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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1995

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The International Magazine for Men

July 1995

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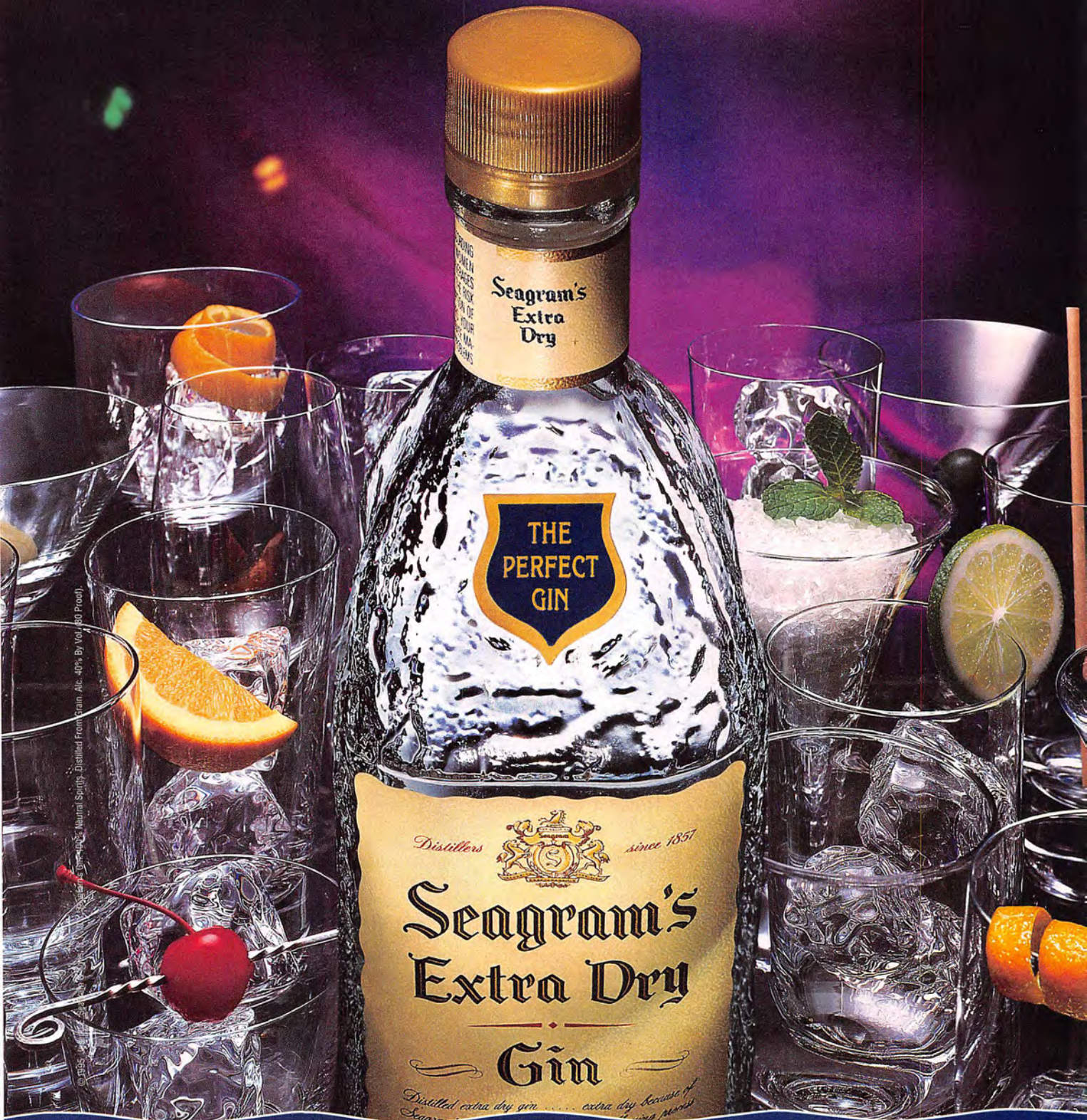
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X-RATED VIDEO

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Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

THE BUMPIER, THE SMOOTHER.



THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

HOUSECALL

We set off our own Fourth of July explosion this year—an exposé that could not be buried.



Mena Connection

The credentials of journalists Roger Morris and Sally Denton are impeccable. That's why, earlier this year, their investigation into strange doings over the past decade in the tiny town of Mena, Arkansas, was eagerly anticipated. *Penthouse* and other publications had broken the ground several years ago by focusing on the very strange life and death of drug dealer Barry Seal and his even stranger ties to the administrations of Presidents Ronald Reagan and George Bush and Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton. But the so-called establishment media had swept the story under the rug, scoffing at what one witty editor described as "Oliver North meets Oliver Stone." So when the very establishment *Washington Post* scheduled Morris's and Denton's article, it was an acknowledgment that the scoffers were, perhaps, mistaken.



en. At the last minute, however, the *Post* killed the piece—and refused to give a satisfactory answer for its action. The *Post*'s loss, however, is our gain, and we're proud to publish a revised and expanded version of what the London *Sunday Telegraph* has called "the Greatest Story Never Told."


Tailspin

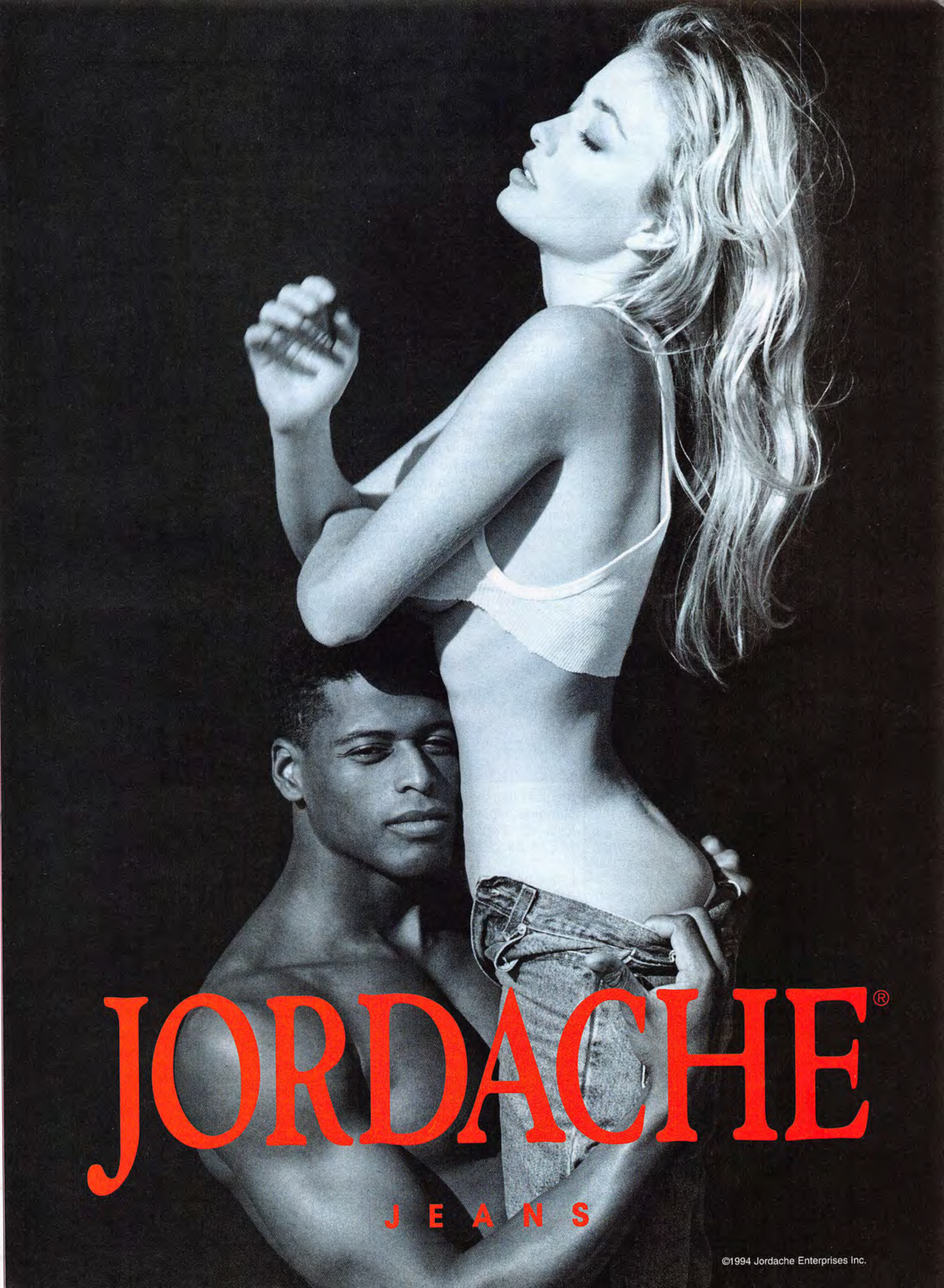
Another untold yet vitally important story is that of the heroic female pilots of the Navy, many of whom suffered sexual abuse and humiliation at the notorious 1991 Tailhook Convention in Las Vegas. Their dedication and determination to stay the course and prove their mettle is summed up by the cry of Kara Hultgreen when she heard that

women were finally being allowed to fly combat missions: "I feel super. I'm ecstatic. I'm thrilled!" In our exclusive excerpt from Jean Zimmerman's forthcoming Doubleday book, *Tailspin: Women at War Before and After Tailhook*, we get to know some of these heroines who, despite all odds, refused to allow themselves to be cast as "victims." ... Canadian author Wendy McElroy also refuses to see herself as a victim, although her more radical "sisters" certainly paint her as one. McElroy, you see, enjoys erotica and has even written a supportive book, *XXX: A Woman's Right to Pornography*, to express the "genuine rage I direct toward anyone who tells me

that I don't know my own mind." In this month's "Advise & Dissent," "From a Sexually Incorrect Feminist," McElroy explains why standing up for the rights of women also means defending the rights of pornographers.

Fireworks

Tennis, once one of the most thrilling sports in the world, has been in a tailspin of its own during the last decade or so as its greatest stars faded away, not to be replaced. But now, reports our Special Features Editor and sportswriter Allan Sonnenschein, the excitement is back, thanks in great part to brothers Luke and Murphy Jensen, who, Sonnenschein tells us, "are almost double-handedly nursing the game they love into the twenty-first century with mega-doses of color, humor, iconoclasm, and God-given talent." ... And that's a winning combination not unlike the sizzling sparkles and rockets that propel *Pet Rocks*, our all-new video release featuring the music of the *Sex Monks*, enhanced by some of the hottest Penthouse Pets ever. And, in fact, *all* of July's dazzling display of pyrotechnic Pets rocket to the heavens and beyond. *Their* God-given attributes are setting off fireworks for a summer celebration you'll long remember. 



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J E A N S

PENTHOUSE FORUM

A Woman's Perspective

Thanks for your great publication. For years my husband has been buying *Penthouse*. While I do enjoy looking at the beautiful girls in all their feminine beauty, it has left me wanting more. Lately you have been giving it. My husband couldn't find his *Penthouse* the other day because it was on my side of the bed, open to "Anthony & Barbara." Finally, a young guy with a beautiful penis who isn't built like the incredible hulk!

I am one of those rare women who can be visually stimulated. My guy has a gorgeous penis, and just looking at it can almost get me off. Please, please, please, show more men and manhood! I, for one, will look every month for more women-oriented layouts.

I like to see couples making love in loving ways, and *seeing* penises. After seeing "Anthony & Barbara," I know why my husband seems hotter after *Penthouse* comes out every month. I lay in bed looking at Anthony being made love to by Barbara and got myself off at noon. When my husband came through the door that night, I was ready for him.

I concur with D. T. from Delaware, in the February issue, that you should call your magazine "the International Magazine for Adults."—L. N., *New Hampshire*

From Our Boys Overseas

After reading the letter from the 24th M.E.U. in your February issue, we wanted you to know that the unlucky M.E.U. Service Support Group 13, Communications Detachment of the 13th Marine Expedi-

tionary Unit appreciates your magazine much more than any other military unit. It's not like us to sit here and cry about all we've had to do. All I can say is that we just pick our heads up higher with a *Penthouse* in one hand and a rifle in the other, and we just keep marching on. It was quite the Christmas when we received your January issue. Just re-



member that the 13th M.E.U. is standing mighty in the Middle East with *Penthouse*.—No. 13 M.E.U., *Middle East*

I am a typical American male. I enjoy your magazine immensely, from cover to cover. I do, however, have a few things to say in regard to your January 1995 "Military Affairs" article and your opinions regarding the use of Reserve troops and National Guardsmen in today's defense of the country.

I am attached to a naval mobile-construction battalion

(also known as the Seabees). Presently, I am deployed on a detachment to Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, as part of a joint task force consisting of Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps personnel. Our task consists of everything from medical care and treatment to building houses and galleys. From feeding and clothing to teaching in the new schools

we've built, all for Cuban and Haitian refugees here.

Here's my opinion: Increased funding to maintain the capability of our Reserve forces is more damaging to our national defense than it is beneficial. Today's active-duty United States military is by far the most powerful force to be reckoned with in today's ever-changing society. We have our own medical, law, language, electrical, sanitation, and carpentry specialists, including many other fields of civil affairs.

The bottom line is this—re-

Attention all cyber-surfers! You can e-mail the *Penthouse* editorial department at PentEdit@aol.com or via *Penthouse Online* at [PentEdit](http://www.penthousemag.com), or on the Internet at <http://www.penthousemag.com>. For further information on joining the erotic world of *Penthouse Online*, call (619) 546-2360 or write to: P.L.7, Dept. PH07, 324 West Wendover Avenue, Suite 200, Greensboro, N.C. 27408; e-mail: PHOinfo@aol.com. For information on back issues or subscriptions, contact GMIsubs@aol.com.



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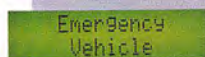
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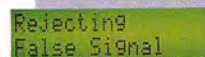
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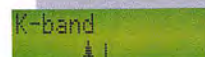
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servants are not prepared to leave their homes, spouses, children, or cake-eating jobs and lifestyles to come and fight for their country. If that were the case, they'd have joined as an active-duty member. We are *not* dependent on them whatsoever, and any one of us would consider this statement offensive. Active-duty military has been keeping this country safe for over 200 years. Today's U.S. military is top of the line, highly trained, professional, hard-core, no bullshit, kicking ass, and taking names. Tell your weekend-warrior readers to stay the hell at home. We don't need them.—T. M., *Guantanamo Bay*

EASY PICKIN'S

You should be happy about the Republican takeover of Congress. Look at all the big, fat targets it gives you to shoot at. Take an extra shot at Jesse Helms for me.—L. B., (*Internet*)

Hunting season is just around the corner, and we would like to know what other "targets" you would like us to aim for. Everyone is fair game, so don't be shy.—The Editors

SHORT STROKES

I held my ready member between my fingers and slowly guided the head into Melissa's snatch. Melissa continued to kiss and lick up Sandi's pussy, and I could see Sandi's half-open, sexy eyes watching me mount Melissa from behind. With a little urging, my stiff penis pushed deep into her soaking hole, and I started moving my cock in and out.

I was drenched in sweat as I glanced down at Melissa's pearly white ass while continuing to fuck her. I kneaded her big butt cheeks and watched Sandi as she rode Melissa's face. It was too much for me to handle. I quickly pulled my oily dick out of her pussy and felt a paralyzing orgasm shoot all over my body. I grabbed the base of my purple cock with my right hand and moved forward as what seemed to be a pint of come shot out of the head of my happy dick in heart-beating spurts. I saw my come spray in droplets all over Melissa's chubby ass and the small of her back. With clenched teeth, I mumbled satisfaction as the orgasm raged through the meat of my hard cock. It was long and delicious, and I pressed the shaft against Melissa's ass crack and commenced to give myself a multiple orgasm.—P. M., *California*

Her gasp of delight was somewhat muffled, coming from deep within Beth's pussy. I alternated pumping fast and slow while she gave Beth another two tremendous orgasms with her tongue and lips. Then she slid her body up on my wife's reclining form until their pussies were rubbing against each other. No one had to tell me what to do then! I climbed between their out-

stretched legs and sank my rock-hard cock in one pussy after another. After this had gone on for what seemed like hours, I erupted with a huge load of come all over their gorgeous pussies.—M. M., *Oklahoma*

David stood up, his prick in Tami's face. She wasted no time in taking it down like a seasoned pro. I aimed the camera. "Hold it," Melanie said, as she lifted one of Tami's huge boobs to her mouth. The perfect picture.

Once we got to bed, David knelt down so Tami could again take his member in her mouth. Melanie continued kneading Tami's breast, concentrating mostly on the nipple. I knelt on the opposite side of the bed from David, and Tami gripped my hard dick. She started to suck rhythmically on David, then quickly pulled away and swallowed mine. Her head bobbed up and down until I almost came. Then she switched again and took David deep and fast.

By this time, Melanie was on all fours, flicking Tami's clit with her tongue. Tami started to moan louder, her back arching. I reached under the bed and grabbed two small vibrators. I handed one to Melanie to use on Tami as I put the other in Melanie's wet hole. She squirmed as I moved it in and out with greater speed. Her breathing quickened and her moans got higher pitched until she climaxed in a shattering orgasm.—K. F., *Florida*

As we slowly undressed each other, my rock-hard cock sprang to attention and begged to be set free. Our lips met and our tongues became intertwined. She was by far the most passionate kisser I had ever run across. I slowly licked every inch of her naked body, pausing just for a moment to suck her quarter-size nipples into erection. Then I went down on her, gently lapping her swollen labia until they spread, revealing her blood-engorged slit. I encircled her budding clitoris with my tongue and consumed her free-flowing love juices. Her nectar was sweet and fresh, all natural with not a hint of perfume. Her entire body began to quiver and shudder. Suddenly, she let out a moan. While my tongue snaked deep inside her, she rocked uncontrollably from side to side. Unable to stand it any longer, she began to spasm as she reached her first orgasm. "That's the best oral sex I've ever had," she exclaimed, "but now it's my turn!"—B. T. R., *Virginia*

Soon I felt another girl, who looked to be about 21, wrap her hand around my throbbing dick and stroke it ever so gently. Hesitating at first, she started to pick up speed as she got more comfortable gripping her first penis. Soon she was going back and forth very quickly, brushing her swaying tits against my

PENTHOUSE

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JULY

FAST FORWARD



The expanding range of beers—from pale and crisp to dark and rich—is giving consumers more choice than ever before.

Brews

By Alexis Bespaloff

The news about beer is the ongoing shift to flavor—dark beers, red beers, pale and dark ales, and even porter and stout are increasingly seen in supermarkets, delis, and, of course, in beer-wise restaurants and pubs.

Today's cooking, influenced by the American Southwest and the Far East, emphasizes bold flavors and pungent spices, so it's no surprise that beer drinkers, too, are looking for more taste. And the brew pubs that have sprung up in the past few years—serving beer brewed on the premises—have introduced traditional beer drinkers and newcomers alike to an expanding range of distinctive beers.

Of course, the most popular brews still dominate the market; and nearly three-quarters of all beer sales are made up of about a dozen labels, which include Budweiser, Bud Light, Busch, and Michelob (all from Anheuser-Busch); Miller Lite, Genuine Draft, High Life, and Lowenbrau; and Coors and Coors Light. There's clearly a continuing demand for these crisp, light-bodied, refreshing beers, which have been joined on the shelf by the growing new category of ice beers.

Introduced in mid-1993, ice beers are made by a freezing-and-filtering process that is meant to make the brew a little smoother. Whether consumers were attracted by taste or novelty, more than 30 labels were launched within a year. Among the best sellers are Bud Ice Draft and Ice Light, Miller Icehouse and Lite Ice, Coors Artic Ice, and, from

tinctive beers, has increased from two dozen a decade ago to more than 200. And the success of such labels as Anchor Steam, Samuel Adams, and Sierra Nevada has expanded the market for flavorful beers.


One indication of changing consumer preferences is that the major brewers have introduced their own versions of beers with

ny, Pete's Wicked Red.

Such well-known imported brands as Heineken and Beck's also offer dark beers with more color and body. Heineken has just introduced Tarwebok, a distinctive wheat beer; American wheat beers are available from Anchor and Samuel Adams.

Those who are looking beyond dark beers and red beers for even more character and taste might try Sierra Nevada Pale Ale, Samuel Adams Boston Lager and Boston Ale, Pete's Wicked Lager and Wicked Ale, Brooklyn Lager, New Amsterdam Amber Beer and New York Ale, and, from Britain, the classic Bass Ale.

The richest, most mouth-filling brews, and the deepest in color, are the almost-black porters and stouts, with their roasted-malt flavors. Guinness Extra Stout, from Ireland, is the most famous label; others include Sierra Nevada Porter, Samuel Adams Honey Porter, and, from Britain, the deep and complex Imperial Stout and Oatmeal Stout of Samuel Smith.

As fascinating as it is to compare—and enjoy—the full range of beers, from pale and crisp to dark and rich, there are times when a non-alcoholic beer is the right choice. For an extra measure of flavor, try one of the imports, such as Haake Beck, Clausthaler, Kaliber, or Buckler. 

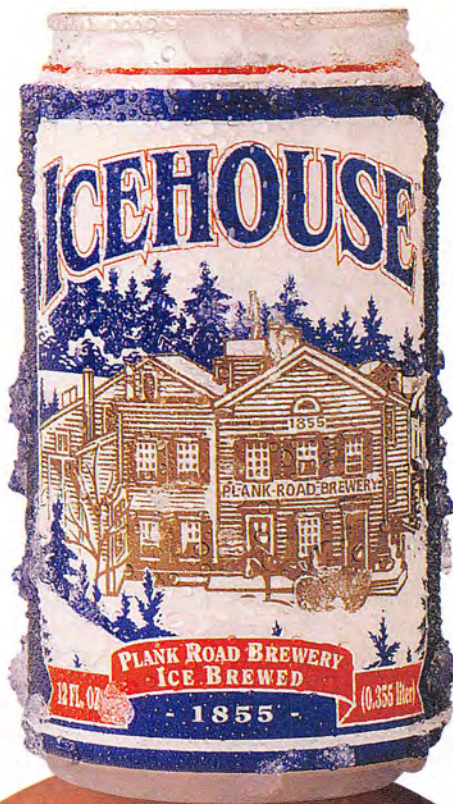


Canada, Labatt Ice and Molson Ice.

The best-known imports, too, such as Heineken, Corona Extra, Beck's, Amstel Light, Foster's, Tecate, and St. Pauli Girl continue to be popular and widely available.

Although all the established labels are firmly in place, the trend to taste seems to be gaining momentum. The number of American microbreweries, which produce limited amounts of dis-

more taste. And the particular success of George Killian's Irish Red from Coors has created a subcategory of "red" beers (most of which are reddish-brown in color), such as Miller's Red Dog and Leinenkugel Red, Anheuser-Busch's Red Wolf and Elk Mountain Red, and, from Heileman, Weinhard's Boar's Head Red. Among the most flavorful are Killian's Red, Boar's Head Red, and, from a smaller compa-



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The newest alternative to alternative recalls the late seventies. Critics compare D Generation to the New York Dolls and Blondie.

Sounds

By Darren Scott Winston

The lights are down, the curtain is drawn, and the Ronettes' "Be My Baby" is blaring from the sound system. A peek behind the curtain reveals D Generation's Michael Wildwood perched behind his drums, shaggy hair in his eyes, poised and ready for attack. When the curtain opens, "Scorched" begins like an avalanche. The wail is deafening, and it sounds like the end of the world is nigh. Guitarist Danny Sage is tearing the song to shreds while he gyrates around the stage with his favorite Gibson Les Paul slung low. Meanwhile, guitarist Richard Bacchus is squeezing the song out of his Gibson Les Paul, Jr., with a right hand like an overwound toy. Wildwood's drums sound like a steady stream of machine-gun fire, and bass player Howie Pyro starts rocking to and fro in his shoes as the torrent builds; he and Wildwood steady the pulse of the music with a flick of their wrists. Then Jesse Malin starts singing, "I got nothin', I got nothin'. He's got somethin', I got nothin'..." All the angst of youth is wrapped up in 90 seconds or less. Malin is mesmerizing, intense, so in-your-face that it's like a slap in the face. The guys are moving

in 12 different directions; the stage looks like a demented game of Twister.

It all happened at Coney Island High, a club in New York's east Greenwich Village. I had waited—with a crowd of more than 400 people—for D Generation to take the stage. Looking around the room, in the haze of smoke and colored lights, I was reminded of something Malin said: "The people that like us, love us. The people that don't, hate us." Malin and company

songs, and you keep fuckin' pushing it, I think people will notice it." If tonight's crowd was any indication, people are taking notice of D Generation.

Describing their music can be as difficult as it is easy. Pyro sees it as "rough, angry, positive, street rock 'n' roll." Malin adds "raw, melodic, angry, punk rock 'n' roll." But Sage nails it. "It's really rock and roll," he says. "Attitudewise, it's coming from more of a punk background, but not the 1977 idea of punk.

their craft, and every gig is proof. The members of D Generation won't forget how they got to where they are; they know very well that their fans are as responsible as the music has been in getting them their notice. Says Malin, "The best part about playing music is that you put something out and you get something back from an audience. What we do is very interactive, and very much about participating in some way. Our audience is a mix of old and young—all dif-



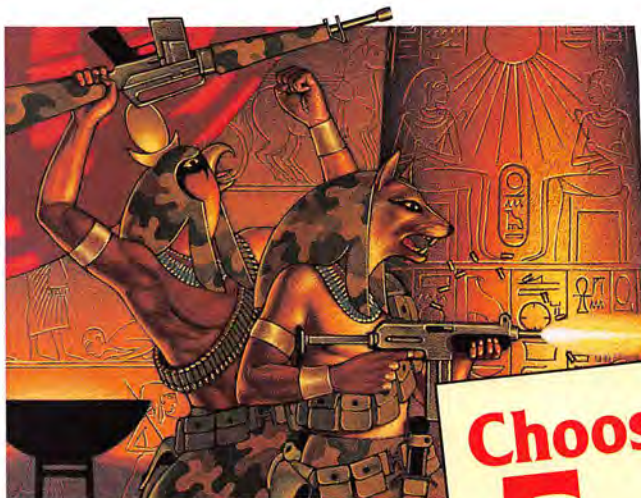
get a rise out of anyone who sees or hears them. Although a lot of bands are lucky to leave an impression at all, much less the kind of imprint D Generation has, swelled heads do not abound, contrary to what might be expected. "If you're doing something really intensely," offers Sage, "and you do it with as much emotion as you can possibly put out, and you have good

Throughout music—and other art forms—anything that's against the grain and is true to what it's trying to accomplish has what people call punk. I think that's really what we're about."

The band feels a responsibility to themselves—and to their fans. Every person at every gig, in every town, will get their money's worth. Period. They're dedicated to

ferent types of people, getting into it in the same way. That's something that makes me really happy to see."

No one told Jesse Malin, Danny Sage, Richard Bacchus, Howie Pyro, or Michael Wildwood that they were destined to take rock 'n' roll to its next level. They'll do that without any prodding from you, me, or anyone else. **OT**



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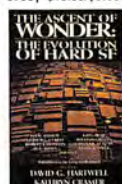
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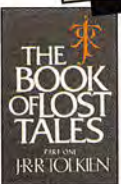
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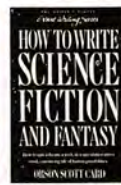
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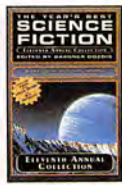
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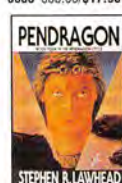
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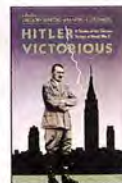
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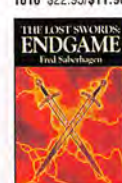
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FAST FORWARD



Like streaking comets, Luke and Murphy Jensen have exploded on center court in an extravaganza of tennis and rock 'n' roll—call it Jensenmania.

Sports

By Allan Sonnenschein

People don't leave the stands feeling disappointed if we lose. Most of them couldn't even care if we win or lose. We're not winning all the time. But what is really winning is, after we're done playing, we smile, sign every autograph, and look every fan in the face. They've said that a doubles team cannot dominate the sport, but we're getting there.—Luke and Murphy Jensen

Broadcast one evening from Houston's then glitzy Astrodome, in view of a standing-room-only crowd more familiar and common to boxing, an aging hustler, Bobby Riggs, failed to defend the macho world of tennis against the representative of the "you've come a long way, baby" spirit of feminism, Billie Jean King. It was car-

nival more than sport, fashion more than talent, and the masses laughed, cheered, wept, applauded, and did everything else tennis fans are not supposed to do. New doors were opened,

tennis prevailed, dragging a moribund game for the elite to the place where sport was now king—television—and to the masses.

All the marketing and television in the world, however, would

matches would never cease, endless lines of hungry contenders waiting for their shot against great champions. Soaring TV ratings and booming sales in tennis marts were making million-



privilege and decorum challenged, and a game that began on the manicured lawns of European princes, continued through the centuries by the white upper class, was now delivered to the Astroturf tennis bubbles of America's unwashed. Tennis had gotten off its high horse and decided to turn a buck like every other sport.

That was one of those rare times in history when we can mark the passing of the old to the new. In the history of sports, it was more than a farcical tennis exhibition of the best women's player in the world against a onetime champ, now a representative of the Geritol generation. It was the moment when wiser—if not more democratically inspired—heads in

never have created the tennis boom of the seventies and eighties if not for a disproportionate number of super tennis players bursting on the scene. Not only were they more talented than others who had played the game, they were colorful, fashionable, iconoclastic, stylish, volatile, quotable, and accessible to fans. Billie Jean, Martina, Chris, Mac, Jimmy, Arthur, Vitas, Ivan, Bjorn—they all made tennis as popular to the beer-and-shot crowd as it had been to the white-wine ladies and gentlemen. Tennis was on a roll—a Connors-Borg match vied for popularity and ratings with an Ali-Frazier contest, the best against the best. And, like boxing, during that period it seemed that the parade of great



aires out of players and shopkeepers. It was easier to get tickets to the World Series and the Super Bowl than the U.S. Open. It appeared that, going into the final decade of the century, tennis had the momentum to eclipse the traditional games in popularity and profits.

Then, abruptly, the climb came to a standstill; today tennis hovers between the glories of yesterday and the uncertainties of tomorrow. What happened?



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Emotion and moodiness, rather than logic, rule the market. Those with sensitive stomachs should get out now.

By Yvonne Morabito

DOW GAZERS

In the Dow's orbit, the forecast is for meteor showers. According to the planets, the market faces severe and probably abrupt downward slides. Saturn, the planet that forces hidden problems to the fore, is triggered by the sun to prompt negative corporate news, tax audits, and other restraints on businesses. At the same time, Uranus allies with Neptune, signaling a time of high-risk trading and investing. Emotion and moodiness, rather than logic, rule the market now.

Mars, the action planet, disrupts Saturn's disciplining influences and temporarily drives stock prices up. But do not be caught in midair as the bottom quickly drops out from beneath you. Pluto, the wipeout planet, precipitates a storm of bankruptcies, as well as companies' abandonment of existing product lines, industries, or locations. Financial, chemical, photographic, health-care, drug, oil, and cosmetics stocks are particularly volatile. Those with sensitive stomachs should get out now.

COSMIC COLA WARS AND OTHER HOT SPOTS

As the temperature heats up this summer, thirsty investors may want to reach for



dependable Coca-Cola to wet their whistle. No matter how hot it gets, Coke is a long-term planetary pick, and market players should view price pullbacks as good buying opportunities. This is a time of intense corporate scrutiny for Coca-Cola, but the research and development and new business strategies should pay off big in the future. The company will need to adjust to the chaos in the market, but as long as Coca-Cola does not overreact to external turmoil or internal power struggles, it should rise above current obstacles. Foreign sales and marketing should prove particularly fruitful, and investors will also benefit from the peace of mind conferred by Coca-Cola through its socially conscious initiatives and humanitarian projects this summer.

The planets flatten Coke's rival, Pepsi-Cola, however. New

marketing campaigns and corporate strategies are largely impractical now, and Uranus, the planet of turmoil, creates tension and a tendency toward impulsiveness in this cola maker. The heavens prompt Pepsi to bite off more than it can chew, and the company is likely to fall short of its commitments. Corporate alliances are strained now, too, and Pepsi will probably find itself involved with some strange bedfellows in new and important business relationships.

International Paper Company should be one of the victors during the cosmic chaos. The company, born under the strong and regenerative sign of Scorpio, is accustomed to the powerful undercurrents of the outer planets. Companies associated with recycling gain now, and I.P. will use the planets' energies to research, expand, and innovate. I.P. is ener-

gized by the hectic heavens, and it should navigate forcefully through this summer's market choppiness.

GALACTIC GREENBACK

In the March issue, before the U.S. dollar tumbled against the Japanese yen, I alerted readers about erratic behavior by the yen. Strong outer-planet activity propels the U.S. dollar market down again this month, but it will not go down without a fight. Unexpected reversals may push traders out of the market before a downward trend sets in. Domestic travel is highlighted until the dollar resumes some of its purchasing power overseas.

STAR BOND MARKET

Mars, the planet associated with interest rates, is afflicted in the heavens, so we should see a flattening yield curve, accompanied by higher bond prices. The treasury markets will be erratic, however, and traders are advised to stay alert.

FOREIGN GALAXIES

Major planets stage star wars in foreign markets and trade, particularly in oil. Complete mayhem on the foreign front may require S.E.C. intervention and other governmental regulation. According to the stars, prices of foreign goods will skyrocket to unsustainable levels, then suddenly crash. ☐

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By Sharon Churcher

HIS ONE TRUE LOVE?

About two weeks before Motley Crue star Tommy Lee took his February 19 wedding vows with "Baywatch" actress Pamela Anderson, a voluptuous stripper named Glenda Marie Morris says he (literally) began showering her with cash and declarations of affection. The 24-year-old nude dancer—whose chief claim to fame is being the U.S. winner of the 1994 Best Bust International contest—told us that Tommy initially asked her out during a phone call arranged by a mutual friend.

"Tommy got on the phone and wanted me to go to dinner with him," Glenda says. "He said, 'You're the girl I always see out on the club scene.' I told him I had a boyfriend, but he didn't give up."

A few nights later, Tommy showed up at the Oddball Cabaret, the club in the L.A. suburb of Van Nuys, where Glenda performs. "He came up to the stage and started throwing \$20 bills at me," she says. "He was very generous. I think I made \$200 from him."

"Then I did one or two dances for him on a table in a booth, for \$20 a song, and he kept saying, 'Let's do something together, let's do something,'" Glenda continues. "He was very friendly. I laughed and basically tried to take it as a joke, but then he sat on a couch next to me and he was licking my face and I was saying, like, 'Ohmigod, no.' I'd told him by then plenty of times that I had a boyfriend, and besides, club rules don't allow customers to do the sort of things he was trying."

Assistant club manager Shawn Silver adds that Tommy was about to seriously breach those rules by "trying to put his leg over her lap and nibble her ear. I had to get one of our people to ask him to mellow out."

The next night, Glenda says, Tommy returned. This time, however, he was quite the gentleman, pouring out his woes to her, reminiscing about his failed marriage to TV star Heather Locklear, and confiding that he was in search of a replacement for her. "We just talked a lot about his likes and dislikes," explains Glenda. "He told me he loves kids and all he wanted was to find a girl who wanted what he wanted. He made no mention at all of Pamela."

She must have been a very spur-of-the-moment thing, because Tommy and I talked on the phone right before he married her in Mexico, and all he said was, 'Hey, I'm having a good time.' It was clear that he had no idea he was about to be getting married."

Tommy's spokeswoman, Sherry Ring, says he hasn't informed her how long he knew Pamela before their nuptials. "It was anywhere between a few days and a few weeks," elaborates Ring. "The one thing I can assure you is that he couldn't have known Pamela at the time [of the Oddball episode] because he is so in love with her that he would never look at another woman."

SHRINKING THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF

If you think the voters are disillusioned with Bill Clinton, imagine what it's like to be on the White House payroll. The atmosphere there is so "stressed out," one insider tells "U.S.A. Confidential," that at least four staffers have gone into therapy.

"People came into this job with such wild-eyed idealism that it's a real downer that the Big Man [Clinton] has signed off on doing anything for the country, and



Tommy and Pam: "He'd never look at another woman."

all there is to do is write policy papers that go nowhere," the insider mopes. "With nothing real to accomplish, senior staffers are occupying themselves with an unwritten competition to see who can spend the most time at their desks."

"To test one another out," our source explains, "they'll call one another and leave messages like, 'It's 7:30 P.M. Friday. Have you gone home already?' It's a really sinister pressure. People feel guilty if they're even seen taking an hour to have lunch in the White House mess or see their kids, and tempers are on a very short fuse. Junior employees get yelled at for the smallest thing. One was just bawled out for placing the wrong size paper clip on a report."

The first aide to crack is said to have required treatment at a clinic after frequently breaking down in tears and putting on 30 pounds through compulsive eating.

"What makes it worse," says the insider, "is that the president is very friendly when he hires people, but after that, he just takes you for

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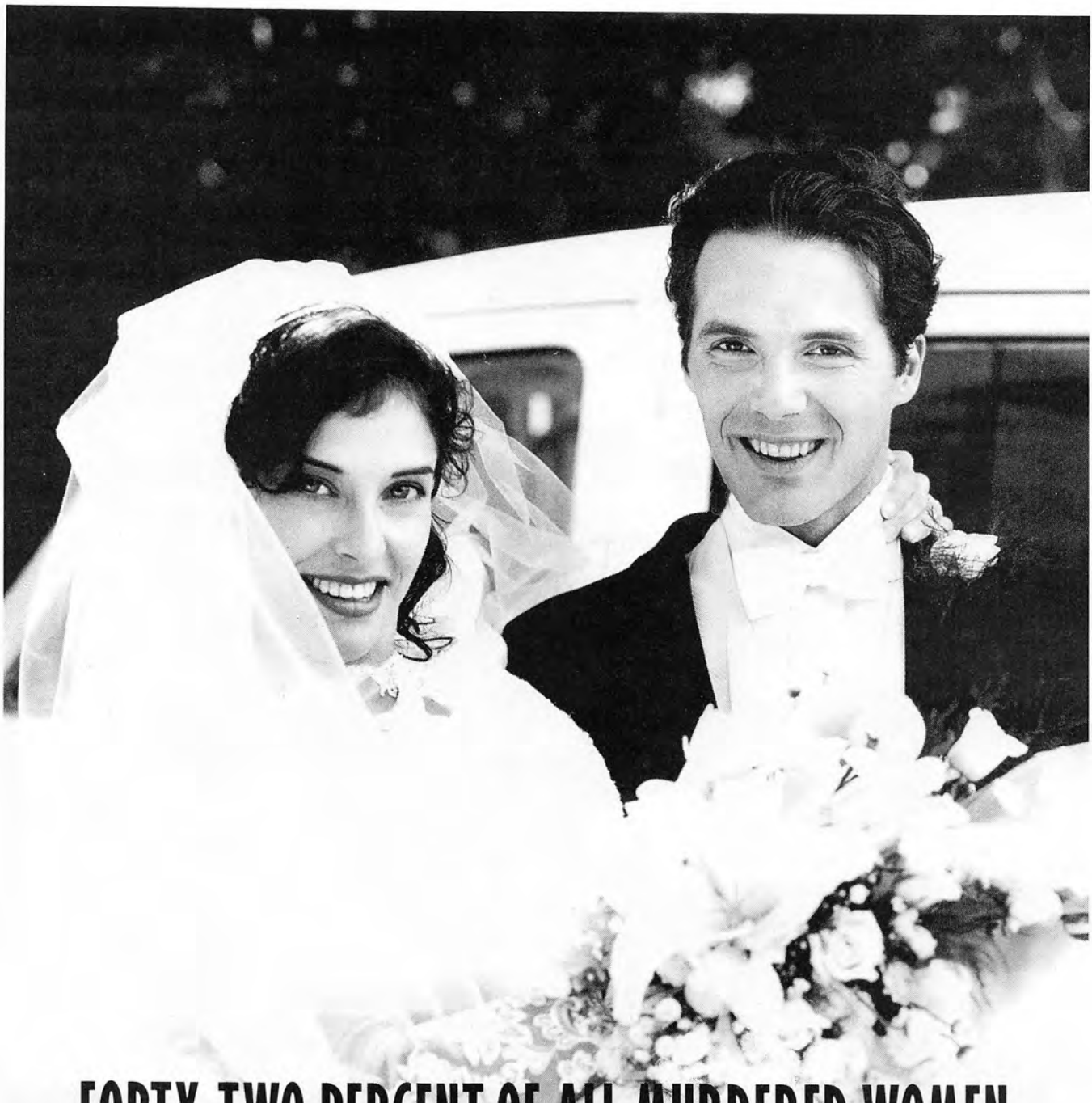


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BODYBUILDING: STRETCHING OUT

Stretching is de rigueur for runners and gymnasts, but is it right for bodybuilders?

"Absolutely," says ESPN's "Bodyshaping" expert Dr. Peter Gratale. "Stretching is part and parcel of an overall bodybuilding routine," Gratale explains. "Muscles have to maintain their flexibility for weight training as well as for any other sport." In fact, because it breaks up the muscular adhesions caused by weight lifting, stretching actually helps the muscles gain size and strength.

Gratale recommends warming up by walking or riding a stationary bike for five to ten minutes, then stretching. Ideally, he says, you should stretch before starting your weight routine, between sets, and after you're finished.

Here's a basic stretching routine for bodybuilding:

Lateral stretch. Stand with feet apart, hands clasped behind your head, elbows out. Take a deep breath, exhale, and lean to one side. Then do the other side.

Glute stretch. Lie on your back with knees bent, feet flat on the floor. Keeping your hip



on the floor, cross one leg over the other, then gently pull the knee toward the shoulder. Then do the other leg.

Hamstring stretch. From the same position, grasp one leg behind the knee and pull the leg toward your chest. Attempt to straighten out the leg. (You don't have to straighten it out all the way.) Then do the other leg.

Pec stretch. Stand erect, clasp your hands behind your back, arms straight. Squeeze

the shoulder blades together. "Feels fantastic," says Gratale.

Posterior shoulder stretch. Stand erect, put right hand on right shoulder. Grasp that elbow, pull it across your body. Then do the left.

Calf stretch. With hands on the wall, bend the left leg and stretch the right leg straight behind you. Bring the right heel to the floor, and flex your whole body forward, bending at the ankle. Then do the left.

Lunge stretch. Take a step forward with the right leg, then sink straight down. Then do the left.

Cat stretch. On all fours, bend your head forward and press your spine up toward the ceiling. Then raise your head and bend the spine toward the floor.

Gratale recommends doing each stretch three to five times, holding each repetition for two to five seconds. "Remember to breathe deeply," he says. "When you take a deep breath, then let it expire as you perform the stretch, your muscles are relaxing."

Finally, Gratale reminds us, "there should be a little pain with the stretch, but never push too far into the pain zone—otherwise you'll tear the muscle" instead of building it.

BAD STUFF

Now emerging as the latest entry on the growing list of health villains: homocysteine, an amino acid that's part of everyone's natural supply of cellular chemicals.

Like cholesterol, high levels of homocysteine have already been implicated as a factor in such nasty diseases as atherosclerosis,

Martial arts can help improve one's strength and flexibility,

as well as burn up to 1,000 calories per hour.



heart disease, and stroke. There's mounting evidence to suggest that too much homocysteine is also linked to undesirable genetic activity deep in our cells, which makes it a possible player in cancer and overall aging.

Luckily, there's an easy fix for an overabundance of homocysteine. Studies have shown that as many as two-thirds of people with high homocysteine levels are also deficient in vitamins B₆, B₁₂, and folic acid. The condition can be corrected by eating more green leafy vegetables, whole grains, and nuts—the best dietary sources of those missing micronutrients.

THE FITNESS KICK

There's more to kung fu and its cousins than self-defense. Many men are taking up the martial arts for their fitness value—"an alter-

native to aerobics classes," says Sammy Pejo, head instructor of the U.S. Tae Kwon Do Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The almost-perpetual motion required by most martial arts spells calorie-burning (up to 1,000 calories per hour, according to one estimate) and cardiovascular conditioning—not to mention improved strength and flexibility. In fact, a new study by scientists at Adelphi University shows that karate can provide the same cardiovascular rewards as low-impact aerobics.

BALDNESS PILL?

Science marches on, bringing a brightening horizon for the bald. So says Jon M. Hanifin, M.D., a professor of dermatology at Oregon Health Sciences University. Hair transplants are getting better, says the good doctor, scalp reduction procedures

can help, and the anti-baldness drug Rogaine works for up to 50 percent of men—especially if they're younger.

Now being tested is Proscar, a drug that was initially developed to treat enlarged prostate glands. If the tests pan out, Hanifin says, Proscar can be either rubbed into the scalp or taken as a pill.

PROSTATE PRIMER

For a small gland with only a medium-size job—it manufactures some of the components of semen—the prostate can cause all sorts of trouble. Because it sits astride the urethra, any swelling in the prostate can mean problems urinating, from increased frequency to slow starting or a diminished urinary stream.

An enlarged prostate, explains Eugene Fuchs, M.D., a professor of surgery and urology at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland, can be a result of aging, infection, or cancer. Doctors can test for prostate cancer with a digital exam, a blood test known as P.S.A. (prostate-specific antigens), or with ultrasound, but none of these tests are considered foolproof.

Luckily, prostate cancer is extremely slow-growing—"even without treatment," Fuchs says, "it takes years before it causes

damage." But if the cancer does break out of the prostate and spread, it can kill.

When detected in men younger than 70, the treatment options are radiation, surgical removal of the gland, or the newest technique—vaporizing the gland with a laser beam.

Men with a family history of prostate can-



cer have a 40 percent greater risk of developing the disease. Vasectomized men can stop sweating, Fuchs says—there's no proven correlation between vasectomy and prostate cancer.

The bottom line, according to Fuchs, is, if you have a family history of prostate cancer, start getting yearly exams at about age 40. After age 50, all men should get a prostate exam at least once a year.

BLOOD PRESSURE SURGERY

High blood pressure (hypertension) is one of our most common chronic illnesses,

affecting nearly 25 million Americans. Yet in as many as 90 percent of these cases, the actual cause of high blood pressure remains a mystery. Now comes a study from Germany that may not only provide an important clue, but it also points the way toward a one-shot treatment for the disease.

cases, artery-freeing surgery had brought about significant reduction of blood pressure.

A BETTER BYPASS

Heart bypass surgery is a gruesome procedure. To perform it, surgeons have to bare the heart and its internal environs, meaning

ies that feed the heart.

So far the Stanford researchers have performed the operation only on dogs; human trials remain several years away. But if all works out, this "closed-chest" surgery may eventually make the heart bypass and its subsequent recovery period a kinder, gentler endeavor.

tin) and the potential it's shown in lab tests as a treatment for cancer. Now comes this piece of eye-opening news from the real world:

Lou Luiz Monico, of Roy, Utah, was diagnosed last June with intestinal cancer. His doctors gave him the conventional prescription: chemotherapy and radiation. But three months later, when the treatment became worse than the disease, Monico stopped. "The chemo was killing me," he told the Ogden, Utah, *Standard-Examiner*.

Two weeks after he stopped treatment, Monico got stung by a bee. Suddenly, he started feeling better. "Before, when I'd go golfing," he says, "I had to ride around on the cart. Since I got stung, I can walk around the whole golf course."

When Monico told friends that the bee sting had "cured" him, everyone laughed. Then he saw our piece on the Australian scientist Robert Raison's

A real-life story suggests an ingredient found in bee venom may be instrumental in treating cancer.



Using magnetic resonance imaging, scientists at Friedrich-Alexander University in Erlangen found that in 83 percent of patients with unexplained hypertension, crucial arteries in the brain stem had abnormal twists and turns. Only seven percent of people with normal blood pressure had similar brain-stem-artery abnormalities.

Could surgery to unlink these arteries relieve hypertension? As far as Pittsburgh neurosurgeon Peter J. Jannetta is concerned, the answer is an emphatic yes. Jannetta has found that in as many as 86 percent of unexplained

a long incision in the patient's chest and a long, slow period of recovery. But researchers at Stanford University School of Medicine, in Palo Alto, California, have come up with a way to do bypass surgery without the open heart.

The new technique involves making a series of small incisions in the side of the patient's body. Then surgeons thread an instrument called a thorascop through the incisions. Using the thorascop and a mini-microscope, they cut out sections of a mammary artery, then graft those dissected sections onto the arter-

BEE STING REDUX

Call it an example of life imitating *Penthouse*. Last December we ran an item about bee venom (actually, a bee-venom ingredient called melit-



Carpal-tunnel syndrome may be merely the result of a vitamin deficiency.

promising work with melittin. Monico made copies of the item and passed it around to his friends. No one's laughing now, he says.

Did the bee sting really do the trick? Technically, we won't know for five years—that's the official time period that defines a cancer survivor. And Monico himself concedes that the combination of chemo and an upbeat attitude may have helped.

Still, he's convinced that without the bee sting he'd be planning his funeral. "I'm not saying this would work for everyone," he says. "But I know what it did for me, and if this could help somebody else, the word needs to get out."

ARTHRITIS RUB

If pain from arthritis, a bad back, sciatica, or just plain muscular creakiness has got you down, you might want to reach for MyoRx. The new rub-in cream, developed by researchers at the University of Washington in Seattle, is chock-full of antioxidants, and has produced good pain-relieving results over periods as long as five years. Ask your drug-gist for information.

FAT PHARM

Carrying too much of a spare tire? If you want to lose weight, most experts still recommend an old-fashioned combination of



eating less and exercising more. But there's a growing trend among scientists to see obesity as a bona fide disease, and the pharmaceutical companies are responding with a number of drugs that promise to help you lose weight.

Already on the market are the prescription drugs fenfluramine and phentermine, which tell the appetite centers in your brain that you've eaten your fill. (Recent studies show that these drugs work even better in combination than either does alone.) Nearing F.D.A. approval is a similar drug called sibutramine. Xenical, which keeps fat from being absorbed in the small intestine, is now being tested.

Over-the-counter diet pills have been around for decades. Most of them, including Dexatrim and Acutrim, have the appetite suppressant phenylpropanolamine as the key ingredient. The good news, according to Richard Atkinson, M.D., professor of medicine and nutritional science at the University of Wisconsin and president of the American Society for Clinical Nutrition, is that at a roughly similar cost, these over-the-counter drugs work just about as well as their prescription cousins.

THE CARPAL CONNECTION

The painful wrist condition known as carpal-tunnel syn-

drome has become one of America's most widespread occupational diseases. Now there's a fascinating suggestion that carpal-tunnel problems may be linked to a vitamin deficiency. In one study, researchers at Oregon State University in Corvallis found that a large number of people who complained of carpal-tunnel symptoms also had low levels of vitamin B₆. It's known that B₆ helps the nervous system work properly; the scientists are now homing in on the precise connection between the vitamin and the illness.

TENNIS ELBOW

If you've ever had tennis elbow, you know it's no joke. The inflammation can be so painful that even brushing your teeth becomes excruciating. Worse yet, it can take months of rest and treatment to get back to normal.

Well, there's hope on the horizon. Synvisc, made from a natural body acid, can be injected directly into the aching joint, where it acts as a sort of organic shock absorber. Tests in Canada and Europe, where the injection is already on the market, show that Synvisc reduces pain and improves joint function for as long as six months. It's now being tested in the United States for F.D.A. approval. 



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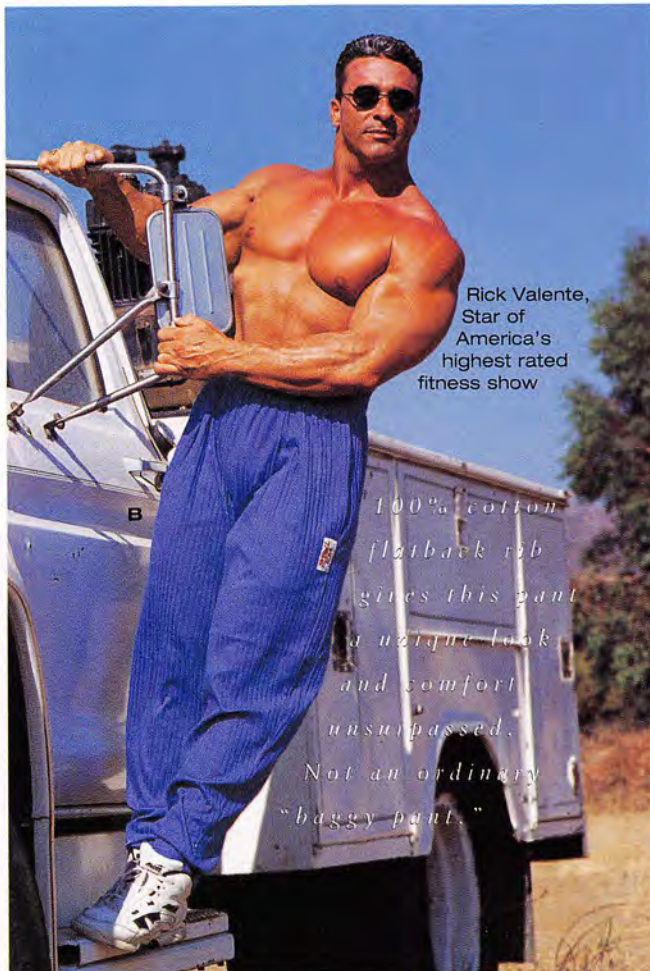
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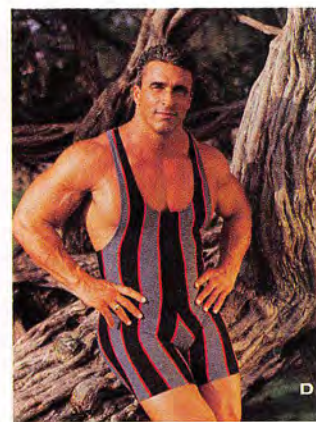
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

GOURMET SEX

I have never read Penthouse before, but after seeing your column, I thought you could give me some advice. My husband, Adam, has been my only sex partner, and he is—in my opinion—very kinky. I, on the other hand, am very, very reserved when it comes to making love. To say that I have been talked into some adventurous things during the course of our relationship is an understatement.

The other evening when I came to bed, Adam asked me to close my eyes, saying he had some surprises for me. He asked me to hold on to the headboard, then he told me to prepare for the night of a lifetime. He made me promise not to open my eyes, and I trust him and wanted to please him, so I went along with it. He reached over to the side of the bed and grabbed a bottle of honey he had hidden. He poured some on my breasts and also on my inner thighs, but he wouldn't touch me. Instead, he dripped the honey, drop by drop, and watched it ooze between my legs.

By this time I wasn't sure what to expect next. I was getting quite excited and wanted to make love soon. Adam licked my nipples, making them rock hard and erect. I was really getting turned on when he started licking my inner thigh. He hadn't



even gotten his tongue to its final destination when I came. He really went down on me, knowing I was coming. I couldn't help but beg him to make love to me, but he wouldn't. He said I had several more surprises to come before I could have that. I was sopping wet, and I felt my juices dripping down my thighs.

My next sensation felt like a rough penis sliding into my vagina. Actually, it was a bratwurst left over from dinner. Adam stroked me with it, then poured on some mustard and ketchup and ate it bite by bite while it was still inside me. I don't know what was shooting more juices—the sausage when he bit into it, or me coming.

I had gotten so excited that I let loose of the headboard. Adam was shocked when I grabbed his penis, pulling him up on the bed. I pushed him onto his back and poured honey on his penis and balls, then licked him from his balls to the tip, even taking him completely into my mouth for a few minutes. I hadn't

done that before, because I have always thought it was gross. Sucking Adam's penis that night was both thrilling and relaxing. Normally, I gag easily, but with the honey taste and the thought that it's just like a Popsicle (which I love), I managed without any problems.

Since that night, I have sucked Adam's penis almost every single time we've made love. I still use a little honey (or whatever is tasty and sticky) and go to work. It's been a lot of fun, our relationship and communication have improved 300 percent, and our sex life has lost the dull feeling it had developed.

Ladies, the only tip I can offer is, if you want to add some spice to your relationship, do something new. Add some food, do it in the car or in an elevator, but make sex interesting again. And if you are afraid of giving oral sex, try it with some honey—my honey loves it.

Xaviera, one last thought—in a recent issue you mentioned that 60 to 80 percent of all women masturbate. I'm not in that group, but what percentage of women provide oral sex for their partners?—M. B., Wisconsin

Al Goldstein, who writes our "X-Rated Video" column, once told me, "Sex is only a substitute. Food is the real thing."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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here



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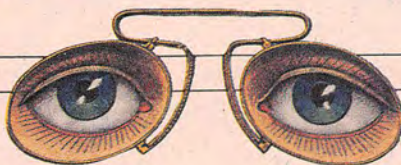
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



OPEN—AND SHUT

By Emily Prager

I can't believe that so many Americans are anti-immigration. How can you look at your past and be against people immigrating here to find a better life? We all did it. The only people who might be legitimately entitled to be anti-immigrant are the Native Americans, and even they immigrated across the Bering Strait several millennia ago.

Constant immigration is what keeps America moving. Take our Asian immigrant population. Without it, we would not have a future in science right now. At last count, 40 percent of the freshman class at Stanford was Asian-American. When they have garnered Nobel Prizes we'll be glad we have them.

I realize it's not just our problem. Europe is even more violently anti-immigration. In Germany, for example, you can work 20 years, bear and bring up your children there, and neither you nor they can ever become citizens. Nice.

In England, whites have clashes with Pakistanis and West Indians, immigrants from the former British colonies who are no longer desirable now that they are no longer submissive. In France, they hate the Algerians. And in Bosnia-Herzegovina, there's a fight to the death between Serbs and Croats, primarily because they are different ethnically. That's always a good excuse for mayhem.

As we approach the twenty-first century, it almost seems as if humanity is regressing rather than going forward. Though I suppose that learning to live peaceably together

is the great human problem, it does seem as if the globe is having one final tantrum before going in.

After all, business is almost entirely global now. Many Americans will spend their working lives living abroad in Europe, Asia, or Africa. And many Asians, Europeans, and Africans will spend their working lives living here. The future is clearly about internationalism and not nationalism, whether nations like it or not.

Many Americans are against allowing schoolchildren to be bilingual, as if speaking two languages will

mean to be an American is changing. When I was ten years old, it was all about home and whiteness. Now it's about multi-racialism and competing abroad. And that's fine. That's what it is. That's progress. That's change.

Why are people afraid of new immigrants? As always, they will bring new enthusiasm and new respect for the country, and they make the rest of us try harder. The only menace to our future success is those who want to pull us back to a fantasy white world that no longer does or can exist.



somehow destroy their American-ness. But Europeans have been multilingual for centuries, always speaking the language of their bordering countries. They wouldn't think of not doing so, and they are proud of it.

For too long, Americans have been doltish about language. A continuing business presence in countries around the globe is so important to our future prosperity that it should be a requirement that schoolchildren know many languages well enough to converse in them.

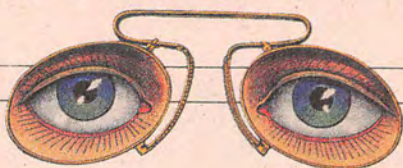
Like everyone else on the planet, we are experiencing an identity crisis. What it

Look at the ever-astonishing Pat Buchanan, who, as part of his presidential platform, says he would build a chain-link fence or some such nonsense around the states that border Mexico. No need for metaphor there—he wants to fence us in, and them out.

But openness and accessibility is what America stands for. If we must be nationalistic, let's be nationalistic about that. Many "wetbacks" of all backgrounds helped build this country. The fact that we function at all with so few controls is our sweetest American mystery. Our democracy is the strongest thing we have going for us.

What's our problem with immigration? Openness is what America should stand for. If we must be nationalistic, let's be nationalistic about that.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



FILM

By Marcia Pally

America is a mess, its core of industry and responsibility leached out of it by a soft sense of entitlement and a too comfortable, over-technologized, visionless lifestyle. The rest of the planet is worse, bleeding from environmental rape. People want a way out, and two new films look at the ways they are taking—or being taken in.

• David Salle, an artist with extensive exhibitions here and abroad, makes his directorial debut with the unsettlingly beautiful *Search and Destroy* (****), based on the play by Howard Korder. Griffin Dunne plays Martin, a small-time agent for circus acts who is obsessed with a book by one

make the book into a film and spread the doctor's words of self-realization the world over. Martin gathers a few apostles along the way, including a nice, splatter-groupie receptionist (Ileana Douglas) and an exec who wants more in life than a bigger desk (played with the genial sadism that only Christopher Walken could bring to the role). As these crusaders pursue their excuseless power, a few "useless" people end up dead, including a hair-salon owner cum scam artist played by John Turturro with his characteristic edgy shimmer. Turturro doesn't disappear into his characters; he disappears into his characters' neuroses.

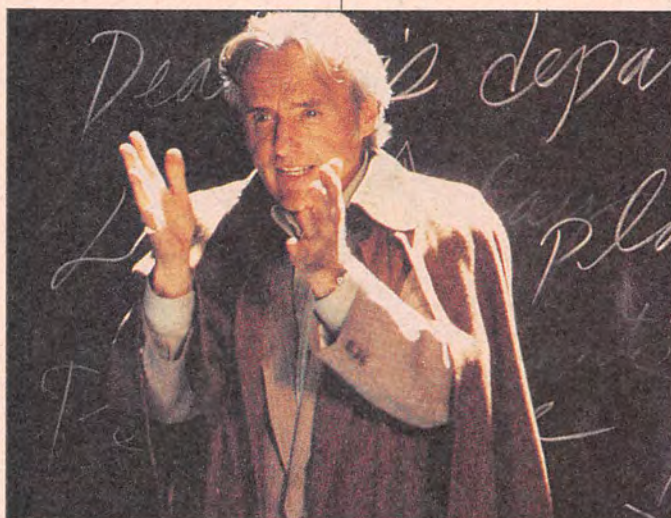
What's important, however, is not the few fatalities, but that our heroes definitely feel better than they did at the 12-step program for the adult children

hone infantile egomania into ruthless destruction. Americans may be suffering from lack of vision, but Salle is not. He has shown American self-reliance become self-help-reliance, and the American spirit become home-shopping spiritualism. But he has also shown that the American spirit—the old-fashioned kind, the decisiveness and ambition—always left the "useless" people dead. It's easy to satirize Waxling, less easy to admit that his ethos has long been the underside of American "success."

• Todd Haynes likes to look at the evils that lie beneath the prettiness of "normal" life. In his last feature, *Poison*, those evils were intolerance and prejudice; in *Safe* (***), they are pollution and some of its antidotes. Haynes shrewdly cast the lovely Julianne Moore to play a wealthy California housewife who becomes sick with "environmental illness," a series of life-threatening allergies to household chemicals. The excessive, protected beauty of the set is pointed: No one, not even the rich, is "safe."

Audiences will remember Moore for her bottomless scene in Robert Altman's *Short Cuts* and for her luminous acting in Louis Malle's *Vanya on 42nd Street*. Here, her acting and physical grace together make even more poignant the fate of a woman whose life corrodes. She goes first to a chemical-free health farm and, finally, to an airtight, environmentally controlled yurt. Her choice is isolation—the health farm's guru-owner suggests she no longer read the papers—and she can pay for it (much to the benefit of the guru-owner). Most of us cannot, and besides, Haynes suggests, withdrawal is an escape, not a solution.

Search and Destroy looks at self-help evangelism the way "Saturday Night Live" would. *Safe* is the way Franz Kafka would have seen it.



Dr. Waxling, a smaller-time, late-night self-evangelist, played by Dennis Hopper as part Robert Bly, part Pat Robertson.

"Power needs no excuse" and "the past is pointless," Waxling tells his viewers. Martin—inspired to do more than just pay the I.R.S. the \$147,956 he owes—vows to

of parents. And did I mention they make a lot of money producing low-budget films like *The Penis-Claw That Killed Los Angeles*, which "respect the sensibilities of the audience"? Dr. Waxling was right and his converts succeed—if success is a victim cult so complete that it grants the victims permission, a mandate, to

JUSTICE

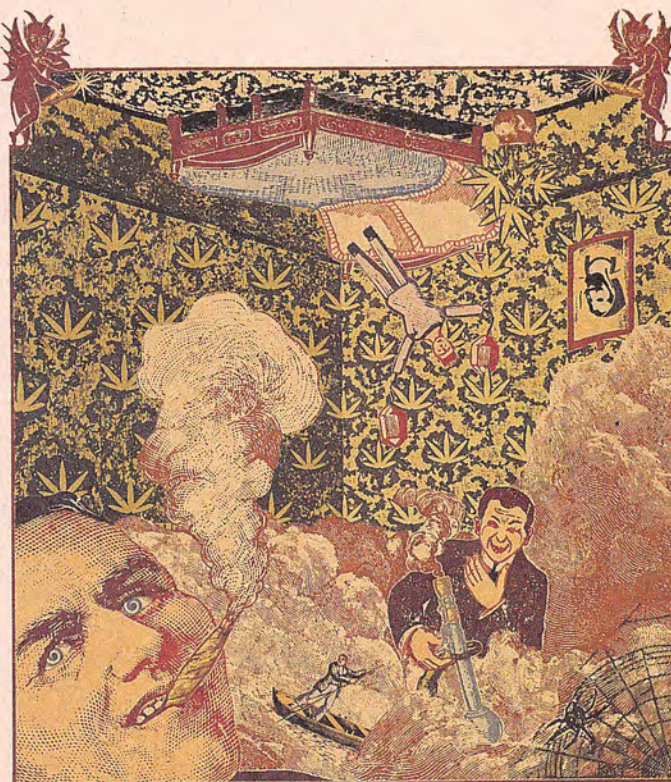
By Alan M. Dershowitz

At a time when America is becoming more repressive of personal freedoms in the name of religious fundamentalism, a refreshing new documentary about freedom in Holland is playing around the country. It should be required viewing for every hypocritical politician and religious leader who panders to his constituency by invoking the evils of a permissive society.

Holland is the ultimate permissive society. It permits prostitution, pornography, most drug use, suicide, homosexuality, abortion, and virtually every other consensual act between—and among—adults. The Moral Majority regards Holland as a modern-day Sodom, but its sinners have thus far not been punished by fire or brimstone. Here are some of the conclusions reached by the filmmakers:

- Though marijuana is openly sold throughout Holland, there is only a 3 percent rate of marijuana use among teens. That's a far lower drug rate than in the United States.
- Though all abortions are paid for by the government, the Dutch have the lowest abortion rate in the world.
- Though sex education and contraceptive distribution are part of the school curriculum, Holland has the lowest teen-pregnancy rate in the world.
- Though they have thriving sex and drug industries, the Dutch have the lowest imprisonment rate in the world.

In one particularly telling scene in the film, we see a recruiting ad placed in a gay newspaper by the police department that reads, "We like young men as much as



you do." Imagine such an ad in America!

The prize-winning documentary, entitled *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy*, presents a vision of a society that is diametrically opposed to the America advocated by Pat Robertson, Pat Buchanan, Jerry Falwell, and Newt Gingrich. Dutch society appears to tolerate nearly anything—except guns, environmental pollution, and bigotry.

Why, then, is our country—born to freedom and raised on such slogans as Live free or die, Don't tread on me, and Mind your own business—moving away from its historic dedication to "the pursuit of happiness," while other nations, with more puritanical histories, are coming to appreciate more personal liberty? Part of the reason is the unhealthy role that religion has come to play in the political life of this country. Virtually every candidate must be photographed attending church.

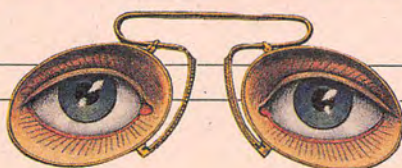
Billy Graham is a virtual fixture at the White House. And no one who hopes to be elected or appointed to high office dares to acknowledge doubt about the existence of God or the literal truth of the Bible.

Because good religion is generally the antithesis of good government—the former regulating private life and beliefs, while the latter governs public actions—the merger of church and state poses considerable danger to personal liberty.

The crowning irony is that it is precisely those who would have the government most impinge on our liberty who preach most hypocritically—as Gingrich does—that the "government which governs best governs least." Let those who preach this gospel of liberty see *Sex, Drugs, and Democracy* to help them understand how the Dutch practice it. I would love to be a fly on the wall at such a viewing.

The Moral Majority regards Holland as a modern-day Sodom, but its sinners have not been punished.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



New Zealanders call it "Godzone"—God's own country—so young geologically and incredibly beautiful that it feels like evolution-while-you-wait.

TRAVEL

By Gael Greene

Avid fishermen come to New Zealand just to cast for trout and be spoiled in luxurious lodgings. A monster trout hooked by Jimmy Carter mounted on a wall at Tongariro Lodge sets the challenge. Backpackers and ecotourists come to walk along the glacier's edge, to sail in the Bay of Islands, to helicopter over Whakaari and feel the white heat of a seething volcano, to sail the Milford Sound and see seals sunning in Fiordland. To tramp the zigzag path for the view from Mackinnon Pass, to spot the last of the nearly extinct birds and strange forest foliage at the National Wildlife Center.

We come to see what New Zealanders call Godzone—God's own country—so young geologically that the heat under your feet and the stink of a sulfurous moonscape letting off thermal steam feels like evolution-while-you-wait. Torn from other land masses more than 70 million years ago, New Zealand's two narrow islands sit one atop the other's shoulder, having evolved in isolation. Two bat species were once the only mammals. And the fuzzy, nocturnal kiwi, a shy and flightless bird, is the national symbol.

High-risk adventurers find a land of friendly outdoors lovers eager to join in skydiving, bungee jumping, scuba diving, jet-boating, kayaking, white-water and black-water rafting, caving, heli-skiing, climbing, mountain biking, paragliding, floating on an inner tube through the glow-worm-studded limestone caves of Waitomo, shooting the rapids—including the legendary Kaituna River, with its numbing grade-five drop into pounding white water.

Landing at Auckland on the North Island, time and seasons are turned upside down. Fall at home is spring here. December and January are prime summer vacation time for the locals. We acclimate while lazily sailing the harbor, where it's easy to book on a 69-foot catamaran, explore beach-line Tamaki Drive, and drive off to wine country. From the summit of Mt. Eden, we can capture the Pacific Ocean and the Tasman Sea in a single snapshot. Then it's off to visit Rangitoto Island (where the last volcano hereabouts erupted 200 years ago) and stop at a pie shop. The Kiwi passion for pies matches ours for pizza.

Imagine the stench of Dante's inferno. That's Rotorua. But no way would we miss treading through the thermal wonder, with its bubbling mud, shooting geysers, and hissing fissures. We linger for a concert and a taste of Maori culture, declining the traditional *hangi* feast—smoked eels, marinated fish, and sweet potatoes (boiled till they taste like cardboard, we've been warned). World-class luxury is more our style, so we settle in with the pampering luxe of Huka Lodge, with time to stand on the nearby footbridge over the Waikato River for a view of the mist and

rainbows of Huka Falls before cocktails on the porch at sunset. Then, it's local venison and lamb, and fish just minutes out of the water for dinner. We might catch a trout for



breakfast; instead, we sleep in, waddling off to Queenstown after a numbing trencherman's breakfast. You can plan a trip based on a growing list of luxury lodgings or, in this land where sheep outnumber people 20 to one and take precedence on a narrow country road, you can book a farm stay.

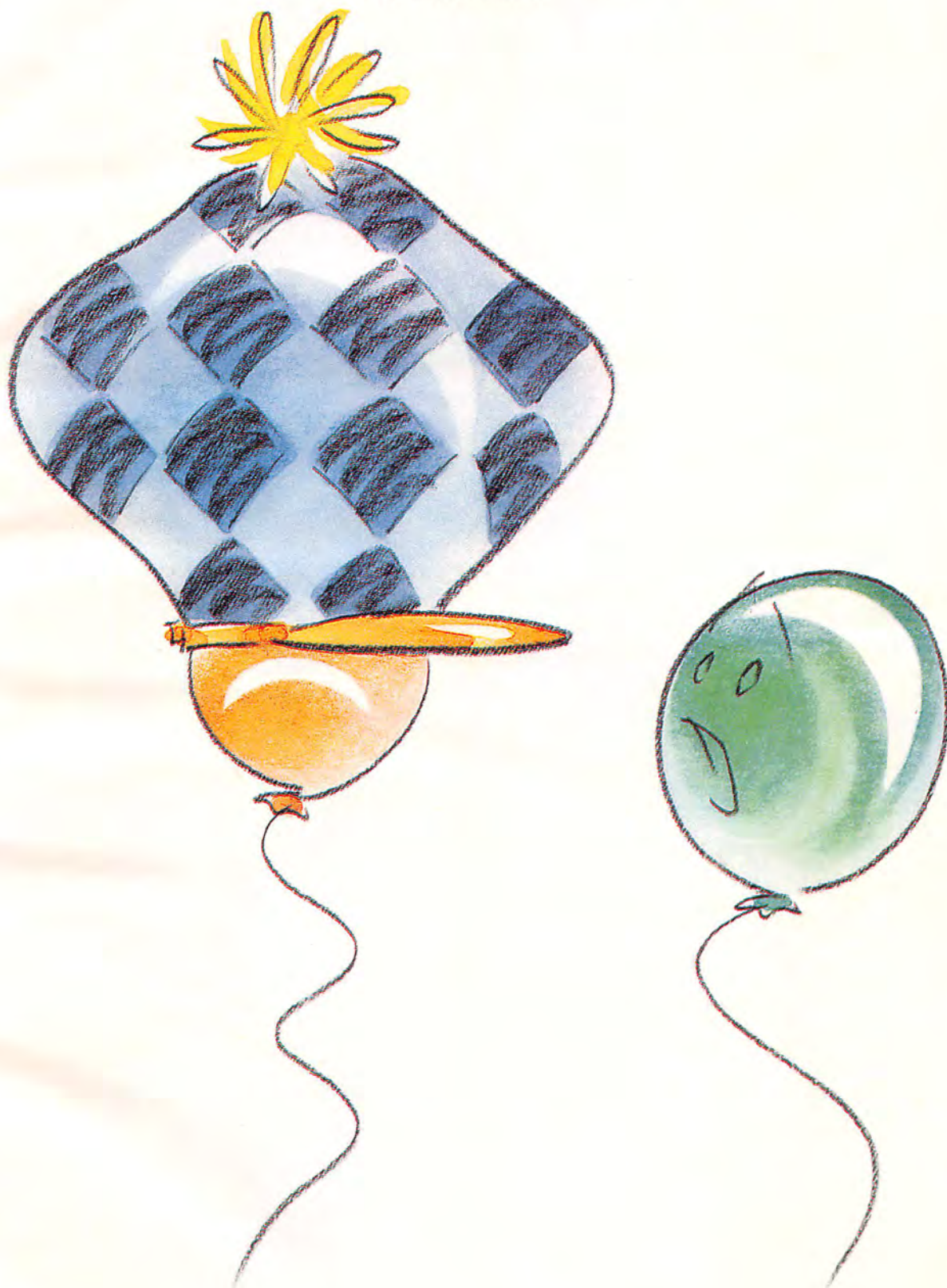
Save time for the lush sage rain forests and deep-blue-green waters of the South Island, too. Whale-watching at Kaikoura is year-round (best April through July). Trekkers will head for the Milford Track—a 33-mile-long trail between Lake Te Anau and Milford Sound in Fiordland National Park. Nature lovers will book a flight over Mt. Cook and the glaciers to take the vintage steamer T.S.S. *Earslaw* through the exquisite fjords close to dozens of waterfalls.

For information, call the New Zealand Tourist Bureau at (800) 388-5494, or contact the Outdoor Adventure Company at the Ferry Building, Quay Street, Auckland, New Zealand; 011-649-358-5868. 



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BY ART CUMINGS



"Sorry, O.J., but the consensus is, you shouldn't wear your lucky hat in court!"



Article by Sally Denton
and Roger Morris

This is the story that
couldn't be suppressed. An
investigative report
into a scandal that haunts
the reputations
of three presidents—Reagan,
Bush, and Clinton.

THE CRIMES OF MENA

Barry Seal—gunrunner, drug
trafficker, and covert C.I.A. opera-
tive extraordinaire—is hardly a
familiar name in American poli-
tics. But nine years after he was
murdered in a hail of bullets by
Medellín cartel hit men outside a
Salvation Army shelter in Baton
Rouge, Louisiana, he has come
back to haunt the reputations of
three American presidents.

Seal's legacy includes more
than 2,000 newly discovered doc-
uments that now verify and quan-
tify much of what previously had

Illustration by Fred Otnes



been only suspicion, conjecture, and legend. The documents confirm that from 1981 to his brutal death in 1986, Barry Seal carried on one of the most lucrative, extensive, and brazen operations in the history of the international drug trade, and that he did it with the evident complicity, if not collusion, of elements of the United States government, apparently with the acquiescence of Ronald Reagan's administration, impunity from any subsequent exposure by George Bush's administration, and under the usually acute political nose of then Arkansas governor Bill Clinton.

The newly unearthed papers show the real Seal as far more impressive and well-connected than the character played by Dennis Hopper in a made-for-TV movie some years ago, loosely based on the smuggler's life. The film portrayed the pudgy pilot as a hapless victim, caught in a cross fire between bungling but benign government agencies and Latin drug lords. The truth sprinkled through the documents is a richer—and altogether more sinister—matter of national and individual corruption.

It is a tale of massive, socially devastating crime, of what seems to have been an official cover-up to match, and, not least, of the strange reluctance of so-called mainstream American journalism to come to grips with the phenomenon and its ominous implications—even when the documentary evidence had appeared.

The trail winds back to another slightly bruited but obscure name—a small place in western Arkansas called Mena.

Of the many stories emerging from the Arkansas of the 1980s that was crucible to the Clinton presidency, none has been more elusive than the charges surrounding Mena. Nestled in the dense pine and hardwood forests of the Oachita Mountains, some 160 miles west of Little Rock, once thought a refuge for nineteenth-century border outlaws and even a hotbed of Depression-era anarchists, the tiny town has been the locale for persistent reports of drug smuggling, gunrunning, and money laundering tracing to the early eighties, when Seal based his aircraft at Mena's Intermountain Regional Airport.

From first accounts circulating locally in Arkansas, the story surfaced nationally as early as 1989 in a *Penthouse* article called "Snowbound," written by the investigative reporter John Cummings, and in a Jack Anderson column, but was never advanced at the time by other media. Few reporters covering Clinton in the 1992 campaign missed hearing at least something about Mena. But it was obviously a serious and demanding subject—the specter of vast drug smuggling with C.I.A. involvement—and none of the major media pursued it seriously. During 1992, the story was kept alive by Sarah McClendon, *The Nation*, and *The Village Voice*.

Then, after Clinton became president, Mena began to reappear. Over the past year, CBS News and *The Wall Street Journal* have reported the original, unquieted charges surrounding Mena, including the shadow of some C.I.A. (or "national security") involvement in the gun and drug traffic, and the apparent failure of then governor Clinton to pursue evidence of such international crime so close to home.

"Seal was smuggling drugs and kept his planes at Mena," *The Wall Street Journal* reported in 1994. "He also acted as an agent for the D.E.A. In one of these missions, he flew the plane that produced photographs of Sandinistas loading drugs in Nicaragua. He was killed by a drug gang [Medellín cartel hit men] in Baton Rouge. The cargo plane he flew was the same one later flown by Eugene Hasenfus when he was shot down over Nicaragua with a load of contra supplies."

In a mix of wild rumor and random fact, Mena has also been a topic of ubiquitous anti-Clinton diatribes circulated by right-wing extremists—an irony in that the Mena operation was the apparent brainchild of the two previous and Republican administrations.

Still, most of the larger American media have continued to ignore, if not ridicule, the Mena accusations. Finding no conspiracy in the Oachitas last July, a *Washington Post* reporter typically scoffed at the "alleged dark deeds," contrasting Mena with an image as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

ABOUT THIS STORY

The initial suppression of the Seal-archive story created a small tidal wave that surged along the Internet, gave right-wing radio another conspiracy to caress, and made headlines from London to San Francisco.

After 11 weeks of line-by-line fact-checking, editing, and legal vetting, after the text had been laid out in final type, photos and artwork arrayed, contracts signed, and publication date fixed, at the last moment—on January 26, 1995—*Washington Post* Managing Editor Robert Kaiser had put one more nervous hold on the article you now see in *Penthouse*. We pulled the piece in dismay and disgust. Even the *Post's* own ombudsman acknowledged "the uproar" over what she called "the story of the hour."

For us as authors, personally and intellectually, the de facto suppression and resulting sensation were at best a mixed affair. A little like Henry Miller's *Tropic* titles, banned in Boston, our article was, ironically, receiving more attention unprinted than it might have drawn had it appeared as scheduled. Yet in their

inevitable self-justification, *Post* editors were also impugning us as journalists, and the still-invisible piece was inevitably caught up in wild speculation or anti-Clinton mania that in many ways obscured the deeper, wider importance of what we had reported.

This was, after all, the thoroughly documented story of an enormous crime—of billions of dollars in gunrunning and drug smuggling done with the apparent collusion and cover-up of the U.S. government. It raised ominous questions not only about Bill Clinton, but about presidents Ronald Reagan and George Bush as well—not simply a single set of scoundrels, but a far larger culture of official lawlessness. And behind the sorry episode at *The Washington Post* was something nearly as sinister—the tragic inability or refusal of a major media institution to confront that malignant dark side of American life and governance, even when presented with unprecedented evidence.

It had all begun almost by accident. As a member of the Association of National Security Alumni, a group of onetime C.I.A., White House, and other

officials devoted to reform in intelligence and foreign policy, Roger Morris had first read about Mena in the organization's newsletter, *Unclassified*, where an article early in the 1992 campaign summarized the first fragmentary, largely undocumented accounts of Barry Seal's operation in western Arkansas in the eighties. By the spring of 1993, Morris had started a book on Bill and Hillary Clinton, including their Arkansas background, and had begun to gather a thick file on Mena. Trips and literally dozens of phone calls back and forth to Arkansas added significantly to the sources—many of them sworn, on the record, and previously unreported.

Still, the sheer detail and exact magnitude of the smuggling and money laundering lacked hard evidence. With the exception of a lone account by reporter Bill Plante with producer Michael Singer on the CBS evening news, and two *Wall Street Journal* editorial-page feature pieces by Micah Morrison—all in 1994, and drawing mainly on known sources and

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accounts—the story remained a silhouette, and largely on the disdained margin of American journalism. Most major papers and networks ignored the scandal. A few, like *Time* or *The Post* itself, had written about it only to ridicule the accusations.

Meanwhile, in summer 1993, Morris shared his bulging Mena files with a close friend and colleague, Sally Denton, whose book on drugs and political corruption in Kentucky, *The Bluegrass Conspiracy*, was seen by many investigative reporters as a small classic on its kindred subject. Instantly recognizing the gravity of the material, familiar from her own experience with the censure or aversion of the general media to such reporting, Denton instantly offered to pursue the story herself while Morris concentrated on other aspects of his book. Over the next year, Denton scoured her considerable law-enforcement and underworld sources throughout the nation, calling in or sending packages of an ever-growing mass of new evidence. By late summer 1994, what we called the Seal archive was mostly gathered—more than 2,000 documents, from the smallest receipt to whole volumes of investigation, that left no doubt about at least the seminal crimes of Mena.

Last autumn, we first submitted a brief op-ed version of the piece to *The New York Times*, which promptly turned it

down. This was essentially a *Wall Street Journal* subject that *The Times* had not pursued as reportage, op-ed editor Michael Levitas told Morris. While they had no reason to doubt the documentation or the import of the story, the great gray *Times*, for now, would pass.

Without hesitation, we went next to *The Washington Post*, obviously looking for much the same political impact and mainstream authority. Less than an hour after we had faxed a copy to the *Post*'s *Outlook* section, Deputy Editor Jeffrey Frank called back with warm acceptance and support. It was obviously an extraordinary article, Frank told us, and though it would have to be thoroughly checked and carefully steered through the paper, he would do all he could to see it published.

Over the next 11 weeks, from early November 1994 to late January 1995, there were repeated delays and postponements, most ascribed to the election aftermath, the new Congress, and the holidays. But Frank and his staff were steady in their editorial commitment and enthusiasm, something Denton saw firsthand in a visit to the *Outlook* offices before Christmas. Meanwhile, as the article was set in galleys, there were numerous faxes back and forth, shipments of documents, photos, and even stills from videotape, and weeks of painstaking checking, editing, and legal review by the *Post*'s

in-house lawyers, carefully chosen to avoid any potential conflict of interest with attorneys the paper might share somehow with the Clintons.

"Just get everybody on board," Frank said Executive Editor Leonard Downie had told him. And Frank had done just that, as we patiently answered queries from any number of *Post* editors and reporters who had been remotely associated with aspects of the story—far more, we were told later, than for the usual *Outlook* piece. But then, we recognized that this was anything but usual.

At last, on January 25, it all seemed done. Everyone had signed off, we were assured. The galleys were in final form, the contracts signed, and publication was set for a major splash on Sunday the twenty-ninth. Often strained over the weeks of work and marshaling, Frank's own voice seemed audibly relaxed as we began talking about how we would respond to other media questions.

Then suddenly—literally at the last moment—as *Outlook* went to press on January 26, Frank was on the message machine saying Managing Editor Robert Kaiser had held the story yet again. At the same moment, we were being called by the London *Sunday Telegraph*, whose correspondent had been leaked an early version of the piece (by a source high up at *The Post*, we were told) and had learned even before we did that the story was being held once more. He was now planning to file his own dispatch on the whole episode, perhaps including the piece itself.

A bit desperate, we called Bob Kaiser directly, not to lobby further for the story—which Frank had told us would be in vain—but to alert him to the disturbing news of the *Telegraph* leak. But even after Morris explained all that through a secretary, Kaiser refused to come on the line. "He doesn't want to talk to you," she said. Frustrated, furious, convinced that Kaiser was not dealing with the story professionally—and likely never would—we pulled it.

We still don't know why the story was suppressed, though rumors abound—of C.I.A. compromises at *The Post*, of calls from the White House, or some imagined rivalry between Morris's book and a Clinton biography by a longtime *Post* reporter, soon to be serialized and, unusually, promoted in the paper.

Whatever the motives, however, the fact remains that once more, mainstream media had turned away from the dark side, perhaps dreading what it would find there and what it would have to do as a result, perhaps afraid of something of its own reflection.

As so often in the past, the public service of airing stories like Mena would fall to braver outlets, like *Penthouse*.—Sally Denton and Roger Morris



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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



IT'S THE MOSES GANG!

A 15-year-old Illinois boy was arrested by police for wearing what they called a "gang symbol"—a small Star of David on a necklace. A two-year-old town statute says it's illegal to "wear known gang colors, emblems, or other gang insignia."

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Rock singer Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, on her career and devotion to vegetarianism: "One of the reasons that I feel I even have a voice that I can sing with is because my purpose in life is to save cows."

ACTUALLY, WE KIND OF LIKE THE EGGS BIT

Paul McCartney revealed that in 1964 he began writing a song whose first line was, "Scrambled eggs / oh my baby how I love your legs." Convinced that the lyric wouldn't work for the tune, he scrapped it in favor of a new line: "Yesterday / all my troubles seemed so far away."

JUST WAVE IF YOU HEAR US, SHAQ

N.B.A. star Shaquille O'Neal has outfitted his van with an earth-shaking stereo system that sucks up 3,000 watts of power and features 36 speakers and a dozen 15-inch subwoofers. O'Neal concedes that the sheer decibel level of the system has earned him at least one ticket for disturbing the peace.

OKAY, WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT EITHER

A U.S. Marine Corps officer candidate said she may not accept her commission. Asked why, she replied, "There's a lot of good stuff, but at the same time, the purpose is war. It's a shame that such a great organization has such a low purpose."

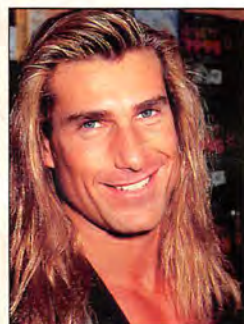


WELL, IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME

An Aurora, Illinois, alderman who was intent on graphically demonstrating his opposition to an anti-graffiti bill presented each of his colleagues with four nude photos of himself, including one showing him sitting with his legs spread apart. Why he did this remains unclear, but his colleagues voted to censure him. More puzzlingly, he voted in favor of his own censure, saying, "We all make mistakes."

AND LOTS OF KITTY LITTER?

Asked why she is almost never seen in public with a man, actress Lori Petty replied, "I just keep them in the house. You know, how you have indoor cats and outdoor cats?"

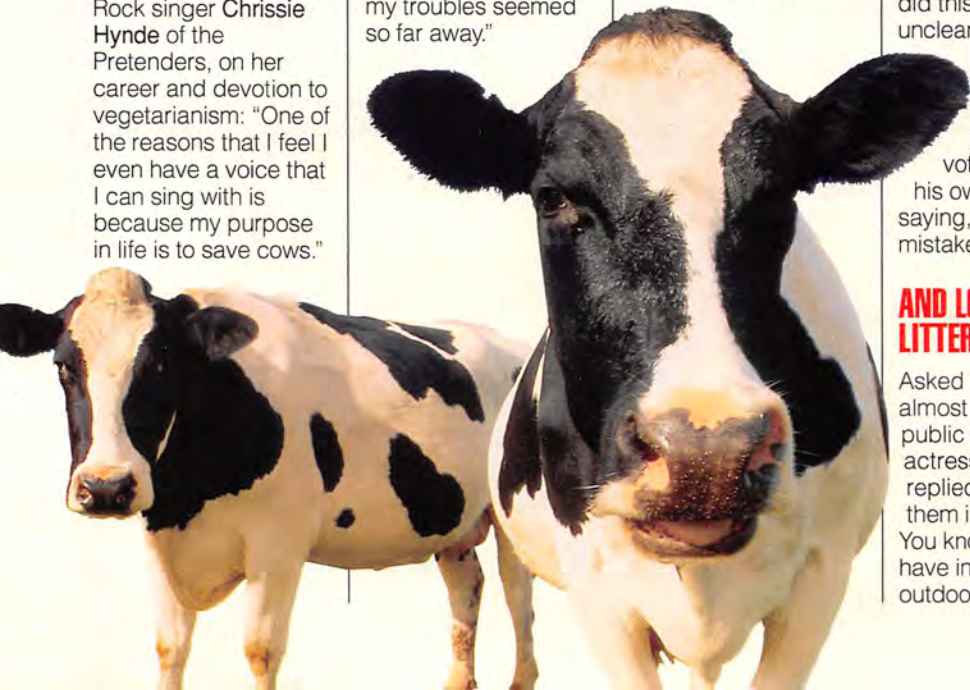


YEAH, RIGHT

Male model Fabio told an interviewer that too few people realize he has a brain. "There is so much more to me than just the body," the romance-novel cover boy said. "People photograph my chest the most, but I'm happiest with my brain. Unfortunately, we live in a superficial world."

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

North Carolina authorities used \$27,000 in federal crime-fighting grants to commission a study to determine why inmates want to escape from prison.



OUR POLITICAL-CORRECTNESS AWARD TO ...

... N.B.A. star Charles Barkley, who answered a question from one reporter by saying, "That's why I hate white people," then followed that up by cursing out other reporters and urging them to leave town. He finally snapped at a Japanese journalist, "By the way, did I tell you I hate Asians?"



PARANOIA? WHAT PARANOIA?

Apparently obsessed over his legal troubles and an attempt on his life, rap singer Tupac Shakur (currently in jail after being convicted of sexual abuse) said he initially titled his new album *Crucified*. Not quite what he wanted. He retitled it *America Eats Its Young*. Since that title did not properly express his paranoia, he finally settled on the title that eventually appeared in record stores: *Me Against the World*.

EXTREMELY BAD KARMA

According to a nationwide poll of more than 1,000 adult Americans, 60 percent did not know the name of the president who ordered the atomic bombing of Hiroshima in 1945 (it was Harry S. Truman). Eighty percent of those aged 18 to 29 didn't know.

THANK YOU FOR SHARING THAT WITH US

Writer Jamaica Kincaid, in a magazine article describing her life, informed readers of her experiments with coffee enemas. "I don't remember who recommended such a thing to me," she wrote. "I do remember that once the coffee was too hot, and I burned my bottom all the way up inside."



YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

The mayor of a Turkish town, infuriated over Senator Robert Dole's sponsorship of an amendment to block U.S. aid for Turkey because of its refusal to allow relief supplies to be shipped to Armenian refugees, banned the sale of bananas produced by the Dole food company from local grocery stores. The mayor was apparently unaware that Senator



Dole has no connection to the food company's founder, who died more than 20 years ago.

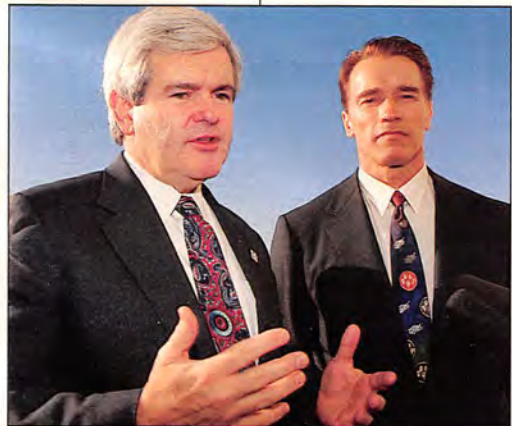


MEIN FÜHRER, I CAN WALK AGAIN!

Standing beside Newt Gingrich during a Washington political appearance, Arnold Schwarzenegger referred to him as "our leader."

SIC TRANSIT

Experts say that the estate of beat author Jack Kerouac, valued at less than \$36,000 when he died in 1969, is currently worth somewhere around \$10 million.



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

In an in-depth interview with Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield, founders of the famous Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream, an intense *Los Angeles Times* reporter asked the following question: "If you could jump into a swimming pool filled with any kind of food, what would it be?" That out of the way, the interviewer moved on to the next probing inquiry: "As a child, what was your worst food nightmare?"

**Trying
to say good-
bye to
the first
friend
I ever made
before
I met him.**

By Gerard Van der Leun

I knew <mandel> long before I met him. This is common enough in these days when more and more of us live secondhand and "virtually" in cybersomewhere. People bump into other people on America Online, or the Well, or someplace else on the Net, and after a time arrange to meet. Meeting <mandel>, though, changed my life. This is uncom-



mon on the Net, where few personalities have the power, like the Velveteen Rabbit, to become real. <mandel> had the force, clarity, and sheer staying power to become real. He also had the ability to make the online medium grow and mature. He taught me a lot about the power of the Net to make the things of the mind come alive. He taught me more still by his death.

Tom Mandel (1946–1995) was one of the foremost early members of the Well, an online system best known for its New Age feel and the high level of discussion among its members. I first fell

into the Well in 1986 and within a day ran into <mandel>. It was hard not to run into <mandel> in the Well in those days. He was everywhere—in every conference and in almost every topic. He was ubiquitous. In a very real sense, he was one of the main ingredients of the Well. His role? To be a pain in the ass. He was very good at this. He was a great pain in the ass. I loved him for it.

There was no blithe comment that disguised ignorance with style that failed to draw his fire. There was no grandiose but brain-dead theory that he could not smother with an inconvenient fact. Tom was the online blatherer's worst nightmare. His knowledge was wide-ranging, his opinions firmly held, his writing clear. And he had facts at his fingertips to buttress his positions. He hated intellectual pretension and had no patience for fools or received wisdom. He could discuss the intricacies of the publishing business, the nature of Alzheimer's, the state of education, foreign policy, economics, the prospects of this year's baseball season, the books of Asimov or Aristotle, or the military-industrial complex with equal ease and assurance. If you were stupid or crossed him, he would flame you hairless—sometimes for the sheer fun of it. He was a great and

worthy opponent and a better friend.

Mandel discovered online conferencing while recuperating from back surgery and became, in his own term, addicted to it. I prefer to think that this new medium gave him a chance to make a contribution that had more direct impact on the world than his work as a professional futurist at the Stanford Research Institute, a West Coast think tank. And, in the end, he did.

Besides giving the Well a wide range of innovations, such as the True Confessions and Futures conferences, Tom went on to be the master builder of the Time Warner online presence. But his most lasting contribution was the example of how he lived out his life and, in the end, his death, openly and without apology, on the Internet.

In what has to be the year of the Internet, when stories about the Net and the Web and the online services and the wonders of the information stuporhighway cannot be escaped in any medium, there are few examples given where people can see exactly what the new medium can be in its full potential. Most of the time, we are given bromides and platitudes about all the cool stuff, all the neat software, all the information that is just waiting out there to be found. What the

Net now has in spades is content. What it needs most is a clue about how to use it, about how to live and how to be. <mandel> knew about this. He'd used the medium to discuss his childhood, his thoughts, his work, and his needs. When he was diagnosed with terminal lung cancer six months ago, he used the medium to discuss the progress of his disease and, finally, as a means to say farewell to all those who knew him, not as a person, but only as <mandel>. In these final topics, continued over the months, a discerning person might finally see what this new medium could become, used openly and wisely.

What Tom Mandel knew, and what many companies and individuals still refuse to learn, is that online is not about selling something to someone or bringing information to the starving masses. What it is about is people wanting to connect in a real and genuine way to other people, free of the filters of older media; to establish, no matter how ephemerally, communities of like-minded souls who are not separated by the facts of geography; to create a place where it really is the content of one's character that is the first and foremost thing people see. Through his work on the Well and Time Online, Tom

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"Clandestine, Arkansas ... Cloak and Dagger Capital of America." Noting that *The New York Times* had "mentioned Mena primarily as the headquarters of the American Rock Garden Society," the *Columbia Journalism Review* in a recent issue dismissed "the conspiracy theories" as of "dubious relevance."

A former Little Rock businessman, Terry Reed, has coauthored with John Cummings a highly controversial book, *Compromised: Clinton, Bush, and the C.I.A.*, which describes a number of covert activities around Mena, including a C.I.A. operation to train pilots and troops for the Nicaraguan Contras, and the collusion of local officials. Both the book and its authors were greeted with derision.

Now, however, a new mass of documentary evidence has come to light regarding just such "dark deeds"—previously private and secret records that substantiate as never before some of the worst and most portentous suspicions about what went on at Mena, Arkansas, a decade ago.

Given the scope and implications of the Mena story, it may be easy to understand the media's initial skepticism and reluctance. But it was never so easy to dismiss the testimony and suspicions of some of those close to the matter: Internal Revenue Service Agent Bill Duncan, Arkansas State Police investigator Russell Welch, Arkansas Attorney General J. Winston Bryant, Congressman Bill Alexander, and various other local law-enforcement officials and citizens.

All of these people were convinced by the late eighties that there existed what Bryant termed "credible evidence" of the most serious criminal activity involving Mena between 1981 and 1986. They also believed that the crimes were committed with the acquiescence, if not the complicity, of elements of the U.S. government. But they couldn't seem to get the national media to pay attention.

During the 1992 campaign, outside advisers and aides urged former California governor Jerry Brown to raise the Mena issue against Clinton—at least to ask why the Arkansas governor had not done more about such serious international crime so close to home. But Brown, too, backed away from the subject. "I'll raise it if the major media break it first," he told aides. "The media will do it, Governor," one of them replied in frustration, "if only you'll raise it."

Mena's obscure airport was thought by the I.R.S., the F.B.I., U.S. Customs, and the Arkansas State Police to be a base for Adler Berriman "Barry" Seal, a self-confessed, convicted smuggler whose operations had been linked to the intelligence community.

Duncan and Welch both spent years building cases against Seal and others for drug smuggling and money laundering around Mena, only to see their own law-enforcement careers damaged in the process.

What evidence they gathered, they have said in testimony and other public statements, was not sufficiently pursued by the then U.S. attorney for the region, J. Michael Fitzhugh, or by the I.R.S., Arkansas State Police, and other agencies. Duncan, testifying before the joint investigation by the Arkansas state attorney general's office and the United States Congress in June 1991, said that 29 federal indictments drafted in a Mena-based money-laundering scheme had gone unexplored. Fitzhugh,

was because one of the grand jurors was from Mena and "told the others that if they wanted to know something about the Mena airport, they ought to ask that guy [Welch] out there in the hall."

State Attorney General Bryant, in a 1991 letter to the office of Lawrence Walsh, the independent counsel in the Iran-Contra investigation, wondered "why no one was prosecuted in Arkansas despite a mountain of evidence that Seal was using Arkansas as his principle staging area during the years 1982 through 1985."

What actually went on in the woods of western Arkansas? The question is still relevant for what it may reveal about certain government operations during the time that Reagan and Bush were in the White House and Clinton was governor of Arkansas.

In a mass of startling new documentation—the more than 2,000 papers gathered by the authors from private and law-enforcement sources in a year-long nationwide search—answers are found and serious questions are posed.

These newly unearthed documents—the veritable private papers of Barry Seal—substantiate at least part of what went on at Mena.

What might be called the Seal archive dates back to 1981, when Seal began his operations at the Inter-

mountain Regional Airport in Mena. The archive, all of it now in our possession, continues beyond February 1986, when Seal was murdered by Colombian assassins after he had testified in federal court in Las Vegas, Fort Lauderdale, and Miami for the U.S. government against leaders of the Medellín drug cartel.

The papers include such seemingly innocuous material as Seal's bank and telephone records; negotiable instruments, promissory notes, and invoices; personal correspondence; address and appointment books; bills of sale for aircraft and boats; aircraft registration, and modification work orders.

In addition, the archive also contains personal diaries; handwritten to-do lists and other private notes; secretly tape-recorded conversations; and cryptographic keys and legends for codes used in the Seal operation.

Finally, there are extensive official records: federal investigative and surveillance reports, accounting assessments by the I.R.S. and the D.E.A., and court proceedings not previously reported in the press—testimony as well as confidential pre-sentencing memoranda in federal narcotics-trafficking trials in Florida and Nevada—numerous depositions, and other sworn statements.

IT IS A TALE, NOT LEAST, OF THE
STRANGE RELUCTANCE OF SO-CALLED MAIN-
STREAM AMERICAN JOURNALISM TO COME
TO GRIPS WITH ITS OMINOUS IMPLICATIONS.

responding at the time to Duncan's charges, said, "This office has not slowed up any investigation ... [and] has never been under any pressure in any investigation."

By 1992, to Duncan's and Welch's mounting dismay, several other official inquiries into the alleged Mena connection were similarly ineffectual or were stifled altogether, furthering their suspicions of government collusion and cover-up. In his testimony before Congress, Duncan said the I.R.S. "withdrew support for the operations" and further directed him to "withhold information from Congress and perjure myself."

Duncan later testified that he had never before experienced "anything remotely akin to this type of interference.... Alarms were going off," he continued, "and as soon as Mr. Fitzhugh got involved, he was more aggressive in not allowing the subpoenas and in interfering in the investigative process."

State policeman Russell Welch felt he was "probably the most knowledgeable person" regarding the activities at Mena, yet he was not initially subpoenaed to testify before the grand jury. Welch testified later that the only reason he was ultimately subpoenaed at all



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a turn at five-card stud. The Philadelphia Kid quickly
lived up to her reputation, and
Lydia learned she didn't stand a chance under
the silken hand of such a pro.”



THREE-CARD MAMA AND THE PHILADELPHIA KID

Joe's Speakeasy.... 2 A.M. Lydia, alias Three-Card Mama, had mercilessly cleared the table, sending the boys back to the mean streets, their pockets empty and their tails between their legs. Thinking the fun was over, she ordered one last drink before counting her winnings. Suddenly, through the dense cigar smoke and dim lights, came a gruff challenge. Emerging from the shadows was Sara, the Philadelphia Kid, the most notorious—and sexy—poker hustler on the eastern seaboard. Lydia's gambling juices started flowing once again. The Kid had been known to leave a wake of destruction in her path, and Lydia was drawn like a moth to the perilous flame. "What's your game?" she demanded. "You know my game," countered her nemesis. "Don't try to con a con."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





THE
HUGO BOSS
CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MADE IN
ITALY



Each woman exercised caution. They searched each other thoroughly. Lydia satisfied herself that the Philadelphia Kid had nothing hidden up her sleeve. Sara made equally sure that Three-Card Mama laid *all* her cards on the table.





Sara played
her cards
right, allow-
ing Lydia
the illusion of
command
... all the
while raising
the stakes.





Exhausting
themselves
deep into
the night
while simulta-
neously
feeding an
infinite
craving to
conquer,

the gamblers
each exe-
cuted a per-
sonal sting.
But who
would
emerge the
better player?
Who would
fold first?





Even Lydia's most convincing poker face couldn't hide the fact that the heated pressure was getting to her.







Fedoras and braces were shed to
 relieve the tension, and the wanton wagers
 took a turn at five-card stud.
 The Philadelphia Kid quickly lived up to her
 reputation, and Lydia learned
 that she didn't stand a chance under the silken
 hand of such a pro. With one
 fevered shuffle and a masterful deal, Sara exe-
 cuted the move she was notorious
 for ... the ace in the hole. At once her opponent
 raised, folded, and flushed. She
 surrendered the kitty to its rightful owner, and
 the winner, of course, took all! O+

The archive paints a vivid portrait not only of a major criminal conspiracy around Mena, but also of the unmistakable shadow of government complicity. Among the new revelations:

Mena, from 1981 to 1985, was indeed one of the centers for international smuggling traffic. According to official I.R.S. and D.E.A. calculations, sworn court testimony, and other corroborative records, the traffic amounted to thousands of kilos of cocaine and heroin and literally hundreds of millions of dollars in drug profits. According to a 1986 letter from the Louisiana attorney general to then U.S. attorney general Edwin Meese, Seal "smuggled between \$3 billion and \$5 billion of drugs into the U.S."

Seal himself spent considerable sums to land, base, maintain, and specially equip or refit his aircraft for smuggling. According to personal and business records, he had extensive associations at Mena and in Little Rock, and was in nearly constant telephone contact with Mena when he was not there himself. Phone records indicate Seal made repeated calls to Mena the day before his murder. This was long after Seal, according to his own testimony, was working as an \$800,000-a-year informant for the federal government.

A former member of the Army Special Forces, Seal had ties to the Central Intelligence Agency dating to the early 1970s. He had confided to relatives and others, according to their sworn statements, that he was a C.I.A. operative before and during the period when he established his operations at Mena. In one statement to Louisiana State Police, a Seal relative said, "Barry was into gunrunning and drug smuggling in Central and South America ... and he had done some time in El Salvador [sic]." Another then added, "It was true, but at the time Barry was working for the C.I.A."

In a posthumous jeopardy-assessment case against Seal—also documented in the archive—the I.R.S. determined that money earned by Seal between 1984 and 1986 was not illegal because of his "C.I.A.-D.E.A. employment." The only public official acknowledgment of Seal's relationship to the C.I.A. has been in court and congressional testimony, and in various published accounts describing the C.I.A.'s installation of cameras in Seal's C-123K transport plane, used in a highly celebrated 1984 sting operation against the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua.

Robert Joura, the assistant special agent in charge of the D.E.A.'s Houston office and the agent who coordinated Seal's undercover work, told *The Washington Post* last year that Seal was

enlisted by the C.I.A. for one sensitive mission—providing photographic evidence that the Sandinistas were letting cocaine from Colombia move through Nicaragua. A spokesman for then Senate candidate Oliver North told *The Post* that North had been kept aware of Seal's work through "intelligence sources."

Federal Aviation Administration registration records contained in the archive confirm that aircraft identified by federal and state narcotics agents as in the Seal smuggling operation were previously owned by Air America, Inc., widely reported to have been a C.I.A. proprietary company. Emile Camp, one of Seal's pilots and a witness to some of his most significant dealings, was killed on a mountainside near Mena in 1985 in the unexplained crash of one of those planes that had once belonged to Air America.

According to still other Seal records, at least some of the aircraft in his smuggling fleet, which included a Lear jet, helicopters, and former U.S. military transports, were also outfitted with avionics and other equipment by yet another company in turn linked to Air America.

Among the aircraft flown in and out of Mena was Seal's C-123K cargo plane, christened *Fat Lady*. The records show that *Fat Lady*, serial number 54-0679, was sold by Seal months before his death. According to other files, the plane soon found its way to a phantom company of what became known in the Iran-Contra scandal as "the Enterprise," the C.I.A.-related secret entity managed by Oliver North and others to smuggle illegal weapons to the Nicaraguan Contra rebels. According to former D.E.A. agent Celerino Castillo and others, the aircraft was allegedly involved in a return traffic in cocaine, profits from which were then used to finance more clandestine gunrunning.

F.A.A. records show that in October 1986, the same *Fat Lady* was shot down over Nicaragua with a load of arms destined for the Contras. Documents found on board the aircraft and seized by the Sandinistas included logs linking the plane with Area 51—the nation's top-secret nuclear-weapons facility at the Nevada Test Site. The doomed aircraft was co-piloted by Wallace Blaine "Buzz" Sawyer, a native of western Arkansas, who died in the crash. The admissions of the surviving crew member, Eugene Hasenfus, began a public unraveling of the Iran-Contra episode.

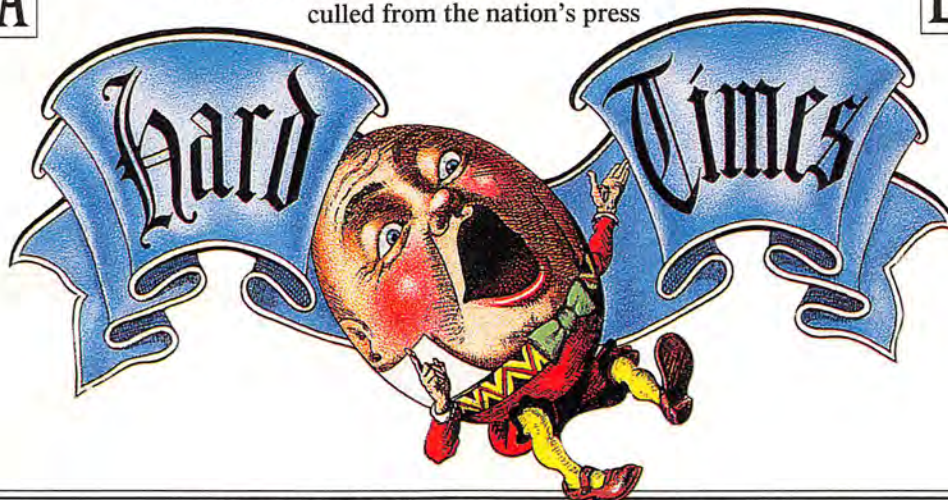
An Arkansas gun manufacturer testified in 1993 in federal court in Fayetteville that the C.I.A. contracted with him to build 250 automatic pistols for the Mena operation. William Holmes testified that he had been introduced to Seal in Mena by a C.I.A. operative, and that he then sold weapons to Seal.



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. 14, NO. 6

EVER-POPULAR FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Damian Michael Toya, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was for many years ridiculed by his father, who continually taunted him about his gay lifestyle. Frustrated, Toya pulled a gun and pointed it directly at his dad. The father just looked at him and said, "You don't have the guts to do it." These facts emerged when Toya pleaded guilty to voluntary manslaughter. —*The Atlanta Journal and Constitution*

RODNEY KING'S SECOND BEATING

According to expenses filed after Rodney King won his civil suit against the Los Angeles Police Department, King's lawyers are asking for \$4.4 million in fees and expenses from the losing side. King was awarded \$3.8 million. Among the more interesting charges in the bills are a \$1,300 fee for going with King to see *Malcolm X* and \$650 for attending King's birthday party. —*The Atlanta Journal and Constitution*

MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS

In Celaya, Mexico, prison guards agreed to the request from six prisoners to move their exercise trampoline a little closer to the prison wall. The convicts promptly bounced right over the wall to freedom. —*Weekly World News*

ANALS OF AMERICAN INVENTION

The Kimberly-Clark Corporation has been granted a patent for artificial shit. The material is used for testing diapers, and was developed in response to complaints by product testers that the traditional testing materials, such as mashed potatoes and peanut butter, just didn't cut it. —*The New York Times*

PARTY ON!

After a man and a woman had sex at a house party in the United Arab Emirates, they were found "guilty of sex outside marriage." The man was sentenced to 90 strokes of a cane and three months in jail, to be followed by deportation. In what may be a bow to the global move toward affirmative action, the court sentenced the woman to 100 strokes and two months in prison. —*Reuters*

VACATION PARADISE OF THE MONTH

"Albania is one of the few countries left where you can live a feudal lifestyle surrounded by undemanding domestic helpers." —*Harper's*

JUST A QUARTER-INCH IN THE TOP, PLEASE

A post-Communism protest in Romanian prisons has the prisoners sedating themselves and their cell mates by hammering rusty nails into their heads to avoid hard labor. The nails, sources say, are first dipped in the prisoners' feces. Prisoners say they bang the nails in by hitting their heads on the walls, but the guards insist they use metal teacups, according to the Romanian news service. Prison doctors say that no surgery is required to remove the nails if they don't go too far into the skull. —*Reuters*

HOT BUNS MEAN BIG WEENIES

Bunky Cohen, a hot-dog vendor in Boca Raton, Florida, has found a way to boost her sales. She simply bares her buns! A real roadside attraction, Cohen attracts customers to her hot-dog wagon with her innovative uniform, the Slingshot. Cohen charges \$2.50 for a red-hot weenie in one of her buns. —*Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Sun-Sentinel*



ROCKET SCIENCE

William Brotherton, 20, was killed last July after jumping from a hot-air balloon in Arvada, Colorado. Investigators found that the balloon was tethered at 190 feet, while Brotherton's bungee cord stretched to 260 feet. —*Men's Health*

NO-BRAINER

After hearing Trisha Yearwood sing at a rehearsal in Nashville, Neil Diamond leaped onstage and proclaimed, "You can either marry me or sing with me!" Fortunately, Yearwood is married. —*People*

IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

A Desmond Morris TV documentary featured the first widely broadcast shot of a human orgasm from inside the vagina. Morris mounted a very small camera inside the woman and strapped another on the man's penis. The couple then had sex more than 60 times to give Morris enough footage for the show. (*The Independent*)

SPECIAL RECIPE

Last Thanksgiving, the Butterball Turkey company received an emergency phone call on their hot line from a confused cook. The woman claimed that her pet Chihuahua had crawled inside the cavity of the turkey and was stuck. (*Greensboro, North Carolina, News-Record*)

FASHION BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

BASIC ♦ BLACK

When life's more formal moments
demand a polished look, today's designers have you covered
in black and white.



Left: Tuxedo jacket by Talia Uomo, pants from Today's Man. Vest by Perry Ellis over shirt from Lord West. Shoes from Anne Klein. Right: Hat by M. Yoko. Black silk formal jacket and white silk shirt by Pancaldi & B. Shoes by Morgan Tay. Accessories from Apropos Accessory Showroom.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

J E A N C L A U D E M A I L L A R D



Velvet tuxedo jacket, shirt, bow tie, and cummerbund from Salvatore Ferragamo. Studs and cuff links from Adolfo at Today's Man. Silk evening dress and gloves by M. Yoko.

Charles Jourdan
jacket from Today's
Man, shirt and vest
from Ferragamo,
bow tie and studs
by Adolfo. Dress
and gloves by M.
Yoko. Necklace and
earrings by Lisa
Marinucci, bracelet
by Cardillo at
Apropos Accessory
Showroom.



SOME TIMES REQUIRE FORMALITY, BUT FORMAL CAN BE FUN.



Staying cool under the hot lights in a crisp Charles Jourdan tuxedo jacket. Formal silk shirt from Pancaldi & B. Choker by Cardillo. Givenchy panty hose and shoes by Anne Klein. Vintage movie camera and other equipment courtesy of E. Buk Antiques and Arts, New York City.

WHEN THE EVENT DEMANDS A TUXEDO, THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.



No matter how you bend your gender, the tuxedo's style always fits with formal occasions. Never rent a tux. If you rent one three times, you could have bought one for the same money. Above: Jacket by Perry Ellis over Adolfo shirt with a Ferragamo vest and tie. For more information, see page 158.

Even though he was given a Department of Defense purchase order for guns fitted with silencers, Holmes testified that he was never paid the \$140,000 the government owed him. "After the Hasenfus plane was shot down," Holmes said, "you couldn't find a soul around Mena."

Meanwhile, there was still more evidence that Seal's massive smuggling operation based in Arkansas had been part of a C.I.A. operation, and that the crimes were continuing well after Seal's murder. In 1991 sworn testimony to both Congressman Alexander and Attorney General Bryant, state police investigator Welch recorded that in 1987 he had documented "new activity at the [Mena] airport with the appearance of ... an Australian business [a company linked with the C.I.A.], and C-130s had appeared..."

At the same time, according to Welch, two F.B.I. agents officially informed him that the C.I.A. "had something going on at the Mena Airport involving Southern Air Transport [another company linked with the C.I.A.] ... and they didn't want us [the Arkansas State Police] to screw it up like we had the last one."

The hundreds of millions in profits generated by the Seal trafficking via Mena and other outposts resulted in extraordinary banking and business practices in apparent efforts to launder or disperse the vast amounts of illicit money in Arkansas and elsewhere. Seal's financial records show from the early eighties, for example, instances of daily deposits of \$50,000 or more, and extensive use of an offshore foreign bank in the Caribbean, as well as financial institutions in Arkansas and Florida.

According to I.R.S. criminal investigator Duncan, secretaries at the Mena Airport told him that when Seal flew into Mena, "there would be stacks of cash to be taken to the bank and laundered." One secretary told him that she was ordered to obtain numerous cashier's checks, each in an amount just under \$10,000, at various banks in Mena and surrounding communities, to avoid filing the federal Currency Transaction Reports required for all bank transactions that exceed that limit.

Bank tellers testified before a federal grand jury that in November 1982, a Mena airport employee carried a suitcase containing more than \$70,000 into a bank. "The bank officer went down the teller lines handing out the stacks of \$1,000 bills and got the cashier's checks."

Law-enforcement sources confirmed that hundreds of thousands of dollars were laundered from 1981 to 1983 just in a few small banks near Mena, and that millions more from Seal's operation were laundered elsewhere in Arkansas and the nation.

Spanish-language documents in Seal's possession at the time of his murder also indicate that he had accounts throughout Central America and was planning to set up his own bank in the Caribbean.

Additionally, Seal's files suggest a grandiose scheme for building an empire. Papers in his office at the time of his death include references to dozens of companies—all of which had names that began with Royale. Among them: Royale Sports, Royale Television Network, Royale Liquors, Royale Casino, S.A., Royale Pharmaceuticals, Royale Arabians, Royale Seafood, Royale Security, Royale Resorts ... and on and on.

Seal was scarcely alone in his exten-

in the end, the Seal documents are vindication for dedicated officials in Arkansas like agents Duncan and Welch and local citizens' groups like the Arkansas Committee, whose own evidence and charges take on new gravity—and also for *The Nation*, *The Village Voice*, the Association of National Security Alumni, the venerable Washington journalists Sarah McClendon and Jack Anderson, Arkansas reporters Rodney Bowers and Mara Leveritt, and others who kept an all-too-authentic story alive amid wider indifference.

But now the larger implications of the newly exposed evidence seem as disturbing as the criminal enormity it silhouettes. Like his modern freebooter's life, Seal's documents leave the political and legal landscape littered with stark questions.

What, for example, happened to some nine different official investigations into Mena after 1987, from allegedly compromised federal grand juries to congressional inquiries suppressed by the National Security Council in 1988 under Ronald Reagan to still later Justice Department inaction under George Bush?

Officials repeatedly invoked national security to quash most of the investigations. Court documents *do* show clearly that the C.I.A. and the D.E.A. employed Seal during 1984 and 1985

for the Reagan administration's celebrated sting attempt to implicate the Nicaraguan Sandinista regime in cocaine trafficking.

According to a December 1988 Senate Foreign Relations Committee report, "cases were dropped. The apparent reason was that the prosecution might have revealed national-security information, even though all of the crimes which were the focus of the investigation occurred before Seal became a federal informant."

Tax records show that, having assessed Seal posthumously for some \$86 million in back taxes on his earnings from Mena and elsewhere between 1981 and 1983, even the I.R.S. forgave the taxes on hundreds of millions in known drug and gun profits over the ensuing two-year period when Seal was officially admitted to be employed by the government.

To follow the I.R.S. logic, what of the years, crimes, and profits at Mena in the early eighties, before Barry Seal became an acknowledged federal operative, as well as the subsequently reported drug-trafficking activities at Mena even *after* his murder—crimes far removed from his admitted cooperation as government informant and witness?

THE ARCHIVE PAINTS A VIVID PORTRAIT NOT

ONLY OF A MAJOR CRIMINAL

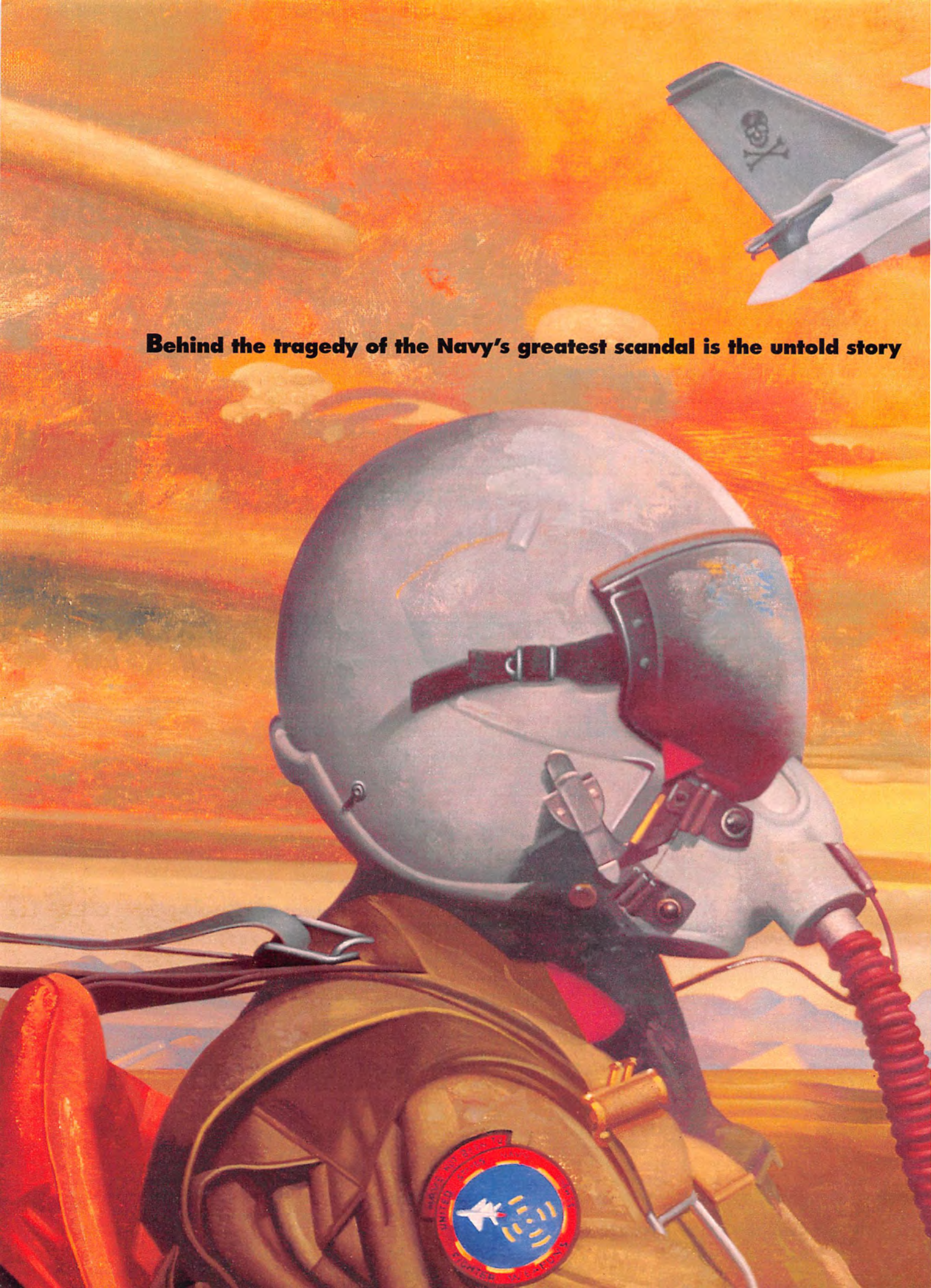
CONSPIRACY, BUT ALSO OF THE UNMISTAKABLE

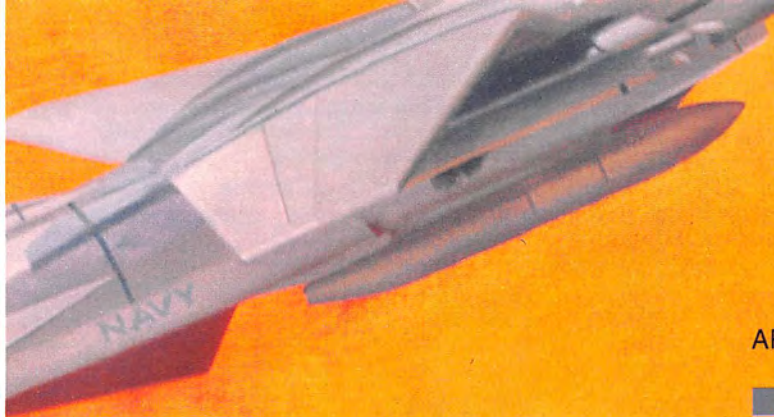
SHADOW OF GOVERNMENT DUPLICITY.

sive smuggling operation based in Mena from 1981 to 1986, commonly described in both federal and state law-enforcement files as one of the largest drug-trafficking operations in the United States at the time, if not in the history of the drug trade. Documents show Seal confiding on one occasion that he was "only the transport," pointing to an extensive network of narcotics distribution and finance in Arkansas and other states. After drugs were smuggled across the border, the duffel bags of cocaine would be retrieved by helicopters and dropped onto flatbed trucks destined for various American cities.

In recognition of Seal's significance in the drug trade, government prosecutors made him their chief witness in various cases, including a 1985 Miami trial in absentia of Medellín drug lords; in another 1985 trial of what federal officials regarded as the largest narcotics-trafficking case to date in Las Vegas; and in still a third prosecution of corrupt officials in the Turks and Caicos Islands. At the same time, court records and other documents reveal a studied indifference by government prosecutors to Seal's earlier and ongoing operations at Mena.

Behind the tragedy of the Navy's greatest scandal is the untold story





ARTICLE BY JEAN ZIMMERMAN

TAILSPIN

of the heroic women flyers who refused to consider themselves victims.

It was already over. Only the life had been so glorious, so god-damn much fun, that no one wanted to admit they were the walking dead. It was like Tibetan mythology, where the dying don't realize the actual fact of their death until long afterward, and continue with a sort of dreamy momentum to behave like the living.

Every male on the third floor that night, every guy standing around with a drink in his hand, wearing the off-duty uniform of the aviator—clipped hair, a T-shirt, and shoes without socks—had at least a dim awareness that the culture that had sustained his world for so long was undergoing a vast change. Their

response was so automatic as to seem inborn.

That was part of it, part of what happened on Labor Day weekend in Las Vegas, part of what turned the 1991 Tailhook Convention into the scandal it was. There was a fundamental misunderstanding in the Navy that nothing was ever going to change. But, in fact, the old rules *had* changed—the ones that said that the Navy was an old boys' club, the ones that said no girls allowed—and nobody

PAINTING BY WILSON McLEAN

was owning up to it. Women were entering the service in record numbers. The legal rule that kept them out of combat squadrons looked like it was going to be shredded by Congress. So the old order had disappeared, but none of the fliers at Tailhook that year seemed to believe it.

Dead? How could they be? They were bulletproof. Naval aviators were selected, trained, and groomed for invincibility. The ones who didn't believe, who had some niggling, secret flaw in their character that allowed doubt to creep in, who didn't swagger out onto that tarmac every day as if they were immortal—those men were banished. Eliminated by official action or struck from the skies by a flick of God's little finger. The life they had chosen was so dangerous, so close to the edge—fliers have by far the highest casualty rate in the peacetime military—that whoever blinked in the face of it was immediately smoked.

The way to survive, the pilots would tell you, was not to turn away from the dangers, but never to discount them. The most successful aviators learned to take their lessons from those who messed up, and, finally, to relish the risks themselves, to love the dangers as though they were life-sustaining. When you are focused like that, when you are immune and certain and self-contained, the world can change around you, but you yourself are never affected.

The jacket patch that aviators receive at the Top Gun training school at Miramar Naval Air Station, San Diego, California, continues to feature a Soviet MiG centered in the middle of a set of gun sights. The world had moved on with the collapse of the Cold War; anyone, even a civilian, could now rent a ride on a Russian MiG in Moscow. Every sign pointed to the fact that the role of war fighter as the Top Gun pilots had known it was sorely in need of revision. It didn't matter. They were bulletproof.

Likewise, Congress could legislate women in warplanes, and the secretary of the Navy could make male fliers train with females. They could even see women pilots with their own eyes enter and hormonally desecrate the sanctum sanctorum of the jet community—and they would still tell themselves it would never happen.

In the months after it became uncomfortably clear that something had gone wrong at Tailhook 1991, a handful of women—Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, civilians Lisa Reagan and Marie Weston, an ensign out at Miramar named Kim Ponikowski, and the Las Vegas minor who had been stripped of her clothes—told of the assaults they had suffered. Gradually, as their stories surfaced in the local news, and as local news stories

grew into national headlines, people outside the military demanded explanations.

But what no one seemed to grasp was that Tailhook, an event that called out for change, was itself an aftershock of a seismic change within the aviation community. Women had entered and irrevocably transformed what had theretofore been a closed clique. No longer was naval aviation a place where men were men and boys would be boys. But the men just kept clinging to their old world, and the boys went on acting like boys. What the whole Tailhook affair really represented was a lesser Götterdämmerung. It was the happy hour of the gods.

When a species nears extinction, certain behavioral niceties drop away, and its individual members begin to perform desperate measures—roaming huge territories in search of mates, for example, or senselessly attacking non-predators. The more any group is threatened, the more it tends to lash out at enemies, real or imagined. So perhaps the threat

*THE LIFE THEY HAD CHOSEN
WAS SO DANGEROUS, SO CLOSE TO THE EDGE,
THAT WHOEVER BLINKED IN
THE FACE OF IT WAS IMMEDIATELY SMOKED.*

of extinction was what made them party a little harder on the third floor that night, act a little crazier than in the past. It put a hysterical edge to the celebrations. The feast in the midst of the plague.

For the naval aviator, there was something askew in women's presence in the cockpit, something so fundamental and challenging to life's basic assumptions that it couldn't be talked about. Everyone knew that some part of the old order was gone, but no one knew what to do about it. So there was a sort of group-think agreement to act as if nothing had really happened at all.

The important thing was to maintain the aura of invincibility. Even though you are flesh and bone, insist that you are bulletproof. Even when the Naval Investigative Service comes to call, pulling your chain about the stuff that went down at last year's Tailhook, don't worry. It's the end of the world, R.E.M. is singing, and you feel fine.

Considering the outrage it ignited, the final report on the N.I.S. investigation is an unlikely document.

Released on April 30, 1992, the N.I.S. Tailhook report is impenetrable, unwieldy, impossible. There is no title page, no index, no table of contents.

The blocky sans-serif print is difficult to read, its computer-generated characters soft, gray, and broken, created by a photocopier with toner levels at low ebb.

The report is made up of the rawest of raw material. Its features all seem to run together: the prosecutive summaries, the complaints of the victims, the reports of interviews with suspects, the sworn statements of witnesses. Dates are jumbled.

The text consists simply of interview after interview, all "redacted," as the government calls it—which means edited for the privacy of the individuals involved. The heavy blue pencil of the government censor gives the pages a gap-toothed, jack-o'-lantern effect. Some pages show more gap than text.

"No, we didn't put out a big P.R. thing," says Bill Hudson, formerly an El Paso, Texas, cop and head of the criminal division at the N.I.S. throughout the Tailhook investigation. Which was putting it mildly. The N.I.S. report was a clay-tablet-and-cuneiform text for the computer age. As an attempt to lay to rest the myriad questions about Tailhook, it failed miserably.

There was plenty of dirt, however. The lurid party practices of the naval aviators were trotted out for national display. Witnesses described the flier wrapping his "crank" in a woman's waist-length hair, the minor "left on the floor at the location where she was stripped ... totally naked." A bartender remembered a woman who was "visibly upset and her clothes were stretched and torn"; she was being chased by three men who "were laughing and urging the woman to come back to them." There were detailed analyses of the gauntlet, of what it was and wasn't: "not constant but more a flowing thing," "a good-natured, fun practice which was conducted with a jocular-like [sic] attitude."

But what the N.I.S. report didn't have, what it lacked in spades, was names. There was no payoff.

Later on, the N.I.S. would insist that the report probably should not have been released at all, that it was an internal document, about as suitable for public consumption as a police blotter.

The Navy inspector general's office released its piggyback report at the same time. Summed up in a media-friendly six pages was the I.G.'s gloss on the N.I.S. findings: a terse catalog of sexual assaults, stonewalling, and systemic hostility toward women in the naval-aviation community. Faced with the daunting prospect of plowing through the N.I.S. report itself, many people in Congress, in the media, and in the Navy itself opted for the streamlined I.G. version.

OTC PHARMACEUTICALS

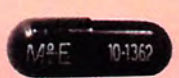
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The I.G. noted a "marked absence of moral courage and personal integrity," "a gang mentality," "a sense in the TACAIR [tactical aircraft] community that what happened on the third floor was acceptable social conduct." It also noted that the gauntlet had existed at least for the previous two years—probably for the past five. It concluded that much of the behavior examined fell into the category of "conduct unbecoming an officer." But the I.G., too, failed to identify any suspects.

Dirt, but no names. Crimes, but no one held responsible. It was a lethal combination, one that was to twist the spine of the public response to Tailhook from that point on. The media stepped in to act as purveyors and packagers of the information. And the press quickly decided that what it had on its hands was a travesty of justice. Eric Schmitt of *The New York Times* pegged the most dynamic tally (on page 14—Tailhook wasn't yet front-page news), the proportion of indecent-assault suspects to number of victims: "A Navy investigation into sexual abuse at a convention of naval aviators last September has found that dozens of women, rather than the five or so who initially filed complaints, were assaulted there."

"Further," he continued, "the investigators have been able to identify only two suspects despite evidence that scores of officers took part in the assaults. The investigators attribute that outcome of their inquiry to the refusal of many pilots, some with senior rank, to cooperate with them."

A consensus quickly formed. For a press corps that had cut its teeth on Watergate, the behavior of the Navy pilots targeted by the investigation was instantly recognizable.

"When investigators questioned the pilots, they ran into a stone wall of silence and lies," reporter David Martin told Dan Rather in a lead segment on the CBS evening news. Twenty-six women, he stated, testified they had been assaulted or molested at what he somewhat disingenuously labeled the Tailhook "cocktail party."

Rather also featured the electronically altered voices of Lisa Reagan and Marie Weston, and he quoted Navy Undersecretary Dan Howard, who explained the failure of the investigative process he had managed by saying that some of the pilots interviewed had flat-out lied.

Such was the overwhelming image communicated to the public in the wake of the N.I.S. report. Male sexual transgression linked with female innocence, victimization, and accusation. A stone wall of silence in response to a botched investigation, and a lingering smell of cover-up.

What left the deepest impression was the assault on justice itself. Whatever the merits of the he-said-she-said Tailhook testimony, there was a blatant imbalance here that offended what was customarily identified as "the American tradition of fair play." The sense of outrage over this state of affairs became the engine that would drive the Tailhook scandal for many months to come.

Tailhook's "man-brute-woman-victim" equation aligned itself neatly with prevailing cultural mythology, electrified by the currency of the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas hearings. As a broad-brush characterization of reality, it was reasonably accurate. But it wasn't necessarily the whole truth.

While the press could characterize the N.I.S. findings in a thoroughly black-and-white manner, in substance the report contained not only shades of gray, but a crazed sort of herringbone.

A central paradox concerned the accounts given to the N.I.S. by women

ish, the experience.

One woman told investigators that she had traversed the hallway many times on Saturday night. She remembered walking down the corridor with two girlfriends at one point and seeing ten to 15 men standing on both sides of the hallway. She and her friends, according to the report, "were carrying beer in their hands as they walked down the hallway."

As she went past the group of men—a trip of some 20 feet that took her less than a minute—some of them "reached out and pinched her on the buttocks." She "stated she was laughing the entire time and was not offended by the situation." They didn't even spill their beer, she said. The woman "strongly stated that at no time was she touched or grabbed in any of her private areas, and she did not observe anyone being touched or grabbed in such a manner."

A golf-course attendant from the Naval Air Station at Fallon, Nevada, was asked to tend bar in one of the hospitality suites. She staunchly defended the behavior of

the men at the convention, and told investigators she had walked down the hall by herself many times without being bothered or touched.

"She said that a few comments were made, but she said that they were regular comments and they did not bother her at all," read the N.I.S. agent's summary of her interview. "She said that everyone she came in contact with treated her very nicely."

She said that she was even in the hot tub with ten men and no one made any advances toward her." In fact, she stated that "she had received worse treatment from persons at the golf course!"

The exclamatory gloss suggested a deliberate mind-set on the part of the N.I.S. agent receiving the woman's testimony, and brings up the question of objectivity—which lingers in the background of the entire document. The effect of the observer upon the observed is less than clear-cut here, but the image of the prototypical N.I.S. agent that comes across in these interviews is not of a person attempting to cover up or deny the existence of serious wrongdoing.

That said, there is throughout a flavor of the Puritan's double standard. The report was full of hearsay evidence by women about women, describing a female who "strutted" through the gauntlet "wearing only a U.S.N. member's white hat, a Sinatra T-shirt, and panties pulled up to expose most of her bottom"; another, a groupie who "stripped to her thong"; others who "wear enticing dress and readily go down the gauntlet whooping and hollering," who "incite the male behavior."

Some of this fit all too easily into the stereotype of the party girl. However, the

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who attended Tailhook. One would have expected to find anger, resentment, or, at the very least, an eagerness to see justice done. Again and again, these expectations were confounded.

N.I.S.'s Bill Hudson explains, "If you read through the statements, you can find that they described approximately 50 women who went through the gauntlet. And many of these women were described by the people standing there as willing participants. They said some of them went through a second time or a third time. We would have liked to have identified some of them, because they might be able to recognize some of the gauntlet participants. But the only victims that we were able to find were the ones that were identified by boyfriends or people that were interviewed. None of these people were coming to us. They weren't lined up coming in to report assaults."

Sexual-assault victims who are unwilling to come forward represent a familiar paradigm for investigators. What perplexed the N.I.S. agents more was the almost surreal gulf that existed in women's perceptions of the Tailhook convention in general and the gauntlet in particular. There were women who were haunted by being assaulted, and others who professed to enjoy, even rel-

cumulative impression of the N.I.S. report was undeniably one of a wide spectrum of female experiences at Tailhook—much wider, at any rate, than was portrayed at the time of its release in the press.

That was true of men, too. While many male aviators were assaultive during the convention and presented a stone wall to the investigation, others actively intervened against the assaults, and were more than forthcoming afterward. One officer, for example, eventually led N.I.S. agents to Lieutenant Gregory "Goose" Geiss, identified as one of the instigators of the gauntlet. This witness and a friend had stationed themselves at the gauntlet's head, "about ten feet from where the guys [had] organized themselves." They leaned against the wall and waited. The officer told investigators that "a woman approached the gauntlet and she was hesitant to go through the crowd. She leaned against the wall near us, and I told her that if she went through she would get touched, and if you really need to get to the other end of the hall, I would take an alternative route." He told this to two women, and both went the roundabout way.

Then the two men were approached by Geiss, an aviator who, like them, was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Whidbey Island, Washington. Geiss "got very close to our faces," the witness related to N.I.S. agents.

"He said if we didn't like what was going on to leave, that we didn't deserve to be on the third deck. He asked if this was our first Tailhook. We both said yes and he replied with 'that figures.' He said the gauntlet was a Tailhook tradition, and we were going against tradition, and made us feel that we weren't players, real aviators, or one of the guys. We tried to talk to him and confront him about violating women. He said the women knew what they were in for when they came to Tailhook. He didn't seem concerned with how the women felt about being touched. We stood there and listened to him for about ten minutes. It was obvious that he had been drinking. He told us that a girl had passed out in the hallway earlier and her clothing was removed. I don't really know what happened. He was really proud of the behavior of the guys in the gauntlet.

"We thought we got through to him because he seemed to understand our point," he went on. "We reminded him that we were naval officers and this type of conduct was unbecoming of a naval officer. We didn't want to be associated with a group of men that attacked and molested women and treated women so rudely. He kept defending the gauntlet tradition. He said we would be here in three years doing the same thing."

Kara Hultgreen was unquestionably a woman, but she was also one of the boys. She had made that clear back in



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flight school, in the late eighties, enduring the kinds of brush-with-death experiences that are the Navy jet pilot's casually worn badges of honor.

There was the very first time Hultgreen went up solo to do "aerial combat maneuvering" (dogfighting) in an A-4. Oddly, given the paucity of female aviators, she found her instructor was another woman. "Like a big cat-fight—meow! I'm like, *I thought there was a rule against females flying together*, because I'd never flown with her the whole time I'd been in the squadron."

What jet pilots love to do more than anything else is describe their aerial encounters. On these occasions, they break from their usual laconic prose style and rise into only slightly less laconic poetry. Intent and gesticulatory, they mimic the high-altitude maneuvers of jet aircraft until their hand motions resemble complicated Indian mudra. The specifics of the flight stories differ. Always, though, they feature spins, dives, and flame-outs, with remarkable, miraculous recoveries each time. Again, just beneath the surface is the unalterable moral of every jet-jock lesson: *I'm invincible. Look at this, I can fly in the face of death—and come out alive!*

Female pilots are just as likely to buy into this as males. Hultgreen and her female A-4 instructor were doing some "nose-high" maneuvers that day, pointing the front part of the jet toward the sky. Following behind the instructor, Hultgreen suddenly realized her plane was out of control, "departing" (entering a spin) violently. "I did all the procedures to recover, and still we're tumbling out of the sky, end over end. I'm getting smashed up against the canopy, just all over the place. I'm like, *What the hell?* I'm checking my altimeter. The first time I looked we're at 18,000 feet, and then it's winding down like you wouldn't believe. I'm getting thrown all over the place trying to keep the controls neutral and make sure my ailerons were neutralized, because in an A-4 that's real important. Your ailerons will put you into a spin—they're the surface on the wings that make you turn. So I'm looking in the mirror at my ailerons, making sure they're level, and looking at my turn needle and my airspeed and my angle of attack to check to see if I'm actually in a spin, because then you have other procedures to do."

"At 10,000 feet, if you're out of control, you're supposed to eject. So I'm tumbling out of the sky. I'm waiting for this airplane to recover. Usually the nose points down and you accelerate and you fly away and it's not such a big deal. All of a sudden I hear '14,000 feet. Check your ailerons,' and it was the other airplane just sort of following me down. I'm

like, *What do you think I'm doing in here, filling my nails? Of course I'm checking my ailerons, you idiot!* Then I look at my altimeter—it's going to 11,000 feet. I'm like, *Oh man, the next time I look at that gauge I'm supposed to eject. I thought, I don't want to have to eject. I'm not going to be able to get my wings on the fourth of August.* That was July 1989; I was on my last couple of flights before graduation. All these things go through your mind in a nanosecond: *I'll have to call my dad, he'll have to get his plane reservation changed. I'm just like, I can't eject out of here! Jeez! I'm scope-locked on the airspeed, because I didn't want to look at the altimeter anymore, because then I'd have to eject. We'll wait till it gets to five—to hell with 10,000 feet. We'll give it an extra couple of thousand, see what happens.*

"Suddenly my airspeed went from zero to like 200 knots, boom. I pulled out of it at around 7,500. The heart's going a mile a minute. So I was going back up on the lead, and we just went and did some

Hultgreen rejected the N.I.S. characterization because it would challenge the very core of her self-image—a self-image based on the same feelings of bulletproof invincibility that existed in the hearts and minds of male aviators. It was such an essential component of being able to walk out to the flight line every day. *Nothing will happen to me that I can't handle.* You had to believe that, or you couldn't function.

There was a crucial difference between the male and female versions of being bulletproof. Kara Hultgreen could still summon a fiery anger about the physical assaults in Las Vegas. Just because she refused to let anyone term her a victim did not mean she withdrew compassion for others. "They say, 'You see, Kara, it didn't happen to you because you were smart enough to leave the third floor.' Or, 'You were smart enough not to go near the hallway.' Now, does that make it right? No. I don't agree with that attitude. That attitude really pisses me off."

If flying jets taught arrogance, invincibility, there were other lessons to be learned from it, too—lessons that were closer to humility. A close friend of Hultgreen's in flight school had crashed his plane and died. This was the guy who had turned her on to the whole idea of flying with the Navy to begin with, when they were in R.O.T.C. together at the University of Texas. But just before they were to go to the boat to qualify in A-4s, he made a mistake from which he couldn't recover.

"It's not that big a deal that he died," Hultgreen said. "The hard part about all that is when you have to go to the funeral and see his parents. And you just sit there and think, *That could be my parents.* The mother's in tears, and everyone's crying. You're like, *That would be bad.* But I don't feel half as bad for him, because he died doing something that he really liked doing."

Don't cry for me, Argentina. The guy knew what the risks were. If this attitude seems cold and unforgiving, there was a purity to it, also, a clear-eyed sense of life's possibilities, both terrible and courageous. And it was an ask-no-quarter attitude that fed the reactions toward what happened on the third deck, on the part of Kara Hultgreen and a lot of other female fliers who had been there.

"When I went to Tailhook," Hultgreen said, "I certainly knew what Tailhook was all about. I had heard about the third floor, and I knew that I probably didn't want to be up there after about nine. I wasn't going there fearing for my life, but I certainly went there realizing exactly what goes on, and taking precautions so I wouldn't get caught in a situation I wouldn't want to have to deal with."

"IT'S NOT THAT BIG A DEAL THAT HE DIED,"

HULTGREEN SAID. "THE HARD PART

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more dogfighting. It was so funny, because I kept thinking, *I don't want her to think that I'm going to be less aggressive now.* So I do this max performance turn to join up, we did some more engagements, and then we went home. The thing is, I never departed the A-4 again, I never made the same mistake. I made sure that my airspeed was in my scan."

Kara Hultgreen wasn't one of the women assaulted in the Tailhook gauntlet. She found her friends that evening and left the Hilton early, as she'd planned. She was, however, one of those interviewed by Navy investigators in the wake of the scandal. And maybe it wasn't so strange that the ingrained attitude of invincibility came into play when the agents of the N.I.S. began to pay calls on those female aviators who had been in Las Vegas. Hultgreen was visited by N.I.S. investigators, and duly gave them a full account of her encounter with a butt-biter. But the attitude of the N.I.S. investigators infuriated her. "They called me a victim!" she said, indignant. "Certainly nothing happened to me that I didn't handle. Nobody maliciously tried to assault me. So the guy was just being an idiot. Once I made it perfectly clear that I was not receptive to his advances, it was over."

STRICTLY SOREL

By Edward Sorel

I READ SOMEWHERE THAT 15% OF ALL HUMAN BEINGS EVER BORN ARE NOW ALIVE. WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE BREEDING LIKE FLEAS ON AN AFGHAN HOUND. SO I'M AFRAID WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP POISONING OUR LAKES, RIVERS, AIR, AND SOIL...



'CAUSE WE'LL NEVER GET POPULATION CONTROL
AS LONG AS THE WORLD IS FULL OF PRIESTS, RABBIS,
AND MULLAHS RANTING AGAINST IT.
FUNDAMENTALISTS DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE
ENVIRONMENT, ALL THEY WORRY ABOUT
IS GETTING INTO HEAVEN.



SOMEHOW IT NEVER
OCCURS TO THEM THAT IF
IT'S THIS CROWDED DOWN
HERE, IT MUST BE
HELL UP THERE.



FROM A SEXUALLY INCORRECT FEMINIST

BY WENDY McELROY



The author is a contributing editor to *Liberty*, and her articles have appeared in several national magazines. Her book *XXX: A Woman's Right to Pornography* will be published by St. Martin's Press this fall.

Heretics are hated more than infidels. Maybe that's why anti-pornography feminists contemptuously dismiss women who enjoy pornography—women like me—either as pathetic victims or as distasteful traitors. After all, if they took me seriously, it would mean that at least one woman in the world, and an active feminist to boot, was not oppressed or humiliated by the graphic depiction of sex. They could no longer claim that pornography is an act of violence against *all* women and, so, should be illegal. My pleasure would become a crack in their orthodoxy. To counter the threat posed by my enjoyment, anti-pornography feminists have developed a standard tactic by which they silence the voices of women who are "sexually incorrect."

To us, they explain, "If you enjoy pornography, it is not because you are a unique individual with a wide, complex range of desires and curiosity, or that you come from a different background. No. It is because you have been so indoctrinated by white male society (patriarchy) that you have fallen in love with your own oppression. Your pleasure is shining evidence of your victimization. The fact that you believe you are consenting to view pornography only demonstrates how thoroughly you have been brainwashed."

Then anti-pornography feminists make a magnanimous offer. They offer to save us from ourselves—whether or not we want salvation. In the precedent-setting (though ultimately unsuccessful) Indianapolis Anti-Pornography Ordinance of 1983, feminist Catharine MacKinnon drafted a statute that defined pornography as "the explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or words." In 1992 the Canadian Supreme Court embodied MacKinnon's general perspective into law by prohibiting material that "degrades" or "dehumanizes" women, regardless of whether or not the women involved agree.

To their credit, some anti-pornography feminists have a hard time looking me in the eye and calling me "mentally incompetent" simply because I disagree with them. Some are taken aback by the genuine rage I direct toward anyone who tells me that I don't know my own mind, or that I can't render informed consent. Other anti-pornography feminists, the ones who are painfully aware of how for centuries men have dictated sex to women, feel uncomfortable about assuming this traditionally male role. Unfortunately, their hesitation is fleeting. They quickly return to a dogmatic insistence that pornography is violence against all women; any woman who disagrees is psychologically crippled and unable to consent.

My first reaction to this ad hominem insult is a blast of emotions. It is important to sort them out, however, because anti-pornography feminists must be forced to confront the emotional harm they are inflicting upon women.

Perhaps my strongest reaction is a sense of personal betrayal. I was born and raised in rural Canada—the sort of tight-knit agricultural community in which children get slapped for saying "hell" or for innocently asking the wrong question. I was taught to be ashamed of my body and to be

horrified by my sexual urges. I was in my twenties before I could bring myself to examine my own breasts for cancer.

Three things rescued me from what could have easily become a real hell of sexual repression. One was a man who happened to be a white male. The second was feminism, which infused me with the confidence and anger I needed to demand decent treatment from men.

The third factor was information, which I grabbed. This included pornography, which presented an almost unimaginable kaleidoscope of sexual possibilities—sex as pleasure, with a stranger, as self-exploration, as power, with another woman, or in a group. This was the period of time when pornography was democratized and every woman was able to privately explore her own sexuality.

Feminism was different then. I became sexually active during the early seventies, when feminists still applauded the sexual liberation that allowed them to escape from pregnancy and kitchen duty. There was a new respect for all the choices of women, for their sexual power. Germaine Greer posed with a banana to drive her point home to men: Satisfy me, or I'll do it myself. Ti-Grace Atkinson saluted prostitutes as the women who truly controlled sex. Lesbians came out into the sunlight. Women's support groups conducted classes on how to masturbate. An entire generation of women had the chance to grasp one of the most elusive elements of human happiness: sexual fulfillment. I was lucky to be one of them. I worry about the new generation of women struggling to discover themselves.

What courage can they draw from the current movement? Nineties feminism has turned from sexual liberation to sexual rage. Women no longer fight for their own power; they rush to identify themselves as victims. Feminism has become the ideology of that victimization. Such women as Andrea Dworkin explain sex in politically and sexually correct terms that inspire only anger and paranoia. A new and struggling generation of women is told, "The sixties liberation was just another form of male oppression; heterosexual sex is rape; pornography is violence; dissenting women are ill."

Sexual liberation allowed me to break through a brick wall of embarrassment to ask for what I wanted in sex. It gave me the courage to discover—finally!—what forms of graphic sex I enjoy. Now, from the depths of her presumptuous coveralls, Andrea Dworkin condemns men for giving me the pleasure I've requested. She announces her intention to protect me from the pornography I want to enjoy. All the while, I'm trying to protect myself against her.

Underlying my sense of betrayal is a solid layer of cold anger. Feminism used to mean "a woman's body, a woman's right." It used to mean that women should control their own bodies and people should take them seriously. Now enlightened feminists presume to decide what sexual preferences are permissible and which women should be taken seriously. Because I disagree, I am not among the voices counted. My wishes and consent are to be treated like legal trivialities, on

the same level as those of a child or of a mental patient.

Consider the hypocrisy and arrogance of this. I have been brainwashed by my exposure to patriarchy. Yet somehow anti-pornography feminists who have been exposed to the same culture possess the brains or spunk I obviously lack; they have risen above their indoctrination to become an enlightened elite among women. They have climbed above patriarchy onto an ideological mountaintop from which they look down and see my errors. Their attitude toward women who enjoy pornography is as condescending, presumptuous, and intolerant as that of any fire-and-brimstone preacher bent on saving souls for God.

Why? I keep asking myself the same question. Why do these feminists focus with such single-minded passion on pornography as *the* symbol and cause of women's oppression? The facile answer is that they are anti-man and anti-sex—a statement that may contain a great deal of truth. But I know that some anti-pornography feminists are good people who are motivated by concern for women's rights. Why, then, do they march down streets in an attempt to limit my sexual choices?

Some are simply reacting to a dilemma that confronts modern feminism. The feminist movement of the sixties is now considered to have been a failure.

Radical feminists had a ready explanation for the failure. Sexuality, they insisted, is a social construct that is formed by society rather than by nature. There can be no substantial change in the plight of women until the old system of sexuality (patriarchy) is swept away in a gender revolution.

Pornography provides these revolutionaries with a clear target and well-defined moral categories: Women are victims; men are oppressors. To a weary movement, pornography offers a straw man at which they can express their frustration, anger, and fear. It is held up as the beating heart of patriarchy, which must be silenced. And if this means silencing dissenting women, so be it.

I could explain the personal benefits I have derived from pornography. Using history, I could demonstrate the natural alliance between pornography and feminism.

But the feminist movement will not tolerate such discussion. At the mere suggestion of it, feminists like Wendy Stock rush to psychoanalyze the dissenting woman as a victim who identifies with her master, "much like ... concentration-camp prisoners with their oppressors."

There is an important choice to be made here, and it is not primarily a decision for or against pornography. The choice is whether or not women have the right to pursue their sexuality, wherever it may lead them. Or are they once again to be told "don't touch, don't want, don't be."

Because I stand up for the rights of women, I also defend the rights of pornographers. It is time for every woman who benefited from sexual liberation to loudly declare (in the paraphrased words of Emma Goldman), "If I can't enjoy sex, I won't be part of the revolution." O—

By 1990, too many great players had left the game, and those who have taken their place, while not lacking in talent, are missing the charisma, charm, and controversy of their predecessors. The American Tennis Professional Tour, the governing body of men's tennis, understands the heart of the problem and has taken a new look at the sport. They have asked questions and made changes that 25 years ago would have got them burned at center court as heretics. Gimmicks will help, but the magic bullet for what ails tennis is what made it successful in the first place—great players and great personalities.

The Amazing Jensen Brothers are the rock 'n' roll of tennis, the heart and soul the sport has been missing since Martina and Johnny Mac surrendered their rackets. What Frank and Jesse James did for the western, "Dual-Hand Luke" and baby brother Murphy are doing for tennis popularity and ratings.

It's incredible when you realize that Luke, 29, and Murphy, 26, are a doubles team. Two years ago tennis honchos considered discontinuing doubles matches at major events. "That would have put a lot of people out of work," Patricia Jensen, Luke's and Murphy's mother, told us. "I think the boys may have saved some people's jobs."

The Jensens have changed the face of doubles, and the highest ratings for CBS during last year's U.S. Open were scored when the boys went down in defeat to Pat MacEnroe and Jared Palmer in the third round. Meanwhile, network and cable TV couldn't get enough of the Jensens that week. Rachel and Rebecca, their twin sisters (who are also tennis pros) sat in the booth as commentators, and the matriarch of the clan, better known as P.M.J., offered her words of tennis wisdom over the airwaves. Still, the best Jensen sound bite came after their semi-finals defeat, when Murphy offered his professional opinion of the loss: "Wow, we were smoked, man!"

The Jensen brothers are not reincarnations of the hustling Bobby Riggs. They are in their prime as athletes and as tennis players, and in 1993 they proved it by winning their first Grand Slam event, the French Open. But they are part of a growing number of professional tennis players, like Pete Sampras and Andre Agassi, who do not come from rich tennis mommies and daddies. Indeed, the social leveling of the current

tennis generation may be another saving grace for the future of the sport. It's going to make it a lot easier for ordinary kids, especially from the inner cities, to identify with players.

To make their way through the ranks, "we had to sweep floors and clean locker rooms," Luke recalls. "In the winter we'd be out on the courts from seven to midnight. I had to mow lawns for a sponsor to earn a few bucks. Our parents were great. They said, 'Choose what you want to do and we'll help.' They were never tennis parents. It was always our choice. Hell, they didn't know if we'd ever be any good, but they gave us an opportunity, and when it became too expensive traveling the country and paying hotel bills, they bought a trailer. All our parents ever asked was that we never quit."

At times, some of the other players' wealth was overwhelming. When Murphy was only 11 and in his first national tournament, he lost 7-6, 7-6. His father, Howard, a former New York

*"I REMEMBER IN HONG KONG TWO
GIRLS ASKED US TO SIGN THEIR BREASTS.
WHAT COULD WE DO? MURPHY
SIGNED ONE AND I SIGNED THE OTHER."*

Giants lineman and a man who had experienced the intensity of professional competitiveness, asked him why he was crying in defeat. When Murphy said that he was tired and couldn't win the match, his dad said that it wasn't the real reason. Let's go for a run, the father suggested.

After six miles, Murphy was going strong and laughing. "I realized why I lost the match," he says. "I was intimidated by the rich kids in the Mercedeses. I wasn't tired, but afraid to win." What did he learn? "I learned that the toughest guy is the one who never quits, who keeps coming at you. I learned that from sports. They don't teach you how to compete in school."

By the time Luke was ready for college, he had earned the No. 1 National Junior ranking, and the tennis coaches were after him. It took a trip to U.S.C. and the opportunity to shake the hands of alumni and such football greats as O. J. Simpson and Marcus Allen to convince him to become a Trojan. It's moot, but one can argue that remaining an amateur player too long hindered his progress as a professional. He had already beaten Agassi and Boris Becker in amateur competition.

Murphy followed his brother to U.S.C., but completed his amateur career at Georgia. He turned pro in 1991, and in 1993, against all advice, joined his brother as a doubles partner.

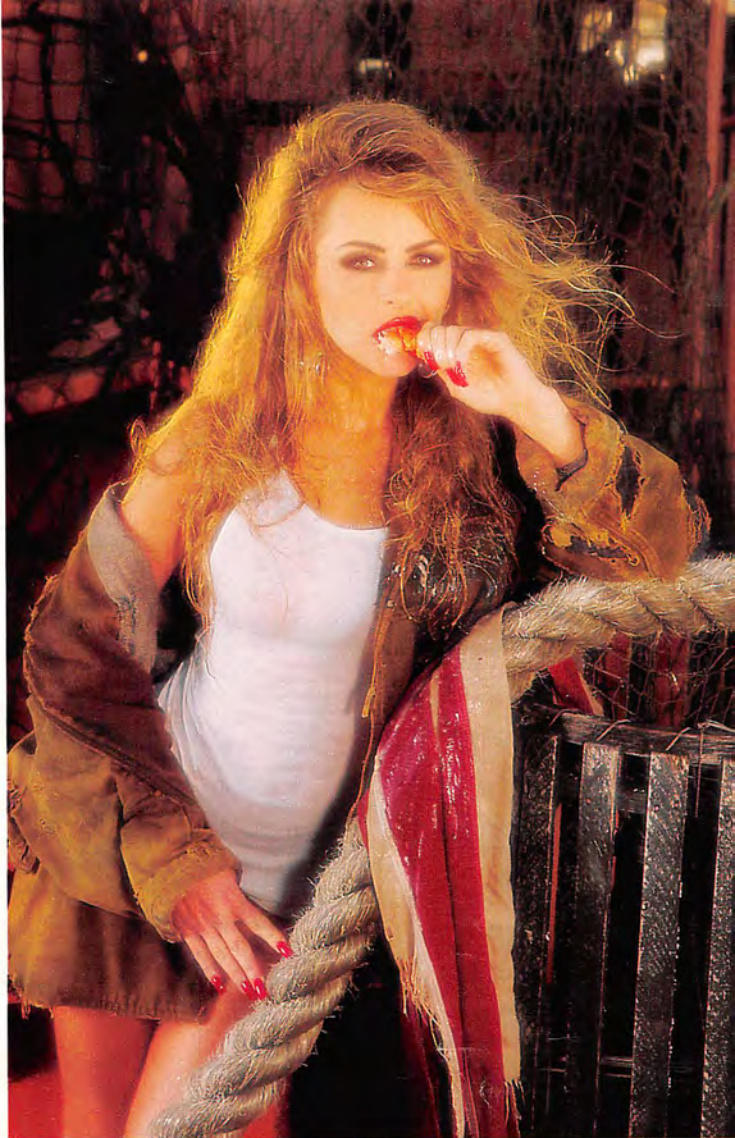
At the time the brothers were barely on the tennis map. Luke began the year ranked 933 and Murphy 739, but then came the French Open and—Bingo! Not only had they won a Grand Slam event, the media had fallen in love with them. They were, said commentators, a marriage of MTV and sport. Who else in tennis would entertain the fans with their guitars between sets as they once did in Bogotá, Colombia? Who else but a Jensen would whisper in the ear of Mary Pierce during a mixed-doubles match and walk away muttering into the microphone he was wearing, "I think she likes me." You only have to look at them to understand the excitement they bring to their audiences.

Luke and Murphy enter the court wearing what might best be called tennis grunge—baseball caps worn backward, baggy pants, black high tops, black socks with crossbones, bandannas, and oversized shirts. The Jensens are color blind to the notion of tennis whites. Once it's game time, there are the high fives, stomach bumps, or whatever else is considered N.F.L.-wide-receiver-scoring-touchdown cool. The real treat is watching Luke serve with either

hand—hence, "Dual-Hand Luke."

What about tennis groupies? Are they anything like their musician-loving counterparts? Luke rolls his eyes and says, "Well, they're not throwing their keys on the court, that's for sure. Tennis is nothing like rock 'n' roll, or any other sport. Its foundation is conservative, coming from the country club. Tennis is not where you get your groupies. On the other hand, I've seen pictures of naked girls that Agassi has gotten, and I remember in Hong Kong two girls asked us to sign their breasts. What could we do? Murphy signed one and I signed the other." Respectively.

But don't think that they're frivolous. If they were, they wouldn't be so wonderful for tennis. The brothers may choose to do things their way, but at bottom, they are hell-bent on winning. "At this level, you have to win if you want to stick around," Luke explains. "If today is Tuesday, you must win. There is no Wednesday, no tomorrow. You have to go for the throat, kick their butts. That's our bottom line." He pauses and adds, "It's personal. People have said that you can't come from a background without money and make it. Well, we have made it. And when they said we didn't have enough talent to win a Grand



DYANNA

“I once made love in a dressing room during a shopping spree. My boyfriend unwrapped his gift early!”



FULL SPEED AHEAD

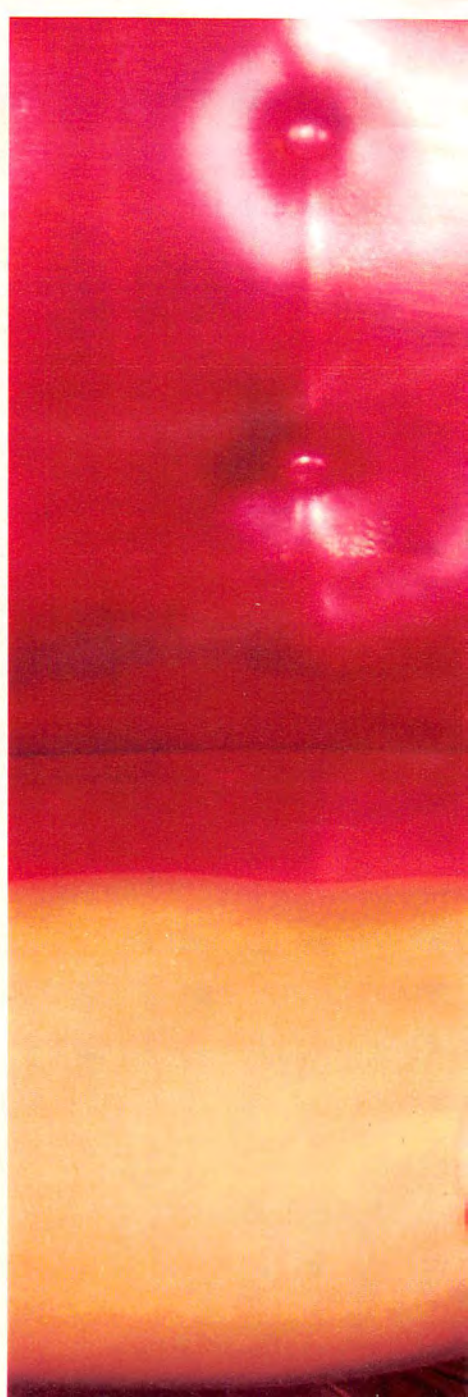
Dyanna Lauren isn't one to sit around waiting for her ship to come in. Our 30-year-old Pet of the Month would rather meet her future head-on. "I have three goals in my life," she says. "To become a Penthouse Pet, to open a music school, and to open an art gallery. I'm living out my first goal now, so it's one down, two to go." Dyanna—who has a degree in music—told us that she's currently saving her money so she'll be able to make her other dreams come true.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



"Right now I work
as a model and
as a feature dancer,"
our 38-22-34 Pet
says. "Entertaining
is my passion.
I love to make peo-
ple feel good."





Our California blonde appreciates that living on the West Coast isn't all fun in the sun. "I was living in Northridge during the earthquake last year," she tells us. "It was a horrifying experience. My water heater fell and blocked my exit, and one of the walls collapsed. I have three dogs, and I could only find two of them at first. Thank God, I found the other one and got them all out. Once I was outside, I began talking to one neighbor after another. It wasn't until much later that I realized my robe was open and I was completely nude underneath! At least that's one part of the ordeal I can laugh about."



After the quake, Dyanna thought about leaving California. After the initial shock wore off, though, she decided to relocate to the countryside. "I spend a lot of time in the city," she says, "but I was raised in the country, and I miss it. I grew up riding horses and caring for lots of animals, which taught me to be responsible. I feel sorry for kids who don't get a chance to do things like that. They're missing out on something special." But Dyanna didn't spend all her time grooming horses. "When I was younger," she explains, "I used to pretend that I was Gypsy Rose Lee. She was a star who didn't hesitate to show off her beautiful body, but she was also a brilliant writer and a strong and sophisticated woman. She was a great role model for me."





“I’d like to direct adult films. I think that genre could use a woman’s touch.... Maybe I’ll do some films with Penthouse Video.”





“I used to pretend to be Gypsy Rose Lee. She didn't hesitate to show off her body, but she was also a strong and sophisticated woman.”



Along with her other ambitions, Dyanna says she'd also like to make her mark on the movie industry. "I'd like to direct adult films," she tells us. "I've seen several, and I think a lot of them are totally preposterous in their portrayal of women. I think that genre could use a woman's touch. In fact," Dyanna adds with a burst of unbridled enthusiasm, "now that I'm working with *Penthouse*, maybe I'll do some films with Penthouse Video. At least Bob Guccione doesn't try to pigeonhole his models into having one look or personality. A lot of men's magazines make women out to be nothing more than weak, stupid sex toys. That's why I wanted to be in *Penthouse*. Bob's not afraid to show women as they really are—strong and intelligent, as well as sexy and beautiful."







"Maybe
it's the earth-
quake,
but lately I
approach
life with
gusto,"
Dyanna says.
"There are
so many
things that I
want to do."



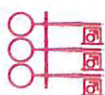
MISS DYANNA LAUREN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



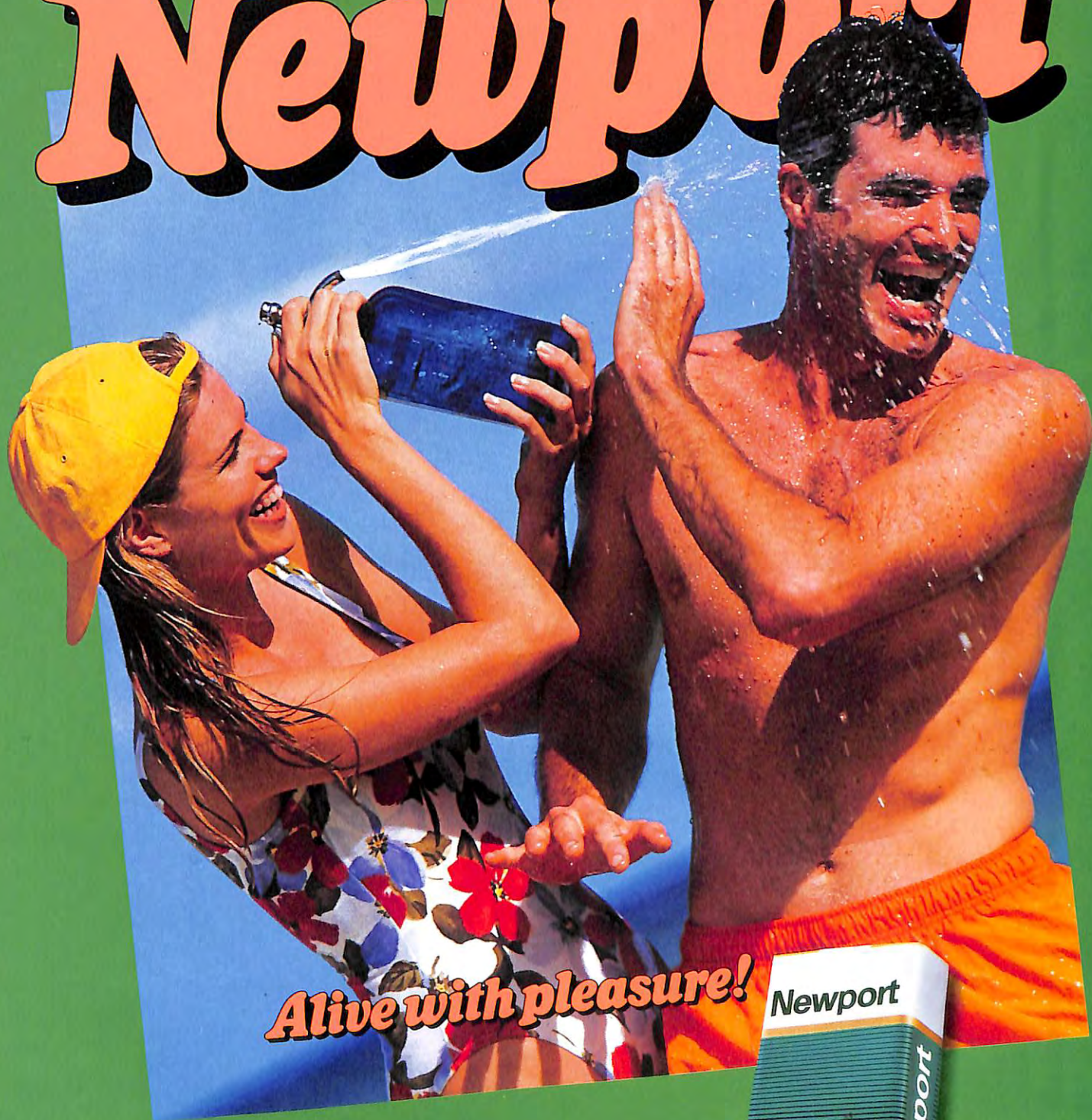




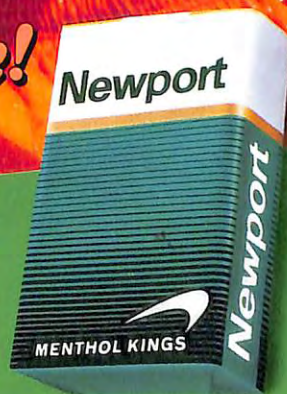
Even shopping is a passionate experience for this sultry beauty.
"I once made love in a dressing room during a last-minute Christmas shopping spree," she says. "You could say my boyfriend unwrapped his gift early!" That's a gift that keeps on giving.



Newport



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"Joe [name deleted] works for Seal and cannot be touched because Seal works for the C.I.A.," a Customs official said in an Arkansas investigation into drug trafficking during the early eighties. "A C.I.A. or D.E.A. operation is taking place at the Mena airport," an F.B.I. telex advised the Arkansas State Police in August 1987, 18 months after Seal's murder. Welch later testified that a Customs agent told him, "Look, we've been told not to touch anything that has Barry Seal's name on it, just to let it go."

The London *Sunday Telegraph* recently reported new evidence, including a secret code number, that Seal was also working as an operative of the Defense Intelligence Agency during the period of the gunrunning and drug smuggling.

Perhaps most telling is what is so visibly missing from the voluminous files. In thousands of pages reflecting a man of meticulous organization and planning, Barry Seal seems to have felt singularly and utterly secure—if not somehow invulnerable—at least in the ceaseless air transport and delivery into the United States of tons of cocaine for more than five years. In a

1986 letter to the D.E.A., the commander and deputy commander of narcotics for the Louisiana State Police say that Seal "was being given apparent free rein to import drugs in conjunction with D.E.A. investigations with so little restraint and control on his actions as to allow him the opportunity to import drugs for himself should he have been so disposed."

Seal's personal videotapes, in the authors' possession, show one scene in which he used U.S. Army paratroop equipment, as well as militarylike precision, in his drug-transporting operation. Then, in the middle of the afternoon, after a number of dry runs, one of his airplanes dropped a load of several duffel bags attached to a parachute. Within seconds, the cargo sitting on the remote grass landing strip was retrieved by Seal and loaded onto a helicopter that had followed the low-flying aircraft. "This is the first daylight cocaine drop in the history of the state of Louisiana," Seal narrates on the tape. If the duffel bags seen in the smuggler's home movies were filled with cocaine—as Seal himself states on tape—that single load would have been worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Perhaps the videos were not of an actual cocaine drop, but merely the drug trafficker's training video for his

smuggling organization, or even a test maneuver. Regardless, the films show a remarkable, fearless invincibility. Barry Seal was not expecting apprehension.

His most personal papers show him all but unconcerned about the very flights and drops that would indeed have been protected or "fixed," according to law-enforcement sources, by the collusion of U.S. intelligence.

In an interview with agent Duncan, Seal brazenly "admitted that he had been a drug smuggler."

If the Seal documents show anything, an attentive reader might conclude, it is that ominous implication of some official sanction. Over the entire episode looms the unmistakable shape of government collaboration in vast drug trafficking and gunrunning, and in a decade-long cover-up of criminality.

Government investigators apparently had no doubt about the magnitude of those crimes. According to Customs sources, Seal's operations at Mena and other bases were involved in the export of guns to Bolivia, Argentina, Peru, and Brazil, as well as to the Contras, and the importation of cocaine from Colombia to be sold in New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and other cities, as well as in Arkansas itself.

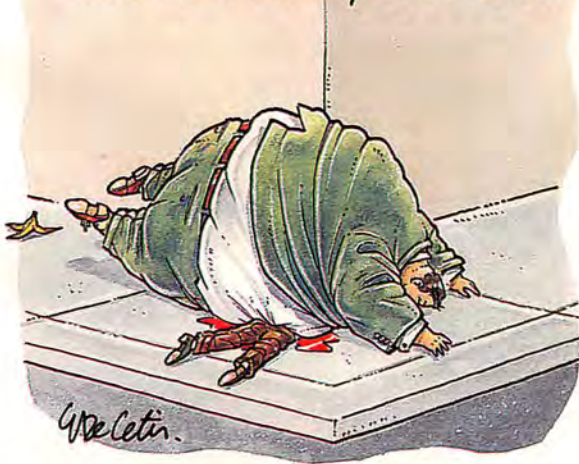
Duncan and his colleagues knew that Seal's modus operandi included dump-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Radio conservative Rush Limbaugh meets Labor Secretary Robert B. Reich.



February 7, 1959: An on-the-job injury forces letter carrier Keith Stafford into an early retirement.



Peter Manso's exclusive interview with the world's most controversial lawyer.

JACQUES VERGES

When the world's most wanted terrorist, Ilich Ramírez Sánchez, better known as "Carlos the Jackal," was snatched by French intelligence agents from the streets of Khartoum in Sudan and flown to Paris on August 15, 1994, he knew exactly which French lawyer he wanted to defend him: none other than Jacques Verges. Verges is as infamous as his client, having in the last decade represented some of the most hated men of the twentieth century—most notably Klaus Barbie, the gestapo chief in Lyons who deported thousands of Jews to concentration camps; George Ibrahim Abdallah, convicted of murdering a U.S. military attaché in Paris; Fouad Ali Saleh, another terrorist leader in Paris; and Magdalena Kopp—Carlos's wife—and Bruno Breguet, both self-identified Palestinian "freedom fighters" arrested in the mid-eighties for transporting explosives.

That Carlos would turn to the man who has been called "the devil's advocate" was no surprise, but the assignment has sparked such controversy in France that Verges's high-profile and inflammatory statements have already overshadowed his client, who remains in isolation in Paris's La Santé prison. This is hardly a new tactic for the 67-year-old French advocate—turning the prosecution on its head and counterattacking the gov-



"Evil fascinates me.... The more a man is accused, the more interested I am.... The darkness is in each of us."

ernment that is bringing the case. He relishes controversy and views himself as fighter against the establishment, a man who swims against the current and whose allegiances are with the Third World's struggle against colonial powers.

Penthouse now brings you this exclusive interview with the mysterious and secretive lawyer. As the author of the recently published *Brando: The Biography*, I originally met Verges when he was representing Brando's late daughter, Cheyenne, who was under investigation for her role in the killing of her boyfriend, Dag Drollet (the crime to which her half-brother, Christian Brando, pleaded guilty of voluntary manslaughter). I recently renewed my acquaintance with Verges, meeting him in his combined home and office in Paris, just blocks away from the famous Moulin Rouge nightclub. There, for three long afternoons in his book-lined study, Verges smoked his favorite Cuban cigars and talked about growing up on the island of Réunion in the Indian Ocean, one of twin sons of a French doctor-diplomat and his Vietnamese wife; fighting for the Free French forces in World War II; and defending Algerian National Liberation Front activists during their war of independence against the French in the late 1950s. Through this extended conversation, I learned how the lawyer came

Photographs by Henner Prefi



came to his anti-establishment views and why he is so hated and feared in French government circles. Verges also provided an up-close look at Carlos and the world of terrorism, and offered explanations of why a man of adamantly left-wing sympathies (he is a self-proclaimed Maoist) chooses to defend such despised and controversial clients.

What do you say to your critics who insist that people like Carlos and Klaus Barbie are indefensible, that their crimes are so great, so heinous, that it is an outrage to treat them to the fanfare and expense of a trial?

I say, "If you think that a man does not have the right to have a defense, we are no longer in a democratic society; we are in a totalitarian society." The more a man is accused, the more interested I am—both as a legal technician and as a human being. You see, I don't think any human being is pure evil.

And evil fascinates you. Why?

Evil fascinates me because I am fascinated by "discovery." That the lion eats a man does not fascinate me, because that is the nature of the lion. That a man eats another man fascinates me, because this is not normal. I want to explore what is hidden in human beings. We know the luminous part, the rational part; we refuse to know the obscure part, the unrational part. Yet the darkness is in each of us. I should like to defend Mother Teresa, but she doesn't need my defense; the only people who need my defense are criminals, those who have committed a crime.

But are all your clients guilty?

No. I defend many who are not—many pro bono—and then I prove that they could not have committed the crime. But when the person is guilty, my job as a lawyer is to say, "What this man has done is not so eccentric or extraordinary." I know he's not the first or the last, so in a sense I try to banalize the crime.

To make it part of the human condition, to make it ordinary?

Yes. Because in the heart of every criminal is a secret garden, a sort of small paradise of surprising individuality, and in the heart of the most honest man, there is a cesspool of hideous reptiles. The difference is that some people express their darkness in action, and thus they become criminals. This is what fascinates me, because it causes me to think about the questions, "Who are we as human beings? From where did we come? Whither do we go? Are we animals or are we gods?" I think of Dostoyevsky—he saw that the darkness was within himself, unlike people who want to ignore the darkness.

But now you're talking about the courage of an artist, not a criminal.

Yes, but the fact is that the plot of most novels and films involves the story of a crime. All writers are interested in crime, because it is an investigation of the human being. It does not involve judgments of morality. It is a pure act of discovery. Sometimes they are revolted by the crime itself, but what fascinates them is that the rule has been broken, which for all of us becomes proof of our humanity. We are all made to break the rules, to act outside social regulations.

If artists, like criminals, go a step further than the ordinary man, where do lawyers fit in?

Artists and writers can see the darkness in themselves, but choose not to act on it. Similarly, lawyers can do it through their cases. That is why I choose to represent defendants in whom I can see the darkness.

Those who turn away from the darkness, for you this is the height of hypocrisy? Those who choose to pre-

because you cannot know a man after ten days' trial—he remains a mystery. So I am an anarchist in this way, with this meaning: I accept this order for everyone, but not for me. I claim to have a free approach toward the human being. It is necessary to have judges, but I would not want to be a judge because it is a job for a blind man.

And in the courtroom, you hold yourself to this demeanor?

Yes, because the lawyer cannot adopt a moral position if he is to explore the human condition. In court, the prosecutors take the events and documents and make a montage to tell a story, and the defense lawyer takes the same documents to tell another story. My role is not to proclaim the truth. If that were my task, then I should become the judge, because it is the judge who is asked to choose between the two stories. This is the creativity of the situation. You have the two stories, and which is the story that corresponds to the truth?

Does the truth matter? Or are you saying that it is rarely discoverable?

Only God can be sure of the truth, so I seek for meaning. Look at the Claus von Bulow case. The first court condemned him, the second acquitted him. Which court was correct? We don't know. Only God, if God exists, knows the truth.

How does this point of view put you outside the system? You still adhere to the rules of

evidence, you follow court procedure—

I think I am different in this way: I believe that to have the right to condemn people, you must pretend that you know the man is guilty. But to say that we know him, that we can exclude him from all other human beings, is pure fantasy. That is why I have a different approach from a judge. As Malraux said, "The judge must not understand, because if he does understand, he cannot punish." Or better, the novelist Georges Bernanos: "To understand is already to love."

Suppose a man who is black robs a bank, then defends himself in court by claiming, "This is not a criminal case, it is a political case. Because I am black, I'm doing the only thing I can to respond to the white establishment." Doesn't this kind of rationalization become crazy after a point, and, indeed, a threat to society?

It becomes crazy if there is not the support of all the blacks. If the man is alone, it's crazy. If he appears and says, "I am a representative of—"

Of all the blacks? Exactly what kind of support must he have to qualify as a revolutionary?

That's too technical. If the man says, "I am Black Muslim," then the case is

"I'D TELL THE JURORS, 'YOU THINK YOU'RE
ACCEPTED AS AMERICANS.... BUT BE CAREFUL
... TOMORROW YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF
IN THE SAME SITUATION AS O. J. SIMPSON.'"

tend that evil is "abnormal," or does not exist?

Yes, and that, for me, is the mark of the middle class and why I attack the establishment that sets the rules.

As an attorney, however, aren't you wedded to the establishment? Perhaps you deceive yourself by saying that you are outside the system, unfettered by society's rules.

I protect myself against Mr. Right by replacing a sense of sin with my personal sense of honor. I say to myself, "No, this I will not do, this does not accord with my standards." My sense of honor requires me to put myself between the so-called guilty man and the crowd at the lynching. I take the side of the man who is about to be lynched, because I believe that this guilty man, like all human beings, is very complex. And when you want to lynch him, you are taking a simplistic, unjust look at the human condition.

Does this put you on the side of law and order, or are you ultimately an anarchist?

I think order is necessary, because man is an animal of society, and society is impossible without order imposed by the state. Yet at the same time, the decisions of the court are never perfect,



Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 145. Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping

less clear. Always we have to look at what is the support of the terrorist or criminal action, and sometimes the support here can be very subtle, very hard to measure.

Take the O. J. Simpson trial—which for most people, including legal pundits, is all about race. If you were representing Simpson, would you politicize the case?

Definitely, because although [the crime] was not political, there is no way the court can ignore the fact that Simpson is black. My job would therefore be to create a doubt, then to show that these areas of doubt may not be taken as seriously because the standard of doubt for a black man is different than for a white man. Then the second phase would be to say to the almost all-black jury, "Now you are isolated from the media, but before you were selected as jurors, you read newspapers. You must not forget that these are white newspapers, and for them the man who killed a white woman must be black. Of course, this is more sophisticated than it was 30 years ago in Alabama, but the situation here is similar. If you don't want to make the same mistake, you must consider that even if there is only the slightest doubt in your mind, you cannot convict him."

So by talking about race, and about the media's attitude toward race, you're ballooning the element of doubt?

Yes. In principle, the fact that the jury is largely black is good. But I would insist to them, "Because you are black and because you have an honest approach to your responsibility and believe you must be objective, you may think that you should not feel any solidarity with the black defendant. I applaud this attitude. But I think you are making a mistake, because even before you came here, you were manipulated by the press, by television and the newspapers, and also by the judges and the police, who are all white. Now you are asked to appreciate a case made by all these white people on one side, and on the other side what do you have? A black man."

Don't you have to consider the black jurors who want to separate themselves from the black man?

Yes. Then I would say, "Some of you may think that you are completely accepted, that the difference between black and white is no longer perceived. You believe that American citizens don't think of you as black, but regard you as a fellow citizen. Be careful. This defendant also thought of himself as an American citizen, and today you see what situation he is in. That situation may be yours tomorrow."

So you're arguing, "Don't blame O.J.

for trying to be white. Because even though he went to school to learn to speak like a white man, to shed his ghetto intonation so he could work for white men, and although he plays golf with white Republicans—"

Who, in the end, refused to accept him—exactly.

So you polarize—you remind people that it's a war, and there's no forgetting it's a war?

Yes. The goal is to reverse the balance of forces, and in the process also open the trial to people outside the court. Because then the people who feel solidarity with Simpson shall be mobilized. The people who don't feel solidarity, those who are white, are basically indifferent anyway....

Let's move on to Carlos. How did you become his lawyer?

Initially, the court wanted to appoint three young lawyers to defend him. Carlos had just been brought from the Sudan, where the French D.S.T., our equivalent of your F.B.I., had kidnapped

knew me from her descriptions as well. So each of us was looking at the other, trying to compare the man in front of him with the man he'd heard about. He was still dressed in the warm-up jacket and trousers he had been wearing in the Sudan when he was picked up, and mainly he was joking, as he had with the judge. Several days later, when I went back to see him, he was very tired, largely because of the aftereffects of the drugs he had been given.

Did you detect any signs of nervousness or anxiety?

No, he was very cool. He was looking at me, thinking, "Will this lawyer be determined?" At the same time, I was surprised by his physical appearance. The description Magdalena had given of him was 12 years old, [from] when he was 33. Now he was 45. He wasn't as fat as some reports had claimed, but he'd become stocky. He spoke French well, although with a heavy Spanish accent, and I thought him intelligent, an interesting man.

Interesting because of his character—his coolness, or composure?

Interesting because of his life and what he'd done. He was the son of a rich Venezuelan family, and could have become a golden boy; instead, he became a hero. First, he went to Patrice Lumumba Peoples' Friendship University in Moscow—

Reportedly, he was thrown out of Lumumba University.

Not exactly expelled, but he and the other Venezuelans who were studying there weren't very well-regarded. Anyway, while he was there, he met people from the Peoples' Liberation Front of Palestine, and they invited him to train with them in Jordan. After training camp, and after Black September, when King Hussein of Jordan killed many Palestinians, he became quickly involved with the P.L.O., and fought with them very courageously in a number of actions. For the Palestinians, he was a war hero.

Which is a view you sympathize with, despite the fact that he's charged with killing 83 people, most of them civilians? He's a hero for you, too?

In some ways, yes. Terrorism is a tool that has been used for centuries—by the French Resistance, in Russia against the czars, and, of course, by the [National Liberation Front in Algeria] against the French. I am not saying that terrorism is to be used all the time, but it is a weapon of people engaged in a war who do not have the mechanical or technical power of the opponent. When you have a plane, you can destroy a village with napalm and you are not a terrorist. When you don't have a plane, you are obliged to go to a public café with a

"WHEN YOU HAVE A PLANE,
YOU CAN DESTROY A VILLAGE
WITH NAPALM AND
YOU ARE NOT A TERRORIST."

him, and he said, "No, I don't want them. I prefer to choose my own lawyer." The judge asked him who, and he said, "Jacques Verges, because he is a bigger terrorist than me."

"A bigger terrorist than me?"

Yes [laughing]. As I told the judge, I think he meant my ideas, since I'm willing to contest what appears to be the impossible. The statement made me laugh.

Is it true, as the French government alleges, that you had known Carlos for years?

I deny all those charges. But I also say that even if this were true, so what? That would have been my right. The fact is, I had never met Carlos face-to-face, although I had defended his wife, Magdalena Kopp, a young West German woman, when she was arrested in Paris in 1982 for carrying explosives. She thought I handled her case well, and recommended me.

The French had snatched him in what was essentially a military-style raid, then doped him for the flight back from Sudan. What kind of shape was he in when the two of you first met?

I was curious about him, and I think he was curious about me. I recognized him from his wife's descriptions, and he

little bomb in your Vuitton purse. That is the difference in terms of ways and means, but it is not a metaphysical difference.

You've been quoted as saying, "A terrorist doesn't just plant bombs; he plants questions in the society." Does this apply to Carlos?

Yes, because you may condemn a terrorist who has put a bomb, but if you don't know why he has done it, your response will not be adequate, and you cannot judge him. You have to know why he has planted his bombs.

Does terrorism really work today, though? For example, the bombing of New York's World Trade Center seems only to have permanently alienated Americans from the Islamic cause.

I don't say that this was perfectly clever. In fact, terrorism may be efficient only if there is popular support for the terrorists' cause. If there isn't, it's martyrdom, which means nothing. You must not confuse the individual terrorist—a Dostoyevskian hero—with all those who are engaged in people's organizations. When Carlos kidnapped the 11 OPEC oil ministers in Vienna in 1975, this was a major operation that helped to mobilize the Palestinian resisters. The press may have depicted him as an adventurer, a killer, but years later it has helped contribute to the settlement between [Yasir] Arafat and [Yitzhak] Rabin.

If Carlos is indeed the model terrorist, what has made him so effective?

His convictions, and also that he has the temperament of a commando. He can make quick decisions. He's very strong in solitude, and has no fear.

Others call him a spoiled rich kid with a penchant for expensive whiskey who spent years cutting a swath through swinging London.

Of course he has been presented in the press as a drunkard, but if people read the inventory of my wine cellar, they would think that I am a worse drunkard. It's propaganda.

There are also reports that he has been receiving gourmet food from Paris's best restaurants while in jail.

Another falsehood. He eats regulation prison food, and during the day, he mainly watches television and reads Latin American writers like Borges and Marqu  , as well as material about the Mexican Revolution. I know, because I am providing him with these books.

Is he permitted visitors? Allowed to use the telephone, give interviews?

No. French rules in this area are very archaic, very medieval. He is being kept in solitary confinement. When he is allowed to go outside for half an hour, he must go alone. When he walks down the corridors to the visiting room, all the other prisoners are locked up.

Why are the authorities keeping him so completely isolated? What are they afraid of?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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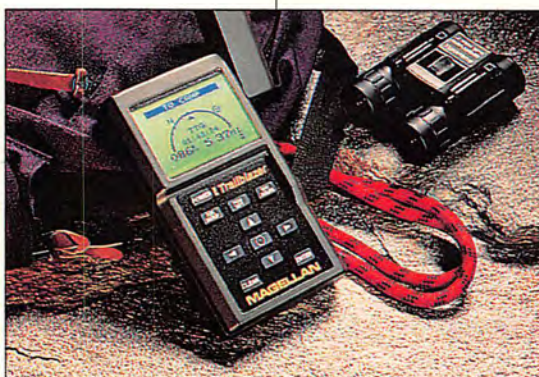


PRINTER TO GO

How do you print on the run? In color? With laser quality? Check out the new PN60 ultra-portable printer from Citizen. It runs on all currents around the world and on optional batteries. The PN60 weighs less than one pound, and you can even print color transparencies on it. Yes, it also prints from a palm-sized personal notebook like the Sharp Zaurus featured here.

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

The big buzz in big business this year is satellite tracking systems that locate planes, trains, ships, and automobiles. Now you can get in on this by tracking yourself through Magellan's new Trailblazer XL personal-location unit for the outdoors.



TITANIUM EXTREMES

The top-rung-speaker business just got higher with Extreme Laboratories' new titanium-globe-topped speakers. These are wireless speakers that produce, through the glass domes on top, sound that radiates in all directions.



INFO POCKET ROCKET

The personal digital assistant is finally coming into its own with the introduction of the new Sharp Zaurus. This jam-packed bit of personal-computing power weighs less than a pound and has more features than many desktop computers. It

also recognizes handwriting—yes, even yours. Put that together with a full keyboard, fax modems, and a host of software programs, and you've got what has to be the most advanced P.D.A. around.



DEAD SOLID PERFECT

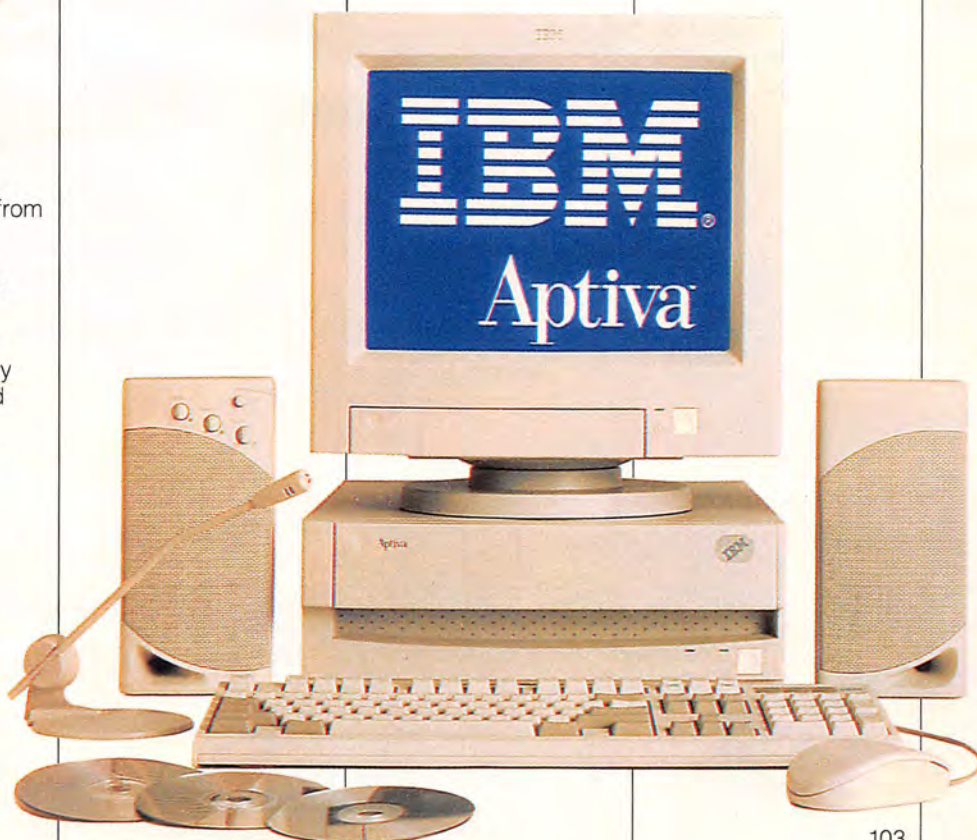
Too much perfection is never a mistake with sound systems—if you can afford it. Leading the way in the pursuit of perfect sound is the Jadis system shown here. The DPL Line Stage Pre-amp works hand in glove with

the DA-60 Control Amplifier. Together, they get the sound from the CD in the JD-1 Turntable out of the digital universe and into your soul. The cost? If you have to ask, consider a Sony Walkman. You could buy 250 of them for what the turntable alone costs.

NOT-SO-BIG BLUE

IBM is making a big comeback in the personal-computer market with bold new designs, great features, aggressive pricing, and a fresh way of listening to what the user wants. One of the best expressions of this is the new line of IBM Aptiva systems. The clunky boxes

are gone. In their place are sleek new systems with color monitors, CD-ROM drives, fax modems, audio cards, and stereo speakers—at a price that starts at a whisker over \$1,000. The only bad news is, there's a lot of Disney Software cluttering up the drive. The good news is, you can erase it.







ANGELA & GILBERT

Although Gilbert had grown up in a blue-collar family, he always liked working for the rich and famous. He preferred their company. The work was hard, but the women were a sight to behold, and the perks could be out of this world. His latest assignment was to build an artificial pond that would become home to a school of *koi*. It was tough work, and he toiled long and hard under a blazing sun. Looking out from the comfort of her air-conditioned kitchen, Angela admired the muscles in Gilbert's back as he swung his heavy hammer. Her aunt Harriet, a former client of Gilbert's, had a lot of good things to say about his work, and as she watched the perspiration roll down his stomach, Angela felt a familiar tingle and her nipples hardened into pebbles. Impulsively, she stepped out into the heat. "Would you like to take a break?" she called. Gilbert turned, wiped the sweat from his brow, and gave her a smile that turned her knees to jelly.



Gilbert drank several cans of beer while Angela chatted aimlessly. Her intent was clear, though. In a matter of moments, she was wearing nothing but a string of pearls.



All her friends and lovers were country-club types. Gilbert was another species entirely. Angela loved the way his rough hands caressed her with the gentle dexterity of a surgeon.







Angela
was anxious
to try out
Gilbert's jack-
hammer,
but she
needed both
hands
to control it.





Gilbert's afternoon break lasted several hours, as he repeatedly filled and refilled Angela's yearning corridors. Her pearls swayed and rubbed against her breasts as she met each booming thrust. "At

this rate," Gilbert moaned, "the pond won't be finished for weeks." Running a finger across his chest, Angela assured him that it wouldn't be a problem. Aunt Harriet would have concurred. O+





THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

Whether it's a snapped penis, infections from oral sex, or testicular cancer, the penis and testicles face a host of dangers.

By Scott Westcott

For many men the penis is a low-maintenance piece of equipment. Most guys spend more time checking their car's oil than they do caring for the family jewels. Urologists warn, however, that ignoring the basics of male genital care can lead to sexual and, sometimes, serious health problems. To ensure your penis and testicles continue to operate at peak efficiency, it's essential to know how to detect diseases and protect against damaging injuries.

The first rule is to get to know your genitals. Most men maintain a pretty good working relationship with their organ but don't know exactly how it should feel when healthy. Men should conduct self-examinations—particularly of their testicles—on a monthly basis, to check for potentially cancerous lumps or other irregularities. The test is most effective in the shower, when the skin is soft and slippery. Roll the testes between the thumb and first three fingers until you cover the entire area. Your testicles should both be the same size and as smooth as peeled soft-boiled eggs. There should be no pain or

sensation of heaviness.

"Gently palpate your testicles and really get to know them," says Dr. Nachum Katlowitz, the physician in charge of the unit for male sexual dysfunction at Cabrini Medical Center in New York City. "That way, if there is a change, you'll know it."

If there is a change, hurry to a doctor. Testicular cancer—the most common cancer in men age 15 to 34—is curable 95 percent of the time when caught early. Allowed to advance, it can be deadly.

While having sex, men also need to be aware of keeping their penis out of harm's way. S.T.D. warnings have been well-publicized, but many men don't realize that strenuous activity in the sack can put their penis on injured reserve. Career-ending injuries have been known to occur between the sheets. It's estimated that three to four million American men are impotent because of intercourse injuries. "The main thing to do is make sure not to flex the penis when it is fully rigid, meaning that if you like acrobatics, do it very carefully," says Katlowitz. "If you stress the penis when it's rigid, you can raise the pressure over 1,800 pounds per

square inch, and you can rupture something."

Dr. James Elist, a Beverly Hills urologist and the author of *Put Impotency in Your Past*, recalls a case in which a girl had been on top, going hot and heavy, when suddenly the phone rang. It must have been a pretty important call, because she lunged for the phone, snapping her boyfriend's penis like a toothpick. "Often what you hear is a crack, like a piece of wood, and the penis instantly becomes swollen like an elephant trunk," says Elist. "It's very dangerous."

Repeated injuries over the course of years can also take a toll. Often what urologists call "minor traumas" from very active sex can lead to small breaks in the fibroskeleton of the penis. The body repairs the breaks, leaving scar tissue. If enough scar tissue builds up, the penis might start leaning distinctly to one side rather than pointing due north. This condition, known as Peyronie's disease, can hamstring your sex life if not treated. (For more information, see the November 1993 issue of *Penthouse*.)

Men also need to protect their penis during oral sex. If bacteria from the mouth enter a

break in the skin, it can lead to a devastating infection. Elist had a patient who spent five days hospitalized for a penis infection. The man's girlfriend had braces on her teeth that had cut his penis during oral sex. "If they go for oral sex they have to be careful—especially if they go wild," says Elist.

There is one prescription for keeping your penis in good working order that is not hard to swallow. Have lots of sex. Just as your biceps go wimpy without working out, so goes the penis. "The best way to keep your sexual life healthy is to practice," says Elist. "Do it as often as possible. Just like exercise, the more you do the better. I see a lot of patients age 60 to 70 who still do it three or four times a week. The key to their success is practice."

Katlowitz agrees, adding that in addition to regular aerobics for your penis, it's a good idea to maintain overall health as well. "What's good for your heart is good for your penis—it's that simple," he says. "If you're in good shape, you'll be in a better mood, and if you are in a better mood, you'll perform better. As a great philosopher says, everything in moderation and a few things to excess."

"NO MAN EVER NEEDS TO FEEL INADEQUATE AGAIN."

Dr. Rosenstein, M.D., F.A.C.S.
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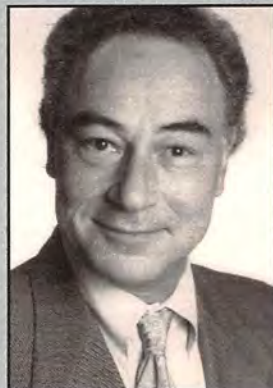
Melvyn Rosenstein, M.D., F.A.C.S., founder of the Rosenstein Medical Group, graduated from TUFTS University with a Bachelor of Science Degree prior to attending New York University School of Medicine. Over the past 15 years, he has served in the prestigious positions of Chief of Urology, Chief of Surgery, Vice Chief of Staff, Chief of Staff and Co-director of the Critical care units at Brotman Medical Center in Culver City. He is a California licensed, board certified urologist; Diplomate American Board of Urology, and Fellow, American College of Surgeons.

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Melvyn Rosenstein
M.D., F.A.C.S.



*The rectangle on the left measure 5" long and 1" wide.
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That he will speak about a lot of things they don't want the public to hear about—like the government's negotiating with him and his organization when Magdalena was arrested; also, their complicity not only with Arab countries but also with Israeli secret agents throughout the seventies and eighties. If he speaks, they want him to be an informant, to tell whom he was in contact with. But if they allow him to speak to the press, he may talk about all these other things.

You've already created headlines by accusing the French government of kidnapping him illegally. This is standard Verges practice, part of your famous "Defense of Rupture," which you used in defending Klaus Barbie. The technique is always to attack, correct?

Yes. I will use Carlos's case to attack the system and shame the establishment.

The French government recently released documents from East Germany's Stasi secret-police files, retrieved after the fall of the Berlin Wall, to "prove" that you were an operative in Carlos's network, known by the code name "Herzog." The authorities also claim you were involved in the planning of a rocket attack on the French nuclear reactor at Creys-Malville in 1982.

And I was responsible for the Great Train Robbery, too! It's all counterattack. The real story is that, at the time of the arrest of Magdalena in 1982, France was negotiating with the Carlos group. Carlos had written a letter threatening a war on France if Magdalena and Carlos's friend were not released within one month. Unfortunately, his letter was given to the press, which made it impossible for the government to release them because of the public outcry at the threat. So the question for the government was how to deal with them—to find a compromise that would neither excite Carlos nor upset the public. So the authorities decided to say that after all there was no proof of attempted murder—the original charge—and to prosecute the two of them only for carrying weapons. Then the government came to me and said, "Carlos will not trust us. You are the lawyer of his two friends. We think he will trust you, so you have to convince him that we are doing our best."

How were you supposed to get in touch with him? Wasn't he underground at that point?

In fact, I had asked the French authorities to give me a plane, a diplo-

matic passport, and also his address. They said that wasn't necessary, because they had their own special counsel, a liaison, to Carlos. My job was just to convince Carlos that the government was doing its best to work a compromise, after which the liaison would take my communiqué to him.

You're saying, then, that there is no substance to the charges that you were an agent in Carlos's organization? That it's all a massive smear campaign?

Of course. Because the French government doesn't want people to know that they were actually negotiating with terrorists during those years. In reality, I wasn't a secret agent; I was a spokesman for the government at the government's request. It ought to tell you something that these charges came out only after Carlos was brought back from the Sudan and he appointed me to defend him. All it took was 48 hours, then the allegations appeared in *Le Monde* in two front-page stories. The Stasi material had been in the government's hands

**"KLAUS BARBIE WAS PART OF THE MACHINE,
BUT [ALBERT] SPEER WAS AT
THE TOP OF THE MACHINE, AND SPEER WAS
CONDEMNED TO ONLY 20 YEARS."**

for four years—why did they wait so long to leak it? I threatened to sue the newspaper if they didn't correct the stories, so they offered me a full-page interview, which they then published as a profile—a very surrealistic portrait, if you ask me.

And you responded with an equally shocking bombshell in the press—that at one point President François Mitterrand wanted you executed.

Absolutely. I was told this on good authority. Mitterrand denied it, but there is a history in France of the government ordering people assassinated and then blaming it on "the Red Hand." I have also been told that the French government wanted me killed when I was defending the National Liberation Front, but then De Gaulle refused to order it.

Let's return to your role as attorney. Since, by your own admission, you've been sympathetic with your clients' Third World political goals, why haven't you participated directly?

I've already tried to tell you that each of us has his field of activity, and it is a bad policy to mix them. Also, it is a mistake to claim that I have always sympathized with my client's cause. Sometimes I have used their cause to address bigger, more important questions.

Take the Barbie case. People were appalled that you so ardently defended the man known as the Butcher of Lyons, who sent countless Jews to the ovens of Auschwitz. The widespread response was that you yourself were an anti-Semite who condoned Barbie's actions.

It's simply again that people do not understand my strategy of Rupture Defense.

Barbie was a monster.

No, he was a person of our time. I defended him as a subaltern in an occupation army in a country that was resisting. He was no better or no worse than—

Than you or me?

Of course he was worse than me and you. But he was no worse than the French officers in Algiers or American soldiers like [Lieutenant William L.] Calley in Vietnam. What I was contesting in Barbie's trial was the right of the court to condemn him without condemning what the French people themselves did.

Does the fact that large numbers of Frenchmen under Vichy collaborated with the Nazis mean that we do not punish Barbie?

Only those who are beaten are punished. Look at World War II. Don't you think it was a crime to bomb Nagasaki? Was the destruction of Dresden not a crime? I was not defending the Nazis, or what Barbie had done. I was saying, "Before condemning him, why don't you condemn

yourself for what you have done in Algeria, as well as during the German occupation?"

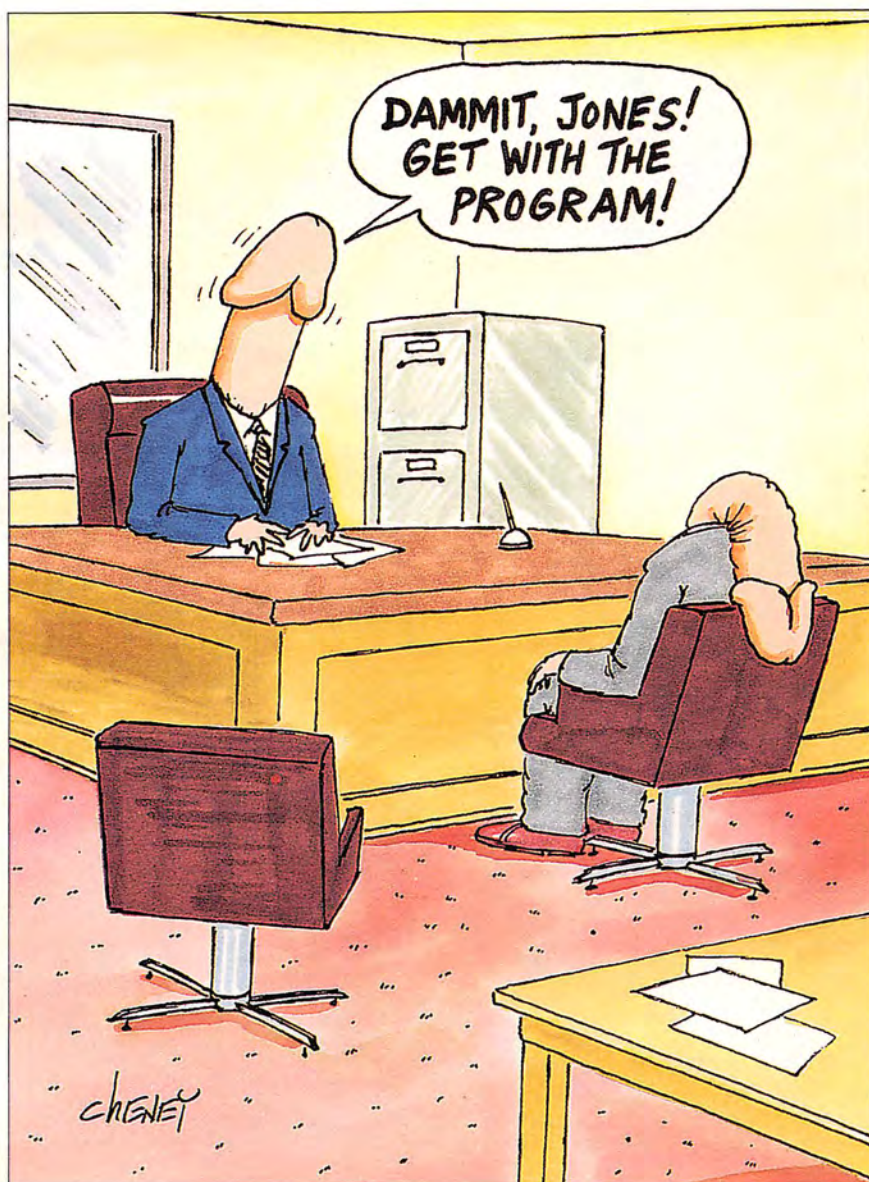
During Barbie's trial, were you ever confronted by survivors of Auschwitz or by people who had lost their parents, husbands, or wives to the ovens?

Yes, and also when I was a student in 1952 or 1953, I went to Auschwitz, where I was shocked by pictures of rooms piled with spectacles and hair. There was no blood, no people crying, but to see all that was left of people—like a pigtail with a ribbon in that pile—that was something I shall never forget. When I met Barbie, these images naturally came back to me, but I had to ask myself if this man was involved in such activities consciously. My answer was that he was part of the machine but that [Albert] Speer was at the top of the machine and Speer was condemned to only 20 years. Barbie was not the head of the machine, he was only a soldier in an occupying army.

But wasn't that issue put to rest by the Nuremberg trials 50 years ago—that whether someone was a local chief of police or head executioner at Auschwitz, his participation in the atrocity made him guilty of crimes against humanity?

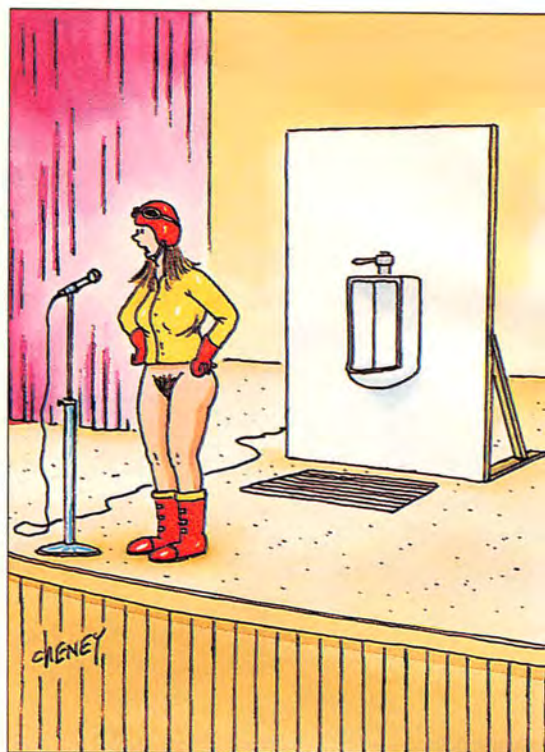
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SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY





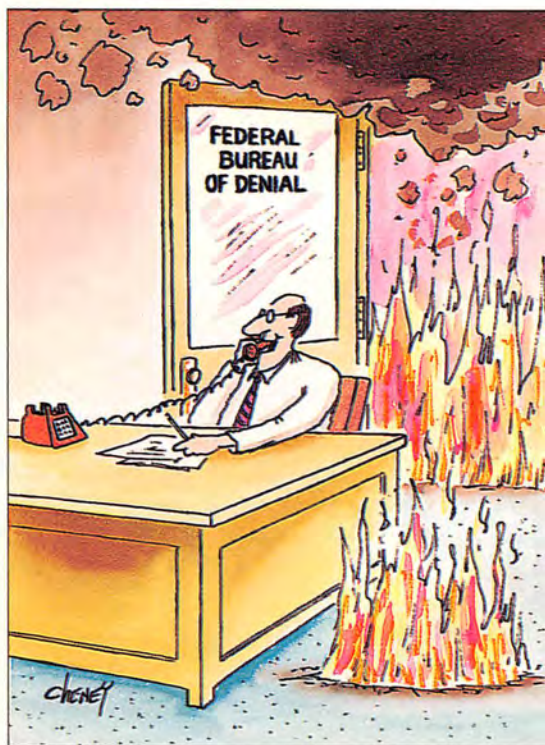
"Your résumé shows that you have
a depraved indifference to human life....
Can you start tomorrow?"



"Before I begin, I'd like to remind the
ladies in the audience that I am a professional.
Do not attempt this at home."



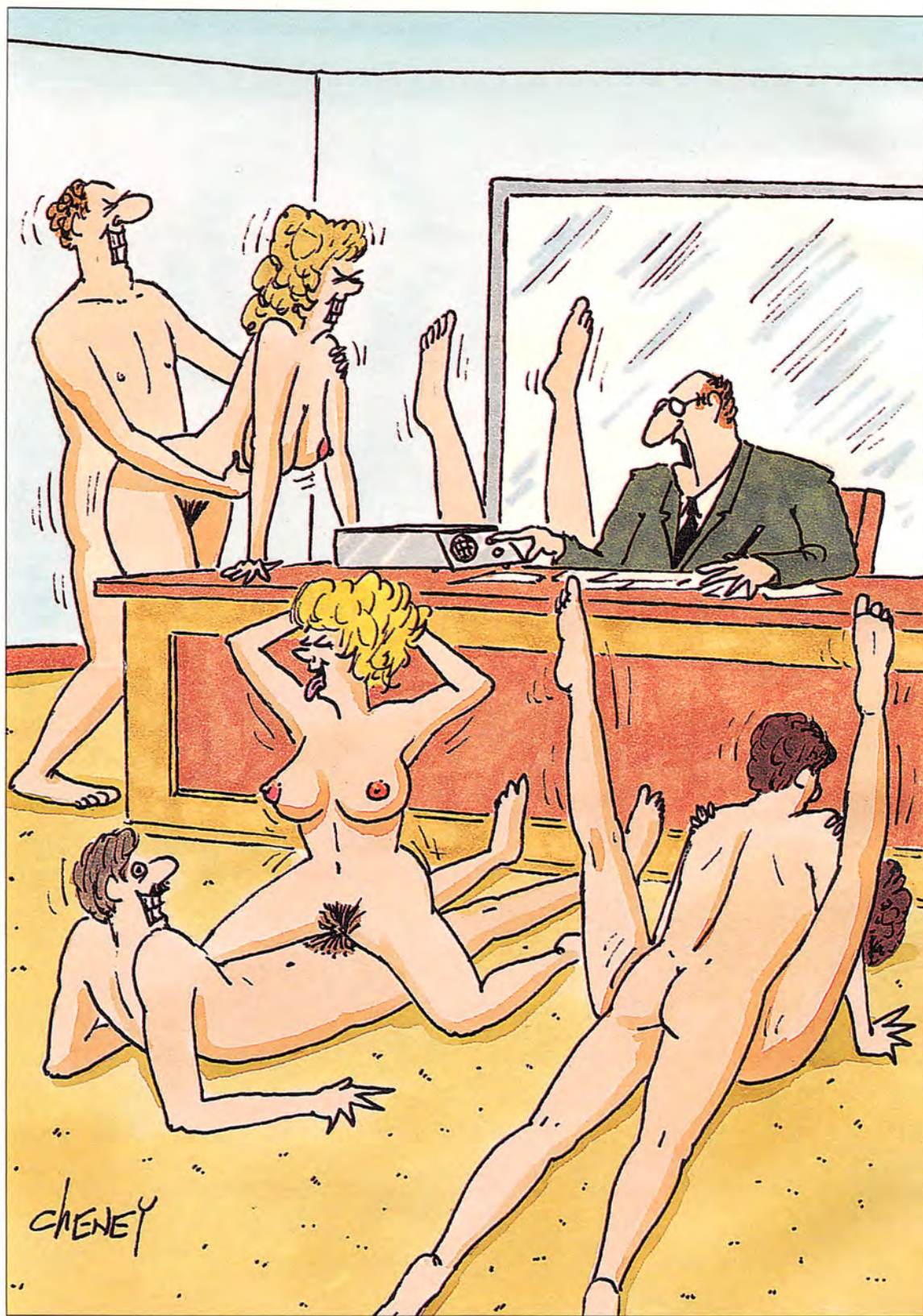
"It's not what you say.... It's how you say it."



"Oh, just fine. How are things with you?"



"We're sure it will appeal to anyone who was educated in the American public-school system."



"Miss Elmwood, there's too many fucking people in my office!"



"I demand that you catch this cunnilingus freak before he does any more harm!"



"I can accept the fact that they're hungry, but I never thought I'd hear myself say, 'Please, not another blowjob!'"



"And I thought the bread lines were bad."



"Who's the new guy?"

TAILSPIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Then it finally happened.

On April 28, Secretary of Defense Les Aspin issued the order that Kara Hultgreen and thousands of other women had been waiting for. "The services shall permit women to compete for assignments in aircraft," read the memorandum, "including aircraft engaged in combat missions." Aspin also directed the Navy to "develop a legislative proposal, which I will forward to Congress, to repeal the existing combat-exclusion law and permit the assignment of women to ships that are engaged in combat missions."

"This is sort of like being able to vote," Kara Hultgreen said. "This is historic. I feel super. I'm ecstatic. I'm thrilled!"

One of the operative ironies of the Tailhook scandal was that it represented the final impetus, the last little shove, that overturned the rules that were keeping women from combat. What was horrible for victims of the gauntlet eventually proved, through vast convolutions of the political process, a momentous career break for women like Kara Hultgreen.

On November 15, 1994, two female F/A-18 pilots became the first American women to fly combat sorties. Flying off the U.S.S. *Eisenhower* in the Persian Gulf, they patrolled the no-fly zone in the skies over southern Iraq.

Kara Hultgreen did indeed become the first woman to qualify in a combat-ready F-14 Tomcat, the famed Top Gun fighter jet, previously the purview of the jet bubba. She joined the Black Lions of VF-213, who were getting ready to deploy for the gulf. On Tuesday, October 25, 1994, she was approaching the flight deck of the U.S.S. *Abraham Lincoln*. It was a clear day and visibility was good. As she was lining up the aircraft for a landing on the deck, the Tomcat suddenly lost altitude. Hultgreen's radar-intercept officer, Lieutenant Matthew Klemish, successfully ejected, 200 feet above the ocean and less than half a mile from the flight deck. He was rescued with minor bruises. Hultgreen ejected a moment later, but by that time, the jet had rolled sharply. Hultgreen hurtled sideways. After an extensive search failed to recover the plane or her body, the Navy declared her lost at sea.


Hultgreen's death was accorded full honors, but no extraordinary measures were taken to mark her passing. She was celebrated not as the first female Tomcat pilot, but as a fallen aviator. To single her out might somehow lessen the sacrifice of other downed Navy pilots (ten F-14 pilots had died since 1992). In the brutal calculus of naval aviation, the death of the first female Tomcat pilot could not be in any way romanticized or drawn out. "She was a

smart girl. I know she knew the chances she was taking," said Hultgreen's grandmother, and the same quiet stoicism seemed to characterize much of the Navy's response to her death.

But there was an ugliness, too, that marred that response, a series of anonymous faxes sent from somewhere within the Navy impugning (falsely, as it turned out) Hultgreen's flight record. In its efforts to desegregate naval aviation, stated the authors of the fax, the Navy was rushing unqualified personnel onto the flight lines. The faxes were an unpleasant reminder of the depth of enmity toward women in naval aviation. How easy it seemed to abandon the Navy's vaunted code of honor, its chattering about "officers and gentlemen," when the painful question of women in uniform arose. It was an unheard-of breach of naval-aviation etiquette to question the flight record of a pilot who had gone down. It was just not done. Except with Kara Hultgreen.

Against this slander, the Navy maintained its stoic silence, refusing (as was policy) to release the flight records of the deceased, stating only that Hultgreen was "average to above average" as an F-14 pilot. Hultgreen's mother, Sally Spears, provided the records to the media herself, showing her daughter was ranked third of the seven pilots in her class. "The way I look at it is," Spears said, "being a slightly above average F-14 pilot is like being a slightly above average Phi Beta Kappa."

Because of the controversy, the Navy was forced to perform a salvage operation (at a cost of \$100,000) to bring up Hultgreen's Tomcat, in order to analyze what went wrong with the flight. A four-month investigation ended with the conclusion that the crash was caused by technical malfunction, not pilot error, that when the left engine stalled on approach to the ship, virtually no pilot on earth would have been able to save the plane. Hultgreen's body was recovered also, still strapped to the ejector seat.

In hindsight, the crash rendered Kara Hultgreen's concerted efforts to fly tactical jets in tragic high relief—all those days spent in congressional hearings, all those requests for transfer to combat aircraft, all that striding through the corridors at Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services conferences in her flight suit, as if she had spent the last four years of her young life committing slow-motion suicide by idealism, lobbying for her right to die. Hultgreen was, of course, after something else: the right to live her life on her own terms. What was especially bitter was that every person has to fight to be in her line of work, but nobody had to fight as hard as she did. Her death might have placed her activities in a light both ironic and cruel, but it cannot detract from the essential dignity of that effort. 



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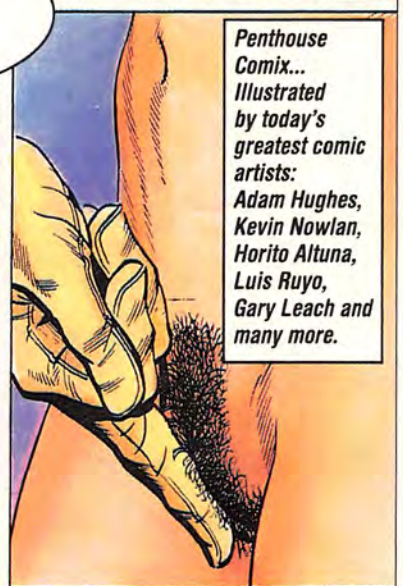


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CYBERSPACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Mandel gave the Net an example of how to transmit your soul through the medium of conferencing.

<mandel> didn't supply software or hardware or a Net connection. <mandel> didn't make it easy to point and click your way mindlessly through mountains of data and hundreds of slow and mostly boring Web pages. What Tom gave to the Net was himself. And if you watched him long enough, you learned how to do that as well.

Given to a tendency to monstrous procrastination in his work, he loved the warp and woof and immediacy of online discussion. He could, it is said, "type a hundred words a minute and think faster." Because of this and his encyclopedic mind, he could lead and indeed dominate dozens of topics simultaneously. If you wanted to argue with <mandel>, you'd better have your ducks in a row, a lunch packed, and be wearing your surge protector, because you were in for a long, wild ride.

There was nothing he would not discuss. All topics were grist to his mill, including the topic of his death. For many months on the Well and in Time Online, he had discussed with cool candor and no little emotion the progress of

his disease as it relentlessly consumed him. The treatments and his reactions to them were set out for all to comment on. He kept almost nothing back.


Finally, when it became clear that no medical procedure would save him and that his remaining time in life was shorter than he had hoped, he started a discussion on the Well that he titled "My Turn." In this topic, he announced that he was going to die and would be unable to participate much longer in the medium he loved. The effect was electric. Hundreds of responses flowed in over the next few weeks, until, upon his death, it was closed. The discussion continued, without <mandel>, in the Obituary topic.

Tom Mandel died while being held by the woman he loved and listening to Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" from the Ninth Symphony. At first I thought it was a beautiful way to die. Then I felt that it was, like the Net <mandel> loved and helped to grow, a thin thing—nice to contemplate, but not really much good when you just sat still and looked at it. Poetic, but it didn't undo the sheer cold fact of his death—a fact that I do not approve of at all. Finally, I decided it was as good a way to die as any, and better than most. So it will have to do.

But I don't really think about that time all that much now. Instead, I think about meeting him in the world for the first

time. I remember how much smaller he seemed than I had imagined him from his presence on the Net; how he seemed both tough and frail at the same time. I remember knocking back serious shots of single malt. I remember late-night rambles through Manhattan and San Francisco. I remember his apartment, piled high with drifts of books, papers, tapes, and monographs—crowded with the endless subject matter that made up his mind.

And I think about the last time I spoke with him, the week before he died. I apologized for not saying anything online in his "My Turn" topic; that I didn't have any words for that subject. He understood that, he said. I told him I'd see him somewhere a little further down the road. He understood that, too. He said, "I'm afraid to go there, but we all have to go. We have to be men."

And that's how we left it, Tom and I. I suppose I could always go online and go to the Well and read any part of the hundreds of thousands of words <mandel> left there on any subject under the sun. I could go to Time Online and read the hundreds of testimonials to him in those conferences. But somehow I don't think I will. I no longer think of him as <mandel>—like the Net he loved and helped build, that's just too thin. I think of him now as Tom Mandel, the first friend I ever made before I met him. 

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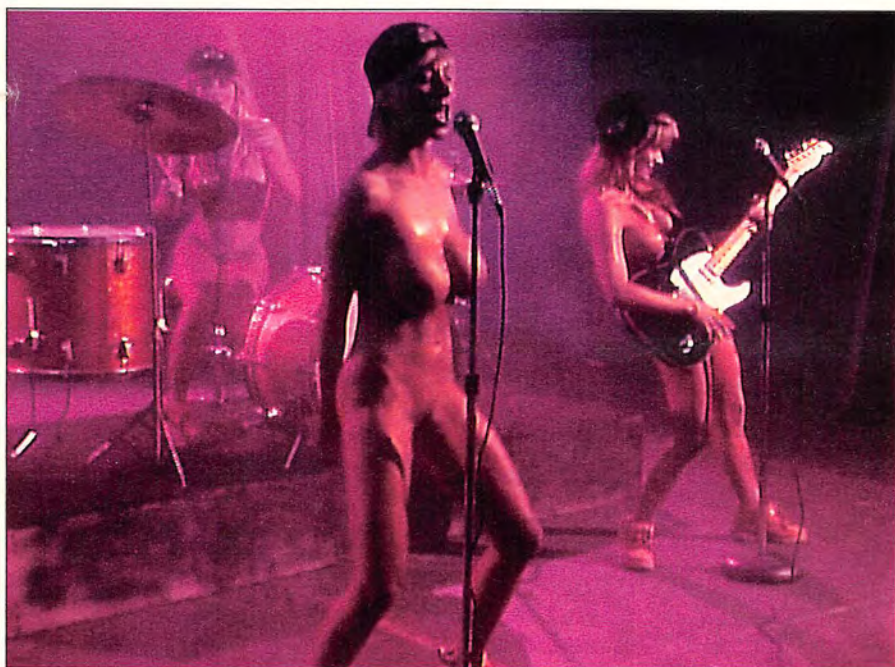
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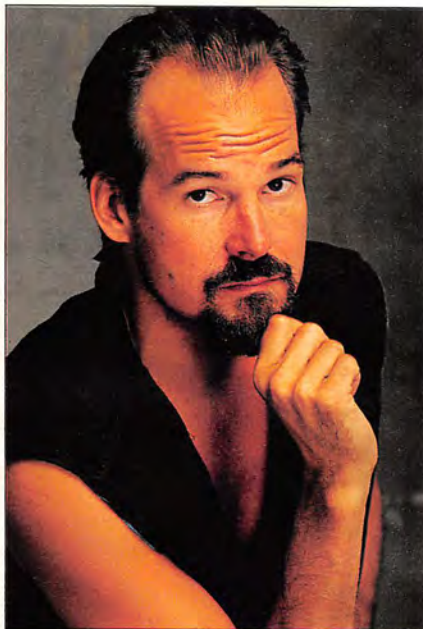
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Heidi, Alex, and Julie cavort with the boys in the band (above), including songwriter Buc Lockwood (top right). Simone plays on the assets that made her our 1991 Pet of the Year (right).



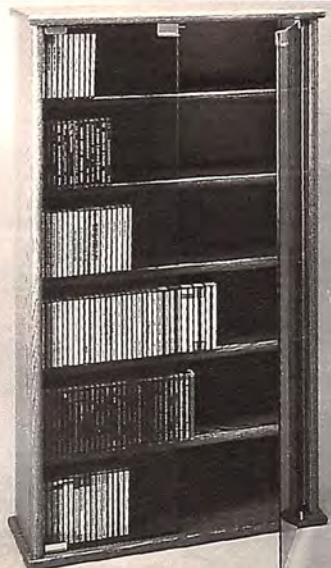


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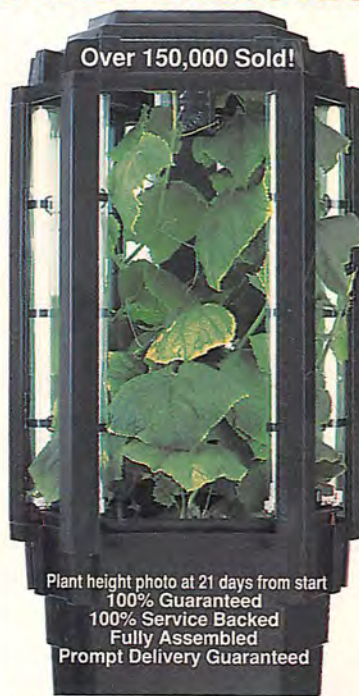
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SPORTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78


Slam, we went out and won a Grand Slam. All four kids have become professional tennis players. So when people say you can't, we find a way to get the job done."

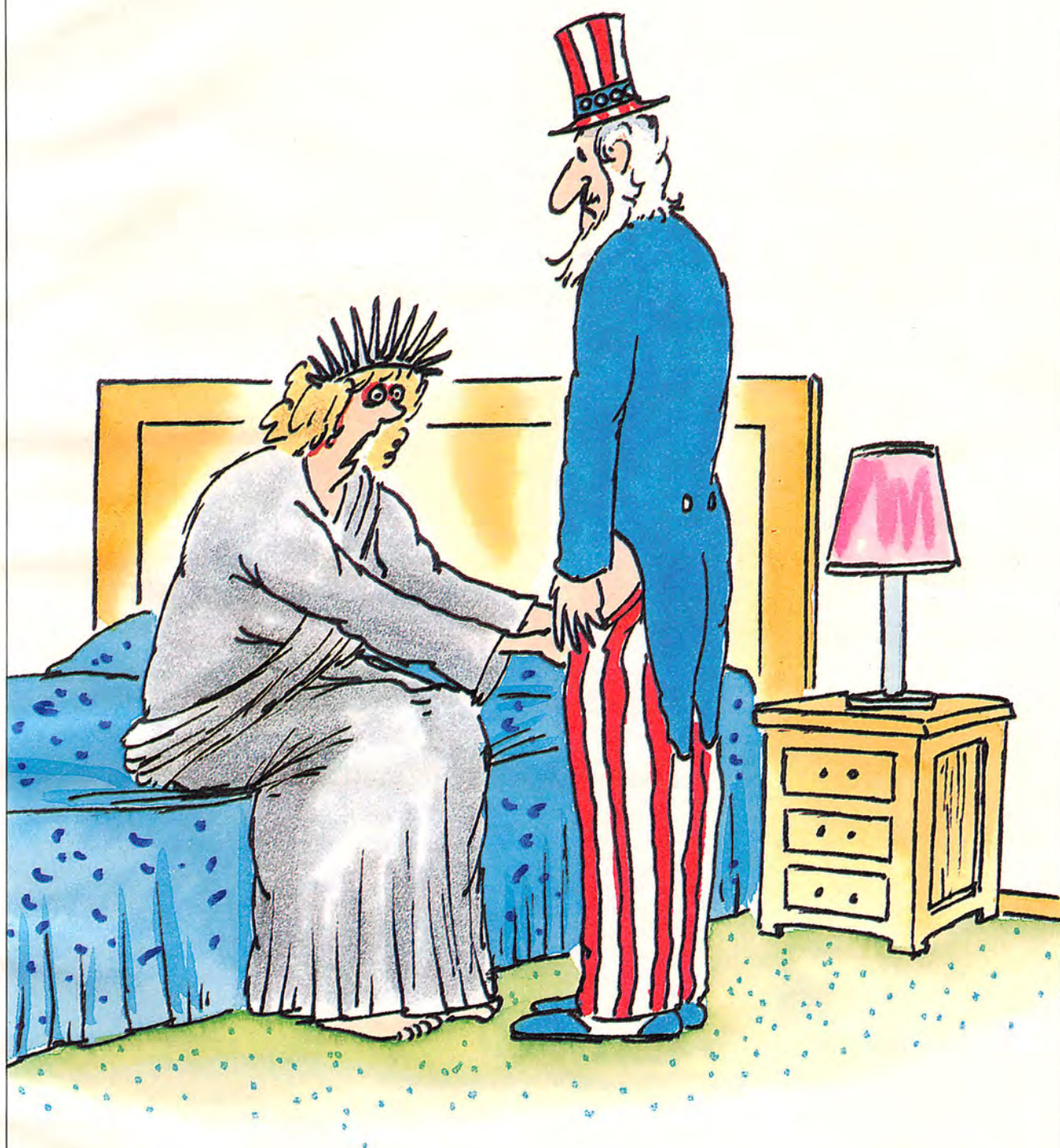
An indication of the impact the Jensens have made on the sport was the January 1995 cover of a leading tennis magazine. There were the Jensens, sans tennis rackets, greeting their fans with guitars and a cover line asking, ARE YOU LOOKING AT THE FUTURE OF TENNIS? You weren't looking at the winners of the French Open, but at the guitarists of their own rock 'n' roll band, called We Never Heard of You Either. It's a telling cover because it's asking one of the many questions that keep A.T.P. Tour officials up at night: Are the Jensens some garage-band members who happen to play tennis, or are they the shot in the arm tennis needs?

Kevin O'Keefe, A.T.P. Tour director of communications, is optimistic. "Nineteen ninety-five is such a breakthrough year for tennis popularity," he says. "Look at men's tennis. Pete Sampras is as good as any tennis player in history, Andre Agassi as colorful, and the Jensen brothers as energized. With Sampras and Agassi, the A.T.P. Tour's top two players, you have a rivalry with a contrast in styles that other sports would envy. And that's just breaking the surface. Fans are yelling in the stands and seeing, touching, feeling, hearing, and smelling the players. Off the court, the players are throwing serious money and time at building kids' interest in tennis, and the A.T.P. Tour is starting to show tennis on television in a way that has kids tugging at their parents' pants legs and asking, 'Can I take tennis lessons?' It's all about entertainment and athletic accessibility."

But the key to the short-term answer will be how Luke and Murphy perform on court. Luke sums it up best when he says, "In sports, no matter how bad you act, how bad you are, if you keep winning, they're gonna love you."

And while their greatest fans come from the MTV generation, Luke and Murphy have no delusions about the shelf life of fame, especially among their thousands of younger fans. "In ten, 20 years, none of these kids will know who the Jensen brothers are," Luke says. "Ask them about Bjorn Borg, our hero, and they never heard of him. Hell, some of these kids never even heard of Muhammad Ali. Sports heroes come and go. Next year we could be playing for meal money. In tennis, nobody stays on top forever."

And that's why we ask, "Where have you gone, Bobby Riggs?" 



"Aw, shit! Not another cutback!"

To people who make this charge, I say that there has been selective prosecution, that there were others higher up and more responsible than Barbie. Secondly, that what Barbie did was no different from what French officers did to suppress the independence movement in Algeria. Besides, I also argue that there were people involved with Nazism, which was terrible, without themselves being evil. And I think in that regard I am one of the few people who has a Christian approach to this question.

The author Elie Wiesel, the spokesman for Auschwitz survivors, has attacked your logic as being criminal. You reject his outrage completely?

Wiesel was very angry with me for my Barbie defense, but Wiesel plays the role of the public man. Primo Levi, another Auschwitz inmate, wrote far more deeply about these matters, because he was not speaking for a public purpose. He was writing in silence, in an atmosphere of self-communion and contemplation, to offer people a way of thinking about what happened, and to raise basic issues about the nature of man. Wiesel has become a showman.

Nevertheless, if you had been successful in freeing Barbie, would you have had regrets afterward? Emotionally, no problems?

Regrets? No, because I would have explained to myself, "You were obliged to acquit him because you would have done the same. This acquittal is a sign of your guiltiness, not of your generosity, because you recognize yourself in him."

Meaning what? That we are all guilty?

Of course, just as I feel a human solidarity with the victims. But my role as a lawyer is to defend those who are accused.

Which brings us back to what you see as the inevitable element of hypocrisy in society, and to your conviction that jurors must be confronted with how they blind themselves to this hypocrisy?

Hypocrisy is the way that man keeps himself blind, forces himself to be blind. And this leads to further hypocrisy, until it becomes standardized. This is the cornerstone of the Rupture Defense, and not just in major trials like Barbie or Carlos, where there is a lot of press attention. At present I am using the same strategy in a suit I have brought on behalf of a prostitute who is suing her pimp for all the money she paid him during the years she worked for him. Up to now the courts have refused to hear such cases, because they didn't want to

judge things considered immoral or shameful. Now, since prostitution is not forbidden in France, we can argue that this woman had rightfully earned her money, and by false promises this man has defrauded her.

Since you've so often attacked the legal system, how often have you been cited for contempt?

I have been "condemned" only once, and this was during the Algerian War, in 1961, when I was suspended for one year. I was accused of being rude to the judge and held in contempt of court.

Was there an outburst? Did you accuse the judge?

No. What made things difficult is that in general I am very courteous, I don't attack the court in so many words. But in one trial of an indigent North African who was found guilty of murder, I said, "One century ago Captain Dreyfus was condemned because he was a Jew. Today my client is condemned because he is an Arab." A year later, after 35 lawyers came to my defense, the bar-

and what you did for me when I was underground."

Mao, Chou En-lai, and Nehru, as well as many of the most radical heads of state in Africa—you've met them all. Would it be fair to say that apart from your aggressive court tactics, it's this wide range of contacts that confuses and scares your fellow lawyers?

You know, in my early life, I lived among the peasants in the countryside, and they had this joke. They would put a duck egg in the nest of the chicken, and the hen would hatch 20 little chickens and one little duck, and the chickens would be very surprised. So some lawyers look at me like the chickens looking at the little duck. But my destiny is to be a duck, not to be a chicken. And I don't mind that [laughter].

And the press doesn't know how to deal with a "duck," either?

We live in a world where the media likes to paint a simplistic picture of people. This is true in the United States as much as in France, and it doesn't matter if it's *The Washington Post* or the *Los Angeles Times*—the press wants to schematize people. A man is bad, a man is good; a man is a coward or he is courageous; a man is very intelligent or he is stupid. So now they have painted me as mad and a terrorist because I am defending Carlos, just as I have defended others whom they call "indefensible." In fact, though, I think the

French public has a different reaction to me. They so often see my picture on television or in the press that they've begun to think I must be interesting. You see, the Frenchman by nature is skeptical and rather anarchistic. His hero is the man who is alone, battling against the establishment. They see that in me, so now, in the streets, when I am greeted by someone, it's almost as if he feels a kind of complicity with what I'm doing.


You've claimed that only God can know the truth. Do you believe in God?

I'm not sure. Sometimes people ask me if God exists and I die, what will happen? I say that if after my death I am faced with God, He will open his arms and laugh and say, "You!"

Greet you with pleasure, with delight, as it were?

If He exists, He will look at me as His child, independent and always ready to criticize.

As the maverick, the renegade?

Yes, but He knows in my heart I'm a good child. Because if He exists, He understands everything and everybody, and He knows that while I really don't believe in God, I do believe that there is a part of divinity in each of us, and mankind is a great mystery to me, more mysterious than all the universe. 

"WHEN A PERSON IS GUILTY, MY JOB
AS A LAWYER IS TO SAY, 'WHAT THIS MAN HAS
DONE IS NOT SO ... EXTRAORDINARY.'
I KNOW HE'S NOT THE FIRST OR THE LAST."

review committee concluded that the judge had violated my right of defense; that essentially I'd been suspended for political reasons.

What did you do during that year of suspension?

I went to Morocco, where I was the counselor for one of the ministers of African affairs. My job was to help all the Africans who were starting to revolt against colonial powers, such as the people of the Portuguese colonies, like Mozambique. We were to give them passports to travel from Morocco, and we also had to give them money and ammunition. I was also to send them to the National Liberation Front at the border of Algeria for training.

It was at that time that I met Nelson Mandela. On behalf of the minister, I discussed with him what help was needed by the African National Congress. Later I was happy to read in a biography of Mandela that when he was arrested in South Africa on his way back from Algeria, they found his diary, in which he described his meeting with me: "Mr. Verges accepted all our requests." Recently, when he was in Paris on his way to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize, he phoned me and said, "I wanted to tell you that I have not forgotten you

SORAYAMA



For more information on Sorayama's artwork, see page 159.

But combining them is definitely a very special experience. Training your girlfriend to suck—with a banana, celery with a filling, or any dick-shaped vegetable or fruit—is something every male reader of this magazine would do well to try. But it is wise to keep off all types of sausages, which, whether they are wrapped in plastic or animal entrails, have almost no external flavor. This gives one the desire to bite, and the urge (once given in to) is hard to resist with one's mouth around a meaty morsel. But a cocksucker who inadvertently Bobbitts her fellatee is a non-starter in the oral stakes, so stay off the wieners.

I have always recommended honey for the honeypot, but your man will find a pussy full of raspberries and whipped cream totally irresistible. For the male organ, however, I prefer sterner stuff, and on the savory side. Of course, one must be careful with spices. Those jalapeño peppers really last, but on Mr. Normal, they seem to work as a definite "off" switch. On the other hand (or even on both hands), there is an oriental product for massaging aching muscles, Tiger Balm, which has a sting in its tail. But despite the burning sensation it produces, it seems to have a miraculous hardening effect. I got the tail end of the fire when the hunk I tried it on finally entered me, and it left me horny for days.

But I digress—Tiger Balm is not for eating. My Scottish lover who I used it on was not only a dedicated masturbator, he was also a brilliant cook. In the same way one uses erotic literature and photographs to stimulate the sexual organs via the brain, he used to read fancy cookbooks and have what he called "culinary orgasms" over recipes. He is still working on a method of using this occupation for dieting, but all it ever did for me was cause me to eat more than I should. This is the danger of gourmet oralism, so if you have an eating problem, it would be wise to give a little thought to the recipes before you start. The calorie content of the raspberry-cream number is horrific, but it can be reduced to less than 200 per orgasm by using low-fat yogurt instead of cream. For the purist, incidentally, the semen in a normal ejaculation only contains about five calories.

According to the new Kinsey Report, 90 percent of married couples indulge in oral sex, and 50 to 80 percent of women do fellatio. But curiously enough, only 35 to 65 percent of women enjoy it. This seems to mean that 15 percent of American womanhood says to

its mate, "Okay, darling, I'll suck on the horrible thing if you insist, but I'm not going to like it!" It is to the partners of this 15 percent that your advice and comments will be of the most use.

A sample conversation goes as follows: "Darling, would you prefer caviar or chocolate mousse?" says he. "Caviar, I think, darling, but why do you ask?" she replies. "I want to know whether to use a knife or a spoon to spread it on my dick, and I have to decide which wine to open."

IT SUCKS SO HE DOESN'T

I am a 21-year-old college student in a close relationship with a woman I hope to marry someday. We have been sexually active for over a year. We both have been with other people, but we agree that the best sex we've ever had has been with each other. Sometimes we vary our love-making by having a spontaneous fucking session in a deserted schoolroom or in a dark corner of the campus at night. One of the most memorable occasions was screwing alongside the community pool

SOMETIMES WE VARY OUR

LOVEMAKING BY HAVING A SPONTANEOUS

FUCKING SESSION

IN A DESERTED SCHOOLROOM.

while two campus-club initiates, who were told not to look, waited nearby. My girlfriend struggled to cover her cries of ecstasy as my cock furiously pumped her wet cunt. The two freshmen never knew what the whole scene was about. We have also tried different positions in our lovemaking, but she has seemed reluctant to try all of the ones that I suggest. Still, I have never gotten more pleasure from one woman.

My problem is that she shies away from one of my personal fantasies: running my tongue and lips over her juicy pussy. I have tried to go down on her, but each time she has stopped me. We've talked about it, but she says that she is uncomfortable with it. For one thing, she says that it gives her no personal satisfaction. She does not seem to enjoy clitoral stimulation very much. She only enjoys feeling a hard dick pounding away in her, and an occasional finger-fuck during foreplay. A former boyfriend of hers tried performing cunnilingus once, and she claims that she didn't think it was anything special.

I have read about how a small proportion of women in this country find clitoral stimulation less appealing than fucking. How can I tell if my woman belongs to this minority?

One other important factor that I have considered is the possibility of a psychological problem. We are very open with each other, and she has told me that she was sexually abused by her stepbrother. It occurred only once. Her grandfather was also caught looking at her while she emerged from showering on a few occasions. Could these events have effected her willingness to have cunnilingus? She considers oral sex on women disgusting, yet enjoys performing oral sex on me.

She is also very insecure about her own body, completely rejecting the idea of her masturbating, even though she enjoys watching me jerk off. How can I get her to open up with her sexuality without scaring her or having her remember her painful past? I really think that getting her to open up would improve our sex life. Should I even continue to try to get her interested in other forms of sex, or should I just forget it because of the complications? Should she see a psychiatrist to confront her problem first? Please help me—I want to give her the kind of pleasure that she has never felt (if it is even physically possible for her).—C. D., Hawaii

Most of us have terrible hang-ups about our bodies. Half of the mail to this column is from men, 90 percent of whom are absolutely normal but are convinced that their organs, or their whole bod-

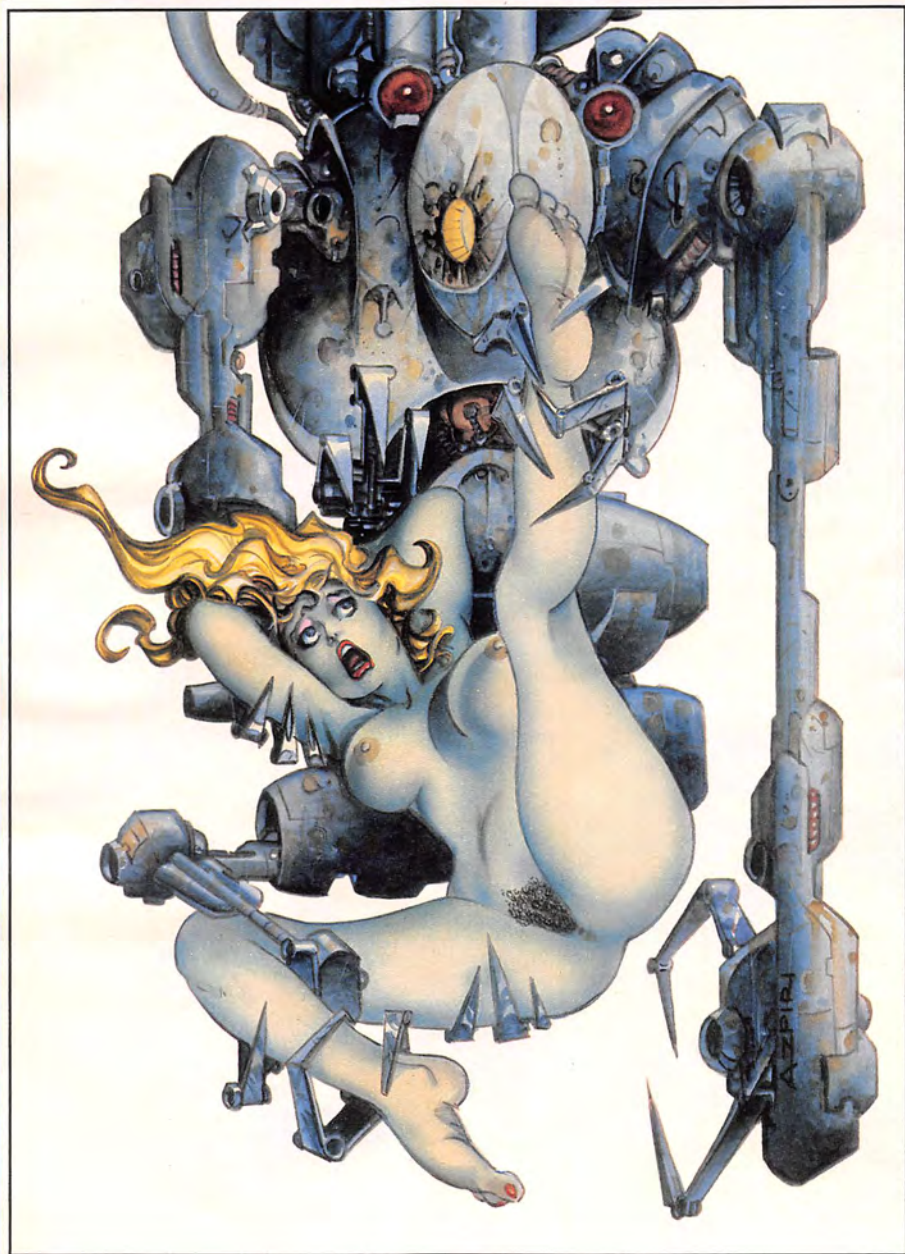
ies, are in some way deformed. Women are in a worse position because they have more complexes about their bodies, but they tend to keep it bottled up. I get almost as many letters from women as from men, which, if you think about it, is a curiously revealing statistic from a men's magazine.

One of woman's major preoccupations is her vagina, the Mound of Venus, the love channel, the honeypot, that delicious little pussy willow. It is the source of so much worry and aggravation for a girl, from the appearance of pubic hair through the horrific first menstrual period to the first sexual experience with a man. This can be beautiful, but is usually a lot of fumbling in the dark followed by a complicated, difficult, and painful penetration of one's most intimate, private part.

Small wonder that a lot of women are concerned about sexual intercourse, especially when, in many cases, they have been brought up to believe that it is dirty, disgusting, and wicked.

Your girl is no exception to the norm, in that she is reluctant to try anything new on the ground that it might be "wrong"—although she is probably intelligent enough to imagine that you would ridicule such an idea, so she

A Z P I R I



Bethlehem
STEELE™

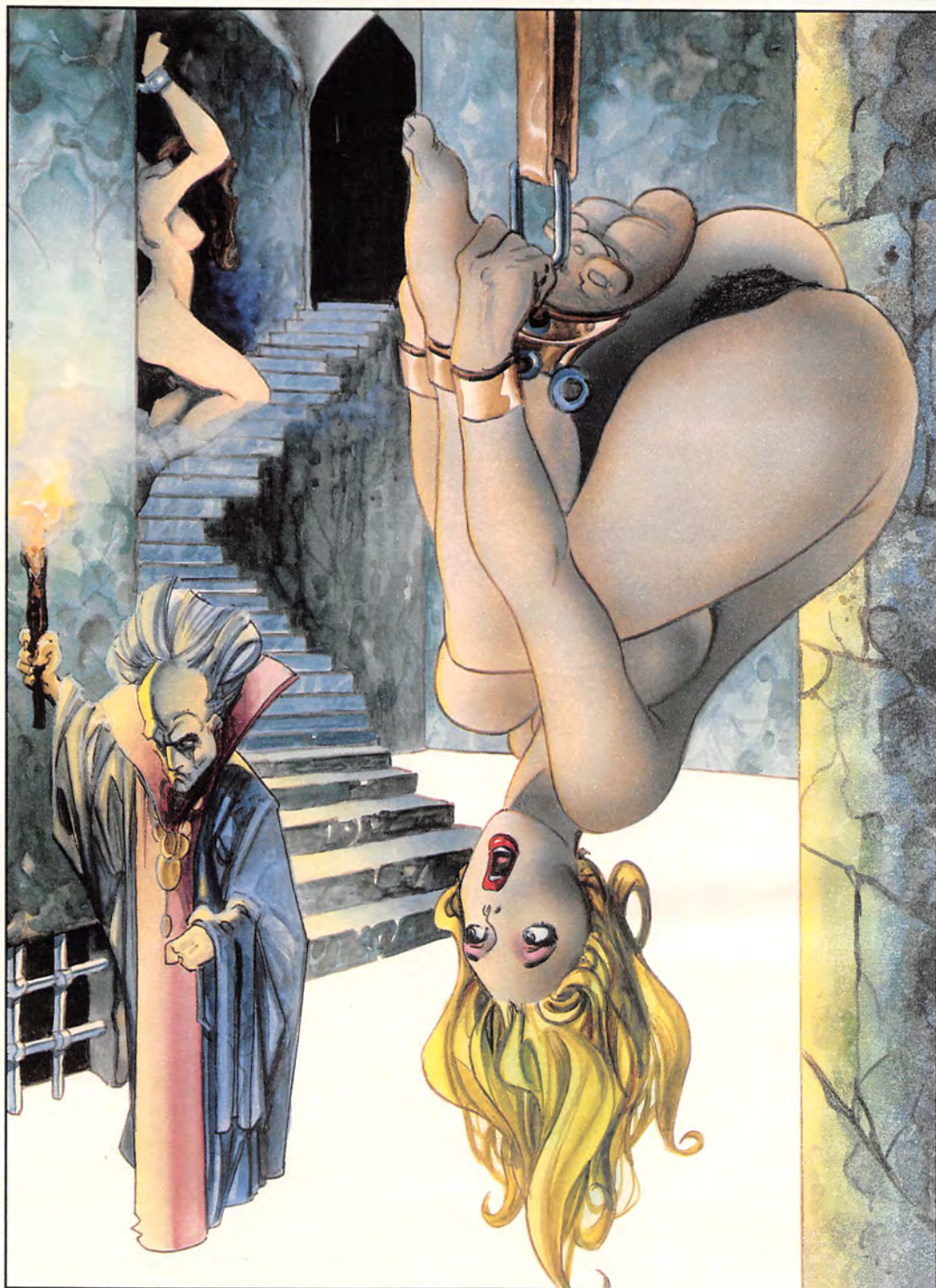
Is she the perfect woman or the ultimate form of virtual sex? Bethlehem Steele is an android, designed to be the well-trained plaything for the richest man in the galaxy...



Having survived the pursuit of her former master Sho Tanaka, Beth is sold into sexual slavery on the galactic throneworld Altair. The Majestrix Empress Daxor takes a special interest in her newest slave....



As Beth's captivity stretches from days to weeks, her own hunger for pleasure is denied and she is forced to undergo every form of humiliation for the amusement of her cruel new masters....



An android construct, designed to give and receive pleasure, sexual stimulation is to Beth Steele as food and water are to human beings. Beth's torment and hunger grow each night as she waits to achieve her release....



The Majestrix is not satisfied with mere capitulation; Beth must first be trained to serve her mistress under the harshest conditions. Not knowing what to expect next, she accepts both pleasure and pain willingly.



Helpless now in the grip of her own passion, Beth is forced to endure more nights of frustration. Her sex brims with a fire that she cannot quench. Murmurs of longing from other slaves only stimulate her more....



Beth's body rebels against her will to resist. No longer able to fight the hunger in her soul, Beth at last submits willingly to the Majestrix, giving herself over to the strange pleasures of this strange world.



Beyond fear and longing now, Beth accepts her new life as a creature of pure pleasure. The voluptuous captivity turns even more bizarre with each passing night....



What does the future hold for this robotic Eve?
Find out in *Bethlehem Steele*, with art by Azpiri, in every
issue of *Penthouse Comix*. On sale now.

invents stories of sexual harassment.

She talks of her stepbrother abusing her, but she is a willing participant in the hazing of two freshmen. And what good-looking girl has not been surreptitiously watched by her male relations while showering or changing her clothes? Very few people believe that masturbating will make your eyesight deteriorate, but there are still lots of religious nuts around who believe that if a man gets a hard-on from looking at his naked sister, God will strike him blind.

I suspect that if you suggest that your girl could profit from a visit to a shrink or a counselor, she will hit the roof, even though her problems stem from the sickness of society and not her psyche. Do-it-yourself home psychiatry is one aspect of that sickness. The most common question in the letters I receive is, "Am I normal?"

Although you are both old enough to drive or get married, and plenty old enough to join the Army and die for your country, you are still very young and have your whole lives in front of you. There is no urgency to discover new ways to make sex more fun, but your best bet is to tactfully get this idea across to your girl—not so much that she is missing out on one of the best things there is, but that no doubt when she grows up a little more, she will probably come to like it anyway, so why waste any more time? There is absolutely nothing wrong, dangerous, unhealthy, or unsanitary about cunnilingus, and, as a New York cabdriver once said to me when I asked him why he favors this form of sex, "You can't knock 'em up with spit."

THE WAGES OF SIN

Right now I am at a turning point of sorts in my life, and I feel that you might be the ideal person to turn to for advice. I am 23 years old, female, and a recent college graduate. I have been reading your column since I was about 14, when I found where my father stashed his copies of Penthouse, so I respect you as an expert in your field. Your articles and your book The Happy Hooker had a lot to do with the formation of my early sexual identity. Now I hope you can help me again.

As I said, I just graduated from college. I am in desperate financial straits and need to start earning money right away. My degree in political science is not going to get me a job in my field until I complete my master's (which I'm not starting for another year). The only jobs I can find are secretarial-receptionist—

data-entry crap jobs, which is the same thing I was doing before I started college. These jobs pay about \$6 an hour, which makes me feel like my soul is slowly being strangled. Three weeks at that type of job is always enough to turn me from a happy, bubbly, energetic young woman into a sullen, cranky, miserable bitch. So I decided to answer a help-wanted ad in a local adult newsletter. The ad was for a 900-number phone actress, and because I am a very sexual person and am not shy about it, I thought it would be something I could do for a while.

The job starts at \$10 an hour and ranges up to \$18 an hour for overtime. I can pick any shift I want—such as evening, so I can go to the beach every day this summer! And there is an option to move, after a probationary period, to my own house, where the company will pay for me to set up a phone line. This all sounds great. I have already gone through the application process, including a series of auditions, and I have

sion of defeat. Yes, I really enjoy sex, but I never envisioned myself making a living at it.


I ran the idea by a bunch of my friends, and one of them, another woman, told me I had to come to terms with the fact that it is prostitution. I understood that prostitution was having actual physical sexual relations with men for money, but her view is that prostitution is selling any sexual services (physical, audio, photographic) for money. I really don't think I will be able to hack this thing in the long run if I can't shake the idea that it is prostitution. What do you think?—S. B., Rhode Island

I suppose that I have graduated from a worker in the sex industry to becoming a sort of sex guru—at least that's the way a lot of people regard me—and I still find the same hypocrisy and double standards being applied as when I started. A girl (or, for that matter, a guy) who earns an honest living meeting a real demand is entitled to the same consideration whether working

as an escort, providing telephone sex, or posing as a professional model, for example, as somebody in a shop, office, or factory, or even a full-time housewife.

But I am completely in sympathy with a young graduate who finds it virtually impossible to scrape together a living except by selling sex, if that is something she does not want to do. Sex is like any other

business—in an ideal world, the only men and women working in it would be those who are happy to do so. Let's call it a vocation, providing pleasure just as a medical worker provides health care, or a priest or a social worker who is paid for the sort of comfort or consolation that they offer. What's the difference?

But can you imagine a society in which young people were obliged to work as doctors or nurses or even priests because those were the only jobs freely available that offered a decent wage? Sounds crazy, but isn't it just as crazy for a girl to feel that she is forced into working in telephone sex through what is politely termed economic pressure? 

LET'S CALL IT A
VOCATION, PROVIDING PLEASURE
JUST AS A MEDICAL
WORKER PROVIDES HEALTH CARE.

been accepted for employment, starting next Monday.

I am having some problems coming to terms with the prospect, though. First of all, what the hell kind of country is this, where a high-honors college graduate can only find a job at living wages in the phone-sex industry? Second, how do I cover my ass to my family and friends, with whom I can't possibly come clean about the nature of my employment? And third, is this type of work likely to affect my relationship with my fiancé of three years? We have lived together all of this time, and while I love him more than anything in the world, the once-fantastic sex has cooled down lately.

I know that you did this work for a while and enjoyed it. Can you help me out with some of my questions? I actually considered calling one of the numbers myself and asking the girl who answered, but the idea seemed sort of strange to me.

Basically, what I need to know is, how might this job affect the rest of my life? Is there anything I should know about the job itself before I start? Is this pay scale what you know to be a fair rate of pay? I have so many questions about it, and somehow I can't shake the feeling that taking this job is sleazy and an admis-

Xavier would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xavier Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



All afternoon

"Do my back, Ellie?"

Valerie Feldbaum, buxom girlfriend of my 20-year-old brother Kevin, hands over the Bain de Soleil. She has no idea what she's doing to me.

I look at her parents' house, then at the pool, then back at the house. "Your back?" He must not have told her about me.

"Yeah, come on."

The lotion has liquefied in the heat. I pour a pool into my palm and drizzle it between the two pieces of her

bathing suit. I smear the oil around, trying to be brisk. Her skin is warm and smooth. I speed up near her bikini bottom. What if I give myself away?

Next I do her shoulder blades. "There." I rub my hands together, work the oil into the dry skin around my nails. Give a silent prayer of gratitude that I'm not a guy, that nothing shows.

After dropping out of my second graduate program in as many years, I'm going to visit old friends. My brother, who's living here with Valerie's family for the summer, was on the way.

When I rang the doorbell late last night, she answered. A head taller than me, broad. Wild black hair, olive skin; dramatic, but a crooked nose makes her not quite perfect.

"Kevin's asleep. Working early tomorrow. He said you wouldn't mind."

"I'll just crash here and hit the road in the morning."

"No!" Valerie put her hand on my arm. Short nails; I liked that. "Stick around for a while." She lowered her voice. "We have a pool."

At 10:30 this morning I'm lying awake in the guest room when Valerie walks in and throws a bathing suit at me. "Put this on." She leans against the doorway, facing me. "Meet me out back. Hurry."

I pull off the T-shirt I slept in, step into the old Speedo. There's no mirror, but I guess I look all right. My small tits are cute, and my pallor is the trade-off for my hair—dark red.

"What?"

"Just from seeing a picture. Kevin didn't say a word. And it's not like you even have short hair or anything."

"What are you talking about?"

She turns to face me. "Ellie, you've been leering at me since you got here."

For a few seconds I forget to breathe. Then I jump up from the chaise and run the few steps to the edge of the pool. I dive in, expecting refreshing cold. It's like bathwater, but I swim anyway. Before I know it, I'm on my way back.

I do laps. Eventually, only because it's inevitable, I push my way out of the pool. I stand over Valerie. Water from the ends of my hair drips onto her ankles.

"You're fast." She's got a big smile on her face.

"Why didn't you tell me to knock it off?"

"Who says I minded?"

I fold my arms across my chest.

"Why do you think I'm wearing this bikini that hasn't fit me since I was 14?"

I stand speechless.

"It's amazing how much you look like Kevin."

"He looks like me. I looked this way first."

"Your eyes—I've never seen anyone else with his shade of green. They're beautiful."

I lie down in my chaise. Flattery goes a long way with me.

"Have you had a lot of girlfriends?"

"I lie back on the chaise. She's totally fucking me with

When I get out to the pool, Valerie is stretched faceup on one of two chaise longues, bursting out of an antifreeze-green bikini. On a low table next to her are a bowl of cut-up melon and a white plastic watch.

"Sit down."

That's when she asks me to do her back. I've just recovered when she asks me to do her legs.

"Just the tops," she says. "I already did my calves."

Okay. Either Kevin hasn't told her or she's decided to torture me.

"Ellie? What's wrong, is it empty? There's more lotion in the house."

"No, there's still some in here." I flatten the tube and coat my palms with the oil. I put one hand on each of her thighs, moving them up and down a little. Her bikini bottom is French-cut, high on the hips. With my fingertips, I outline one side, then the other. It takes everything I have not to go under the elastic.

"Thanks," she says. "That feels good."

"Sure." It comes out like a croak.

She rests her head on her arms, and I lean back in my chair. I oil my own legs, extra careful at the tender diagonal where leg meets hip. I nudge the elastic. Touching Valerie has made it sexy to touch myself. I take my time.

I lie back and watch her through my sunglasses. Who is she? What's the story with her and Kevin?

"You know what's weird?" Valerie says. "I had a feeling about you."

"I've had my share," I shrug. "What about you? I mean—"

"One boyfriend in high school. Then Kevin. The summer before college, though, I worked at this camp. There was this girl, another counselor ..."

"What happened?"

"We messed around. We'd get stoned and, you know, do stuff." She pushes her sunglasses up on her head, locks her gaze on me, like a dare. "I liked it."

"You want a medal? Lots of teenagers experiment."

"It wasn't experimenting. I've thought about it since then, thought about other girls." She looks off toward the pool again. Her voice gets quiet. "I've thought about you."

"Oh, yeah, Valerie?" I punch her name like an insult. "What have you thought about me?"

"How your mouth is like Kevin's. How maybe you kiss like Kevin."

"How does Kevin kiss?"

She turns back to me. "It's hard to describe. I'd better show you."

Then she's next to me, her hip pushing against my thigh. A thin gold chain snakes across her tan collarbone. In the time it takes her to move in, I smell perfume, deodorant, shampoo, and, finally, lip gloss. Fruity.

She kisses me so hungrily it's hard to doubt her sincerity. Finally, she breaks for air, leans away, looks at me. The dream is over, I think. She's about to realize her mistake. But she

groans and clamps her mouth back onto mine.

She straddles me, kneels. Her slick legs press against mine. With both hands, she yanks down the straps of my bathing suit to expose my chest. My arms are pinned to my sides, but if I move them I'll break the spell. She'll wake up.

She palms one breast, rubs the nipple with her thumb. She stretches out on top of me, attaches her mouth to the other nipple. She's heavy, but the weight feels good, even in this heat. She bites, lightly at first, then hard. Too hard.

"Watch it."

"Sorry."

I free my arms. She tries to pull my suit down the rest of the way. I could lift my ass to help her, but I don't. The yard isn't completely private, and suddenly I'm thinking about Kevin. But mostly I'm testing her. I have to know she wants it, wants me.

"Goddamn it, Ellie."

She stops struggling with my suit, gives me a look that says, "I'll show you." She shoves her hand down the front, rough and sudden. Then, with torturous slowness, she strokes me. Two long fingers. Doesn't go in, just slides them up and down. For a long time.

"Please," I say.

"Please what?" She knows what I want, she's just making me say it.

"Go in."

"Like this?"

"He is cute." A flash of sibling pride, or loyalty, or guilt.

She strokes my side. The suit is still bunched around my waist. She pets me like a cat. Leans forward, licks my lips. Slowly, for a long time, like she's never heard of kissing. Then her tongue's inside and everything's starting up again.

I want her. I pop her tits out of the bikini top, easy enough. The bright fabric frames them. Her nipples are dark, the way I knew they'd be. They're in my mouth.

She pushes her bikini bottom off so hard it rolls into a coil. She flings it onto the grass. "Touch me."

I do, but only for a second before I kneel on the grass and go down there with my head, with my mouth. I'm about to move in when it occurs to me—Kevin's been here. Kevin comes here. Kevin's a regular at this particular spot.

"Are you on the pill?"

"No. Why? You gonna impregnate me?"

"What do you use? A diaphragm?"

"Condoms," she says. "Rubbers."

He doesn't come in her. Maybe once or twice, but I can pretend it's pure there. I don't have to contemplate traces of my brother's semen on my mouth. "When was the last time you fucked him?"

"This morning. He couldn't believe how horny I was. He was like, 'What's gotten into you?'"

"What'd you say?"

"I want your sister, but in the meantime I'll settle for you."

her fingers. I squeeze against her touch and look up."

I'm swallowing her fingers. How many? She's pushing into me.

"Like this?" She pushes hard, deep jabs, the way I like.

I nod. I think, *Exactly like this*. Still, I give her my favorite line.

"Don't be too gentle."

I lie back on the chaise. She's totally fucking me with her fingers. Relentless. I squeeze against her touch and look up. The tops of the trees are moving—there must be a breeze. She keeps at it, and I start to get that inevitable feeling. I close my eyes. It's just me, and I am just this pulsing, gripping center and a tiny corner of my brain that is pure gratitude. Then it happens. She keeps going and it happens again. "I love you," that corner of my brain wants to say.

I'm afraid to open my eyes. I just lie there, like some cartoon oaf who shoots his wad and rolls over to sleep.

Finally Valerie's hand is on my shoulder. "Hey," she says. "Ellie. What's up?"

"Kevin."

She takes her hand away. "Think he'd mind?"

"How should I know? You're his girlfriend." Again, that tone.

"How long have you guys been together, anyway?"

"Since Christmas. Scoot over." She lies down beside me. We're face-to-face, everything else—to-everything else.

"How'd you meet?"

"Discussion section."

"You liked him right away?"

"I thought he was cute."

I smile and dig my nails into her ass.

"Liar."

"Ellie?"

"What?"

"Lick me."

"I think there's a word missing from that sentence."

"Lick me now."

When I taste her, desire hits me so hard I feel it in my gut. Having her doesn't make me want her any less. I'm all hunger, all mouth. Her moans, even, sound far away.

How long have her fingers been in my hair? She's twisting, pulling, thrashing. Until her legs go rigid. Then she shudders. I stay where I am until she pulls me up toward her. My knees ache when I stand.


For a long time, we lie quietly, eat chunks of warm cantaloupe with our hands. My hair's almost dry. She combs it with her fingers. Once in a while, she kisses me.

"What time does he get home from work?"

"Around six."

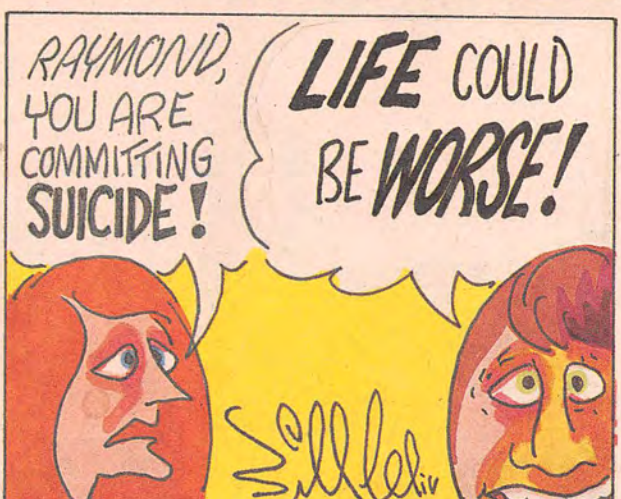
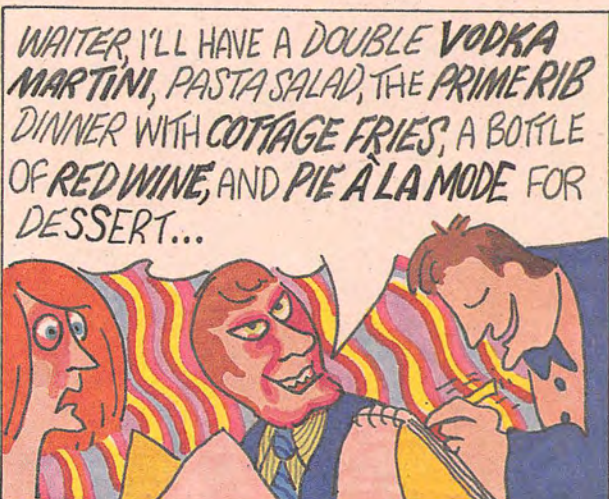
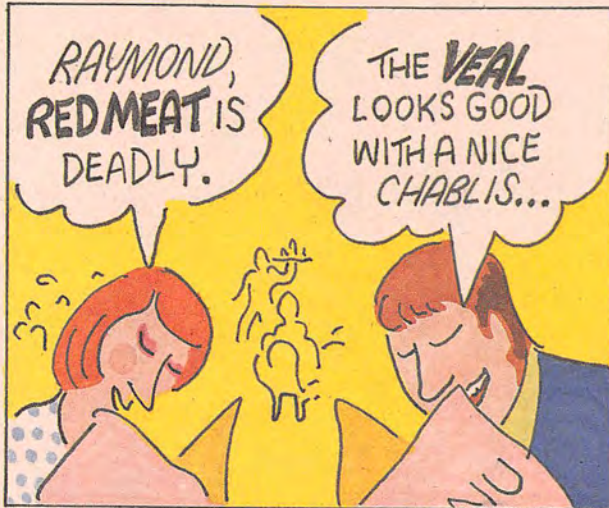
"I'll leave at five."

"But—" She stops mid-sentence. Shows me big, sad eyes, big white teeth. Her hair's in a ponytail, stray pieces falling into her face. "Are you sure?"

I just look at her. Then I smile. "Think of it this way. We've got—" Her watch is facing away from me and I can't reach it without letting go of her. "We've got all afternoon." 

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

back at the same time. She was doing a very nice job on my shaft when I heard her moan from what must have been a foreign tongue being inserted into her dripping-wet vagina.

After I blew my load a second time, we all ended up on the floor. It was really starting to warm up in the room, and our sweaty bodies were sliding across one another. As I heard a chorus of moans around the room, I decided to give each one of the girls some personal tutoring. I made my way around the room, showing them how to perform cunnilingus on one another. They all got to be pretty good at it.—*T. G., Nebraska*

DREAM GIRLS

It all started one evening when I decided to tell my wife of a dream I had the night before, involving her and her best friend. As the dream goes, I am working on putting together a bed while wearing a loose-fitting pair of shorts. My wife and her friend Dee are watching me. While working on this bed, I squat down, and my balls fall free from my shorts (I have a habit of not wearing any underwear). My wife makes a comment about how my balls are "exposed" and adds that she likes the view. Dee, having also caught sight of my balls, comments that she likes them, too!

—always being sort of a wiseass—hearing their feelings about my balls, look up and tell them, "If you both like them so much, why don't you come over here and suck 'em?"

Boy, was I surprised when they walked over, pulled my shorts to the ground, and each took one ball in her mouth. Instant woody. The slurping sounds they were making were driving me crazy. The feeling of having both of my balls sucked by two women at the same time was, to say the least, exciting! What a sight to look down and see both women almost kissing as they serviced me. They both looked so happy as they sucked on my balls. Then, just as I was about to blow my load, the alarm went off and the dream was ended.

My wife, after hearing about this dream, thought that Dee would get a big kick out of hearing about it also. She told me to call her and tell her. My first response was, "No, I could never." But then, as I thought about it more, I changed my mind.

As soon as I was alone in the house, I placed the call (after three attempts). I informed Dee that my wife told me to call and tell her about the dream. At first she thought I was kidding. I assured her that I was sincere. She said the scene sounded pretty hot. I told Dee it was because they were both in it. Then I said it was my fantasy to have her and my

wife in bed at the same time. Dee hesitated a minute and then asked, "What would you do if you came home and found me and Tammy in bed, hot and heavy and into each other?"

"I'd strip off my clothes and jump in!" I replied, noticing that my dick was becoming rock hard in my pants. The phone call ended soon after that, and I couldn't get my pants off fast enough to stroke my manly meat over what I had just told Dee—and what she had asked me. I came in a matter of seconds, and for what seemed to last a lifetime.

Two days later, I received a phone call at work from my wife telling me to come home immediately. Thinking someone was hurt, I rushed to the house. As I pulled into my driveway, I noticed Dee's car there, and I thought to myself that this must be really bad.

When I entered my home, nobody was there. I searched the entire ground floor. Nobody. I rushed upstairs and opened the bedroom door. There on the bed were Dee and my wife—completely naked. Dee, being the bigger of the two, was on the bottom, and my wife was on top. They were engaged in a deep French kiss. From where I stood, I could see their breasts rubbing together.

As I took my clothes off and approached the bed, I noticed my wife's vibrator on the floor. When I reached down to pick it up, I found a second one, which I assumed was Dee's. The sight of those two beautiful pussies on top of each other and right in front of me gave me an idea.

I took both vibrators and, at the same time, inserted them into Dee's and my wife's pussies. Their French kiss just got hotter. As I listened to the moans and watched them sucking each other's breasts, I couldn't help but get the biggest hard-on I ever had. It was so big it hurt!

As I pumped the vibes in and out, my wife begged me to fuck her. I pulled the vibrator out and slipped in my meat. It felt so good. What a ride! Between the turn-on of the two women, the vibrations, and the way Dee was responding to my technique, I could stand it no more. I filled my wife with my creamy delight, just as she screamed that she was coming.

Dee was not yet through. I worked the vibrator like an expert, in and out as fast as I could go. Both Tammy and I fondled her huge breasts and sucked on her nipples. Finally, my wife started to lick her clit as I worked Dee's vibrator. She responded with louder moans of pleasure. Tammy licked faster and faster, and Dee finally came in a shuddering orgasm of delight.

We lay in bed for an hour or two after that, so the women could thank me for coming home early. We all kissed and fondled one another, and talked about the next time.—*W. P., Colorado*

PROSTATE ENLARGEMENT: A Reality Too Harsh to Ignore

Enlarged prostate (BPH) is a condition no one can afford to ignore since sixty percent of men between the ages of 40 and 59 years suffer from an enlarged prostate.

Since the prostate surrounds the urethra, prostate swelling causes problems with urination. Painful, frequent urination and incomplete voiding are common, and it can lead to further complications: lower back pain, sexual dysfunction, bowel problems, and infection.

Medical treatments for BPH include Transurethral Resection of the Prostate (TURP) in which a shaft is inserted into the urethra up to the prostate where razors are released to resection (remove) enlarged tissue.

"Because prostatic surgery is not the treatment of choice..."

Fortunately, there are natural, preventative measures for men to ensure prostate health. Doctor's Best **Best Saw Palmetto Extract** features the herb (*Serenoa repens*) which has gained acceptance as a BPH weapon. Current research states:

"Because prostatic surgery is not the treatment of choice for most patients with benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH), the therapeutic effect of a 160 mg, twice-daily oral dose of *Serenoa repens* extract was studied during a 3-month open trial in 505 patients with mild to moderate symptoms of BPH. The efficacy of the regimen was evaluated in 305 of these patients. Traditional parameters for quantifying prostatism, such as the International Prostate Symptom Score, the quality of life score, urinary flow rates, residual urinary volume, and prostate size were found to be significantly improved after only 45 days of treatment. After 90 days of treatment, a majority of patients (88%) and treating physicians (88%) considered the therapy effective. In addition, the serum prostate-specific antigen concentration was not modified by the drug, thus limiting the risk of masking any possible development of prostate cancer during treatment. The incidence of side effects (5%) was low and compares favorably with that reported for existing medical therapies used in BPH patients. The extract of *Serenoa repens* appears to be an effective and well-tolerated pharmacologic agent in treating the micturitional problems accompanying BPH." [Breckman, J. CURR. THER. RES. CLIN. EXP.(USA), 1994, 55/7 (776-785)]

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AT-HOME FANTASY

The other night while my wife and I were watching TV, I leaned over and asked her if she would like a "back rub with no sex." This is a form of sex that allows us to match the difference in our sexual appetites. I have an extraordinary sex drive. While Kala's is very healthy, sometimes I need a little more when she's not quite in the mood. We use this method of a back rub with no sex to please the both of us. It starts with a very sensual body rub and ends with me retiring to the bathroom to masturbate to the sensual naked ladies of *Penthouse*.

Well, anyway, the other night when I asked Kala, she replied that she would love a back rub. She went to change into a very sexy pair of panties that were cut very high, which accentuated the top of her thighs, where her pussy and ass come together. Before the body rub began, I rubbed my cock until it was good and hard. Kala always likes to see my fist moving up and down my shaft.

I poured some oil on my hands and proceeded to rub her back, neck, and arms. I spent extra time as I turned her body into a pool of pleasure. Kala raised up off the bed so that I could extend my massage to her breasts. I circled her mountains of delight slowly, tugging slightly on her nipples. Kala has very nice tits—they are not extremely big, but they hang from her chest with such firmness that with her summer tan, they look like headlights on a car. As I continued with the breast massage, Kala wigged her ass against my knee, which I placed between her legs as I returned to the full-body rub. I told her that my cock was getting big and hard, and that she was great foreplay for my session with the *Penthouse* Pets.

Done with her back, I moved to the areas of her body that most interest me. I twisted her panties so that there was only a small band of material running between her legs, and with a slight tug, the small band disappeared between the swollen lips of her cunt. I began to rub some more oil over her ass and legs, spending extra time rubbing her pussy and ass. As I finished the body rub, my cock was very hard. Kala lay on the bed motionless, and I grabbed the oil and my issue of *Penthouse* to retire to the bathroom for my pictorial fuck.

When I got to the bathroom, I turned around and saw Kala still writhing on the bed, her twisted-panty-covered ass staring me in the face. I leaned against the counter and began to fuck my fist as I watched Kala's great ass. Kala noticed my excitement, raised her ass in the air, and began gyrating. By now, my cock was hard and my heart was pounding. But Kala wasn't done teasing yet. She

removed her panties and gave me an unobstructed view of her pussy and ass. I moved to the bed so that my face was just inches from her cunt, and continued to move my fist up and down the length of my dick.

Kala complemented my masturbation by moving her own hand toward her pussy. Her fingernails slowly traced the outline of her cunt. By now, I was so turned on that my cock was ready to explode, but for this evening, that was only the beginning.

Kala teasingly pinched her lips between her fingers before she began encircling her clit. This caused her ass to twitch as her excitement grew. Next, she inserted one of her fingers in her cunt. I watched in pure passion as she started grinding her pussy against her finger. Then, done with her teasing, Kala rammed her finger in and out of her cunt as fast as she could, until she exploded into a mind-shattering orgasm. It is such a turn-on to watch my wife finger-fuck herself and explode into orgasm that I

tion when my pussy is emanating so much pleasure. Please, please, keep fucking me. I'm not done with your cock yet." We did this many times, until Kala couldn't take it any longer. Kala loves a dick in her cunt while she bends at the waist with her head buried in a pillow.

As Kala readied herself on the bed, I moved my dick into position and shoved it into her quivering hole. Kala grabbed the *Penthouse* and placed it so that we both were looking at it as we continued this night of pure lust. I couldn't believe this. Here I was, fucking my beautiful wife and looking at my ladies of masturbation. As I turned the pages, I could see Kala sneaking a look at the ladies. They were naked, playing with their pussies, and exposing their cunts for all to see. I shivered with excitement as I pounded my lovely wife and watched the nakedness displayed on the pages. I told Kala, "This is great. I'm fucking her. I want to stick my dick in her pussy." Kala played along, saying, "Sol, fuck her." My reply was, "I will, as soon as I spread her legs," as I fumbled

through the pages looking for a picture that showed a rear-exposed pussy.

We were both very hot and horny. I was dripping sweat all over Kala as our fantasy continued. "Kala, this woman came up to me and asked me if I would fuck her. What could I do? She proceeded to remove her clothes and show me her naked body," I explained.

She responded, "If she

wants to fuck you, then Sol, you have to show her what a real fuck is like. She must be so lucky to have your cock stuck in her cunt."

"Well, I dropped my pants and she took my dick in her hand and placed it at the entrance to her love tunnel. You know what I did next, Kala? I rubbed my dick along her pussy lips until they were swollen, and then slowly slid my prick into her."

Kala was grinding away and telling me how excited she was to have my fat dick in her cunt. Her pussy was coming so much that it was spraying out. My balls were drenched with her fluid, and she started crying, "Fuck her hard, Sol. Come in her now. Please, please, fuck her hard." She could not continue when my cock exploded in her pussy, filling her with all my love juice and causing her cunt to have orgasm after orgasm. It was the most unbelievable night of passion that I can remember.

I realized something very important about myself that night. You see, I have always had fantasies about various sexual situations. Before that night, I thought that I wanted us to live out these fantasies, but I learned what I really wanted was for us to act out our fantasies with each other within the bonds of our marriage.—S. W., *New York*

KALA GRABBED THE
PENTHOUSE AND PLACED IT SO THAT WE
WERE BOTH LOOKING AT IT
AS WE CONTINUED THIS NIGHT OF PURE LUST.

continued to pull on my cock, oblivious to the fact that I was still jerking off.

Kala proclaimed, "It's time to fuck. Come here and give me your cock." I dashed into the bathroom to get the copy of *Penthouse*, so I could look at my masturbation beauties while my wife and I screwed. Kala lay me on my back, grabbed my dick, and began to rub it against her pussy. "Give me all of your dick," she demanded. "Stick it in my pussy." We fucked for quite a while as Kala worked on my pencil with her sharpener. She especially liked it when I licked her nipples to the point of frenzy. Her cunt always drips with come when her nipples are sucked.

I flipped Kala on her back so our passion feast could continue in a different position. We have a game we play whenever we fuck doggie-style. I will only move my dick if she keeps completely quiet and motionless. If she doesn't, I won't fuck her. I started out with long, slow strokes until her pussy heated up, and then I began to pick up, the pace, until I was pounding her cunt with pure abandon. While fucking, I kept telling her that it was so much fun to have my dick stuck in a well-oiled pussy. When I stopped, Kala was overheating. She said, "It is not easy to show no emo-



"But first, our National Anthem ..."

MENA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

ing most of the drugs in other southern states, so that what Arkansas agents witnessed in Mena was but a tiny fragment of an operation staggering in its magnitude.

Yet none of the putative inquiries seems to have made a serious effort to gather even a fraction of the available Seal documents now assembled and studied by the authors.

Finally, of course, there are somber questions about then governor Clinton's own role vis-à-vis the crimes of Mena.

Clinton has acknowledged learning officially about Mena only in April 1988, though a state police investigation had been in progress for several years. As the state's chief executive, Clinton often claimed to be fully abreast of such inquiries. In his one public statement on the matter as governor, in September 1991, he spoke of that investigation finding "linkages to the federal government," and "all kinds of questions about whether he [Seal] had any links to the C.I.A. ... and if that backed into the Iran-Contra deal."

But then Clinton did not offer further support for any inquiry, "despite the fact," as Bill Plante and Michael Singer of CBS News have written, "that a Republican administration was apparently sponsoring a Contra-aid operation in his state and protecting a smuggling ring that flew tons of cocaine through Arkansas."

As recently as March 1995, Arkansas state trooper Larry Patterson testified under oath, according to the London *Sunday Telegraph*, that he and other officers "discussed repeatedly in Clinton's presence" the "large quantities of drugs being flown into the Mena airport, large quantities of money, large quantities of guns," indicating that Clinton may have known much more about Seal's activities than he has admitted.

Moreover, what of the hundreds of millions generated by Seal's Mena contraband? The Seal records reveal his dealings with at least one major Little Rock bank. How much drug money from him or his associates made its way into criminal laundering in Arkansas's notoriously freewheeling financial institutions and bond houses, some of which are reportedly under investigation by the Whitewater special prosecutor for just such large, unaccountable infusions of cash and unexplained transactions?

"The state offers an enticing climate for traffickers," I.R.S. agents had concluded by the end of the eighties, documenting a "major increase" in the amount of large cash and bank transac-

tions in Arkansas after 1985, despite a struggling local economy.

Meanwhile, prominent backers of Clinton's over the same years—including bond broker and convicted drug dealer Dan Lasater and chicken tycoon Don Tyson—have themselves been subjects of extensive investigative and surveillance files by the D.E.A. or the F.B.I. similar to those relating to Seal, including allegations of illegal drug activity that Tyson has recently acknowledged publicly and denounced as "totally false." "This may be the first president in history with such close buddies who have NADDIS numbers," says one concerned law-enforcement official, referring to the Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs Intelligence System numbers assigned those under protracted investigation for possible drug crimes.

The Seal documents are still more proof that for Clinton, the Arkansas of the eighties and the company he kept there will not soon disappear as a political or even constitutional liability.

"I've always felt we never got the whole story there," Clinton said in 1991.

Indeed. But as president of the United States, he need no longer wonder—and neither should the nation. On the basis of the Seal documents (copies of which are being given to the Whitewater special prosecutor in any case), the president should ask immediately for a full report on the matter from the C.I.A., the D.E.A., the F.B.I., the Justice Department, and other relevant agencies of his own administration—including the long-buried evidence gathered by I.R.S. agent Duncan and Arkansas state police investigator Welch. President Clinton should also offer full executive-branch cooperation with a reopened congressional inquiry, and expose the subject fully for what it says of both the American past and future.

Seal saw himself as a patriot to the end. He had dictated his own epitaph for his grave in Baton Rouge: "A rebel adventurer the likes of whom in previous days made America great." In a sense, his documents may now render that claim less ironic than it seems.

The tons of drugs that Seal and his associates brought into the country, officials agree, affected tens of thousands of lives at the least, and exacted an incalculable toll on American society. And for the three presidents, the enduring questions of political scandal are once again apt: What did they know about Mena? When did they know it? Why didn't they do anything to stop it?

The crimes of Mena were real. That much is now documented beyond doubt. The only remaining issues are how far they extended, and who was responsible. **CH**

FASHION FINDER

For more information on the clothing and accessories featured on pages 62-66, contact these manufacturers or stores:



- **Adolfo** shirts and accessories available at better department stores and all Today's Man stores nationwide.
- **Anne Klein** fashions and accessories available at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Neiman-Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue.
- **Cardillo** accessories available through Apropos Accessory Showroom, New York City.
- **Charles Jourdan** tuxedos and other formal wear available at better men's stores, Nordstrom, Macy's, Bergdorf Goodman, and Bloomingdale's.
- **Lord West** formal wear and accessories available at Today's Man stores and select department stores nationwide.
- **M. Yoko** designs available exclusively at If in Soho, New York City.
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- **Perry Ellis** formal wear available at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Today's Man stores nationwide.
- **Salvatore Ferragamo** formal wear available at Ferragamo on Fifth Avenue in New York City.
- **Talia Uomo** tuxedos available at Barney's New York, New York City; Nordstrom; and Neiman-Marcus.

Stylist: Annie Maire
 Makeup: Martin Pretorius
 Hair stylist: Terry Foster
 Vintage film cameras and equipment from E. Buk Antiques and Art, New York City.


granted. He never goes out of his way to even say thank you, and the signal you get is that you shouldn't even look as if you're having fun. Not even senior staffers are comfortable enough to request little perks like the use of the White House tennis court, which is pretty ridiculous when you consider Bill and Hillary don't need it because they don't play themselves. The only happy people in the place are the cabal of females who surround the first lady. They sit around and amuse her all day, giggling like sorority girls."

TERRORISTS' RIGHTS

Has the American Civil Liberties Union finally gone too far? A new honcho at its Washington, D.C., office is taking up the cause of alleged terrorists because he believes their constitutional privileges are under threat of being "seriously" eroded.

Gregory T. Nojeim joined the A.C.L.U. as legislative counsel in charge of national-security issues after making something of a name for himself as director of legal services for the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. In one especially memorable instance, he was listed as a contact on a statement from the committee lashing out at the media for "sensationalizing" the World Trade Center bombing. In reporting that the men arrested in the case were Muslim fundamentalists, the statement charged, the press had "defamed all Muslims both in the U.S. and abroad."

After this, perhaps it isn't too surprising that one of Nojeim's first actions at the A.C.L.U. has been to attack a bill that is designed to make it illegal to donate money to terrorist groups, some of which use so-called charities as a cover. In a memo on A.C.L.U. letterhead that has been circulated in Washington, he complains that the law would prevent fund-raising in this country by such groups not only for "violent activity, but also ... for the charitable or educational work of an organization if the organization or any subgroup of the organization has engaged in any 'terrorism activity' at any time."

Asked if Nojeim's opinions may be influencing A.C.L.U. policy, spokesman Phil Gutis told us, "It strikes me as McCarthyism to suggest someone's loyalty to the U.S. would be questioned because of his background." 

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Voyeur 1 & 2
(bottom)
is like a guilty
pleasure
—but *Picture
Perfect*
(top) can't
even be
redeemed by
the obligatory
O.J. jokes.**

By Al Goldstein

PENTHOUSE PICK
Voyeur 1 & 2

(Evil Angel) **i.i.i.i.**
The shadings of eroticism have always been interesting turf, and in these politically correct times, videos like the ones in the *Voyeur* series can

places the viewer in the shoes of a pervert, but that what the camera sees is so compelling: big-chested, gorgeous women fucking like rabbits, their faces glazed in passion. The promise here is that the upper-body assets of all the

people who have gone so deep into amateur video as to become "professional amateurs." One of them is 4-Play Video's Ed Powers, and *Creme de Femme* comes courtesy of his protégé, Bonita, a prime little firecracker of Latina beauty. Bonita has assembled both pros and amateurs into an enthralling all-girl sexual tapestry. *Creme de Femme* really lives up to the promise of its title, stringing together a series of lesbian vignettes—a multiethnic orgy, a hospital sequence—that are all hot, energetic, and superbly photographed.

IMPERFECT
Picture Perfect

(Cal Vista) **i.i.i.**
The director Fred Lincoln was a longtime standout on the New York adult-film scene who migrated West with the business. He is now churning out fairly perfunctory adult-video titles, and *Picture Perfect* is one of these. The plot is a tired assessment of the casting-couch lives of three would-be starlets. Occasionally, a flash of the old Lincoln brilliance will assert itself. There is one great scene, a sort of lesbian bake-off wherein two women get absolutely slathered with frosting and cake batter. That's the kind of off-center, faintly kinky stuff Lincoln was always known for, but the rest

of the tape is sadly rote. Even the by now obligatory O.J. jokes (one actress is named Kaylen Nicole) can't redeem this one.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Sex Academy 3
(Aphrodite) **i.i.i.**

The premise of this enjoyable but uneven offering is that there are hordes of people out there clamoring to get into adult video, and *Sex Academy 3* is in effect an infomercial for a school catering to these porn hopefuls. Generated by the producing-directing team of porn star Ona Zee and her husband Frank, the tape misses by not corraling better talent. With her connections, Ona Zee should have been able to sign up at least one actress who does not sport a tattoo.

BOOBY PRIZE
Real Tickets
(VCA) **i.i.i.i.**

The premise of this tape is that silicone, when used in breast augmentation, is a prime social evil. Directors Wesley Emerson and Jim Holliday celebrate all-natural beauty, dishing up starlets with tits of all sizes, from mouthfuls to mountains. If you're a breast fetishist, you might find something lacking here. But if you've always been put off by the somewhat surreal appearance of enlarged tits, this is the tape for you. **O+**



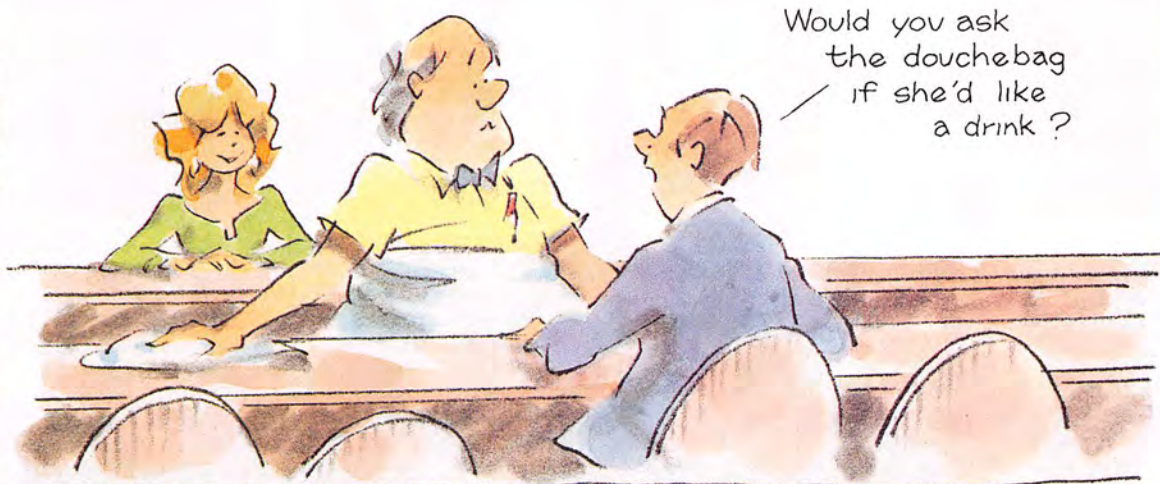
seem almost daring. When is a Peeping Tom a simple voyeur, and when is he a dangerous stalker? Watching *Voyeur* is like a guilty pleasure, since it releases you from the necessity of being "moral" about sex. The action is somewhat muddled, but nevertheless, it picks you up and carries you along on waves of sexual heat. The big draw here is not that the camera



female talent are "natural"—not the product of breast implants.

AMATEUR SERVICE
Creme de Femme
(4-Play) **i.i.i.i.**

The line between amateur adult video and the professional stuff continues to blur. Not only are there now a lot of "pro-am" tapes around, which feature professional porn studs or starlets matched with novice players, but there are



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the douchebag
if she'd like
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SEX
WATCH

THE SUPER FEMALE ATTRACTANT

Of all our five senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell, the sense of **smell** is our most instinctive and vital sense. It is the animal kingdom's ability to smell food, pick up scents of danger and the ability to smell one another, (specifically the *opposite sex*), that is unquestionably vital to our survival and success as a species. Certain scents can suggest or evoke strong emotions. Some scents can frighten us, stimulate us, create urgency and even *arouse* us. The amazing part about going through the complex emotional states that "**Olfactory Stimulation**" can create during sexual arousal, is that we are **totally unaware** of the reason for our arousal.

In the animal kingdom, we all transmit and receive a multitude of specific sexual scent signals via "**Pheromones**". These *signals* are only received by members of our own respective species. Nature has evolved these stunning chemical sex signals known as **pheromones**, so that they can trigger "*specific behavioral responses*", such as the need to copulate. These **odorless molecules influence sexual need** as well as other feelings. These **undetectable** scent messages have been traced to the region of the brain linked to the **hormonal control of sexual behavior**. Males produce a scent which increases in its intensity with the degree of sexual arousal. Females produce a scent alerting the males of fertility and sexual readiness. **These scents produce a positive behavior response.**

The search for the link between human sexual behavior and response and the products from the scent glands, started as long ago as in the late 1800's. A phenomenon called the *French Boarding House Syndrome* was reported in medical journals. A unique discovery had been made — girls having been isolated from men, entered puberty much later than girls exposed to men (even without personal physical con-

tact with males). One of the earliest biological reports linking human sexual behavior and olfaction was released in 1952 by the French researcher J. Le Magnen. He stated that woman's highest point of olfactory stimulation comes at the time of ovulation. During the ovulation period, women's olfactory sensitivity was said to be **100 to 100,000** times greater than at menstruation!

Currently, synthetically produced sexual scent signals (pheromones) are also being manufactured for usage in insect population control. According to a prominent Harvard University Biologist, one milligram of the trail **pheromone** of the leaf-cutting ant, is enough to lead a small colony three times around the world! Synthetically produced sexual scent signals have also been tested in insect mating disruption. These synthetically produced pheromones have been used to confuse the male species rendering them unable to find the females. Pheromones can be used to lure insects into traps. Scent signals have also been manufactured and used in connection with the breeding of farm animals. According to a recent test, some male farm animals were able to perform and mate with the females up to three times as much as what is considered average for breeding purposes. Smell is extremely vital to the survival of the animal species, especially when it comes to mating habits.

Explanation of the human process of pheromone reception: A puzzling question had researchers stumped for many years; If the pheromones were basically **odorless** and **undetectable**, then what system of the human body could possibly be detecting them? This mystery led an anatomist to rediscover a miniscule organ in the human nose. In the lower animal kingdom as well as in humans, airborne pheromone molecules lock on to receptors in order to convey **sexual arousal signals**. In humans, these messages of **sexual interest** are then

conveyed to the brain via the vomeronasal organ. This organ is referred to as the VNO. It is located between the mucous membranes that cover the septum. The VNO acts as the sensor for airborne pheromones which indicate sexual readiness. Astonishingly, the VNO was discovered more than a century ago, but scientists mistakenly concluded that it had become a useless vestigial organ, while others concluded that it had atrophied. To the amazement of the scientific community, they found that the VNO acts as the receptor to these odorless and undetectable **sexual scents** known as **pheromones**.

There can be no denying of the incredible **power of smell**. The scent of freshly cut grass, can take you back to a fantastic summer evening of memorable love and abandon. The smell of bacon cooking can remind you of many special Sunday breakfasts spent with your family as a youngster. The scent of a certain fragrance can make a woman's heart race right off the scale - just because this very scent may remind her of her first love. Some experts think that the sense of smell is far more **evocative** than the other senses.

Researchers now think that the specific function of pheromones in humans may be to indicate to the opposite sex that we are sexually interested. Pheromones can also help indicate fertility. Researchers feel that the evidence for their theory lies in the size of the apocrine glands. These glands are the largest in size during the female's reproductive years (when females are fertile). As additional evidence, they also point out that the sense of smell is the only sense connected to the limbic system in the brain, (which has been linked to feelings of **attraction, sensuality and sex drive**). Most of the manufactured human pheromone scents are made overseas. Currently, there are very few U.S. distributors of the men's cologne based pheromone scents.

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The most powerfully potent undetectable **FEMALE ATTRACTING** scent is now available at our complex. This totally effective super, sex-stimulant cologne was first tested by a French researcher who stumbled on to the unbelievable connection between pheromones and total primal female **SEXUAL AROUSAL**. U.S. research scientists tested pheromone scents on female farm animals. Upon exposure, all the females in the experiment instantly assumed the mating position while waiting and clamoring for the males to perform!

At last, scientists have been able to isolate this natural ATTRACTANT for men. It is available to you in the form of a very masculine **SUPER ATTRACTANT COLOGNE** making you irresistible to the opposite sex. There's no denying the power of smell. The scent of a particular soap can take you right back to an endless erotic night. One whiff of a certain fragrance can make your heart race by conjuring up pictures of your first romantic interlude. You have already seen the power of pheromones at work if you've ever watched a male dog go after and mount a female dog in heat. Pheromones can dramatically influence the way your body functions and can send messages from one body to another. It's dangerously provocative, but the rewards can be **total satisfaction!** Use sparingly. A few drops may make your fantasies **come** true...and all because you're sending out these **undetectable powerful sex signals!** She will not understand what is happening. Her **sudden impulse** will drive her to **you**. This pheromone based cologne is a scientifically produced essence that works like a giant, **super-sex, magnet!** Be confident and reap the rewards! This biological **secret weapon** can be used under any circumstance: at work, college classes, parties, at bars, traveling to and from work. Results speak for themselves. One spray of "Conquest" and just imagine...

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"Being exposed ...makes women feel warm, sensual, available and relaxed...and men very secure!" Scientists have learned to stimulate a system of receptors that turn emotions on and off. "Researchers believe the substance...is a human pheromone, a chemical that silently triggers a **biological** response...particularly in the opposite sex."



"Male pheromone secretions not only attract women, but repel other males."

World Medicine (Journal for G.P.'s)

"Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess."

The Sun (3/21/79)

"This stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny." Oui (Sept. 1979)

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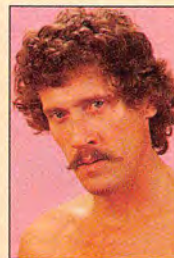
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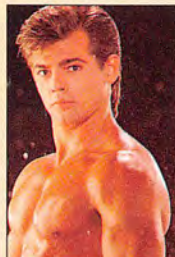
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gabriella | <input type="checkbox"/> Charisma | <input type="checkbox"/> Hyapatia Lee | <input type="checkbox"/> Rikki Lee | <input type="checkbox"/> Jeannie Pepper | <input type="checkbox"/> Tracy Star | <input type="checkbox"/> Tabbetha Stevens |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Samantha York | <input type="checkbox"/> Viviana | <input type="checkbox"/> Missy Warner | <input type="checkbox"/> Renee Morgan | <input type="checkbox"/> Holly Daze | <input type="checkbox"/> Patty Plenty | <input type="checkbox"/> Christy Canyon |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Johnny Rocket | <input type="checkbox"/> Tiffany Myx | <input type="checkbox"/> Cameo | <input type="checkbox"/> Alicia Monet | <input type="checkbox"/> Para-Dice | <input type="checkbox"/> Tish Ambrose | <input type="checkbox"/> Melissa Melendez |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cumisha Amado | <input type="checkbox"/> Tori Wells | <input type="checkbox"/> Monique Hall | <input type="checkbox"/> Gypsy | <input type="checkbox"/> Arcie Miller | <input type="checkbox"/> Danyel Cheeks | <input type="checkbox"/> Lewanda Peabody |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bianca | <input type="checkbox"/> Shelene | <input type="checkbox"/> Mona Lisa | <input type="checkbox"/> Meo | <input type="checkbox"/> Kitty Luv | <input type="checkbox"/> Heather Torso | <input type="checkbox"/> Patricia Kennedy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Erica Boyer | <input type="checkbox"/> Busty Bell | <input type="checkbox"/> Bianca Trump | <input type="checkbox"/> Leilani | <input type="checkbox"/> Amber Kelly | <input type="checkbox"/> Faith Turner | <input type="checkbox"/> Jessica Pachard |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Victoria Paris | <input type="checkbox"/> Jessica Wilde | <input type="checkbox"/> Unette Geyser | <input type="checkbox"/> Kimberly Kane | <input type="checkbox"/> Jean Afrique | <input type="checkbox"/> Dominique | <input type="checkbox"/> Toy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lauryl Canyon | <input type="checkbox"/> Rustie Rhodes | <input type="checkbox"/> Candace Hart | <input type="checkbox"/> Keisha | <input type="checkbox"/> Lois Ayres | <input type="checkbox"/> Susan Vegas | <input type="checkbox"/> Stephanie Adams |
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

CHERRY CHARGE

It's the Fourth of July, and we're having a heat wave. Our clothes are clinging to us like second skins. Every fan we own is on and blowing, yet nothing helps to keep us cool. I go for a tall, cold glass of iced tea and a cherry Popsicle. I sit back down and try to relax, but to no avail. My clothes are so sticky that I decide to strip. In an effort to keep cool, I continue to suck on my cherry Popsicle. After a few minutes pass, I get a small surprise. A couple of drops from the Popsicle fall on my left breast. What a great feeling! I get an idea.

All this while, my husband is taking a shower, trying to keep himself cool. When he finishes drying off, he comes out to a very cool scene. He sees me and my cherry Popsicle doing some very refreshing things together.

I rub the Popsicle on my nipples. Oh, what a feeling! I feel the coolness of the Popsicle working on my breasts. One problem: I am getting hot between my legs. So I run the Popsicle down my body, leaving a cherry trail right down to my very hot box. I rub the tip of the Popsicle over my clit and go crazy. I slowly push the head of the ice pop into my pussy in an effort to cool down.

As you can imagine, it isn't working very well. The cherry ice has become my newest obsession. I'm losing all control. At this point I have my eyes closed. I can see nothing but the heat wave. My cherry Popsicle has all my attention. I am pumping it in and out of my pussy at a slow and cooling rate. But after a few minutes of this, I open my eyes to a mind-shattering picture—my husband and his huge, rock-hard dick, standing right in front of me and my pussy. He is mesmerized by my cherry Popsicle and my pussy juices mixing together. I tell him to get down on his knees, then I make him suck off all of my juice from the Popsicle. Then I start all over again by reinserting what's left of the ice pop into my hot, dripping pussy.

I make him fuck my brains out with the ice. Right after a cherry-blowing, mind-bending orgasm, I make him feed me my come-covered snack as he goes down on me. He eats my pussy like it is the last meal on earth. He runs his tongue all over my clit, licking up every last drop of my cherry come, making me come all over again. After this second mind-blowing orgasm, he eats my pussy clean, not leaving a single drop of come or Popsicle. Talk about Fourth of July fireworks!—P. S., Pennsylvania

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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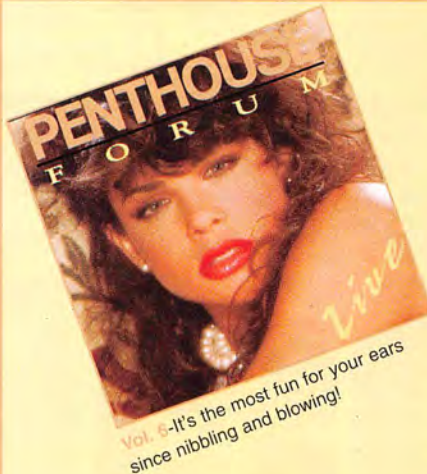
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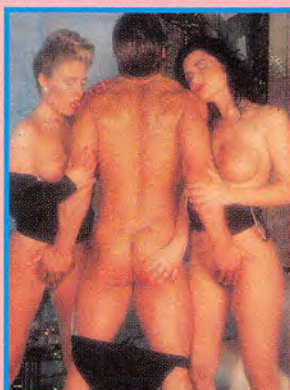


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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

home from work until 7:30 P.M. I had arranged for Lori and Mabel to help celebrate his night with me. Both ladies are erotic dancers who work in a club in Los Angeles. Lori was to arrive first, and then Mabel was supposed to come at about nine o'clock. Lori had performed for my husband on two previous occasions—for his best friend's and his own bachelor parties.

Lori showed up at the house all dolled up and ready for Marty and me. Lori likes both women and men, and she doesn't try to hide it. It definitely made for an interesting time. She started by taking off her clothes for my husband and putting her tits in his face as I watched. Then she began to get down and horny. She rubbed her body all over Marty, and she made me sit down next to him so she could get to both of us.

The part of the night I remember best was when she sat down and made Marty get up and take his clothes off. She spread her legs and wanted him to eat her, which he did in no time. Marty eats pussy like an expert. He laps your pussy with his whole tongue—it is so soft and wet—and his busy hands finger you and rub your tits. Every woman should experience this once in her lifetime. I loved watching him eat her—it made my pussy so wet and hot.

As he continued to eat her pussy, I crawled underneath him, between her legs, and began to suck and lick his dick and balls. I love licking and sucking on his dick, and feeling him get hard in my mouth. Finally, he made her come so good that she screamed—so loud I thought the neighbors would hear.

We switched positions, and I started licking her pussy while Marty got behind me and fucked me doggie-style. It was evident that he was incredibly excited, because he came so quickly inside my cunt (he normally lasts for an hour or so). I left the room after I ate her (we took turns doing what we wanted with her), returning to see Lori lying on the floor with a bottle of honey and a spoon, and Marty lying on top of her, licking it off wherever she applied it on her body—her tits, her stomach, her pussy, et cetera.

This was great, and I loved watching them, but I wanted to eat her again, so I stuck my head between their legs and started licking her pussy. She tasted so good, I couldn't get enough of her. After she came in my mouth, we were all still horny, but it was time for Lori to leave—Mabel was due to arrive any minute. We all agreed that we would have to get together again sometime. She told us to enjoy Mabel, and from the way she said it, it was clear that she had.

Marty had never met Mabel before. I

had attended two of her "Strip for Your Lover" classes, and had wanted her ever since I had first seen her. This woman is the most erotic person I have ever met. She is so incredibly sensual. She arrived at the house at exactly nine o'clock and wanted to go straight into the bedroom to change. She asked me to come with her.

Mabel wanted me to watch her change and help her get into her outfit. This made me very hot, and I brushed up against her, stroking her body and fondling her breasts. I wanted to feel her all over, but I thought we'd better stop for now—after all, this was Marty's party. When Mabel was ready, we both went to the living room to see how he was handling the waiting. We could both tell that he was more than ready to begin, so she told him to put on some music for her, sit down, and then let go and enjoy it. You cannot imagine how erotic this woman is. I knew that he was going to enjoy watching her.

She started taking off her clothes so very slowly, and she kept incredible eye contact with my husband. She had him help take off her fishnet hose, then she spread her legs for him. After she had stripped, she got up, went over to Marty, and slowly rubbed her body down his, breathing heavily on his neck and ears and driving him crazy. She lay on her back and teased him, raising her legs in the air—first closed, then spread wide open for him to see her hot little pussy.

Mabel got up and got some baby oil and a sheet. She laid the sheet on the floor and poured oil all over her body. She had a long string of pearls, and she turned around so her ass was facing him and slowly pulled the pearls up through her pussy and ass. Marty loved it! She was very sexy in her movements, and she loved rubbing up against him.

When Mabel was completely oiled up, she came over to me and asked if I would mind if she lay on top of him, breathing on his neck and getting all of us very aroused. Marty had on his shorts, and I wished he had taken them off. I wanted to see him all oily with Mabel, and see his dick rub all over her body. She stood up over him and danced so that he could see her pussy right above his head, and watching them made my pussy so wet.

When she was finished dancing, she asked me to come to the bedroom with her, and she told me that her pussy was so hot and wet. She said that Marty was so sexy, and his hands were so soft and big. She made me feel between her legs to make sure she wasn't lying about her pussy. She was dripping wet. I left my hand there for a few minutes and played with her wet cunt. Mabel was loving it. I wanted so badly to get on my knees and lick her cunt, but I knew she had another appointment and had to leave soon.

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Instead, I just kept playing with her. After a few minutes, I bent my head down and sucked on her nipples. That was enough for her, and she instantly came on my hand. I pulled my hand up, and she watched me as I licked her come off each of my fingers. She had come so much, it was all over my hand and in between my fingers. She tasted so good! I wish Marty had seen it, because he would have come on the spot. When she left, she told me to call her so that perhaps we could go shopping for some sexy, sleazy clothing to wear. She promised me that after we got new outfits she would give me a personal lesson on stripping.

She winked at me and we left the bedroom. When she left, Marty and I decided that Mabel was the hottest, most erotic woman we had ever seen, and I guess we both knew that she would be a part of our lovemaking and fantasizing from then on. We both love to fantasize about her and think about what will happen the next time one of us invites her over for a dance. That time we'll make sure she doesn't have another appointment on the same night. Or maybe one night, we'll both surprise her at the club where she dances. Either way, I'm sure the experience will mean I'll have another story for *Penthouse*.—

L. T., New York

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THE LAST WAVE



It was two days before last Christmas, and Mark Foo, a sinewy Chinese-American with an uncanny ability to woo media coverage of his surfing-obsessed life, had outdone himself this time. He rode his final giant wave in the midst of an infestation of ravenous journalists, and about a half-dozen lens men captured his final, horribly abbreviated ride. The ocean collapsed on him, sucking him back up, and threw him into the rocky depths. David Ciaffardini describes the life and death of this hero and hustler whose mantra was, "To have the ultimate thrill, you've got to be prepared to pay the ultimate price."

"AN EROTIC TOUR DE FORCE"

That's what the London *Evening Standard* called Alina Reyes's *The Butcher and Other Erotica* when the stories were published in England. And other critics joined the chorus. "You get dizzy but you don't want to stop," said *Portrait* magazine. And the *Literary Review* praised her "magnificent touch in the explosive buildup of sexual tension." Now you'll have a chance to sample this extraordinary talent when we publish an exclusive excerpt from Grove Press's American release of Reyes's work, as translated by David Watson. Her depiction of a college girl's urgent sexual excitement is certain to become an instant classic in the tradition of Erica Jong and Anaïs Nin.

RAPE IN PRISON

For most men, prison life is obviously no picnic. It's bad enough that you'll spend all that time away from women, family, and friends, at the mercy of not-too-kindly prison guards. But nothing compares to the terror of most men when they realize that there will be many moments when the prison guards will have their backs turned and that 250-pound gorilla who has decided to make you his girlfriend isn't taking no for an answer.... How real are these fears? Next month, reporter Ellis Henican's investigation shows that prison rape happens a lot more than prison officials want to acknowledge, and more often than most people on the outside ever dare to guess.



DO SPORTSWRITERS MATTER ANYMORE?

When Allan Sonnenschein isn't writing about sports for *Penthouse*, he usually enjoys reading what other reporters have to say on his favorite subject. But recently what he's been reading hasn't made him very happy.

"A new school of sportswriters," he says, "has embraced political correctness at a time when the profession is losing its purpose and luster." So what's a poor sportswriter to do but turn *against* the very people who created his profession in the first place? Responding to a *New York Times Magazine* article entitled "Why Sports Don't Matter Anymore," Sonnenschein decries the "uninformed and gratuitous attacks on athletes and manhood" that serve only to promote the writers' egos and self-interest.

VASECTOMY MYTHS?

In 1993, two scientific studies that tentatively linked vasectomies with testicular disease caused a huge stir in the media. So it wasn't surprising that in the following year, the number of men having the operation dropped. Now comes word from the scientists who performed the original studies that the sickness rate of those men who have had vasectomies and those who haven't is actually the same. But, as opposed to the media hype of two years ago, little has been reported on these new findings. What's the truth?

Reporter Curtis Rist tells us in "The Penis Page."



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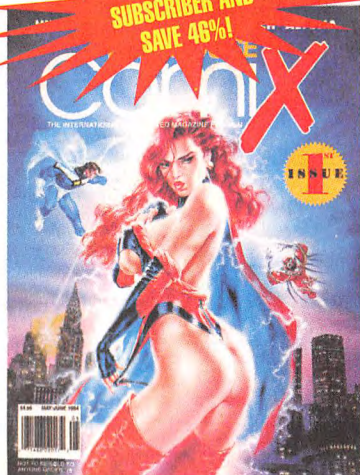
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