women. It transfers over to other areas of their lives: lack of education, low opinion of women, and an obvious lack of manners."

Manners has almost everything to do with why one man can say "Hello, beautiful" to a woman who will respond kindly and why another man can say the same thing and offend.

It is the way that street harassment is conducted, not always the specific words or phrases uttered, that intimidates and degrades. And most men know the difference between being polite and acting lewd, crude, and socially unacceptable.

Shari Miller, 28, works in downtown Philadelphia. That city's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

years we have had a very happy, healthy sex life—except for one thing. We have defined her problem as "dick phobia." Although she enjoys the act of making love, she refuses to give me a blowjob.

To some people this would seem like no big deal, and others would tell me to drop her. I am going to marry this woman—blowjob or not. It's just that I feel like I'm missing out on something. She has a good reason for her phobia: On her first date ever, she did go down on the guy, but he was very abrupt, rough, and tacky about it.

My question to you is, what should I do to get her past this phobia? She keeps telling me to give her time, but I am getting impatient. Also, she isn't very aggressive in bed. Sex is never her idea, but she will usually consent. What can I do to make her "fuck my brains out"?—R. X.

You had a strict upbringing, which you say kept you off sex until you met your girlfriend, and it is this same type of background that keeps you both monogamous. But do-it-yourself psychiatry is not to be recommended—it is better to leave it to the experts, who hopefully know how to do it.

Many years ago two girls from Amsterdam stayed with me for a week in my house. One of this pair of Dutch beauties brought her boyfriend with her, and these two were locked in a more or less permanent embrace. They retired to their room every hour or so to try to get some of the passion out of their system, but it didn't really seem to do much good. They kept having to do it again and again... but it is the other girl who is the point of the story. She went out every night, going around the bars and discotheques on her stated mission—a millionaire hunt. To my request not to bring anyone home, she made a strange reply: "I am not likely to do that." Her hunting technique was to play the part of a professional virgin—not my idea, exactly, of how to make friends and influence people, but who am I to give advice?

At the end of their stay, they had to catch a 7:30 A.M. flight back to Holland, and as the airport is a good hour away from my house, they decided to boogie all night. They had called a taxi to pick them up at five in the morning. By 4:45 the happy couple was packed and ready to leave, but the other girl was still not home. The taxi arrived punctually and we sat around waiting until 5:25, when they decided they would have to leave without her. They loaded their stuff into the cab and, just as they were about to leave, another taxi ar-

rived with the prodigal daughter in it. She was distraught, weeping hysterically, and as we collected her things and stuffed them into her bags, the story came out. It seemed that on about day two she had met this guy who may or may not have been an Arab prince. He had dated her every night—spent a fortune on her—and every night, like Cinderella, she had slipped away to her virgin couch in my house. The last night she had tried to put him in his place as usual, but she had already told him when she was leaving and he was not prepared to take any more bullshit. When she informed him that he could fly to Amsterdam and sleep with her there, he said, "I want it now!"

Giving him a blowjob would probably have gotten her off the hook, but when she just said no, he got mad and tried to force her. She was finally rescued by the cabdriver she had arranged to bring her home, who was presumably reluc-

I have no patience
for wives or girlfriends who
won't do fellatio.
You don't have to swallow, but
it is a woman's
duty to learn to suck.

tant to lose a fare and called a cop.

Now, the moral of this story is that sexual relationships are, in fact, social relationships, and a complicated set of rules, a mysterious code of manners, and endless protocol govern our social behavior. Unless you know how to play by these rules, you will never make it even halfway up the heap, let alone to the top. Many men with whom I have discussed this problem tell me that "Not on the first night" usually means "Not on any night."

It is all very well for your girl to put her hatred of the idea of sucking cock down to childhood trauma (she was probably brought up to believe that sex is wicked and disgusting, as most of us were), but someone has to convince her that proficiency in blowing is not only necessary in Carnegie Hall and on Bourbon Street, it is also an erotic Ph.D. as well. Her lack of sexual enthusiasm is only another aspect of her upbringing, paralleled by the reluctance of the average princess not only on the blowjob front, but also in the cooking, washing, and other housework departments. It is called laziness, which is

basically a desire to avoid distasteful tasks that someone still has to do.

I have no patience for wives or girlfriends who won't do fellatio. You don't have to swallow, but it is a woman's duty to learn to suck. Your job is to convince her that cocksucking is not a revolting chore on a par with cleaning out the latrines in boot camp, but the divine prerogative of goddesses. Your first step—as a recent virgin you may not have thought about this—is to make sure that your penis is always scrupulously clean.

Step two is to do some subtle brainwashing. Get your girlfriend hooked on Popsicles. Take her to an amusement park and buy her cotton candy. Keep the house well stocked with bananas. Set up the champagne-and-candlelight scene. You can also spread goodies on your dick and encourage her to lick it clean. Anything from strawberry jam to yogurt is good, though it is wise to avoid stuff like mustard or chili con carne. My boyfriend once made a pass at me in the kitchen and I grabbed hold of his cock with curry powder on my hands. You could have heard him yell five blocks away.

The average Anglo-Saxon or Oriental woman is not normally an aggressive lover, compared with Latins, and there is not a great deal you can do about this except try to get her hooked on woman-on-top positions. On the leap-year principle (traditionally when women are allowed to propose marriage), you can suggest that on the first of every month she must be the aggressor while you just lie back and enjoy it.

Allot some quality time for sex instead of going to the movies, the ball game, or whatever else you do. An X-rated cassette in the VCR is often a great help, although you must make sure it is a turn-on for her by getting her to comment on the performance of the porn stars. You can get the names of some good tapes to watch in our "X-Rated Video" column.

You are both beginners in the act of making love, so use your imagination to make it as exciting as possible and always remember it is called "doing what comes naturally." O—

Do you have any questions about your most private fantasy? Toys, games, or anything you'd like to know but don't want to ask your lover? How about a favorite letter and response you'd like to see run again? Xaviera would love to know. Send your questions, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse Magazine*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All inquiries are treated in confidence. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 89

New York's Reverend Al Sharpton





KISS ME KATE

French travelers to England usually visit London and maybe the seaside towns, but 20-year-old Parisian Kate Riches, a literature student, headed for Stratford instead. "Tourist attractions have never appealed to me," she explains, "and I've always wanted to see the countryside where Shakespeare lived. People don't believe me, but my name is taken from 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"



"Most of my friends are sunning themselves in Nice," Kate laughs. "Imagine their reaction to *my* idea of a vacation."





"Some people think it's a betrayal for me to study Shakespeare instead of Molière," says 38-23-38 Kate. "But the new European Community will make the mixing of cultures commonplace."





"The global village of the nineties will emphasize the similarities, not the differences," she adds. "It's a much more civilized approach." 



TELL ME MORE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Up late here. Workin'. Heard ya. Heard that Shirley MacLaine there."

"What did you think?"

"Don't believe in it."

"But you do like her, don't you?"

"Like her very much, Larry. *Irma la Douce*, favorite film. *Terms of Endearment*, liked that. Called up, Larry, to say hi and to have you ask me a few things."

"I'm honored to have you join us here."

"Y'know, the regular press doesn't ask me the good stuff."

"I'm glad you're up, glad you're listening, glad you're hard at work. Would you say that we're having a tough time getting a good read on your administration? In other words, there are jokes that you've hit the ground standing still, that nothing's really happening, there's no energy, no philosophy. How do you assess that?"

"Don't believe it. Don't think it's true. You know, I'm the education president. You're gettin' a good read. You know, Larry, 100 days aren't up yet. I heard Shirley say the Lord made the earth in seven days. I have 20 days left. We're gonna do it out there. We're doin' it now. Right now, we're doin' it in two of the rooms here. We're doin' it."

"Doing what?"

"Don't know."

"How's your wife, how's she doing?"

"Feelin' good. Larry, so glad to find out that's what it was. We thought she was in, like, a permanent menstrual thing there. Most irritable gal y'ever saw. Looked good, lost weight there, but irritable. Feelin' much better."

"How did you feel about your loss on the John Tower thing? Did it bug you?"

"Don't feel good about it. Good man. Sober, drunk, still good man. I've got to level with you now. Now I can say these things. You know, ya gotta drink a little, ya run the Defense Department. Ever walk a carrier? Four hundred yards. You want to have a drink just walkin' one. Buyin' one, ya gotta have a drink, gotta do it. Have to drink a little."

"What about the North trial?"

"No comment on it. Don't want to hear it."

"Wait a minute."

"Fella's bein' tried 400 yards away. I'm not going to comment on it. I wouldn't have called you if I thought this was gonna be—"

Now I could hear him turn his mouth away from the phone and say, as if to an adviser, "He's askin' me the same crap."

On another show, Albert told one of his classic stories about the terrors of everyday life. Just as his humor based on current events goes beyond mere jokes into the psyche of a Bush or a Reagan, Albert also goes beyond the simple observations of most new com-

ics. He's more like a jazz musician, improvising on a single riff and building it into a small masterpiece.

"I usually go to a 7-Eleven near where I live," Albert began. "Now, the Iranian people, I think, are very nice people. I have no problems with them, but there is something interesting about them. They have no period of development from when they are calm to when they are extremely angry. Like, if you bother a normal person, if you go to a guy and say, 'Hey, can you fix my car?' and he says, 'We don't fix cars here, this is a bakery.'"

"I see, but I need my car fixed."

"'Buddy, I don't fix cars! It's a bakery!'"

"What time can I get my car back?"

"I DON'T WORK ON CARS!"

"With other people there's a buildup. The Iranian doesn't do that at all. Like, if you ask the guy at the 7-Eleven, 'What time are you open till?'"

Comics aren't laying off Jesse Jackson because he's black. He doesn't have the big money interests behind him, so there's nothing you can nail him on. At least not yet.

"Twenty-four hours."

"That means you're open all night?"

"OPEN ALL NIGHT! I KILL YOU! GET OUT OF HERE, I KILL YOU!"

"Sort of like from zero to 100 in two seconds. Anyway, they have a self-serve machine at the 7-Eleven for Coca-Cola Slurpees. I know it's bad, and you'd probably kill me for eating this stuff, but I got hooked this summer. They come out of the machine, they're ice, and you're supposed to get it yourself. But they don't tell you about the Slurpee machine. You've got to have a lot of knowledge. You have to stop it about a quarter of the way before the top because it continues to grow. It's like the Slurpee that ate Cincinnati. It just moves up and up the cup before you know it."

"So the first time I came in was early in the summer. It was very hot, about 100 here. I got that 91-ounce deal they have. It's like the diabetic special. It's one in the morning. The guy is way down at the other end of the store waiting on people. I open up the faucet. I mean, Slurpee comes out like a fire hose. Industrial Slurpee. It came all the

way to the top, Larry. It came over on the floor. It was like Yosemite. Tourists were camping out watching me do this. It went all over the place. Well, the Iranian guy went crazy."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I KILL YOU! DON'T USE MY MACHINE! I DO THAT FOR YOU!"

"But it's self-service," I said.

"I DON'T WANT YOU IN MY STORE! GET OUT OF MY STORE!"

"Same thing with the newspaper. You pick up the paper. If you don't buy it within a second, he's on top of you. 'DON'T YOU READ MY PAPER HERE! BUY IT AND READ IT AT HOME!'"

"So the Slurpee went all over the floor. He went nuts. Then I wanted to get on his nerves. I looked at every sloppy thing he was selling and tried to buy it. Hot dogs with melted cheese—also self-serve. I said, 'I'm going to take that melted cheese.'"

"I DO THAT FOR YOU! I FIX THIS! STAY AWAY FROM THE CHEESE! DON'T USE ANYTHING THAT'S SOFT! NOTHING YOU MAY TOUCH! NOTHING! ONLY HARD THINGS IN PACKAGES! NO SOFT ITEMS! GET AWAY! I KILL YOU! I KILL YOU!"

"Basically, they put in self-serve so it would be easy for the guy. And now he's got to do the hardest job in the world. He's got to wait on people and look out of the corner of his eye. I made him paranoid about the Slurpee machine. So now for the rest of the summer, he's there: 'Yes, sir, that's 49 cen—Just a minute! NO NO NO NO WAIT! STOP THAT MACHINE!' Or, 'Just a minute, sir, that's not on special—STOP THAT! DON'T DO THIS TO ME!'"

There was one sequel to that night's insanity. The following week, I was told that a group had been formed in Chicago called Iranians for Albert. I have yet to see any proof of this group's existence, but I'm willing to buy it since that's the kind of fanatical following Albert seems to attract. Naturally, when I asked him about it the next time he was on the show, he took exception to the idea that he might have insulted Iranians with his routine. I said, "But you said that all 7-Elevens are run by Iranians."

"That's not a joke," Albert said. "I was reading out of *USA Today*. There was a graph of what Iranians do in this country, and where the Iranian's head went up to 100, it said '7-Elevens.' Now, Larry, you go into 7-Elevens occasionally, right? Close your eyes and tell me if this sounds like a 7-Eleven. 'Howdy. Whatcha goana have? Goana have a Slurpee?'"

"Okay, that doesn't sound right," I admitted. "How does a 7-Eleven sound?"

"HEY, DON'T READ THAT HERE, PLEASE! DON'T USE THE PHONE HERE! NO, SORRY, CAN'T CHANGE A TWENTY!"

ARTICLE

BIG DEAL

BY ANTHONY HOLDEN

Throughout our childhood, my brother and I were repeatedly told a cautionary tale from the youth of our otherwise unimpeachable father. On the troop ship back from the war, the end of which he had spent in East Africa, 27-year-old Major John Holden of the Lancashire Regiment lost 50 pounds sterling playing poker—50 pounds, virtually every-

thing he had managed to save throughout his long years away. Our mother, whom he had married in 1940, would still turn pale at the memory.

Though ours was a family that enjoyed weekend card games, poker was thus strictly discouraged. We played all the usual English childhood games, some of them in-

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD



volving modest wagers: hearts, racing demon, Newmarket, canasta, and many different types of solitaire. But above all, my parents were dedicated amateur bridge players who pored over the Sunday bridge columns and played in weekly penny games to the ends of their lives.

One weekend in the mid-1970s, when I was visiting them in Lancashire, my mother grew very impatient with my ineptitude as her bridge partner. I was always overbidding, flouting what few conventions I understood, and generally letting the side down. "I don't understand it," I remember her saying. "You have such good card sense."

Thus did my secret leak out: I had gotten involved in a weekly poker school in London, and it had ruined me for all other card games. Bridge, especially. I overbid all the time simply because I didn't want to be dummy. What was the point of a game where you didn't get to play? And, I had to confess, I didn't much enjoy games where I had a partner. Poker players like to be their own man, in charge of their own destiny, unreluctant on partners, conventions, and other bourgeois refinements of good, honest gambling games. Poker is the ultimate monument to the anti-Musketeer code: Every man for himself (and be sure, while you're at it, to kick the other guy when he's down). For all these reasons, poker players tend to make weak bridge players, and vice versa.

It was little use quoting Somerset Maugham, though he was the unlikely locus classicus on this issue. In a story entitled "Cosmopolitans," Maugham has one of his world-weary, old club-land codgers splutter: "You talk of your cricket and baseball, your golf and tennis and football. You can have them. They're all very well—for boys. Is it a reasonable thing, I ask you, for a grown man to run about and hit a ball?"

"Poker's the only game fit for a grown man. Then, your hand is against every man's, and every man's is against yours. Teamwork? Who ever made a fortune by teamwork? There's only one way to make a fortune, and that's to down the fellow who's up against you."

At this time, this wasn't quite the point, as my father's youthful transgression was trotted out yet again. But I could see a wistful gleam in his eye as he asked me what kind of stakes we played for. Was I sure I could afford it? Who were the other players? Was I good enough to avoid total ruin? For the ten remaining years of his life, not a parental visit would go by without my father asking me how the poker was going. I got the distinct impression that, had he not feared my mother's wrath, he would have asked to be dealt in.

The poker game about which I told my dad that night, and in which I still play every week 20 years later, is known

to its habitués as the Tuesday Night Game, under which name it has something of a reputation around the poker clubs of London. Over the years, the stakes seem to have grown even faster than inflation. But they have always been, as they should be, enough to hurt—enough to make you fret about your mortgage, your car payments, the school fees, the tax man. In 1970, fresh out of the university, newly embarked on a career as a trainee journalist, and newly shackled up with a young lady (later my first wife) called Amanda, I got hurt all right. The first time I played in the Tuesday Night Game, I did not tell my father, I lost £100.

It was an action replay of his dread return from the war. *A hundred pounds!* To the deputy Watford correspondent of the Hemel Hempstead *Evening Echo*, it was more than a month's pay, before taxes—a sum of such magnitude that I had to write a postdated check and

He asked me what kind
of stakes we
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total ruin?

leave at once, causing only marginally more embarrassment to myself than to the man who had brought me along.

And who was he, this corrupter of British youth, this shuffling Svengali, this finessing Fagin, ever on the lookout for a new Artful Dodger? He was my literary hero, one of Britain's sharpest postwar poetry critics, a poet and novelist himself, a man I thought I was proud to call my friend. I had met him in 1968, as his self-appointed campaign manager for the professorship of poetry at Oxford University, where I was then editor of */sis*, the student magazine. We lost the election comprehensively, but remained pals. As our friendship grew, however, A. Alvarez and I soon discovered that we would rather talk poker than poetry. And we would much rather play poker than talk about it.

Al Alvarez had been playing in the Tuesday Game for a decade when he suggested that I come along one evening. The prospect, frankly, terrified me. I hadn't played poker since Oxford, where I had never had enough money to graduate to the major league. I was

still penniless, new to London, and a poker rookie. But this was a man's world, and I was too green to admit to being a boy. The game rotated around players' houses, and this week was due to be held in Hampstead Garden Suburb, at the home of a man called Bernie. It was duly agreed that Al would pick me up at 7:30.

I spent the day exploring the minutes of the last meeting of Watford Council's public-health committee with mounting trepidation. When the *Echo's* news editor came on the line to ask where my story was, I had to confess that I had been unable to locate one. Nonsense, he said, there were a dozen to every page if I knew what to look for. In my heart I knew it was true: I was as bad a Watford correspondent as I was a poker player. At knocking-off time, I drove slowly back to London praying for divine intervention.

At seven o'clock it seemed to materialize. I answered the phone to hear Al saying, with some irritation, "Bernie's just slipped on his front doorstep and broken his collarbone."

"Oh, dear," I said, with a huge internal sigh of relief. "So the game's off, then?"

"Hell, no. We're looking for somewhere else to play. . . . How about your place?"

And so it came to pass, an hour or so later, that this motley crew of rogues and vagabonds began to arrive at my front door. One particularly large American terrified me so much that I heard myself asking him the ultimately daft question of someone who has just sat down at your kitchen table: "Did you . . . er . . . find your way here all right?"

"Sure," he replied genially. "I used to visit Reg and Ron in this street."

Thus did I discover that the Kray twins, the most notorious villains of Britain's supposedly "swinging sixties," murderers of Jack "the Hat" McVitie and other gangland figures, were my ex-neighbors. Or, to be more precise, their molls were.

The evening passed in a blur, my one memory being the moment when Amanda popped her head around the door, only to withdraw it smartly when the Krays' pal grunted, "Who's the dame?" Suffice it to say that I survived. But don't ask me how. I suspect the boys took pity on me, an arrant amateur whose humble home they had hijacked, and who was now pathetically stammering yes, please, do finish up the few scraps left for the household breakfast. I have thus never reckoned this my real debut in the Tuesday Game. It was the following week at Bernie's house, our host's head safely propped up by a neck brace, that I lost the hundred quid.

That was the beginning and end, for a while, of me and the Tuesday Night Game, though it did prompt a memo-

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rable exchange between myself and my supposed friend Alvarez. Feeling a need to absolve him from embarrassment, I sent the great critic a little verse:

*I lost, but I learned how not to bid;
I say that, Al, with perfect candor.
But don't forget it was thirty quid
Next time you see the fair Amanda.*

Back, by return post, came the reply:

*Thirty quid is far too much,
Beyond the little woman's ken,
Her mind intent on meat and such.
Take my advice: divide by ten.*

Through the early 1970s I paid infrequent, heart-in-mouth visits to the Tuesday Game, preferring a less daunting apprenticeship in another London poker school. It was comprised, as every weekly game should be, of the most disparate collection of people—largely, in this case, media folk like myself, gathered together by an unlikely pair of music critics.

Readers of upmarket arts pages might be surprised to hear that Stephen Walsh and Dominic Gill, though very different in character, were both card-fiends of the wildest breed. It was from these two, and their friends in publishing, journalism, and television, that I really began to learn about odds, bluff, nerve, and sharp practice generally. We played all kinds of weird and wacky poker variants, many involving wild cards—anathema, I now know, to purists. Twenty years later, Gill can still remember the details of a particular hand of “prostitute,” a game whose very name I had forgotten.

The entrepreneurial streak that had made Dominic a good poker player had since held good in the mainstream of his life; the author of several musical tomes, such as the definitive *Book of the Piano*, he is also the publisher of *Loot*, a hugely successful newspaper composed entirely of classified ads. The more academic Stephen, meanwhile, has long been a lecturer in the music department of University College, Cardiff; as an overworked and underpaid father of four, he had to put his poker days behind him. Like my father, however, he still develops a wistful glint in his eye when I talk about my Tuesday evenings.

The group eventually broke up as people's lives moved on. When Stephen got married, Dominic suddenly became the owner of his Notting Hill flat, the venue for most of our games; upon discreet inquiry, I was disappointed to find that this was a regular financial transaction rather than a poker debt. By now, however, I had started my own Friday game, of which the musical diaspora formed the core. Through them, and word of mouth, another unlikely mélange of human flotsam

began to gather around my North London kitchen table each week. One of them, so I was told, worked in a betting shop. An untidy-looking youth with lank, greasy hair, he was the only one who pulled grubby bunches of tenners out of his pocket, rather than a checkbook, when required to settle his debts. One Friday he happened to be the first to arrive, and I actually had to engage him in conversation for the first time in the two years or so I thought I had known him. I lost a lot of money that night, stunned by the revelation that he had never even set foot in a betting shop. He worked as a statistician in the Cabinet Office.

At the time I was writing the diary column of *The Sunday Times*, then a rather grand spread occupying the entire back page of the paper's front section. Although my week's real work was done by Friday night, I was obliged to appear in the office early the next

Spouses and/or girlfriends
are generally—well,
they have to be—most
understanding,
even to the point of being
grouped among
life's mundane realities.

morning to see my page “off the stone”—or through the wonderfully tactile ink-and-metal printing process that has now, alas, given way to newer technology. This required me to be more or less awake on Saturday mornings, though not necessarily in a sharply creative mode. Given any host's perennial difficulty in ending a poker game, as the winners count their chips and the losers open-endedly plead for “just one more hour,” it rather suited me to play all night Friday and go straight to work from the game. If I looked a bit baggy-eyed, the horny-handed printers would chuckle knowingly; as a reason for substandard performance in the chain gangs of real life, poker has a high masculine approval rate.

Even my editor, Harold Evans, took a surprisingly indulgent attitude, not least because he, too, fancied himself as a bit of a poker player: “I've won money off Art Buchwald, you know.” This tacit complicity continued five years later, despite somewhat higher stakes, when I became Evans's assistant editor, in charge of features, at *The Times*—and by now a committed Tues-

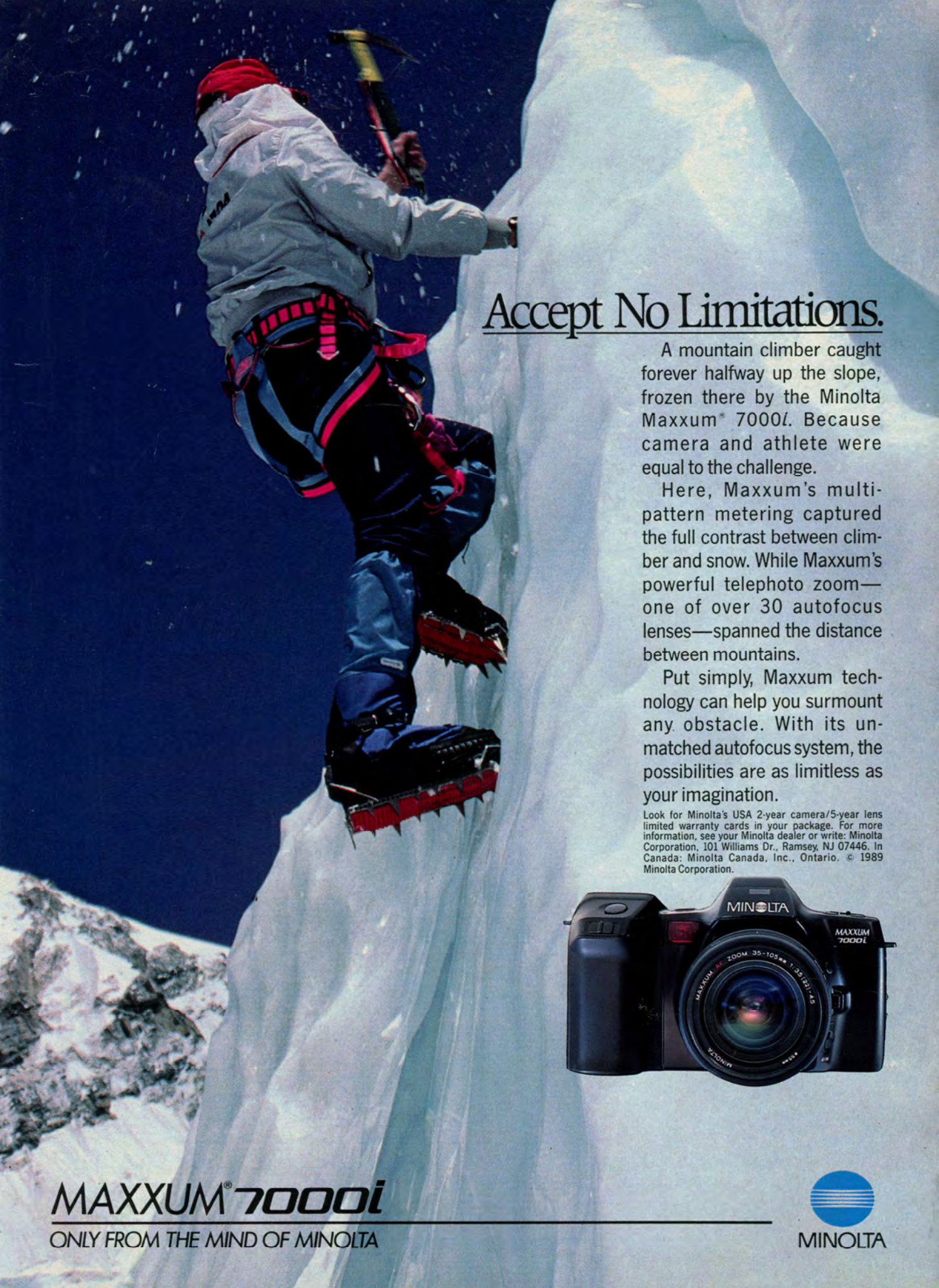
day-night regular. The Wednesday-morning version of the editor's daily conference, which expected me to be bubbling with ideas, took on a particular charm from week one, when I nodded off during a discussion of the European Monetary Fund. Gradually the entire (and all-male) editorial board would know to refer their inquiries to my assistants on Wednesday mornings, leaving me to doze quietly in the corner, contributing only occasional cries of “Fold!” or “Raise!”—a features editor with all the authority of Alice in Wonderland's dormouse.

After years of avoiding the dread Tuesday Night Game, it was in 1978, with a ninth-place finish in the British Open Poker Championships, that I had achieved the breakthrough in self-confidence I needed to become a regular. The first British Open Poker Championships were held in a casino called Cromwell's, in Birmingham (and they also turned out to be the last, as the place was closed down the following year). I traveled up from London by train—playing seven-card stud, naturally, all the way—with the nucleus of the Tuesday-night mob as then constituted: a poet, a painter, a philosopher, and a playwright. The jeweler, estate agent, and . . . er . . . financier were arriving separately by car.

We forgathered in a numinous underground cell, a designer Hades of deep pile and green baize, all stone-cold sober at Saturday lunchtime. The London pros hugged the walls and crept into corners to avoid recognition; the amateurs were easily recognizable as the simple, affable souls who came up to introduce themselves, offered to buy you drinks, even wished you luck—and, of course, as the only participants who actually put on the green eyeshades handed out by the management.

The event was preceded by an auction, in which players could buy one another, or indeed themselves, with the prospect of a fat percentage if they purchased a winner. The pot had passed £2,000 by the time the auctioneer introduced one potential champion as “Babyface”; this intriguing character had been purchased by some fool for £105 before I realized it was me.

For two days and nights we fought it out, though the overnight side games in the Grand Hotel made the tournament prize money look like peanuts. In the Vegas manner, the Grand had cut room rates for poker players that weekend—a decent but foolish gesture, in view of the fact that most of the pots contested in my palatial Buckingham Suite could have bought the entire joint. That weekend saw a cabinet reshuffle and the Prince of Wales's 30th birthday, but neither was exactly a matter of heated debate. Everywhere you went—in the bars, the elevators, the smoke-



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filled cloakrooms—all you heard was poker talk, usually from losers.

It was the first time I learned another perennial poker truth: Memorable hands, no matter how long ago they were played, are always recalled in the present tense. "So I have trips on the flop. Naturally, I raise. This idiot calls, stays with me on Fourth Street, and flukes his straight. I mean, what can you do against luck like that?"

I also learned to see through two amateur truisms that a spell as a professional will quickly disprove: that losing is always the fault of the cards, never the player; and that the person who beats you is either lucky or a fool, usually both. These broken braggarts will swear off the game for life, then within hours ask you where the action is. They are all life members of the Obsessive School of poker players, who live by Nick the Greek's memorable motto: "The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing." It would not be long before I joined their ranks.

Much Tuesday-night machismo was at stake in Birmingham. By winning our side bets on who came highest, I also won a tad of the respect I needed to hold my own back in London. From the British championships on, apart from

my three-year spell in America, I have ever since been a pillar of the Tuesday Night Game, watching many another come and go. In my head, and those of five or six others, the word *Tuesday* is now synonymous with poker. Nothing, but nothing, is allowed to get in the way of the game. Invitations to Buckingham Palace have been turned down because they fell on a Tuesday night. Even my more distant friends know never to invite me over on a Tuesday evening, or indeed to telephone too early on a Wednesday morning. Tuesday night, for veterans of the game, is the still point of our turning world.

Members unavoidably absent have been known to calculate time differences and ring in from all corners of the globe, around midnight U.K. time, to find out who is winning and losing. I once called in from the Falkland Islands, but that was just showing off. So was the guy who kept the line open from Zimbabwe because he wanted to play a hand blind.

Perhaps the most celebrated example of the Tuesday-night syndrome was the day Al Alvarez was mooching around in a Hampstead bookshop, surreptitiously moving copies of his new novel to the front of the display shelves (and Norman Mailer to the back), when

a voice behind him interrupted with, "Aren't you A. Alvarez? I'm a great admirer of your work."

Al, who does not number height among his leading characteristics, spun around guiltily to find himself confronted by a spindly giant whose face he immediately recognized as that of one of his great heroes, the pianist Alfred Brendel. It transpired that they were neighbors. Al's joy could scarcely be confined when the great Brendel proceeded to announce that he and his wife would be delighted, nay honored, if the Alvarezes would join them for dinner on . . . let's see, it's a busy month . . . the *Tuesday* after next? It was the sternest of tests, but Al passed it, declining this most coveted of invitations with all the grace he could muster.

It would make a better story if the dinner had not then been switched to the Saturday, and the two couples become firm friends. But to Al, perhaps more than to any other player, Tuesday nights were sacred. He would spend the day quietly at home, clocking up a few hundred words on his current oeuvre, before taking a swim in Hampstead Pond and then sneaking a couple of hours' sleep to ensure that he arrived at the game daisy-fresh. Not a whiff of alcohol would pass his lips for a good 24 hours before the proceedings, let alone during them. A much less self-disciplined person, I became so irritated by Al's Olympian approach to Tuesday nights that I would usually find some excuse to call him between 6:30 and 7 P.M.—"Where's the game tonight?" "Could you bring that copy of *Lolita*?"—just to ensure that I interrupted his nap. This, I believe, was the sole reason that the Alvarez family finally joined the twentieth century and invested in an answering machine.

There was an awkward moment in 1982–3 when Al was offered a job hosting a weekly TV program and I was approached about a weekly talk show on BBC Radio, both to go out live on *Tuesday* nights. This presented a stern dilemma. Dinner parties were one thing, but the chance of some easy regular income—merely thinking and talking rather than the dread task of writing, akin in both our minds to breaking rocks—was a tough one to spurn.

After lengthy joint deliberations, we begged leave before the following week's game to raise a procedural point of some importance. Amid cries of "Shut up and deal," we asked if the game could possibly be held on *Wednesday* evenings for a trial period of six months or so (which, of course, happened to be the trial periods of both our programs). After an appalled silence, a lone voice said simply, "But, Al, it's the *Tuesday* Game."

For a while that seemed to settle the matter. But Al and I had a prearranged ace up our sleeves. Both of us man-



CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PLEASURE*
IN REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN?



*Hint. It's as
refreshing
as a splash
in a pool.



aged to lose a containable amount that night—not, I have to say, the most difficult of tasks—and were able to plead at the end that the game now risked losing its two plumpest pigeons. That made them think. Amid much huffing and puffing, a show of hands narrowly and reluctantly voted to try Wednesday for a while. It would, in fact, make no difference at all to the lives of the other players, all total layabouts who might as well stay in bed all day Thursday for a change. Knowing, however, that to us it was life or death, they made us sweat for the privilege. On the second week of the new game, as the players took their seats, Al announced thoughtfully, "You know, it seems a lot longer from Wednesday to Wednesday than it did from Tuesday to Tuesday."

When, inevitably, both shows (or, to be precise, their presenters) were duly killed off six months later, the Tuesday Game reverted immediately to its sacred night—with one blissfully short changeover week, when Al had to wait for his weekly fix only from Wednesday to Tuesday.

Meanwhile, I had made an accounting breakthrough of lasting significance. In the early 1980s, along with many others lucky enough to lead expense-account lives, I was the proud recipient of junk mail offering me an American Express Gold Card. With it came a compulsory bank account carrying an overdraft, with no questions asked up to £10,000. Now, a Gold Card was at the time something of a status symbol, but I had no particular need of another bank account, especially one bound to drag me yet further into debt. Unless . . .

AmEx, though until now it did not know, was to prove the secret of several years of sustained success in the Tuesday Night Game for their new Gold Card holder. After a brief and evasive visit to the relevant bank manager, in which I stressed only my lofty status in society as an assistant editor of *The Times*, I secretly dedicated this new and otherwise useless account entirely to my poker fortunes. By removing the amounts of money involved from the arena of real financial life, they suddenly became—as they should be—entirely theoretical.

If, when contemplating a terrifying raise, your thought processes entangle it with the parlous state of your current account, equating it to the imminent payments on the house or the car, you are going to make an incorrect decision. Similarly, a pot won should not be regarded as a new Savile Row suit or the down payment on a Cadillac. Poker may be a branch of psychological warfare, an art form, or indeed a way of life—but it is also merely a game, in which money is simply the means of keeping score.

This was another early lesson that I

had to learn the hard way, with or without the magic bank account. I made the big mistake once, and once only. One Wednesday, after a satisfying win of some £800 or so, I took the day off to go shopping. Suddenly my study at home sported a handsome new Chesterfield sofa, from which I could behold a sleek new TV and VCR (then very much a luxury item). The material satisfaction they provided was doubled when I could point to them and say, to myself or anyone else, that I had won them at poker. I could even tell you, to this day, which player had generously "paid" for them.

It may be gratifying, to the poker rookie, to go around pointing at things and saying, "John Mudd paid for that by check-raising into my full house aces," but it is an extremely bad habit, even for the unsuperstitious. I had less than a week to enjoy my new video-watching zone before losing even more

●

Would-be players
are heavily warned off, and
only the most per-
sistent are allowed to take us
on. . . . Then, of
course, we destroy them!

●

the following Tuesday night, and finding myself embarrassed about payment.

This, however, is a world in which there are no excuses, especially if you were a big winner the week before. Poker players, with good reason, expect winnings to be plowed back into the poker economy—preferably, what's more, back into the school in which they were won, rather than down the road at some other mug's game. No mercy was shown, quite rightly, and the shining new bank account plunged into the red—which, for a high-rolling Gold Card account, was of course a punitively high-interest zone. Far from being given the sofa, the TV, and the VCR, I now realized I had paid for them myself, and I had paid over the odds.

That lesson learned, the separate bank account began to pay its way. If I won, it was other people's money with which I was playing the following week, which gave me the freedom to take a few calculated risks, and a psychological advantage over the players from whom I had won it. If I lost, I would punish myself by suffering the interest

rates rather than paying off the debt with real money from my real account. The ploy worked so well that, after a while, the poker account boasted more money than I could possibly lose in one game, or even two. So the odd self-indulgence was then permitted. An impromptu vacation takes on several extra dimensions of pleasure when you can sit beneath the Caribbean sun and raise your banana daiquiri in a toast to the mugs who have paid for it all.

It was not always thus. A dose of good luck will generally be followed by a stronger dose of bad, and there are naturally some nights on which one plays better than others. It is a statistical and fiscal truth—it has to be—that the same seven or eight people cannot play poker together every week for 20 years unless the money runs back and forth in fairly equal proportions. Sure, over the years a few stalwarts have fallen by the wayside, but that is a matter of regret to the survivors, who miss their company as much as their checks. Ours is essentially a social game, where people are there to enjoy themselves, to escape from the mundane realities of the rest of their lives.

Spouses and/or girlfriends are generally—well, they have to be—most understanding, even to the point of being grouped among life's mundane realities. Alvarez once made this very point on the radio, with predictably disastrous consequences. Plugging his poker book on a radio talk show, he began to explain how Tuesday nights had taken on such a landmark role in his life. "Well, at my age," he said, "there are few thrills left. I climb mountains, but reading, writing, even sex . . ." Listening on my car radio, I grew so anxious that I had to pull over. As is so often the case when a friend appears on radio or TV, my anxiety about every nuance had me physically cringing with concern, even though alone, and incapable of concentrating on anything else.

Despite desperate cries from behind my distant steering wheel of "No, Al, no!" my buddy was reaching the disastrous coda I had feared. "But on Tuesday nights . . . well, I *know* I am going to enjoy myself, win or lose. What I'm trying to say is that Tuesday night is the only *guaranteed* enjoyment left in my life." When he got home, needless to say, Mrs. Alvarez was not amused.

It was, in fact, the same, almost *too* shrewd Mrs. Alvarez who once made a mathematical point that has since resonated through the lives of all Tuesday-nighters and their partners. "What I don't understand," she said meditatively, when yet another Hampstead dinner conversation had been irretrievably hijacked by the subject of poker, "is how, when you crawl into bed at 5 A.M. on Wednesday mornings, you have either won £500 or lost £50. How

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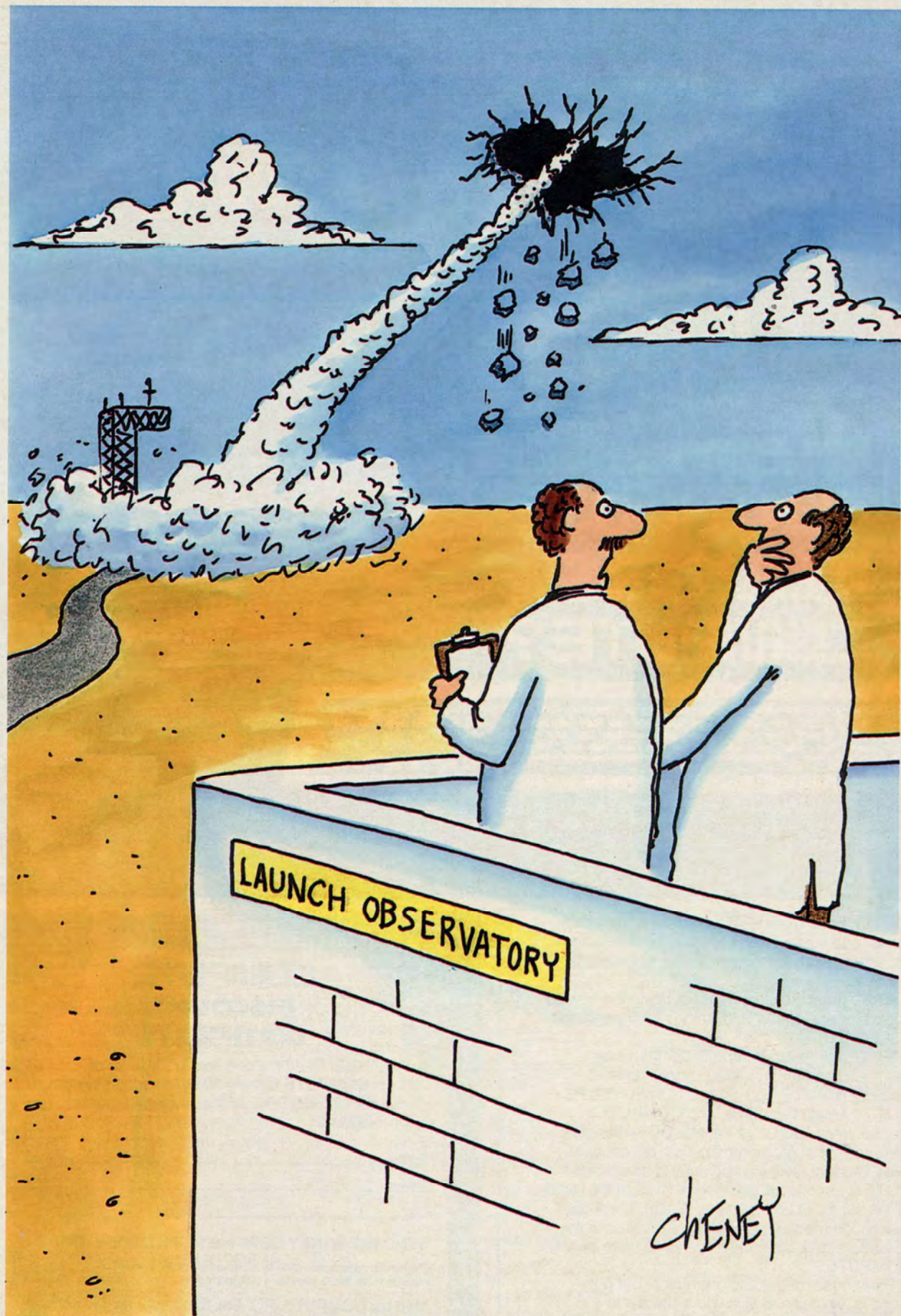
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"Well . . . there's something we didn't plan on!"

come it's never the other way around?" It was the only time I have ever known Al to change the subject back to the current state of Polish cinema.

Only the players involved will ever know the amounts that exchange hands. It is bad form to discuss them with any outsider, let alone reveal individual wins and losses. Sometimes people do get into financial difficulties, and the ultimate proof that ours is a social game is that one of the current winners will most likely help them out for a while. With some exceptions, such as my friendship with Alvarez, we do not socialize much outside the game, but neither are we total monsters within it. For me, the Tuesday Game is a form of psychological warfare that gives my wits some enjoyable and much-needed exercise well away from the rock face at which they must otherwise toil. Beyond ingenuity with the cards, and the eternal joys of deception, much of the fun lies in the elegant, often literary barbs that fuel the backchat.

The Bard provides a host of useful taunts. When confronted by an awkward Alvarez raise, for instance, which I know must force me into a reluctant fold, I can make him sweat a bit first by intoning, "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool . . ."—pick up huge pile of chips, as if re-raising—" . . . farewell!" (put chips down again and surrender cards to the discard pile). Something too much of this, however, let alone a discussion of the new *Hamlet* at the National Theatre, and you can be sure that a losers' chorus will soon be yelling "Shut up and deal!"

We may not be angels, but nor are we in the business of fleecing suckers. Winning money off strangers is not what a game like ours is about, with the result that would-be players are heavily warned off, and only the most persistent are allowed to take us on, at their pre-advised peril. Then, of course, we destroy them. As Walter Matthau put it: "The game exemplifies the worst aspects of capitalism which have made our country so great." 

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I've ever seen.

Due to her aura of sensuality, men are always attracted to her. And because she flirts, I'm always jealous. That is, until recently. During one of our separations, I began to suspect that she was seeing another man. I discreetly nosed around and found out for sure that she was. His name is Greg and he's a former coworker of hers. Initially, when I thought about her with him, I became very jealous.

One day she came home and made love to me with a greater passion than ever before. I guess she was feeling guilty. Lying with her afterward, I sensed that she had actually been thinking of him. Now, I have filmed Lori and me fucking before. In fact, these videos of us are my favorite masturbation stimulus. I've even shared them with some of my friends so they could enjoy her charms. I began to think how exciting it would be to watch her fucking another man. So, with my camera ready, I set a plan in motion.

I made her life miserable one day and good the next, hoping to stimulate her into seeing him but coming back to me. Eventually, she began coming home with that guilty look again. Then I knew

that the time was right. I started to follow her. By checking her mileage and calling her office, I soon figured out that she was meeting him for long lunches.

The next morning I picked a fight over something trivial and sent her off to work starving for affection. I borrowed a car and waited near her office at lunchtime. I followed her when she met him at the local shopping mall. At first I thought I would be disappointed, because they only went to a restaurant. But when they came back to the mall, they parked way off in the corner of the lot instead of leaving.

They had backed up against a fence, so I left my car and sneaked around behind it, where I had a pretty good view of them. I was now no more than ten feet away and off to one side. I could even hear them talking, until he started the engine to run the air conditioner. You see, it was beginning to get very warm in there. Feeling secure with their backs to the fence and a wide-open, empty parking lot in front of them, they began kissing and hugging. His hands were all over her and periodically disappeared up her dress.

I could see that her hands were not idle, either. She was rubbing his crotch with one and unzipping his pants with the other. I wondered how far they would actually go as I rubbed my own bulging dick. He unzipped her dress

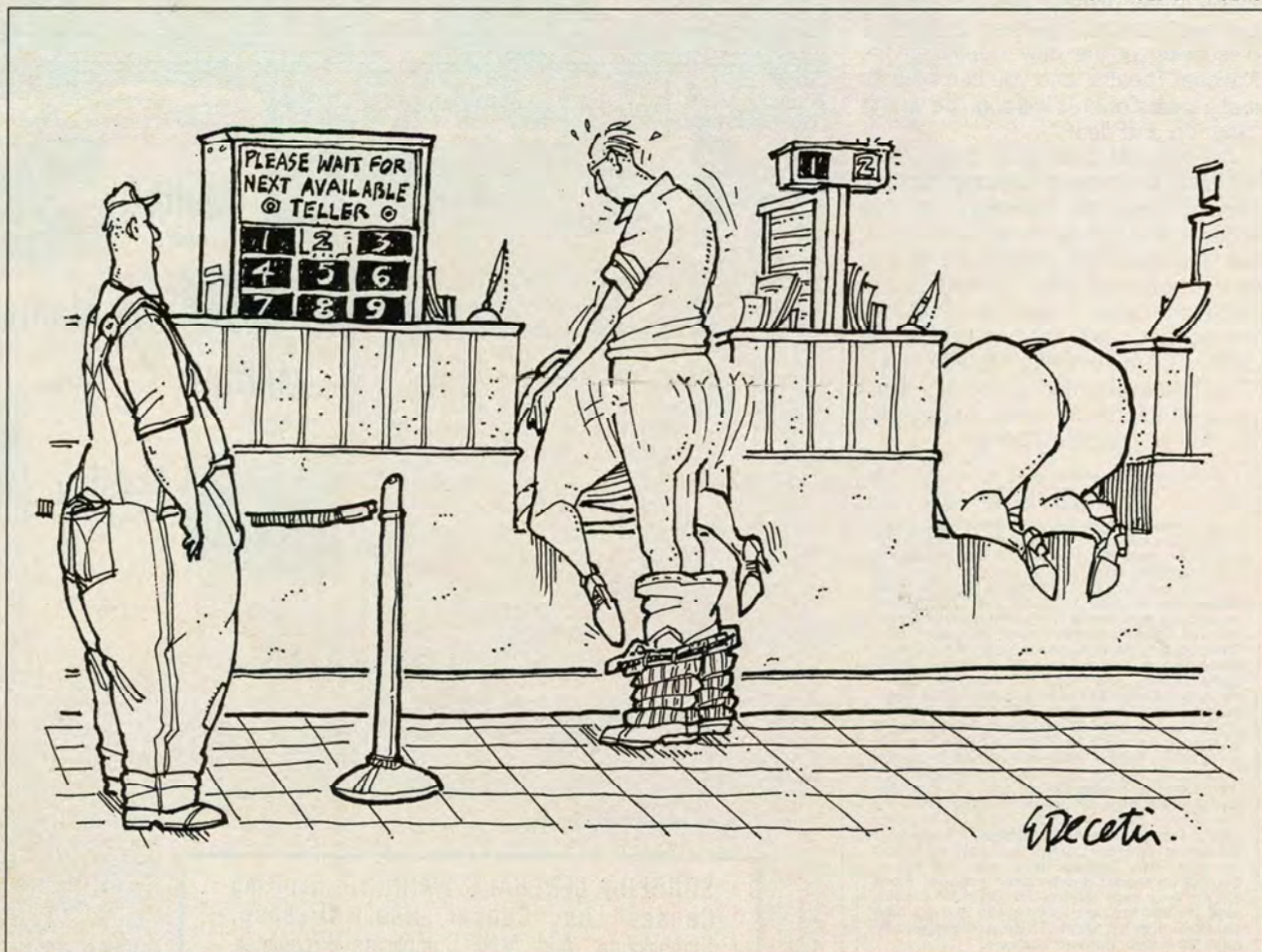
and unhooked her bra, and she moaned and squirmed against him. He was rubbing her tits and nipples so forcefully, I swear I could smell her wetness through the glass.

Suddenly, she stopped and hiked up her dress, removing her panty hose and very wet panties. She helped him pull his pants off, and with him sitting in the seat, she climbed up and straddled him with her back to the windshield. This gave me a great view, and I could see her eyes clearly as she lowered herself onto his throbbing cock. He is much larger than I am, and I wondered if she would be able to take it all in.

Her juices were flowing so profusely, however, that she took him easily, sliding up and down on his flagpole with ever-increasing fervor. As she humped his cock, he pulled the back of her dress up to rub and squeeze her ass—exposing it to anyone who might happen by, but neither of them seemed to care if anyone saw them or not.

Then he pulled down the front of her dress so he could get at her tits. I've never seen her nipples so erect as after he sucked hard on them. As I watched them fuck, my own cock was getting harder. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. I watched Lori become more and more active, humping and kissing him with all her might. Soon I could see her start to tense up, and as he thrust

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132





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AWAKENS YOUR SENSES

20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

long shot? Last year, for example, when I placed Oklahoma State in the 20 Worst, hundreds of Cowboy fans—and virtually every radio station and newspaper in Oklahoma—got on my case. True, Oklahoma State was coming off a 10-2 season and had attracted lots of great recruits due to its appearance in a bowl game and the exploits of Heisman Trophy winner Barry Sanders and all-American receiver Hart Lee Dykes. But I suspected that the Cowboys' brand-new offensive line would cause them to play like dude ranchers, which really ticked off their boosters. In fact, just before O.S.U.'s opening game, the state's media guys couldn't wait to interview me for the express purpose of showing Oklahomans what a lunatic I am. When I told them not to be surprised if underdog Tulsa whipped their boys, the sports reporters and radio talk-show "personalities" (who really know football, right?) all said I was either nuts or naive. Guess what? Tulsa beat the Cowboys, 20-10, and mighty Oklahoma State finished 4-7.

On to this year's list of losers:

1. NORTHWESTERN

As we start the nineties, it looks as if Northwestern might be getting ready to outdo even itself in terms of gridiron grossness. In '89 the Wildcats were a perfect 0-11 and, given the rigors of Big 10 football and a tough non-conference schedule, it's hard to see where they're going to pick up a win this fall. Last year's Wildcats gave up a gruesome 45 points a game, and although the defense returns almost intact, that's hardly something coach Francis Peay can get excited about. On offense the Purple and White—often going up against opponents' second-stringers—scored 22 points a game, but that's going to seem like ancient history. Although end Richard Buchanan (who caught a mind-boggling 94 passes) is still around, quarterback Tim O'Brien, a 62 percent passer who threw for 2,218 yards and 14 touchdowns, has graduated. Now that Penn State has joined the Big 10, there's talk of Northwestern dropping out of the conference. Let's hope it's true. Why continue to subject these boys to abject humiliation?

2. NEW MEXICO STATE

Last year's Aggies finished 0-11—good-bye coach Mike Knoll, hello Jim Hess. Yo, Jim: Welcome to hard times. Hess, 53, evidently enjoys a major challenge—he came out of retirement to lead the Aggies—so perhaps he can shape them up. Then again, perhaps he can't. New Mexico State hasn't had a winning season since 1978. Hess can call on the services of seven returning

starters on offense and eight on defense, but he seems more interested in calling on the services of a legion of junior-college transfers. His judgment can hardly be questioned. In '89 New Mexico State fielded the Big West Conference's worst offensive and defensive units. If the Aggies can prevent opposing teams from doing the lam-bada through their front lines—to the tune of nearly 300 yards a game—they might actually be competitive in several games. Don't count on it.

3. COLUMBIA

According to a totally unreliable source of mine, Donald Trump spent much of April watching Columbia's spring football practices. My completely impeachable correspondent reports that after they watched the Lions work out, she and the Donald talked football during a stroll around Columbia's Upper Manhattan campus. She secretly re-

There's talk of
Northwestern dropping out
of the conference.
Let's hope it's true. Why
continue to
subject these boys to abject
humiliation?

corded his comments about the team, which I'm happy to pass along: "I'm a winner, these kids are losers, and that's why I'm here—Columbia shouldn't have to put up with a football team that thinks winning one game a season is a big deal. I'm a big deal. Give me a week-end to read up on coaching and I could make the Lions winners—just like me. Their quarterback, Bruce Mayhew? He threw nine touchdown passes last year. If I coached him, he'd throw nine touchdown passes every week. These guys gotta score a lot more than 13 points a game or else they'll just keep losing—I'm not a loser. Anybody who says I am has just been reading stuff force-fed to the media by Japanese corporations. The Japanese have been screwing this country, and now they're trying to screw me. My bottom line is that if the Lions don't get tougher on defense—they gave up 29 points a game last year—I'll find me some bankers, swing a loan, and buy the damn school. New York deserves another winner. If Columbia doesn't become a winner—just like me—I can always turn it into the greatest condo complex in the greatest city

in the world. But I'd rather keep it as a school. I can see it now—'Trump: The University.'"

4. KANSAS STATE

Kansas State is the only university in the nation whose football team has lost more than 500 football games (519, to be precise). The school's athletic department is now so desperate for victories that this fall the Wildcats' non-conference opponents will be New Mexico, New Mexico State, Western Illinois, and Northern Illinois. K.S.U. should win a couple against that assortment of cream puffs, but seems like a mortal lock to repeat its 0-7 record in Big Eight Conference games. By now it should be clear that K.S.U. simply doesn't belong on the same field with the likes of Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, et cetera. In '89 the Wildcats gave up 32 points a game, scored just 12, and don't appear ready to improve in either area. Second-year coach Bill Snyder has three quarterbacks (Carl Straw, Paul Watson, and Chris Cobb) who can throw with accuracy and an excellent receiver in all-Big Eight wide-out Mike Smith. But K.S.U. can't move it on the ground—the Wildcats rushed for a measly 60 yards a game last year—and this season they'll have to operate behind a brand-new offensive line. K.S.U. isn't about to break its long-term lease on the basement of the Big Eight.

5. FORDHAM

The Rams are back, and the question is why. Fordham dropped varsity football in 1954, picked it up again in 1970, and in 1989 climbed up the N.C.A.A. ladder from Division I-AAA to Division I-AA competition. Not smart. "Last year was a baptism by fire," says coach Larry Glueck, and he's right—the Rams were lucky to finish 2-6. This fall Fordham becomes a full-fledged member of the Patriot League, four member schools of which wiped out the Rams last year by a combined score of 148-24. To make matters worse, Rick Hollawell—the Rams' leading ground-gainer last season—has graduated; Mark Blazejewski—the team's leading tackler—and punter Jed Wallace will both be out with knee injuries; and Jack Coffey Field, Fordham's home stadium, is being renovated and probably won't be ready before the end of the year. That means the Rams may have to play all their games on the road. Lots of bad news up in the Bronx.

6. SOUTHERN METHODIST

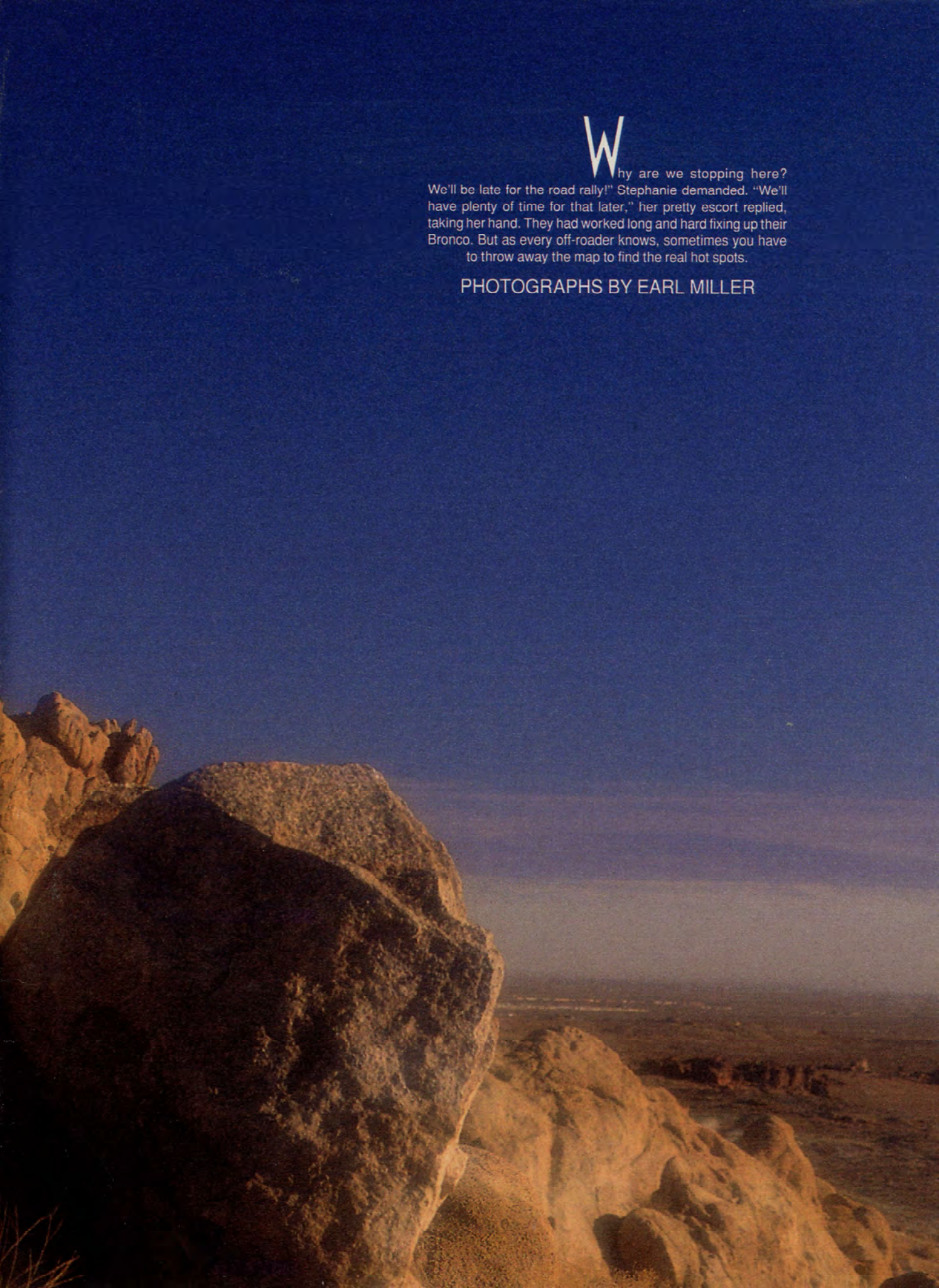
After a richly deserved two-year ban on football (due to flaunting virtually every regulation the N.C.A.A. ever dreamed up), Southern Methodist returned to Southwest Conference competition last fall. The Mustangs finished 2-9, and if it hadn't been for non-con-



SUNNY AND STEPHANIE

“Slavishly following a schedule, racing from one appointment to the next, is no way to travel. It’s the little detours along the way that make for the best road trips.”





W

hy are we stopping here?
We'll be late for the road rally!" Stephanie demanded. "We'll have plenty of time for that later," her pretty escort replied, taking her hand. They had worked long and hard fixing up their Bronco. But as every off-roader knows, sometimes you have to throw away the map to find the real hot spots.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

What had started out as a little R & R soon became something more, as they eagerly helped each other unwind from their long drive.





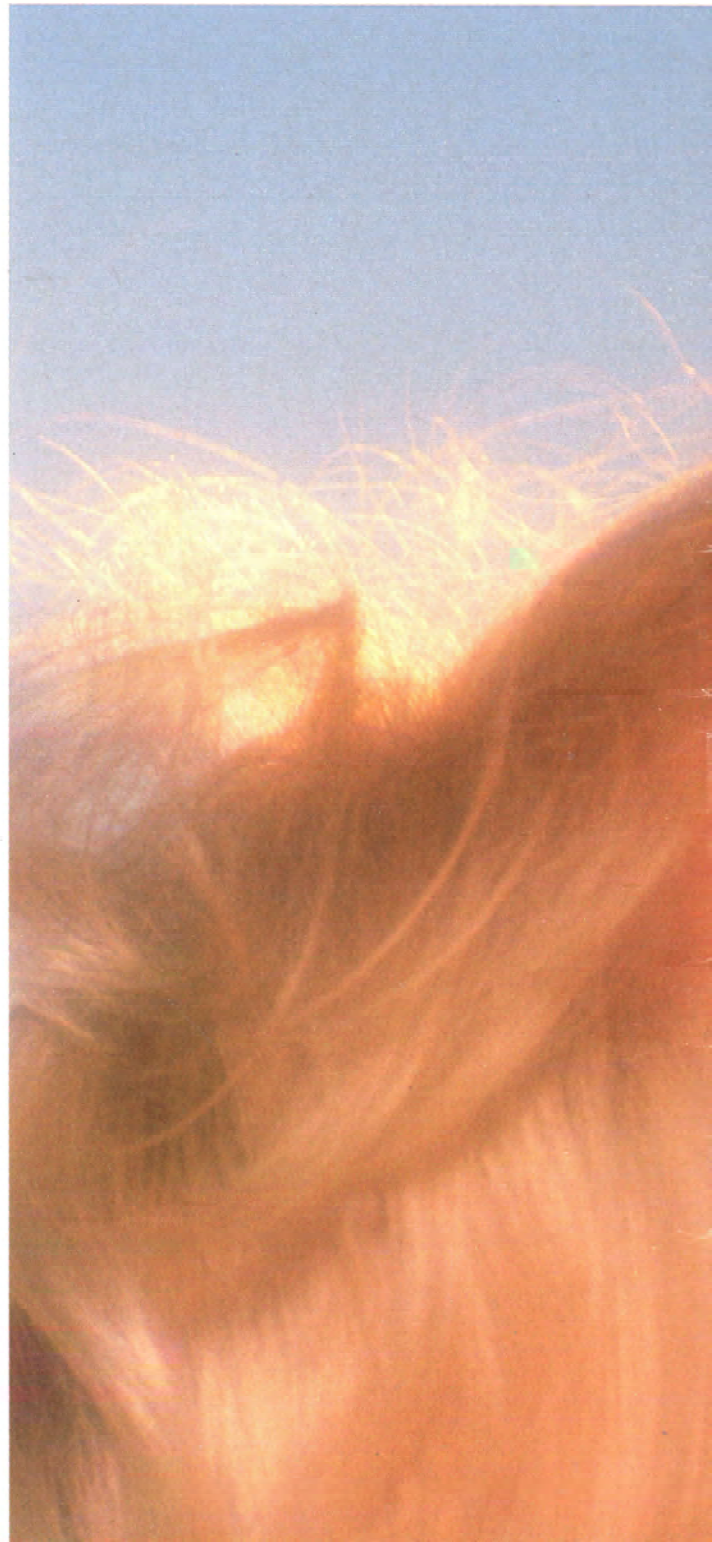


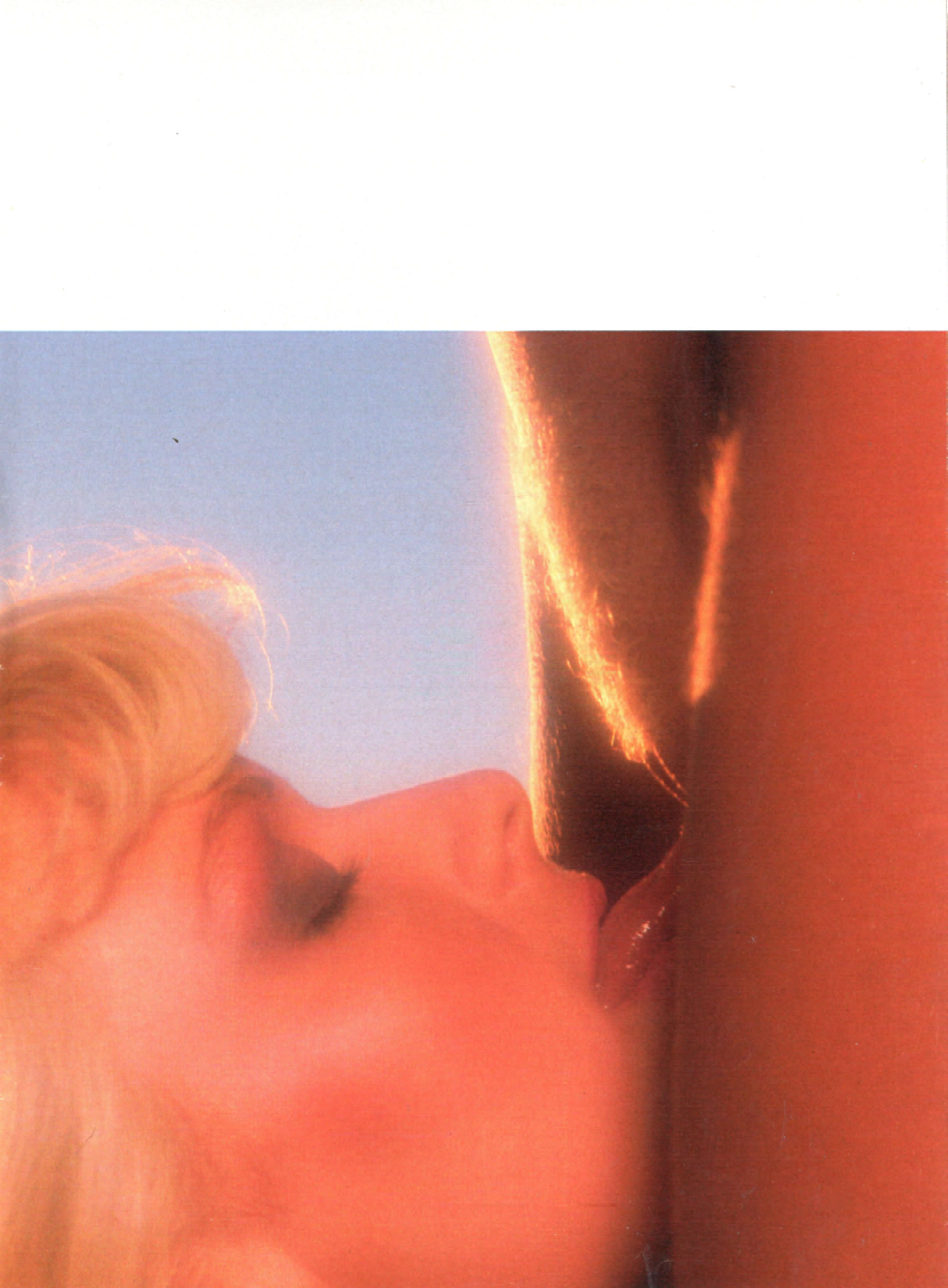
The two women added a new level of beauty to the desert landscape—one that no travel guide ever captured.



Sunny was right. Racing
from one appointment to
the next is no way to travel.

It's the little detours along
the way that make for the
best road trips.







Their prior commitments—
and their men back home—
would just have to wait. Ad-

venture is its own reward.
Off-road driving was never
so sweet. **O+**



ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

street harassment problem came under scrutiny last fall because so many people were complaining about the construction workers hanging around the train station. As one headline in the *Inquirer* put it, women were "Walking Past the Wolves."

"They sit and lean up against the walls," says Miller, "and grunt. They're not articulated words or phrases you'd remember, but they just make you feel badly."

Lauren Joichim, 35, grew up in New Orleans and has lived in D.C. for five years. "Even though white women are verbally abused," she says, "I think it's less often and less severe than how we black women are treated. Harassers consider us completely defenseless."

Some men may imagine that they are inspiring fantasies in the women they speak to. They're right, but these thoughts are not of sex, but of revenge. "Sometimes when I'm verbally harassed," says the fiercely independent Engel, "I've thought to myself, *A sawed-off shotgun would do really nicely now.* I've never had such violent fantasies."

Most women will not be able to make those fantasies real. But ten years ago Barbara Williams, 23, did. Williams was at a bus stop in Southeast D.C. when a man started calling her names and

cursing at her.

He also threatened to beat her up. After a few minutes, the bus arrived and Williams and the man climbed aboard. There were other passengers on the bus, but when the man continued to harass Williams, the people sitting around her moved away rather than help her. She continued to ignore the man, who "was cursing and saying all sorts of embarrassing things." Then the man spat on her face and hit her just above the lip. Still no one helped her. Williams grabbed a pocketknife—a friend had given it to her for protection—and stabbed the man in the chest. The man died. Williams was arrested, but the charges were later dismissed.

There are laws that protect women—or anyone, for that matter—from street harassment. The laws differ slightly from state to state, but they are typically classified as misdemeanors such as "unlawful assembly," "profane and indecent language," "disorderly conduct," or "threats to do bodily harm." But if a victim of street harassment is really clever—and has made a point of learning the statutes—she can push for a felony charge of "threatening to kidnap or injure a person."

Although these laws are hardly ever enforced, the escalation of violent street harassment is forcing women not just to become familiar with the laws, but to use them. The sentencing in May of

Richard E. Berendzen to two 30-day jail terms for making obscene phone calls is a sign of the changing times. The former American University president pleaded guilty to two charges of making the lewd calls from his office.

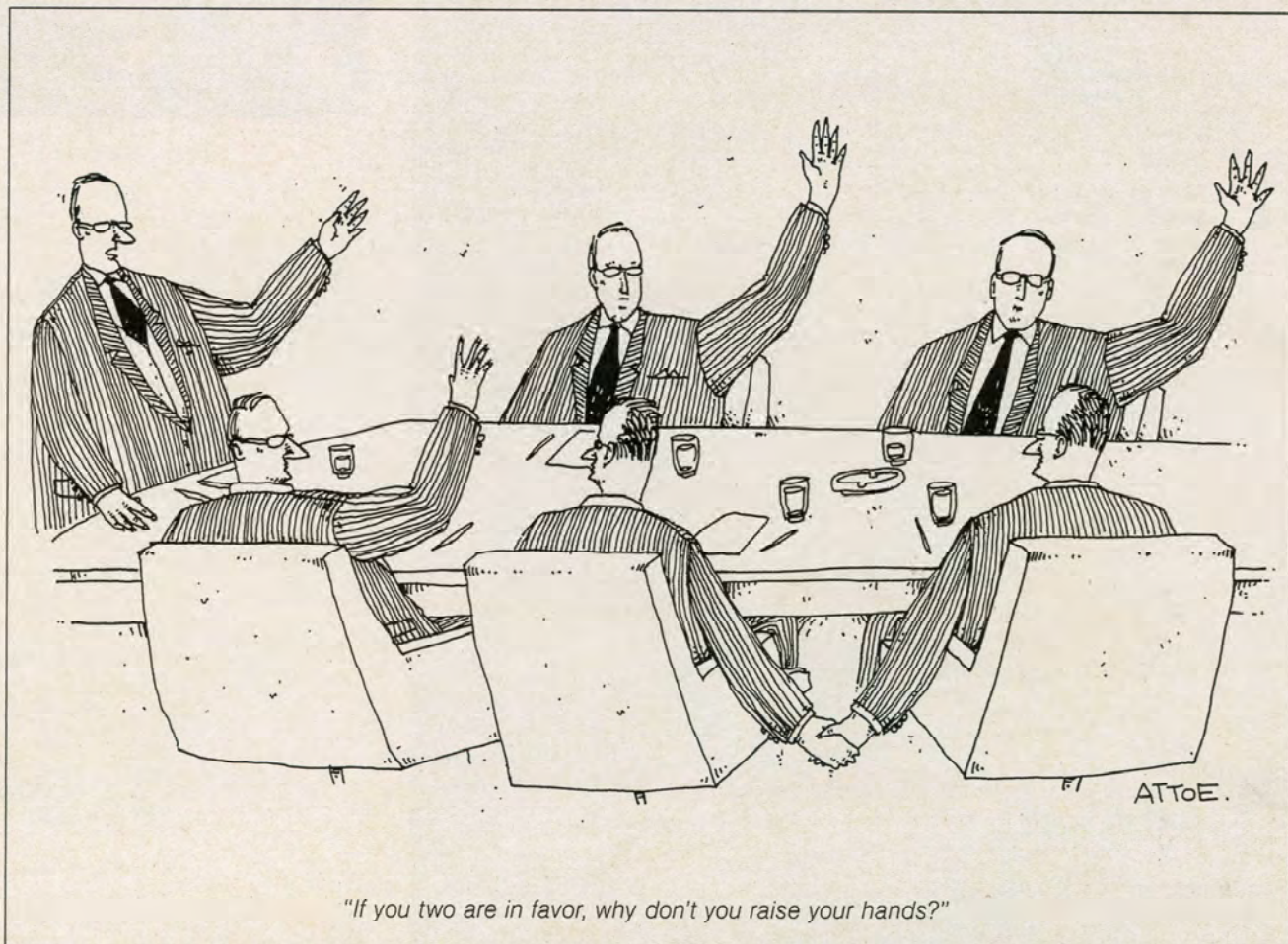
But the Berendzen case is only a beginning. As Engel puts it, "What makes me mad is that this man has been charged with obscene phone calls, but every day men are obscene to women in person, and that is far worse than an anonymous caller. The physical presence of street harassment is really frightening."

So what's the solution? Certainly, we women will not move en masse out of the cities or spend the rest of our lives hiding underneath our beds and not going out after dark.

"Common sensibilities have to be raised," says Dr. Sabat, "so we're not just willing to passively accept bad behavior and vulgarities in our daily lives."

Men have to learn to know better. If they don't, women have to become enraged enough to take action.

"I've never thought my harassers were sexy," says the woman editor. "I've never even been secretly flattered. These are men who are either frustrated, women haters, or afraid their friends will think they're pansies if they don't. Not only do I feel abused, but I really think there's something wrong with a guy that does it." 



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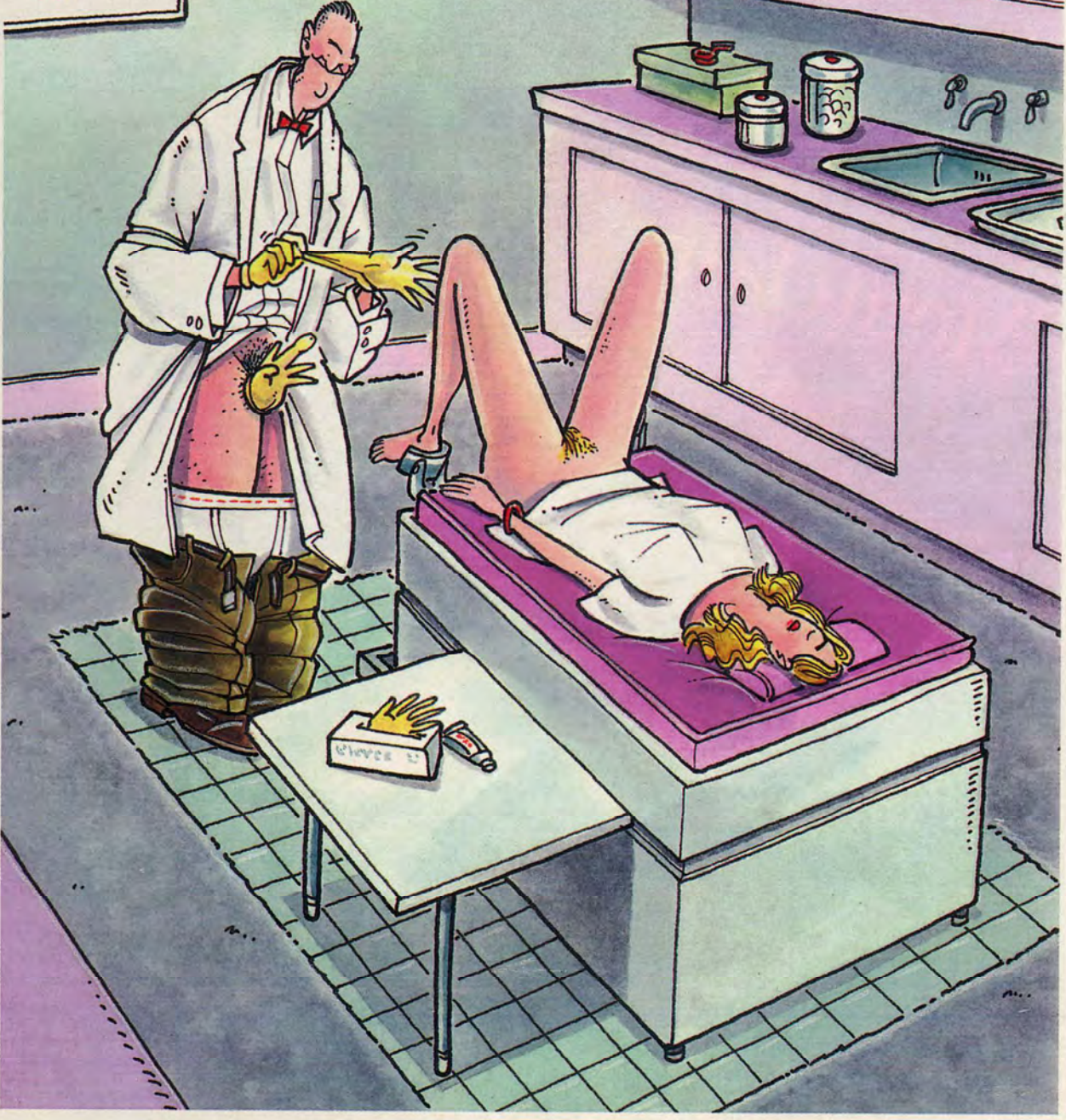
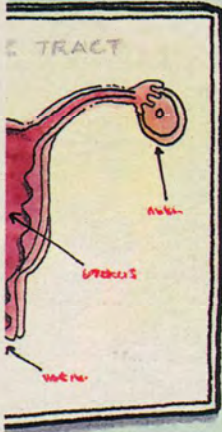
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Wetlin.



20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

ference wins over hapless Connecticut and hopeless North Texas State, S.M.U. would have been shut out completely. Talk about a horror show: Coach Forrest Gregg was forced to start ten freshmen on defense, and his yearlings gave up more yards (5,832) and more points (499) than any team in school history. S.M.U.'s lone redeeming feature was an aerial attack led by quarterback Mike Romo, a 56 percent passer who set five school records. Romo will continue to improve, but he can't do it alone. The Mustangs rushed for a pitiful 52 yards a game, and won't dramatically upgrade that stat this season. Figure S.M.U. to again finish last in the football-crazed S.W.C., but by next year the Mustangs will be ready to be off this list for good.

7. UTAH

Last year's Utes were, bar none, the worst defensive football team in the nation. In '89 Utah's oh-so-tender warriors allowed opponents to score the astonishing (it really was) total of 524 points. Even more astonishing was the fact that the Utes won four games. Much of the credit for that has to go to all-American quarterback Scott Mitchell, who passed for 3,211 yards and 31 touchdowns. Mitchell decided to forgo his senior year in favor of playing pro ball. Junior Mike Richmond, a pretty fair country passer in his own right, missed spring practices due to shoulder surgery, and it's too early to tell when he'll be 100 percent again. Coach Ron McBride may have to rely entirely on a pair of junior-college transfers to pick up where Mitchell left off. His defensive unit, meanwhile, will see the return of eight starters, and the less said of them the better. Maybe McBride can swipe some players from Brigham Young University. Maybe he can get a job at Brigham Young.

8. TEMPLE

This pains me no end; I'm an alumnus of Temple University. The Owls play big-time football now, but they don't have a big-time cast. In '89 Temple was routed by Houston (65-7), Syracuse (43-3), Penn State (42-3), and Georgia (37-10) en route to a 1-10 finish. Second-year coach Jerry Berndt is bright, affable, and knows his Xs and Os as well as any college coach in the nation. Berndt's boys figure to improve slightly on last season's showing, especially if quarterback Matt Baker—injured in the season opener and out for the rest of the year—can return to his form of '88, when he threw 15 touchdown passes. But even if he does, Temple will still go into its major matchups undermanned and outclassed.



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Until Temple can figure out a way to lure budding superstars to its Philadelphia campus, the Owls will continue to get stuffed.

9. VANDERBILT

The Commodores finished 1-10 last season and were winless (0-7) in conference play. In an effort to placate alumni, coach Watson Brown replaced four of his assistants and has scrapped his one-back offense (which produced only 162 points last season). Vanderbilt's in a real catch-22 situation: Last year's leading receiver, Corey Harris (who caught 45), has been moved to tailback in hopes of juicing up a ground game whose leading rusher, Carlos Thomas, gained a puny 254 yards. Without his top target, soph quarterback Mike Healey doesn't figure to instantly evolve from a 45 percent passer to a superstar. The Commodores gave up 24 points a game last year, and will do so again this fall. Vandy's padded its non-S.E.C. schedule with patsies, so the Commodores should win a couple, but believe me, the improvement will be strictly cosmetic.

10. CINCINNATI

The Bearcats, 1-9-1 in '89, will again sink in a sea of red ink. Second-year coach Tim Murphy favors a complex offense. Unfortunately, he doesn't have the personnel to carry it out. Last year Cincy—with a season total of 111 points—was the lowest-scoring Division 1-A team in the nation. The Red and Black's defense, meanwhile, went belly-up—Cincinnati gave up almost five touchdowns a game. Any way you look at it, Cincinnati football is a losing proposition, and if the school's administration keeps throwing money at the problem, the university might eventually wind up bankrupt.

11. OREGON STATE

Beaver football has long languished in such perpetual misery that last year, when O.S.U. finished 4-7-1, coach Dave Kragthorpe was named Pacific 10 Conference "Coach of the Year." Kragthorpe's now had his 15 minutes of fame, and this fall O.S.U. will return to its usual sorry state. The Beavers' offense has lost seven starters to graduation, and Kragthorpe can only hope that senior quarterback Matt Boohar will reverse his '89 stats of four T.D. passes and ten interceptions. The defensive auguries are flat-out awful. Six starters have graduated (among them, the team's two leading tacklers), but at least Kragthorpe can count on superlative play from all—Pac 10 lineman Esera Tuaolo. Tuaolo's about all he can count on. O.S.U. featured the Pac 10's crummiest defense last year and will no doubt feature the Pac 10's crummiest defense this year. The Beavers are going to get skinned alive.

12. RUTGERS

Last season the Scarlet Knights finished 2-7-2. Coach Dick Anderson is gone, and in his place comes Dick Graber, who spent four years coaching the Kansas City Chiefs' defensive backfield and the past two years as defensive coordinator at Tampa Bay. Graber inherits a program that's long on ambition but short on talent. Rutgers simply doesn't have the punch to stay with such heavyweights as Kentucky, Penn State, Michigan State, Pittsburgh, and Syracuse. Record-setting quarterback Scott Erney—a four-year starter who completed 56 percent of his passes in '89—and eight other offensive starters have graduated, so don't expect the Scarlet Knights to average better than 22 points a game. Graduation also stripped Rutgers of its two leading tacklers, which should mean that Graber's guys won't significantly cut down on the 29 points a

The Naval Academy
can't *abide* losing, but here's
its problem in a nutshell . . . Annapolis has to find
jocks interested
in engineering degrees.

game they allowed last time around. This is one soap opera with an unhappy ending.

13. TEXAS-EL PASO

Last season—his first as the Miners' coach—David Lee installed a pro-style offense that featured quarterback Howard Gasser throwing nearly 35 passes a game. Gasser usually had to run for his life (he was sacked 61 times), but he still managed to complete 52 percent of his passes, good for 2,586 yards and 16 touchdowns. Gasser and ace wide receivers Reggie Barrett and Ricki Lopez are all back for a final fling, and if Gasser isn't dismembered by the opposition, the Miners will again average three touchdowns a game. Unfortunately, U.T.E.P.'s opponents will also repeat *their* scoring average—five touchdowns a game. During spring practice, Lee noted his two primary goals: "(1) Teach a new defensive system. (2) Find players who want to play defense." He'd best come up with a whole bunch—seven of last year's starting defenders have graduated. Faced with a beefed-up schedule, the

Miners are a sure bet to cave in again, but they'll still be fun to watch.

14. NAVY

The Naval Academy can't *abide* losing, but here's its problem in a nutshell: Only a small number of blue-chip high school players want to attend one of the service academies. Aspiring Rambos prefer West Point, most future fighter pilots opt for the Air Force Academy, and Annapolis has to find jocks interested in engineering degrees. In any event, Navy doesn't have the firepower to be much of a threat this fall. Quarterback Alton Grizzard can move the ball on the ground but not in the air: In '89 he passed for only 1,109 yards and four touchdowns. Navy scored 13 points a game, its opponents ran up 24 (resulting in a 3-8 season), and I expect to see similar stats this fall—when Navy faces worthy opponents. But that won't often be the case. New coach George Chaump should benefit from the academy's decision to stud its schedule with soft touches like Delaware, Akron, Toledo, and Villanova. For a more accurate reading of Navy's prowess, consult your Sunday papers following the Midshipmen's games against Notre Dame and Virginia.

15. WAKE FOREST

Wake Forest (2-8-1 in '89) will play virtually the same lineup of opponents it faced last fall, but with a slightly weaker lineup of its own. Southpaw quarterback Phil Barnhill, who led the conference in total offense, will again be a formidable one-man show. Unfortunately, all-A.C.C. wide-out Ricky Proehl (65 receptions and 11 touchdowns) has graduated, and replacing him won't be a picnic. Even with the Barnhill-to-Proehl air show, the Demon Deacons averaged only 17 points a game, which was next to last in the A.C.C. On defense they were last in the conference. Wake Forest is not yet the A.C.C.'s eternal doormat, but this fall the D.D.s are definitely going to be stepped on all season long.

16. CALIFORNIA-BERKELEY

Last year Cal-Berkeley finished 4-7, which doesn't seem all that terrible until one remembers that the Golden Bears were led by Troy Taylor, the school's all-time leading passer. In '89 Taylor threw for 2,735 yards and 16 touchdowns—and this season coach Bruce Snyder doesn't have a passer who's remotely as talented as Taylor. The Bears' running attack was strictly sub-par and will remain that way unless former high school all-American Russell White, who sat out last year, can live up to his press clippings. Cal gave up almost four T.D.s a game in '89, and with the graduation of linebacker David Ortega, the school's all-time leading tackler, the Bears don't figure to suddenly start clawing oppo-

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nents to death. Having lost its leading lights on offense and defense, Cal just might get *all* its lights punched out.

17. RICHMOND

Several months ago Richard Morrill, president of the University of Richmond, grew irate when *USA Today* failed to list his Virginia institution as one of the nation's choosiest colleges. Morrill could have saved everyone lots of time by just mentioning that Richmond's football team annually stinks up the joint, which is the *true* mark of a school with exceptional academics. Last year the Spiders finished 1-10 and were winless in their eight Yankee Conference games. Don't look for any miracles this time around; second-year coach Jim Marshall has very little to work with. He has to slot in five new starters on a defense that yielded better than four touchdowns a game in conference play, and he has to replace six starters on an offense that averaged just 11 points per game. Marshall's got far too many holes to plug, but at least he's working with true student-athletes.

18. BOSTON COLLEGE

B.C. finished 2-9 in '89, and with only ten wins in the last three years, the Eagles are overdue to achieve at least a

measure of mediocrity. That may finally happen. If junior quarterback Willie Hicks ups his 47 percent completion average by a couple of ticks, B.C.'s offense—which features a hard-nosed running game—could top last year's output of nearly 19 points a game. Coach Jack Bicknell may not admit it, but he has to be worried about the Eagles' inability to keep opponents out of the end zone. The good news is that last year his defense allowed a semi-respectable 23 points a game. The bad news is that seven defensive starters have graduated. Boston College will be overmatched against the likes of Miami, Ohio State, and Penn State, and unless the new kids on the block can hang tough, the Eagles figure to remain an endangered species.

19. MARYLAND

The Terrapins, coming off a 3-7-1 record, are in for another long season. The Terps' mediocre defense gave up 21 points a game in '89 but, with nine starters returning, should be a bit tougher. Coach Joe Krivak's major headache will be his team's offense, or lack of same: Nine starters have graduated. The two returning regulars are good ones. Wide receiver Barry Johnson caught 43 passes last year and tackle Clarence Jones is a 275-pound

blocking machine. Krivak really has to build his offense from scratch. That won't cut it in the A.C.C.

20. LOUISIANA STATE

Scoff if you will, but powerful L.S.U.—which finished a surprising 4-7 last year—is about to make its bayou backers blue again. The Fighting Tigers' defense yielded 23 points a game in '89, and with the loss of six starters, doesn't figure to be sensational this fall. The Tigers will *need* to be sensational on defense, because they have very little going on offense: Eight of last year's starters have used up their eligibility. Coach Mike Archer is going to be hard-pressed to come up with an adequate replacement for all-S.E.C. quarterback Tommy Hodson, L.S.U.'s all-time leading passer. Last year Hodson completed 57 percent of his tosses for 22 touchdowns and 2,655 yards. Graduated receiver Tony Moss, another all-S.E.C. performer, caught 59 passes for 934 yards and nine touchdowns—he, too, will be keenly missed. Don't look for the Tigers to ring up 27 points a game again. Despite Archer's stockpile of redshirts, blue-chip high school recruits, and the usual roundup of junior-college transfers, his Bengals are going to end up getting their tails whipped. 

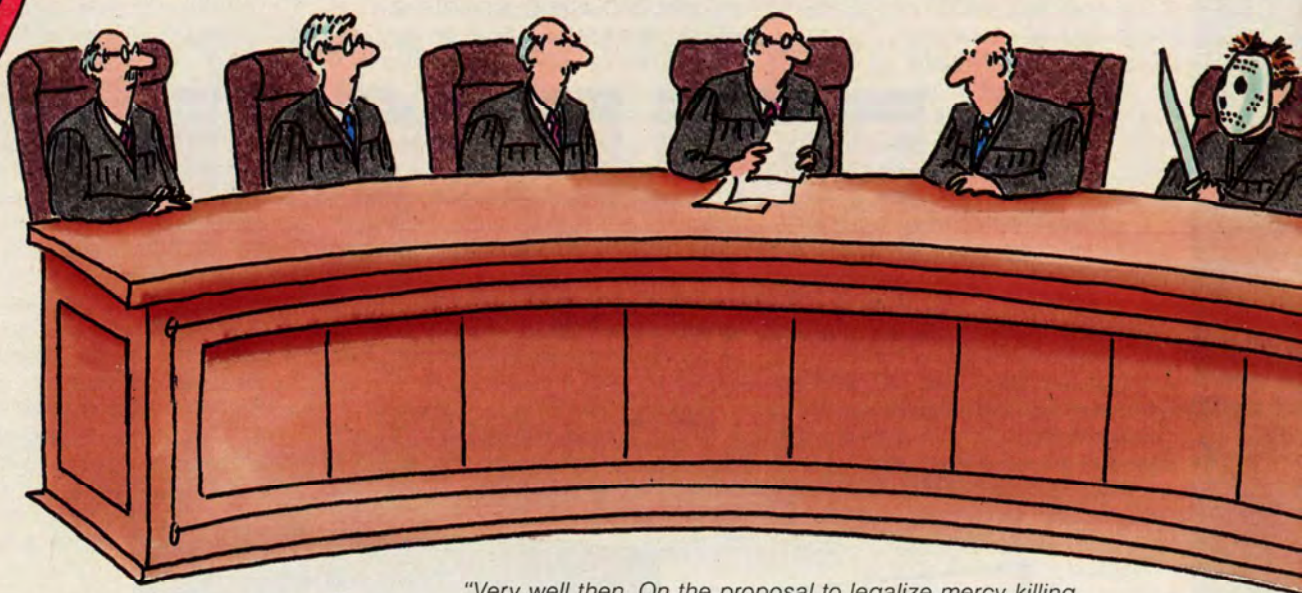
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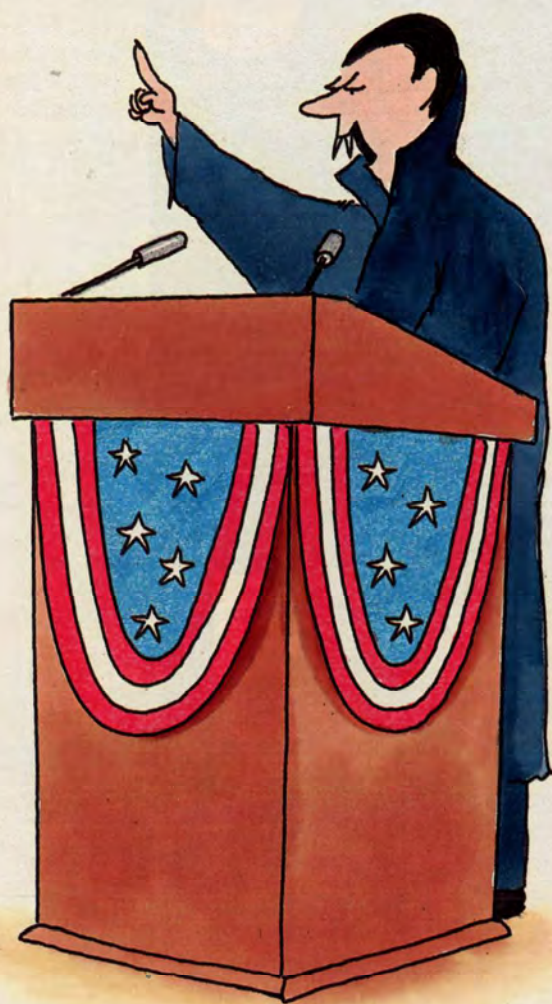
SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY



"Trick or taxes!"



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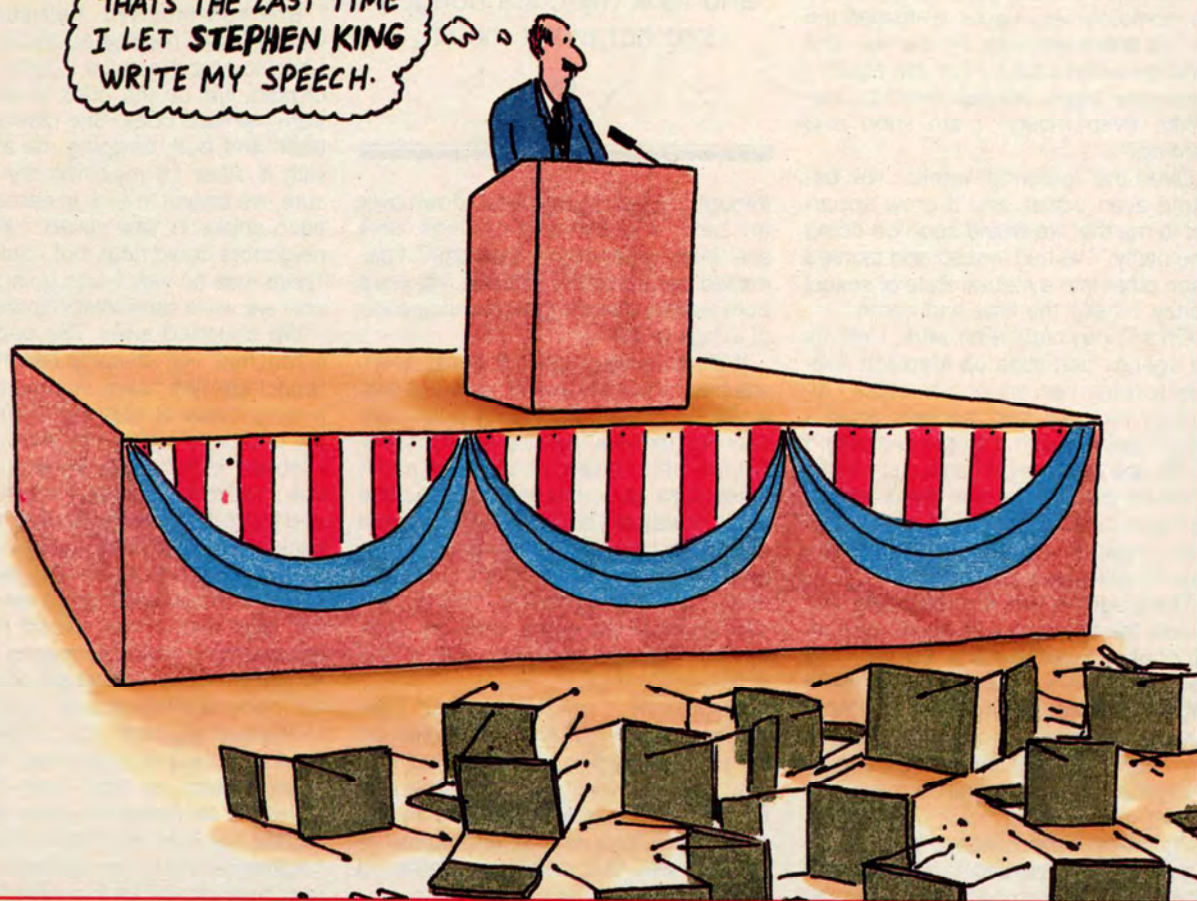


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upward, grinding hard into her, she began to spasm out of control.

I've never seen her come for so long. He grabbed her ass, pulled her down on him, and came deep inside her. I was so excited by the sight that I came, too, right there in my pants. As she rolled off him, I decided I'd better leave before someone saw me peeking through the fence. On the way home, I thought about how she looked, completely letting go like that with another man, and I became erect again. Now when we make love, I know she's thinking of him, but so am I.

I hope she continues to see Greg, because our sex life has never been better. Next I am going to ask her to bring him home so I can videotape them together. My buddies and I would get enough stimulation from that to fuel a lifetime of jerking off. But that's another letter for another time.—*Name and address withheld*

A QUIET EVENING

I met Carol on a blind date. The mutual friend who had set us up assured me that she was not only smart, witty, and charming, but also beautiful. The reality was better than the promise. Her short blond hair, green eyes, glasses, and sharp business suit, which framed an incredibly sexy figure, enthralled me for the entire evening. By the way she blushed when I asked her out again, I knew she wasn't disappointed by me, either, even though I am short and balding.

Over the following weeks, we became even closer, and it grew apparent to me that we would soon be doing "the nasty." We had teased and taunted each other into a mutual state of sexual frenzy. Finally, the time had come.

On a Friday night after work, I left my ad agency and rode up Madison Avenue to pick her up at her office. Although her day had sucked, when I presented her with a single red rose, I could see her tension ease. But I knew it would probably come back again, perhaps building to a huge wave before it came crashing down in orgasmic bliss later that night.

The fireplace cast an orangy shadow across the apartment as we sat sipping wine and relaxing. She slipped her shoes off and watched while I cooked dinner. Afterward I finger-fed her fresh fruit and we had ice-cold champagne. We laughed, nervously at times, easing the desire that was beginning to overwhelm us.

We kissed and pressed our bodies together. Slowly we began helping each other down to our underwear. With the little light we had, I was able to verify what I'd suspected all along. This

woman was a goddess. From her toes to her nose, everything was perfect. Her swanlike neck curved down to an amazing pair of shoulders. Her small, firm breasts were nestled in a black lace bra. Her flat stomach led to a skimpy pair of matching black lace panties, which barely hid a bountiful patch of golden pubic hair. Carol's legs were shaped like a dream—long, strong, and flexible. Her scent filled the room, heightening my hunger. Her ass was, well, indescribable. Her entire body was covered by skin so soft, and so hot, it makes my testicles bang together with glee just to think about it.

As we fell to the bed, the fire sent our strangely colored shadows tumbling across the walls. My cock was aching. We sensed each other's longing and took off what was left of our clothing. My balls were tight and my cock tapped its purple head against my belly. She ran her hands over my shoulders.

Leaning forward and opening my zipper with her teeth, her tongue flicked at my pubic hair. She slid my pants down and took my cock hungrily into her moist mouth.

through the hair on my chest, down over my belly, and between my legs, until she finally grasped my hard shaft. I caressed her incredibly soft skin. We were both literally trembling with anticipation of things to come.

With an enthusiasm I'd never seen, she began to suck me off, slowly at first, licking all around, tickling my pubic hair, rubbing my balls, sucking them into her mouth—this I loved. She took as much of my thick cock into her mouth as she could. It was all I could do to not scream out. My arms were flailing at my sides uncontrollably, pounding the bed. She really had me squirming. She continued to drive me nutso, until my cock felt as if it were going to split at the seams.

Reluctantly, I pulled her head from between my legs. She slowly slid up my body, dragging her hot, erect nipples over my cock and balls. She had this incredible look of passion on her face. She licked her lips and stared at me in a way that made me realize I'd found a truly sexual being.

With my cock twitching madly, I rolled her over onto her back. She spread her

legs randily, cupping her hand over her pussy and rubbing it while her arms forced her breasts together. She was oozing sex from her eyes, her mouth, and her cunt. I put my face between her legs and heard her breath get short. I kissed, licked, and nuzzled all around her hot box until I thought she'd pull what's left of my hair right out of my head, leaving me totally bald!

The scent of her cunt was light but overwhelming. I spread her outer lips with my fingers and dove in. She gasped. I sucked and probed with my fingers until she was squirming to get away. I had my mouth mashed against her pussy and was holding her steady with all the power I had in my arms. Every time I'd suck at the bottom of her hole I could feel her tremble, telling me she was near the edge. After a while I could tell she and I both needed to get on with it. Oral sex can be gratifying, but it was fucking that we needed.

With my face covered with her juices, I slid my way up her torso, stopping to suck her tits. We kissed ferociously, sharing her taste. My cock was too hot for words. Smoke was escaping from between both of our legs. I rubbed my cock up and down her slit, driving us into a mutual fit of lust. She reached down and grabbed my throbbing rod, putting the tip into her hole. We both gasped as I entered her slowly, a little at a time, using short strokes to build a rhythm, and our excitement.

She half-moaned, half-screamed when I finally hammered all the way in. I had to stop because I could feel my orgasm just on the brink of exploding from my hard cock. She clawed at my back and butt, begging me to get on with it. After I'd regained my composure, we began to fuck in earnest. With each stroke in, she yelled. I knew the neighbors could hear, but I didn't care. There was no way I was going to stop until we were both totally spent.

We pounded away. The bedsprings screeched. Her screams became more rapacious. We were a synchronized, sweaty mass of heaving flesh on fire. My cock and her pussy were soaked. I looked in her eyes as she groaned out, "You're fucking the shit out of me and I love it!" I used every angle I could think of, every rhythm, every bit of sexual intensity I could muster. When she came, she clamped down on me with her legs and almost sliced my back open with her nails. Her moans stopped for an instant as she let go completely, her body arching up and going rigid.

I moved into high gear, boosting my pace. The heat of our bodies, the sweat rolling down, the light from the now-dying fire, increased my passion. Carol rocked her hips and moved her legs, heightening the friction between us. She reached down and squeezed and stroked my balls. It was all I needed. I came in her with such force, I thought

EXTRA

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

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 9, NO. 9

UFOS CONTACT MICHAEL JACKSON



Maybe he's taken one too many moonwalks, but space cadet Michael Jackson says he's dreamed about space aliens and is convinced that messages were "beamed into" his brain by extraterrestrials looking for a parking spot here on earth. So the singer is building a UFO landing in the Nevada desert for his new friends. Reports an earthbound source, "His spaceport will

have a radio transmitter that beams continuous signals to outer space so E.T.s can home in on it. If a saucer lands, the video camera will capture the historic event, which will then be fed to TV screens in Michael's Las Vegas office." (*Boston Herald*—submitted by George A. Greene, Quincy, Mass.)

It would be nice if he'd come down to earth.—Editor

VEGGIE-EATING MOM GIVES BIRTH TO GREEN BABY

It's always greener on the other side of the nursery. What happens when a woman eats nothing but leafy green vegetables during her nine months of pregnancy? She gives birth to a green baby, that's what! At least that's what happened to this Mexican mama, who ate the green vegetables on the orders of her physician. "My doctor told me it would be healthy for my child," she says. "Look what it did to my

poor baby. He has become a spectacle in the hospital and to the world. People come by to get a look at him and all the nurses are laughing at him. What's going to happen when he gets older? All the children will be picking on him because he's so green." Does believe that the vegetables had caused a chemical reaction inside the woman's body. (Sun) Or maybe her husband had a green thumb. . . .—Editor



GAY SHEEP

A good percentage of male sheep are gay, it seems, and most of them are not getting enough. "The problem for homosexual sheep is that it's difficult to find another male who will stand still," explains a doctoral student at a federal agricultural facility. "If there is a ram that is hurt or caught in a fence, then they can mount him, but otherwise there are so few receivers that it becomes difficult for homosexuals to express themselves." What about the few males that don't mind being on the bottom? "They tolerate it," says the doctoral candidate. "They may have been the wimps that got beat up so much that it was easier to tolerate it than anything else." (Pittsburgh Out—submitted by J. Fords, Pittsburgh, Penn.)

Now we know what virgin wool is.—Editor



WOMAN WEDS GIRAFFE

What do you do when your fiancé dies? Well, if you're lucky, you'll find out his soul has entered the body of a 16-foot giraffe and you'll still get married. Our story began when an Italian woman took a trip to the zoo and noticed a giraffe staring at her. "Its eyes were large and soft, just as my fiancé's had been," recalls the bride. "It looked at me with such understanding and pity. I knew immediately that this was more than an animal's gaze—I knew it was my fiancé come back to me in another form." So the gal bought the giraffe and married it in her father's barn in front of 200 guests. Says a relative from the human side of the family, "I'm hoping this doesn't ruin her socially. She's always been popular, but people are beginning to wonder. I mean, who wants the wife of a giraffe at their dinner party?" (Weekly World News)

Gives a whole new meaning to necking.—Editor

THE DEVIL MADE HER DO IT

When a nun and a priest fall in love, what's to be done? Well, in this case, the nun underwent an exorcism to get rid of the devil who was forcing her to have sex. The French nun and priest were having sex for several

months before the nun decided to blame it on Satan. She went through an agonizing exorcism—one that would have put Linda Blair to shame—including writhing on the floor and screaming insults at the priest

performing the rite. When it was over, she was cured. "After the exorcism, I felt empty," she recalls. "But I also felt pure again." (News Extra)

They had a hell of a time.—Editor



LIBERACES FROM MARS?

Her music's truly out of this world. A woman in Peoria, Illinois, with no prior musical training or abilities is composing elaborate New Age music, inspired by a "small yellow-skinned" UFO alien who's

appeared in her bathroom. It all began in 1981, when she spotted a UFO over Interstate 74 in Peoria. Immediately afterward, she started hearing music playing in her head and began writing it down. Sev-

eral years later, "one of the aliens appeared in her bathroom. "It identified itself as the one who has been communicating with me," says the woman. "It had silver eyes and had radiant beauty. . . . They

work through me because I'm not afraid." (Associated Press Wire Service—submitted by Mike Kessler, Chicago, Ill.) *Maybe Michael Jackson should give credit where credit is due.—Editor*

U.S. GIRL BEARS WEREWOLF BABY

They met on a cruise ship, had an affair, and nine months later, he's nowhere to be found and she's the mother of a six-pound-eight-ounce bouncing baby werewolf! That's what happened to a 23-year-old secretary from San Francisco who met a young Hungarian man on a Mediterranean cruise. The baby is covered with hair and has fangs and tiny wolf's claws. Reports a doc who examined the baby, "There is no doubt the child is the son of a werewolf. Characteristics found in the baby's blood, skin, and hair revealed he is half-human, half-animal." Thinking back on it now, the new mom is not surprised that her lover was a werewolf. "He locked himself in his cabin when there was a full moon," she recalls. And when she tried knocking, she heard growling. "He had the hairiest body of any man I'd ever seen. And he preferred his meat cooked extremely rare, if cooked at all." (*Weekly World News*)

What a howl.—Editor



GORILLAS SPEAK!

Certain African gorillas can actually speak human languages! This startling fact was revealed in a deathbed confession of a Scottish zookeeper who once overheard two African bush gorillas gabbing in Afrikaans, a South African language. Upset at being caught, one of the gorillas, 500-pound Gorko, grabbed the zookeeper and made him swear to secrecy. Only the zookeeper's past kindness to Gorko kept him from being killed instantly. Once certain their secret was safe, Gorko admitted that gorillas have been able to talk for centuries. They just decided not to tell anyone for fear of being turned into slaves. Gorko also told the zookeeper, "Why do you assume that we can't talk like you? What makes you think you humans are so smart? At least we don't do stupid things like shoot each other and take drugs! Don't you realize that we are really your cousins, and that if we had a few of your special genes we would be just like you?" (*Sun*)

That would explain Andrea Dworkin.—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

YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU SAY THESE DAYS,
ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE
A LAWYER.



IF I SAY BLACKS ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST CRIME
IN THIS CITY, I'M CALLED
A RACIST.



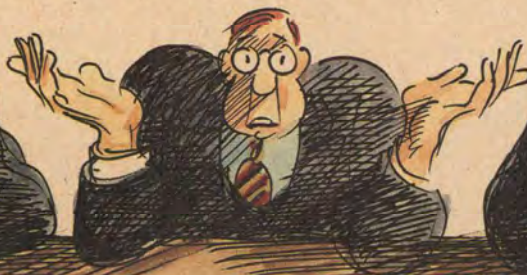
IF I NOTE THAT THOSE
WALL ST. INSIDE TRADERS
WERE JEWISH, I'M CALLED
AN ANTI-SEMITES.



IF I SAY SOMETHING NICE
ABOUT A WOMAN'S FIGURE,
THE BIMBO CALLS ME
A SEXIST.



AND IF I SAY ASIAN KIDS
SEEM TO BE SMARTER, I'M
ACCUSED OF "FOSTERING
RACIAL STEREOTYPES."



SOME EVEN OBJECTED
WHEN I SAID ALL POLITICIANS
ARE CROOKS - THEY SAID
I WAS BEING "SIMPLISTIC".



BUT I NOTICED NO ONE
OBJECTED WHEN LAWYERS
WERE CALLED SLEAZOIDS!
ON THE CONTRARY...
...EVERYONE AGREED AND
THEY ALL STARTED TO
TELL LAWYER JOKES!
AND THE WORST PART IS...



... I CAN'T
EVEN SUE THE
BASTARDS.



[Edward Sorel]

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

my whole body would squeeze out of the tip of my cock. She sucked me into her body, closing her legs around my waist, cradling my head against her shoulder, moaning in my ear. I began to relax, my body still twitching out of control.

We stayed like that for a while. Slowly, our heartbeats returned to normal. When we finally looked into each other's eyes, we laughed, realizing what had just happened. Our first sex was better than I'd ever expected. It was fate, it was love, and we both knew it.

Since then the quality of our sex has not diminished, but rather intensified. And since we're both fairly adventurous, I'm sure we won't lack for inventiveness. We'll keep you posted.—*Name and address withheld*

WSEX

I call myself Radio Rocker (not my real handle), a big-time jock in a Podunk town in Middle America. I graduated in broadcasting from an area university, and after having very little luck in both my professional and sexual careers, I decided to start small. What I didn't know was that I was in for the broadcast of my life.

I was doing my usual midnight to 6 A.M. air shift, as I had been doing for the last six weeks, when a call came in on the request line around 3:15, jarring me from my fantasy of popping it to my favorite female rock star. The caller identified herself only as a fan of Radio Rocker. At the sound of her sultry voice panting my name, my limp dick suddenly came to life. She had a request I couldn't refuse. She said, "Oh, big Rocker, I want to come to the studio so you can play with my knobs and insert your antenna into my receiver."

At first I thought it was a joke, but then reconsidered, thinking, *What the fuck. It's 3 A.M. and I'm in the middle of fucking nowhere, so what do I have to lose?* I told her to get her hot woofer down here and I'd be happy to adjust her tweeters. With a laugh, I hung up the phone and played "Ain't Too Proud to Beg." A half hour later, there was a knock on the studio door and I immediately rose to the occasion. A blond bombshell sashayed her way in, her huge breasts begging to be released from her skimpy halter top.

As she walked around the console, undressing me with her eyes and licking her red juicy lips with her hot tongue, my throbbing member tried to burst out of my jeans. She said, "I'm Erica, and I want to talk into your microphone." I grabbed the longest record I could find,

"Stairway to Heaven," and put the sharp needle in the groove of the spinning vinyl. I ripped off her halter top, grabbed her tits, and began wildly sucking her silver-dollar-sized nipples. "Oh, Rocker," she moaned, "take a dive into my prize closet and I'll be No. 1 on your playlist."

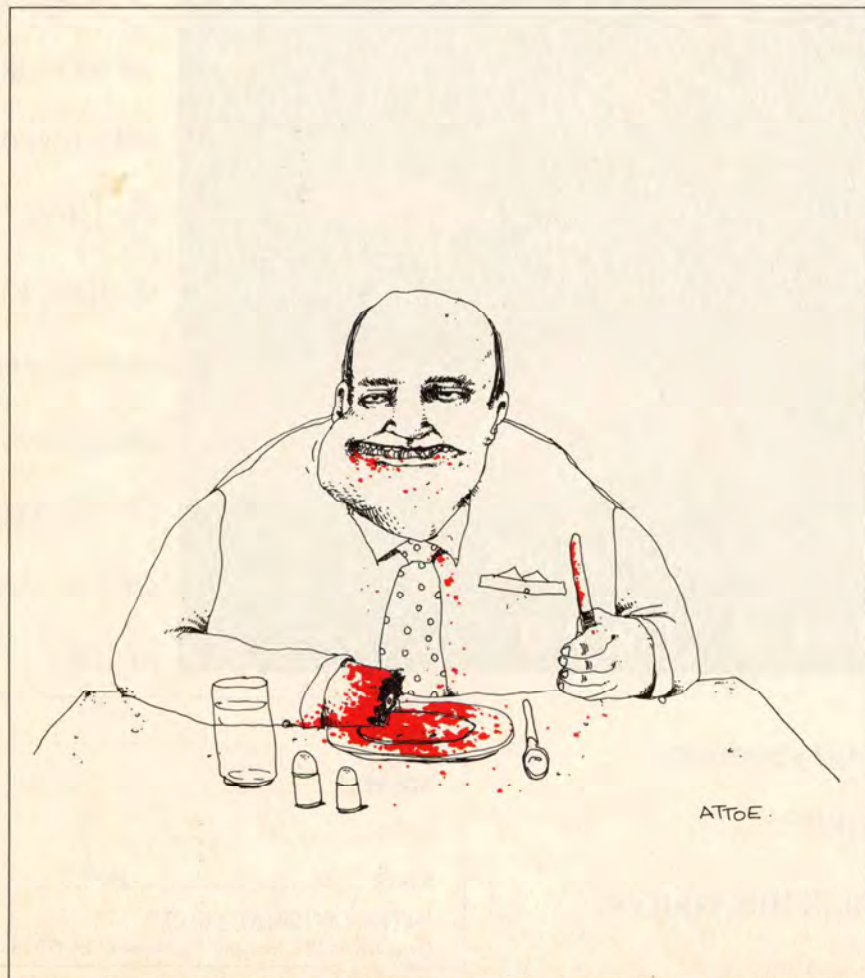
I hiked her ass up onto the console and tore off her faded denims. Her glistening pussy stared wildly at me and her moans became screams as she begged me to play with her. Leaning forward and opening my zipper with her teeth, her tongue flicked at my pubic hair. She slid my pants down and took my cock hungrily into her moist mouth. My meter registered overload as I tried to contain my juices. I quickly pulled out and placed my mouth on her love nest, my tongue darting in and out of her wanton hole and sending her way off the charts. "Yes, yes," she screamed, almost drowning out the sounds of Led Zeppelin.

I couldn't wait any longer and she was moaning, "Fuck me, Rocker. Fuck me!" So I pierced her pussy with my pulsating prick. She began to cream on the console, love juices trickling down her thighs. I realized the song was also reaching its climax. I had a difficult decision to make, should I come or should I talk? I decided to forgo the format in order to reach my own 50,000 watts of surging power. As we came together in a crashing crescendo, Erica grabbed at the on-air light in her ecstasy, and to my shock, I realized that our lustful adventure was being broadcast to the entire metropolitan area. I glanced over and noticed that my request lines were ringing out of control. Then Erica left as suddenly as she had come.

The next day when I arrived at work, the general manager informed me that he was going on vacation and his daughter would be in charge. He didn't understand the gleam in my eyes when he introduced his daughter—Erica. During the next few weeks, I was sure to have a peak in my ratings.—*Name and address withheld*

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

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CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

WHOSE BENEFIT WAS IT, ANYWAY?

When 135 celebrities, ranging from Jane Fonda to Mike Wallace and Muhammad Ali, strutted their stuff for free at "Night of 100 Stars," a New York gala telecast last spring on NBC, they were supposedly doing so primarily to benefit an AIDS program run by the Actors' Fund of America. Some observers are charging, however, that the beneficiaries of the evening also included its executive producer, the Broadway showman Alexander H. Cohen, and Hildy Parks, his wife, who coproduced and scripted the extravaganza.

The Actors' Fund seems set to receive about \$750,000 from the event. That's only a fraction of what was taken in from ticket sales (thousands of people paid as much as \$1,250 to attend the live performance and following dinner), from a rights deal with NBC (which paid \$2.7 million for the three-hour broadcast), and from underwriting contributions,

such as the travel and accommodations donated to visiting stars by hotels and Continental Airlines. According to a public statement by Cohen, \$5 million went into production costs. What Cohen didn't tell the public is that these costs were swollen by a



\$150,000 fee paid to Parks, says a source familiar with the figures, and by a second fee that went to him.

"The Actors' Fund won't know exactly how much Alex paid himself until the audit is in on the show, but it's believed he got around \$250,000," the source says. Further enraging the critics, the telecast, they complained, made no reference to AIDS. "This was a one-shot chance to make the



general public aware not only of what's being done to help people with AIDS, but what needs to

be done," complains Tom Viola, a spokesman for Actors Equity President Colleen Dewhurst. "It was a chance to talk about the need for compassion, and this show missed it."

A Cohen spokesman confirmed that both the producer and his wife received fees. "What you assumed in terms of their size is not accurate, but it's close enough," the spokesman added. "Alex is validating your assertion, but would you please make it

clear that these are their fees for charity. They are less than their fees for commercial projects." The fees are further justified, the spokesman asserted, because "Alex took the risk up front for the whole benefit. He started with a \$5 million production budget and only \$2.7 million in guaranteed income from NBC."

Why no mention of AIDS in a show that talked of virtually every other global ill? "The nature of the show was that time allocated away from entertainment was used to describe the [charitable] work of the Actors' Fund in a general way," said the spokesman.



POOR DENIS!

He's 75, but Britain's First Man, Denis Thatcher, can't retire. Margaret Thatcher expects him to continue bankrolling her in the manner to which she's been accustomed ever since she married him, says a friend of the prime minister's long-suffering spouse.

The P.M.'s job pays the Iron Lady an \$88,000 salary, augmented by an expense account of some \$43,000 for official entertaining. But

this is small change to grocer's daughter Maggie, who has indulged her sophisticated tastes since marrying Denis, a prosperous businessman ten years her senior.

"She's a marvelous hostess. She entertains far more than prime ministers have in the past, and that has to be paid for," says Denis's friend. Accordingly, "Denis still works very hard." That's at a slew of company directorships and consultancies, which keep

him shuttling between Britain and the U.S. and must be fitted in with his more official duties as the Iron Lady's spouse, such as golfing in a rainstorm with George Bush.

As a kept woman, Maggie reciprocates in the traditional way, pampering her provider. "Denis really is particular about how she cooks his bacon for breakfast," Denis's chum says. "He likes it very lean and crisp. If it isn't right, it's left on the plate."

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In *Behind Closed Doors*, two girls perform an erotic strip that is hot enough to fry Jesse Helms's eyeballs.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Behind Closed Doors (Vivid) **11**

In the lexicon of adult video, shot-on-film productions are usually a mark of expense and therefore quality. This film-to-tape production falls somewhat short in technical values (the sound is very muddy), but it redeems itself somewhat by showcasing the gorgeous bodies of Barbara Dare and Victoria Paris. Dare is stripper Silky Monroe, who wants to get out of "the life" and into another job. Her partner-lover is played by Paris, and the two adult superstars perform an erotic strip that's hot enough to fry Jesse Helms's eyeballs.



Doors: great girl-girl sex.

Dare leaves for her hometown of Blue Grove and the love of hippie hunk Brett True. Though the action unfolds in sentimental, romantic surges, there's plenty of great sex to punctuate the slow passages. A lot of it is girl-girl, so if your girl is the type who swings both ways, this may be a good tape for you.

TONGUE-TIED

King Tung (LA Video) **1**

For novelty value alone, this tape is a good party favorite. "King Tung" is the name of the video and the name of a rapper with, as he says, an 18-inch mouth muscle. It sprouts from his face like an absurd snake, fulfilling the dreams of cunilingus-starved females everywhere. King Tung effectively lays to rest the myth that blacks don't like to go down. Unfortunately, the tongue isn't showcased as much as it should be. Tung is featured in the opening MTV-style rap number and in one sex scene, but the rest of the video is listless and uninteresting. The script features bad-pun names like "Anita Head" and "Debbie Docock," and the rest of the humor is on that level, too.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Party Doll (VCA) **111**

Alex de Renzy directs this tour de force sexual romp from a simple, clever script that worms inside a woman's fantasies. The woman is Kelly Royce, a.k.a. "Party Doll." Royce is the hot new starlet of the moment, and here she proves that she can do a dramatic scene or a sex scene with equal facility. A guest approaches the hostess at her party and whispers this come-on: "I bet you only have an orgasm when you masturbate. I bet you never come unless you jack off. Furthermore, I bet you could get extremely wet right now, standing here." She does, they do, and it's off to the



Doll: party doll's fantasies.

dry cleaners with Party Doll's fantasies. Some mild kinkiness is involved, but a compelling consistency is maintained throughout. Royce is magnificent as she throws her whole body into a fuck at the end of the tape. There's a twist ending that provides just the right amount of irony. An excellent tape—one that's adult in all the best senses of the word.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Laze (Zane Brothers) **11**

Really funny porn comedies are a fairly rare breed, with producers usually falling into the type of broad, cornball humor evident in *Laze*. Here, however, it works better than usual. Director Ron Sullivan (a.k.a. Henri Pachard) keeps up a rollicking pace in this parody of the mainstream movie *Blaze*. This one just gets weirder and weirder. Chi Chi LaRue, as "Earl," the southern political boss, starts out in the tape wearing a white suit, like a plantation owner. He winds up in drag, however, and seems much more comfortable in pumps. Even with a 200-pound transvestite playing porn's answer to

Divine, you'd never mistake this for a gay film. The sex is unrelenting and very entertaining. When the first sex scene involves a douche, you know you're in for a weird ride.

BLACKJACK OFF

Vegas: Royal Flush (CDI Home Video) **11**

In this fast-paced little Victoria Paris vehicle, Vegas gives us our anything-but-little superstar as a private eye, broke in the city that invented luck. A Peeping Tom blackmailer (Eric Price) pops up as a possible partner, and Paris decides to help him out sexually as well as professionally. Nothing much of importance goes on here, but the great, busty, funny Paris easily carries the whole video. Don't look for true-to-life Vegas location shots here, but if you don't expect too much, you'll come away satisfied.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Midnight Heat (VCA) **1111**

Jamie Gillis reinvents kink in his own image in *Midnight Heat*, a very strange film noir adult video that's all moodiness and edgy sex. In one scene Gillis engages two hookers, only to demand that they do each other while he watches. The plot unfolds in expressionistic-daydream style. It turns out Gillis is a killer, a soldier for the Mafia. If Franz Kafka conspired with Raymond Chandler to do porn, this tape would be the result. Not for everyone, but brilliant in its own way. **C+**

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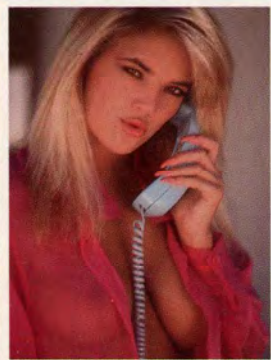
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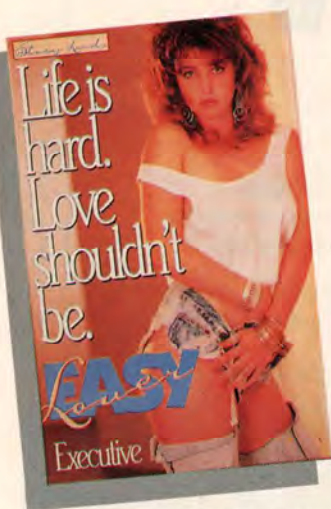
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She says, "Umm . . . I'm exercising!"

He says, "Well, be careful not to fall in the hole."

What's the difference between a Jewish girl and a puppy?

The puppy stops whining after a few weeks.
(submitted by D. C., Chesterfield, Va.)

How is an elephant like Kentucky Fried Chicken?

They both come in buckets.

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Norris is whittling. He doesn't realize his zipper is open, and he almost cuts off his dick. His dick looks up and says, "You know, we've had a lot of fistfights, but I never thought you'd pull a knife on me!"

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Two gynecologists meet at lunch. The first one says, "I had a patient this morning with a clit like a dill pickle."

The second one says, "That big or that green?"

The first one says, "That *sour*!"
(submitted by J. B., Imkerstratt, Holland)

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Guido says, "Sure. But would you do me a favor? Would you call them over here? I don't want to have to explain it three times!"

Sign on a whorehouse door: "Out to Lunch. Beat It!"

What would you call a lesbian who drives a delivery truck full of dildos?
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Batman runs into Superman and says, "Hey, Sup! What kind of day did you have?"
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USA CONFIDENTIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

PROSTITUTES' COLD WAR

Don't ask members of West Germany's oldest profession to support reunification with the East. East German prostitutes are flooding through the border and using two fail-safe tricks to steal business from their West German sisters: They discount prices—\$20 for the works, versus \$200 for a high-class West Berlin call girl—and they don't make their johns wear condoms.

West German police aren't rushing to book the interlopers. Prostitution, explains West German government spokeswoman Laura Kohler, is largely legal in her nation, prohibited only in certain neighborhoods, such as those bordering churches and schools. "Many cities have entire apartment houses legally devoted to prostitution," says Kohler. "One such house, in Hamburg, has a day-care center for the women's children. We view prostitution as a private enterprise from which to make tax revenue."

Soviet authorities may be driven to embrace a similar bottom-line attitude, reports Jack Wheeler—a professional adventurer and sometime Ronald Reagan mentor who is nicknamed "the Indiana Jones of the Right." Wheeler, who once shot a tiger nicknamed "the Man-

Eater of Dalat," now works for a conservative group called the Inter-American Security Educational Institute escorting businessmen on networking sorties into Eastern Europe. In Kiev he was surprised to find the city seemingly crawling with prostitutes—until, that is, he discovered that a newspaper had just carried an article denouncing prostitution as "an example of decadent capitalism" that enabled girls to earn up to \$50 a night. "In Kiev, that's far more than the average salary," Wheeler says, "so every good-looking girl is now trying to figure out how to become a hooker."

The profession is illegal in the Soviet Union, but a government spokesman says the aspiring capitalists have little to fear. "A lady who is put on trial can plead that she was just having a love affair," the spokesman says. "This is a very difficult law to enforce."

OVERT ACTION

Pledged to a high-minded "affirmative employment program for minorities and women," the Central Intelligence Agency posted at least two supposedly undercover operatives to hot spots where their color and gender made them "stick out like a sore thumb," according to a top intelligence veteran.

In line with its policy of providing equal opportunity regardless of "age,

color, mental or physical handicap [our italics], national origin, race, religion, or sex," the agency assigned a female spy to an Arab country that believes a woman's place is in the harem.

"We were under pressure to promote this lady," recalls our source, who vainly fought the decision.

"She is a very able lady, but agents are supposed to blend in with the scenery, not stand out so much that they attract attention."

Then there's the case of another very capable agent, who happens to be black. His "equal opportunity" consisted of a posting to Vienna, a city whose minority population runs to maybe 60—including African diplomats, according to an Austrian government spokesman.

"A black agent can't be optimally effective in those circumstances," contends our source. "By putting people into jobs for which they are not suited in order to get up its equal-employment-opportunity quotas, the agency isn't only causing personal trauma. When these people find themselves unable to perform, this intensifies other people's old prejudices."

C.I.A. spokesman Mark Mansfield counters that such talk is "racist." We weren't aware that women constitute a race, but who are we to argue with the Company? 

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AMERICAN Graffiti

**Did you hear about
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on Bozo the Clown?**

**We swear it's
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close friend saw it
happen. But
maybe you know a
better story....**

By Gerard
Van der Leun

We've all heard them. The bloody hook hanging from the door as the car speeds away from the dark parking place on Lover's Lane. The burglar's fingers pulled from the throat of the choking Doberman. The poodle that's served to its owner on a platter in a Chinese restaurant. And hundreds of others, all true: "I swear it. It happened to a friend of a friend of mine! Honest!"

They are the stories that reflect the strangeness of modern life in

the 'burbs and the cities—the urban legends. No one knows how they get started, but once they do they have a life of their own. Try to track them down to the person they happened to and you had better pack a lunch, because you will always be talking about a "foaf" (friend of a friend). You will rarely find a person to whom one of these stories actually happened. The man who has done the most to catalog these ripping tales is Jan Brunvand. Brunvand's ground-breaking books such as *Curses! Broiled Again!*, *The Mexican Pet*, and *The Vanishing Hitchhiker* have recorded these

myths for future generations to enjoy and extrapolate. We at *Penthouse* have even featured some of these modern folktales in "Games" columns of recent years.

One good myth deserves another, and we are now hunting for the ultimate legend—the urban legend for the nineties. We're also interested in passing the best of the best along to you via our special

900 number. When you call the "Legend Line," you can listen to your choice of the weirdest "Tall but True Tales" now being told. You'll also have a chance to record your own. Just dial (900) 346-3333. The charge is \$2.00 for the first minute and \$1.00 for each additional minute. The storyteller with the best urban legend that we receive before December 1, 1990, wins a free year's subscription to *Penthouse*. By the way, did you know that in the restrooms of some malls there are people who kidnap children and sell them? It's true. It happened to a friend of a friend of mine.

Other popular urban legends are:

If you gaze into an electric welding arc wearing contact lenses, the micro-waves will dry up the water between your corneas and the contacts. When you take the contacts out, you rip off the corneas, too.

Feeding Alka-Seltzer to sea gulls makes them explode.

A male rock star passes out onstage and is taken to a

hospital. When his stomach is pumped, pints of semen are recovered.

A woman visiting Mexico takes a little dog that she finds on the street back to the United States and keeps it as a pet. When she takes it to her vet, he informs her that it's really a Mexican sewer rat.

Our personal favorite really happened. (Honest! We know somebody whose close friend saw it.) The way we heard it, it went like this:

A kid on the "Bozo the Clown" show was trying to flip a spoon into a glass in order to win the treasure chest of toys. He constantly misses, and when the background music ends and he still hasn't gotten the spoon in the glass, he exclaims, "Shit!"

Bozo shakes his finger at the boy, saying, "That's a Bozo no-no!" To which the kid replies, "Cram it, clown!"

And, of course, *Paul is dead*. His last tour is all the proof you need.

Give us a call, listen to the legends, and record one of your own. ☎



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P7

COMING IN THE NOVEMBER **PENTHOUSE**



LENIN'S RUSSIA: AN OBITUARY

You've seen the astonishing telecasts: protest marches in Red Square, independence strikes in the Ukraine and Lithuania—all unthinkable even a year ago. But the new era of freedom in the Soviet Union, writes Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Harrison E. Salisbury, may be undermined by the Russian citizens' bleak pessimism about their future. "It took us 70 years to get into this mess," Muscovites are saying. "It will take 70 years to get out of it." Salisbury knows the Soviet Union as no other American reporter does, and his access to both the highest levels of the Kremlin as well as the people in the street guarantees that this will be one of the most important articles *Penthouse* has ever published.



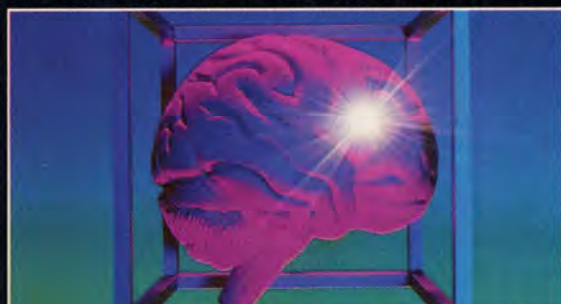
HOW THE C.I.A. HELPED LOOT S & L'S

Among the culprits in the mushrooming \$500 billion savings-and-loan crisis are one of the President's sons, plenty of greedy, unscrupulous businessmen—and one rather infamous U.S. intelligence organization. According to acclaimed financial reporters Stephen Pizzo and Paul Murolo, "The failures of some federally insured banks and thrifts can be attributed . . . to the activities of freelance C.I.A. operatives who, in the course of carrying out covert operations, were looting America's financial institutions." This exclusive article is another milestone in our proud tradition of groundbreaking investigative reporting.



WORKING WITH A REAL BRAIN SURGEON

In his latest installment in our "Dangerous Professions" series, reporter Laurence Gonzales exposes the most demanding and treacherous of all medical disciplines: brain surgery. Accompanying a noted neurosurgeon—a specialist in "hopeless cases"—in the operating room and on her daily rounds, Gonzales details firsthand the extraordinary stress and skill needed to practice this most terrifyingly exacting science. "I could not help thinking of primitive rituals of human sacrifice," he writes of the surgery. "I understood that we were about to enter into the heart of darkness, armed with little else than our wits and fire and a few crude metal implements."



FUTURE SHOCK: BRAIN REPAIR

In the near future, however, the skills of such neurosurgeons will not be as vital as they are today. In an excerpt from their forthcoming Fireside/Simon & Schuster book *Would the Buddha Wear a Walkman?*, science reporters Judith Hooper and Dick Teresi introduce us to the almost-unbelievable world of brain receptors—which play key roles in anxiety and calm, attentiveness, euphoria, introversion and extroversion, sexual desire, and sleep and wakefulness. By studying these receptors in the lab, scientists are creating a new technology for modulating our inner life—including such exotic techniques as implanted computer chips and dream-inducing pills.



THE FALL OF THE DAPPER DON

He's the darling of the tabloid press, but his days are numbered. John Gotti, the notorious "Dapper Don" who became the head of New York's most powerful organized-crime family after its boss was murdered in cold blood in front of a midtown Manhattan steak house, can fairly be described as the Latest Media Godfather. According to Ernest Volkman and John Cummings, coauthors of the recent eye-opening exposé *Goombata* (Little, Brown), Gotti is headed for a fall—either by a hit man's bullets or by a command performance for a very long term in one of our elite federal institutions. Next month you'll find out why.

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