

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CC

02242

MAY 1986 \$3.50

TERRORISTS OF THE NEW RIGHT

HOMEGROWN
AND UGLY

TEACHING
YOUR WIFE
TO SWING
A CONSUMER'S
GUIDE

AMERICA'S
BUSINESS
COMEBACK

MICHAEL KORDA

CELEBRITY
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THE BEST OF
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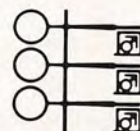
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This month's cover features Christine DuPré, who was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 144.

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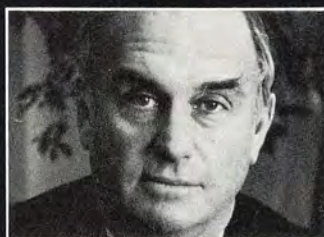


HOUSECALL



THE FIRE THIS TIME

They're linked by a common philosophy and a common goal: to create a white Christian America. They are dedicated to the violent overthrow of what they call the "Zionist Occupation Government," which is to say, the elected government of the United States of America. They are the fanatic terrorists of the New Right, and in our dramatic photo essay written by Vincent Coppola (who is currently writing a book on the subject), you'll meet them as representatives of such groups as the Order and the Covenant, the Sword, the Arm of the Lord.



PHYSICIAN, HEAL YOURSELF!

Gary Null continues his "Medical Genocide" exposé series with a report on homeopathy, a 200-year-old medical practice that has proven very effective in treating a number of ailments and yet, like so many other alternative methods, has become a relentless target for the paranoia of the American medical establishment. Written with Leonard Steinman, this investigative article shows the ways in which "the attempt to eliminate homeopathic medicine is a flagrant example of medical orthodoxy's continuing drive to exert monopolistic control over health care."



SWINGING: A CONSUMER'S GUIDE

Wife swapping has probably crossed everyone's mind from time to time, but for most people the thought remains a dormant yet perennially exciting fantasy. In "Getting Your Wife to Swing," writer S. L. Purvis explains that your sex life doesn't have to suffer just because you're a "family man." Based on many interviews with couples who have "gone all the way" and enjoyed it, her informative and amusing article shows how sometimes—just sometimes—it is possible to have your cake and eat it too!

THE GIRLS OF NEWLOOK

The slogan of our successful and sensational new sister magazine *Newlook* is "Expect the Unexpected"—and, as millions of readers at home and abroad have discovered, *Newlook's* dynamic combination of stunning photojournalism, aggressive reporting, and fashionably uninhibited

women is a winner every month. To help celebrate *Newlook's* first anniversary in the United States, Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione has personally selected a portfolio of his new magazine's brightest and most beautiful stars. And—as millions of *Penthouse* readers know—you can always be sure to "Expect the Very Best."

SENATOR WEICKER SPEAKS OUT

The senior senator from Connecticut has been in the forefront of the continuing battle to preserve the Constitution since the days of Watergate. In this month's outspoken interview, this great-grandnephew of an Archbishop of Canterbury denounces the Reagan administration for catering to censorship and religious pressure from right-wing extremists. "We're not a Christian nation," the senator explains. "Our greatness is based on the fact that there is no official religion."

CELEBRITY BLOOPERS ... AND MORE

America is obsessed with those individuals who manage to steal the spotlight of fame for even a few moments. Our humor editor, Bill Lee, is no exception to this pastime, but, as is usually the case with Bill, you'll find his approach as eye-opening as it is satirically justified. . . . And, of course, the first blush of spring heralds our own eye-opening celebration, featuring a profusion of Pets, games, reviews, humor, news, opinions, and cartoons . . . a ritual feast for one and all. ☺



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•My cheerleader training came in handy as I widened my legs to allow his penetration and wrapped my ankles acrobatically around his waist. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM

YOUNG ENTREPRENEUR

I'm a blond-haired, blue-eyed 18-year-old freshman who "earned" her way to college last summer. My shape is 35-24-35; I'm petite and well tanned. I didn't date much in high school and am very shy.

My summer job paid minimum wage, but I worked it out so that if I saved every penny and got a school loan, I could afford the first year's schooling. The job was boring, but I made some good friends. One of them, Diane, had a 40-year-old father, Marty, who would give us both rides home after work.

One night, Marty had to drop Diane off first because of an early date. We chatted as he drove me home, but one block from my house he pulled over to the side of the road. I asked him why we were stopping. He stared at me and said, "You're the most beautiful young girl I've ever met. I have to make love to you tonight."

Coming from my best friend's father, I was shocked. He leaned over to kiss me and I backed away. But he slid over on the car seat and kissed me firmly on my lips. I turned to look out the window and told him I didn't think this was right. I was a virgin and would stay that way until marriage.

Determinedly, Marty then made me "an offer I couldn't refuse":

"I know you need money for school. Diane told me that. I'll pay you \$500 to sleep with me tonight."

The offer excited me, but before I could say no, he handed me five crisp \$100 bills and kissed me again. His tongue made its way into



my mouth and wrestled with mine. This excited him more and his six-foot-two, 200-pound frame was all over me.

By now, his body was positioned on top of mine. He massaged my breasts and put his hand between my legs. Soon he was rolling my clitoris in his fingers like a marble in oil and then my mouth opened wide to accept his French kiss. I spread my legs to allow him to play with me easily, and then I realized there was no turning back. I would soon be fucking a man for the first time in my life.

We drove in silence to a local motel and the desk clerk grinned at me knowingly as we signed in. We entered the dimly lit room and Marty gazed at me lustfully. "You're beautiful, let me undress you," he said.

He pulled my blouse over my blond head and my body blushed crimson. My large, firm breasts fell free and my knees shook. He sucked on my two nipples and then kissed me gently. I made no moves as he kissed his

way down my slim, tanned torso and unhitched my skirt and white bikini panties.

He parted my silky, golden love nest with his tongue and kissed and nibbled at my clit. Marty was in complete control as he picked up my 100 pounds and lay me in bed. He threw off my tennis sneakers and, still fully dressed, began feasting again on my soft downy muff.

"Um-um-um," he moaned as he licked my clit and cunt with agile action. I began to feel warm throughout as his tongue caressed my love button again and again. I pulled his head closer to me and my body squirmed in pleasure. He grabbed my ass cheeks as I screamed and bucked, coming for the first time ever with a man. He didn't let up until I had come twice in succession and I became jelly at his fingertips. Marty licked up my honey-sweet juices and then we kissed again as he fondled my body enthusiastically.

I began to undress him and his muscular, hairy torso kindled an unknown desire

within me. I removed his pants and gasped at the size of his enormous cock. It was at least six inches flaccid, and I thought that no way would he be able to fuck my tiny cunt. I kissed and licked the veined head, and it grew to nine inches.

We were both naked now as I gave head for the first time in my life. He groaned when I pulled back his foreskin and sucked on the smooth, fleshy helmet. I peeked up and he eyed me with a look of pure admiration. He grew full and firm in my mouth as I swallowed as much as I could. I only hoped I was blowing him correctly, and he assured me I was doing just fine.

He pulled me off his cock and said, "I think we're both ready for more." Marty spread my legs wide and I shivered in nervous anticipation. I broke the ice when I squeaked, "Please be gentle, I've never done this before." We both giggled as he moved forward to kiss me. "Put it in," he ordered.

I needed both hands to control the monster dick and I looked down between my mountainous tits to aim his missile at my cherry target. His slick cock split my cunt lips and searched farther for the opening. I was tight and very nervous, but he lovingly rubbed the cock head up and down my slit to mix our juices together. I moaned

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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MAY

when he inserted just two inches in me.

My mind was a storm of dreams as I thought about my virginity, the \$500 for school, my best friend's dad fucking me in a motel, my own self-respect and reputation. All that disappeared as he firmly stroked in and out of me. My cheerleader training came in handy as I widened my legs to allow his penetration and wrapped my ankles acrobatically around his waist.

I finally felt comfortable and ready for his final parry and thrust, which would rob me of my maidenhead. He sensed it, too, and in appreciation began to push harder and deeper inside me. He balanced himself with his hands, and as the pain heightened, so did the pleasure. He finally tore through my hymen and my scream was blocked by his deep-probing tongue in my mouth.

We stayed locked together at both ends until he lovingly began to kiss my sweat-covered face and tell me I was the most exciting lover he had ever been with. I glowed with pride as I felt like a woman, not a child, for being able to give one man so much sexual pleasure.

Marty started to move with purpose inside me, changing speed, deep-stroking his Coke-bottle cock, pulling almost all the way out and then plunging hard into my orifice. I came again, and my juices served to lubricate his huge cock to slide deeper and deeper still.

He got off me and positioned me on my side in front of him while he fucked me deep from behind. His strong hands tugged at my budding nipples and my head turned to kiss him once more while his powerful cock brought on another orgasm.

I loved how Marty filled me up completely and brought me to sexual heights so easily. I could fuck this man forever, I thought, as he repositioned me, doggy-style, for another exploration of my tender cunt. My pussy was easy prey for his manhood, and I thoroughly enjoyed how his dick kept rubbing my clit until I came once more.

I was so turned on and honored to be fucking this man, I would have done anything he asked me to. Marty was ready to come and he wanted to do it in my mouth. His penis was slick and slippery from our lovemaking, and it tasted salty as he fed me his nine inches. I remembered to pull his foreskin back and suck on the bulbous head. I stopped once and squeezed the base of his cock with my tiny hands, bringing a groan from Marty. "You are incredible," he whispered.

I licked the long shaft and stuck my tongue tip into his peehole. My hands clutched his ass and I felt him tense, and knew he was very close to squirting. I lapped my tongue on the glans on the underside of his cock harder and harder while sucking down until he exploded down my throat. Marty cried out in ecstasy as I slurped as much as I could, some semen running down my chin. The pleasant salty taste made me hunger for

more of his master cock.

While we rested in bed together, Marty told me it was his "dream come true to make love to such a beautiful young girl" and have her be so sensational at sex, though inexperienced. He added that at \$500 I was worth every penny, and wanted to meet me again. I modestly told him he was a good teacher at love.

I was flattered, but not shy enough to keep me from asking if he knew of other men, friends of his, who might want to fuck me for the same price. He grinned and said, "It won't be any problem to find customers after I tell them about you, but they'll have to wait in line behind me."

I laughed and threw my arms around him as we kissed deeply and began another bout of terrific lovemaking. I was sore, but satisfied, and \$500 richer when I arrived home two hours later.

The rest of the summer was spent fucking Marty and some of his friends. I have kept my upright reputation in public and my lovers, as they must for their own sake, have remained discreet. It remains our little secret.—Name and address withheld

NEW NIGHTIE

I am dating a wonderful woman named Patty. She is five foot two; her measurements are 37-25-35. She has blond hair, blue eyes, and a great tan. I am six foot two and weigh 235. About a week ago, I came home from work and found Patty lying on the couch in a very sexy nightgown. I was dumbfounded. I just stood there and stared at her gorgeous body, which was barely covered by the nylon nightgown. "Surprise," she said. Boy, was I ever surprised!

She got off the couch and walked over to me very slowly. When she reached me, she put her hands around my head and gave me a long French kiss. Her tongue darted in and out. Then she asked, "Do you like my new nightgown?" Boy, did I! She then kneeled and unzipped my pants. She pulled them down and then pulled down my boxer shorts. My seven-inch one-eyed python stood straight out. She ran her tongue over the length of my cock. First the bottom, then the top. She started to suck the head of my cock, then engulfed the total seven inches, which she was never able to do before. She started slow, and then picked up the pace. In and out, in and out, in and out.

Then Patty started to lick my balls. First one, then the other. Then she started to suck on them. She ran her tongue over my balls and up my cock and took it all in again. I strained to hold back my ejaculation. She swallowed my cock again and licked my balls at the same time. I ejaculated. The come shot out like a bullet. Patty didn't move, she just swallowed all my jism. She stood up, looked at me, and asked, "Want to shower?" "Yes, very much," I said.

She walked to the bathroom and started the shower. I went into the bath-

"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S



THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION



"If a remote-dash mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

Car & Driver, March 1985

Remote Model 837

"UNQUESTIONABLY, THE BEL MICRO EYE IS A TOP PERFORMER!"

This is what *Road & Track* had to say after testing the country's leading radar detectors. Unquestionably. Without qualification. Just the simple facts.

PROVEN EFFECTIVE

Other detectors may claim to be the best — but the latest tests conducted by North America's most respected auto magazines prove otherwise. The MICRO EYE® dash and remote models both ranked first. Overall. Conclusive proof of MICRO EYE's superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. MICRO EYE® picks up police radar miles before he can pick up on you.

DASH/VISOR MODEL

Of the ten competitors evaluated, *Road & Track* confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate

those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors)" and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to *Car & Driver*, "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

THE LEADING CHOICE

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room as she left. I threw off the rest of my clothes and walked under the shower. I soaped myself up and tried to cool off, but that didn't last long. Patty pulled the shower curtain aside and asked if she could join me. "Sure," I told her. So she hopped in. She asked if I wanted to wash her. Of course I wanted to. I soaped up a towel and ran it over her large breasts. Her nipples sprang to life. I ran the towel over her stomach right to her steaming pussy. I rubbed her there for a long time. Then, I ran the towel over her ass and between her cheeks. She wanted to wash me, but I wouldn't let her.

I threw the towel down and started to suck on her erect pink nipples. She shook as she had her first orgasm. I kneeled down and started to lick her wonderful pussy. I ran my tongue up her lips to her erect, swollen clitoris. I sucked and nibbled on it. She shook and screamed as she went into her second orgasm. The lips of her vagina trembled as her love juice flowed and dripped out. I put my arms around her buttocks and lifted her up and out of the shower.

I carried her to the bedroom and put her down on the bed. I started to eat her out again. I ran my tongue between the lips of her pussy. She was lying on her back. Her skin glistened as the light hit her wet body. Her full breasts shook and sparkled like Jell-O. I surrounded her pussy with my mouth, my tongue playing

with her clitoris. Her body shook and bounced on the bed as she went into her third orgasm. She wrapped her legs around my head. The one-eyed python was awake and standing at attention, but I wasn't going to use him. I still licked her pussy, now full of love juice. My hands found her breasts. I pinched her nipples, which were the size of dimes. I rubbed them between my thumb and forefinger. My mouth was still on her steaming pussy. I went after her clitoris again and darted my tongue across it. She tightened her legs around my head and shook and screamed as she climaxed yet again.

After her spasms stopped, her body went limp. Her legs fell away from my head. I crawled up her body, and my mouth found her breasts. I sucked on her nipples. My cock felt like it was going to burst. I didn't want to use it yet. My mouth left her breasts and went to her mouth. My hand found her pussy. I tongue-kissed her as my finger went deep into her vagina. I left her mouth and started to nibble her earlobe. My finger was being sucked into her pussy as she went into another spasm. Her body went limp again. She begged me to fuck her. I guided my cock to her pussy. I ran it up and down her lips. She cried for me to enter her. I started slowly, just putting the head in, but her vagina started to suck it in. So I picked up the pace and rammed it in. Her vagina hung onto it, and she

screamed. Her body started to shake. This caused me to shoot a major load as we came together. I filled her pussy with my hot jism. We both collapsed and fell asleep, totally fulfilled and exhausted.—
Name and address withheld

CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME

Recently, my girlfriend Jeneane and I made our first trip to the California desert. We are both nature freaks, so the thought of spending some time in such a raw and exotic setting really charged us with anticipation.

Our first day in the desert, our car overheated. Luckily, we spotted a van parked about a quarter of a mile down the road and decided to walk for some help. When we got to the van, it was empty. We heard loud laughter coming from behind some large rocks. Jeneane and I decided to investigate. Behind the shady boulders, we were surprised to find a middle-aged, gray-bearded man photographing a gorgeous naked redhead. The girl had her legs spread and was rubbing a red desert flower over her pussy.

I couldn't believe my eyes or ears. The photographer spotted us and invited us over. He identified himself as John; his model's name was Lisa. We told him that we were sorry to interrupt, but our car had broken down. He said he'd be glad to help us out if we chipped in with the pictures. Jeneane nuzzled close to me and nodded yes.

John said, "Great!" He handed me the Nikon and started to strip. His ample cock bulged out as he hurried to join the model. John positioned himself on a smooth rock and wrapped his burly arms around Lisa's waist, drawing her straight down on his cock. She gasped with pleasure; I snapped the camera. John's thrusts became more violent as Lisa squeezed her tight juicy cunt around his organ. With each click of the camera, my cock swelled. Suddenly I heard Jeneane moan. I turned and saw Jeneane with her jeans unzipped, feverishly fingering her clit. John signaled that he wanted her to join the fun. Leaving a trail of clothes in the sand, Jeneane joined them.

John told the girls that he wanted to play "desert wolf" and asked them to get down on all fours. I moved closer to get better shots of the action as John alternated porking the two girls, but I ran out of film. Jeneane yelled, "What are you waiting for!" Quickly, I joined the group, taking my turn at the foaming pussies. John then decided to stay with Jeneane, and I went for broke, driving my dick deeper and deeper into Lisa. John and Jeneane howled with pleasure as they came together. Then with one final plunge, I shot my jism, feeling Lisa's muscles bear down.

After ending an afternoon chock-full of similar delights, we finally did get around to fixing the car. We plan to return again to the desert next year.—*Name and address withheld*



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SHAVING SENSATION

One day my girlfriend, Samantha, was over at my house helping me rearrange the furniture and clean the place up. After a few hours of moving furniture around, she started to clean my bedroom closet while I was downstairs finishing up in the living room. I noticed that things all of a sudden became quiet upstairs, so I went up there to see what was going on. Samantha didn't hear me come up, and when I walked into my bedroom, I found her with one of the *Penthouse* magazines from my collection.

At first I thought to myself, "Oh shit! She found my magazines!" I didn't know how she was going to react. My second glance, however, eased my mind. While she was reading "Forum," she had three fingers up her cunt and was working herself into quite an orgasm. I stood and watched for a while, then I said, "Did you find anything interesting?" Startled, she quickly turned to me and stammered a yes.

"What are you reading about?"

She pointed to a letter about a woman who shaved her pussy.

"You want to give it a try?"

"Well, I . . ." she said hesitantly.

I said, "I'll shave my hair if you shave yours. Or better yet, I'll let you shave me if I can shave you!" A nervous grin came to her face as I led her into the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, I spread a cou-

ple of towels on the floor and took out a pair of scissors, some shaving cream, and my razor. We slowly undressed each other as we kissed passionately. When we were completely naked, she asked me to go first. I lay down on the towels and watched her clip my pubic hair with the scissors. After she had clipped my hair down to just stubble, she wet her hand from the sink and moistened the area to be shaved. Then she worked in the shaving cream with her right hand as she held on to my swollen cock with her left hand. Next, she picked up the razor and slowly started to shave me. While she was doing this, she was slowly stroking my prick. It felt so weird, yet sensuous, to have my pubic hair shaved. When she had finished, she led me to the shower and rinsed me off. Now it was her turn!

Samantha lay down on the towel, and I started to clip her mound of hair with the scissors. When she felt the cold metal blade of the scissors touch her clit, she went into orbit! When I was done with the scissors, I grabbed the shaving cream. I didn't even have to use water to moisten her hair, using her pussy juices instead. While working in the shaving cream, I slid a finger or two up her cunt. She'd never felt so hot before!

Shaving her was not easy. She was gyrating her hips so much in ecstasy that I was afraid I would cut her. Eventually I finished, noticing a few nicks and

scrapes. To ease the pain, I gently applied my tongue to the tiny little cuts. Meanwhile, Samantha was going through the roof! The feeling of my tongue on her bald pussy was too much for her to handle, and she went into the most violent orgasm I had ever seen. She bucked against my face like a woman possessed! I moved up to put my aching cock into her dripping pussy, but she decided to take control. She rolled me over onto my back and mounted my pole! The feeling of our bare genitals rubbing together was incredible!

Sam started to slide up and down my shaft at a slow, erotic pace, gyrating her hips at the same time. Gradually, she picked up the pace until she was furiously pumping my cock with her pussy. It seemed as though she couldn't get enough of me inside of her. We came together, as we usually do. While I exploded with what must have been the biggest load I had ever had, Samantha was grunting so loud the whole neighborhood must have heard! But Sam was not done yet.

She grabbed my hand, and I got up and followed her into the shower. We explored each other's bodies, paying special attention to those freshly shaved areas. I have one of those showers that can be hand-held, with a hose leading to the faucet. It's great for all those hard-to-reach places! It also has one of those massage units. I put the massage part on the hard, pulsating setting. I took the shower head and moved it down between Sam's legs, letting the water go to work on her clit. Again, she went into another violent orgasm. Grabbing the shower head from me, she practically stuck the whole thing up her cunt!

Finally, after we had used up all the hot water, she became exhausted. We dried each other off and went to bed. I woke up in the middle of the night to find Sam sucking my cock like crazy. Whatever this woman had turned into, I loved it! The feeling of her mouth and tongue on my bald genitals was too much to handle as I exploded in her mouth. She swallowed every drop. To reward her, I positioned us into a sixty-nine. I lapped up her love juices as she licked my cock, which was still hard and getting harder. We came several times in this position and eventually fell asleep in a sixty-nine.

Our sex life has never been better. Having bald genitalia has lifted sexual sensation to new heights. Without the hair in the way, being touched there makes us go crazy, and oral sex is much better. We now shave each other regularly. I go through a lot of shaving cream and razors, but it's worth it!—Name and address withheld

HOW SWEET IT IS

My fiancé and I are avid readers of "Forum." It gives us creative ideas. We've always enjoyed reading the stories that other people have written to you, but we



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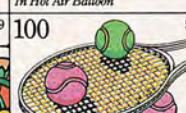




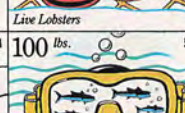










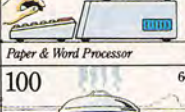
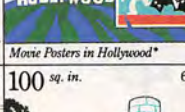





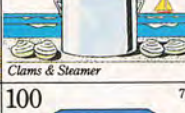



























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never dreamed that we would have one to share.

Last Christmas was full of surprises, but this surprise was just as sweet as it felt. My fiancé, Donald, has come up with some pretty terrific ideas for enhancing our lovemaking, and this time we hit a new height.

We started off with a hot game of strip poker, but we ended up rushing the game because our passion was growing. I especially was getting hot because he told me that he had a really sweet surprise for me. Well, he ended up losing and I was already down to my bra and jeans. I could see the bulge in his shorts when I laid out my winning hand. He stood up to strip off his shorts and moved closer to me. I decided to do the honors of stripping him out of his last remaining threads. As I slipped them over his ass, his full, hard cock stood up so proud and dignified, as if it were saying, "Suck me." So I obliged. I took his firm but velvety-soft head in my mouth and began drinking some of the hot precome that foreshadowed what would be "coming" after that.

He slowly knelt down in front of me and began unfastening the front closure on my bra. Kissing my neck and ears, he exposed my breasts. My nipples were almost as erect as his hot rod was. Sucking, kissing, and nibbling, he reminded me of a little boy, fulfilling his desires on a playground of ecstasy. He then stood

up and told me to wriggle out of my jeans and panties and get into a comfortable position on the sofa.

While I was sliding out of my jeans he walked over to the Christmas tree and pulled off a rather large candy cane. I then realized what new fantasy he was going to fulfill. He began first with a long, deep, passionate kiss, and then moved down to my tits. He started rubbing the tip of the candy cane on the inside of my thigh. Then slowly and gently Don started rubbing the sweet candy on my clit. This drove me wild. The love juices from my cunt started lapping up the sweetness of the sugar and then he plunged it into me, driving me into convulsions. He pumped it into me several times, then pulled it out just before I orgasmed. He rubbed it up and down my slit, completely drenching it in hot juices and peppermint sugar. He sucked on the candy cane a couple of times and then asked me if I wanted to taste myself with sugar.

I opened my mouth and took it in like I do with his shaft. I couldn't keep it there for long because what he did next took my breath away. He started lapping at my pussy like he hadn't eaten for weeks. He ate me like I've never been eaten before. He sucked and bit and kissed and nibbled at my cunt and at my clit until I orgasmed in breathtaking spasms.

Just as I was at the ultimate climax, he slid into me and began driving me into

new dimensions of orgasms. He pumped and pumped until I thought I was going to faint from ecstasy. Our bodies were molding together with sweat and lust when he came in me, filling me with his white magic. His breathing was hot and heavy in my ear as he shot the last remaining drop of life from his shaft into my hot, wet tunnel. We both lay there totally drained, with our hearts pounding out a familiar beat. We ended the evening still in each other's arms, thinking about how sweet Christmas time can be.—Name and address withheld

TWO FOR ONE

I have had a sexual experience worthy of being published in "Forum." This was the most incredible experience I ever had and probably ever will have.

It began when a friend called me and said that she and her roommate wanted to come see the football game between our respective universities. She wanted to know if they could stay with me while they were here. I was delighted because I hadn't seen her in over three years.

When they arrived on Friday night, I was shocked. Jody had lost about 20 pounds since we last met. She looked great! She had always had huge tits and, with her new slim figure, she was devastating. Her friend Alice was very attractive. She was a tall blonde with the most beautiful blue eyes that I have ever seen, period.

We spent most of the night talking and catching up on each other's lives. About 1 A.M., Jody and Alice decided to go to bed. I gave them my room and I took the couch. After a few minutes I went to the bathroom and, on the way back, I noticed my bedroom door wasn't shut all the way. Starting to get excited, I carefully peeked through the crack. What I saw almost made me cream in my pants. There was Jody totally nude and Alice was getting that way. Jody was complaining that her bra had hurt her and she was rubbing her gorgeous tits. Her nipples were getting hard, and so was my cock.

Alice came close to the door to get her teddy from her overnight bag and, as she leaned over to get it, she flashed me a heavenly sight. There was her blond-haired pussy staring me in the face. I wanted to reach in and grab it, but I kept my cool. Apparently, Jody was sleeping in the buff. The thought of her naked body on my sheets really turned me on. The hornier I got, the bolder I got. Finally, I decided to "accidentally" walk in on them. I waited until they were sitting on the bed and then I made my move. I opened the door and entered quickly. I caught Jody totally by surprise, and she didn't have time to react. I immediately apologized and made a comment about forgetting to knock. Jody was embarrassed, but she didn't make any attempt to cover up.

I seized the moment and complimented her on her wonderful body.

She said, "Do you like what you see?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



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●Much of mankind
needs to wake up from
an extensive long
sleep and take note.●

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK



CHELATION THERAPY

I have just finished reading Gary Null's article in the February 1986 issue regarding chelation therapy ["Medical Genocide, Part Six: Chelation Therapy—A Treatment Under Siege"]. We live in a society more or less dominated by drugs, greed, and an overwhelming desire for riches at any expense. It's an environment scattered with a few "men" who are still fighting wars long since ended and conducting witch-hunts as well as condemning rights that could correct long-condoned wrongs.

I am personally connected to a local man who promoted natural chelation therapy (vitamins, etc., plus a change in one's diet), and I have read the multitude of success stories in favor of this method of treating ills. This method is favored by some over the conventional treatment, as the former is much less expensive and can be done at home.

The most effective statement made in Mr. Null's article is: "... any new or innovative therapy has a difficult time becoming established." I wholeheartedly agree. The fact that chelation therapy is under attack for healing people at minimal cost and without drugs puts too many businesses at risk.

I daresay that much of mankind needs to wake up from an extensive long sleep and take note.—Fred Gene Haseney, Los Angeles, Calif.

Congratulations to Gary Null for his fascinating article concerning chelation therapy and "The Profits and Politics of Heart Disease" in your January 1986 issue.

What your readers might be interested to know is that an herbal product which is available in many health-food stores is used as an adjunct to chelation therapy by many of the leading chelation therapists in the United States. This herbal formula, Padma 28, is based on a Tibetan remedy and is licensed in Switzerland by the Swiss IKS (equivalent to our FDA) for the treatment of cardiovascular disorders such as angina pectoris and peripheral arterial occlusion. Padma 28 was featured in an article in *Omni* magazine, June 1985, in which the author, Marcia Rockwood, noted that Padma 28 "is one of the first ancient Tibetan medicines to be taken seriously by Western doctors."

What people might further be interested to know is that, of course, the FDA, the AMA, and other members of the "established circle" of health care are working against the introduction of

this perfectly safe herbal product into American health care, in much the same way they work against chelation therapists and chiropractors, as described by Gary Null in his recent articles in *Penthouse*.—Dr. George Weissmann, President, Association for the Promotion of Herbal Healing, Berkeley, Calif.

X-RATED ISSUES

I must take exception to Al Goldstein's four-star rave review of *Taboo, American Style*, an X-rated video celebration of incest, in your "X-Rated Video" column in the November 1985 issue. I am a liberal and against censorship, but I believe your magazine has lost its credibility as having a "social conscience." Your writer must be blind to the tragic consequences and trauma of parents molesting their children. Your praise of incest porn is very similar to praising child porn. Even if we assume that films do not spawn real-life imitations, child abuse is common enough without your helping to make it socially respectable and desirable. This was a blot of cretinous inhumanity in an otherwise good magazine.—K. L. Harrison, Vancouver, British Columbia

Al Goldstein replies: *Oedipus Rex deals with incest, as do novels by Nabokov and Faulkner, to name only a few. Why are themes deemed suitable for "literature" denied the makers of sexually explicit materials? I was troubled by the theme of incest in Taboo, American Style, as I am troubled by all deep conflicts of the human condition. But it*

is an excellent portrait of the decadence, decay, and eventual disintegration of an American family, and I reviewed it as such. (In the tape, by the way, the age-of-consent daughter seduces the father, not the other way around.) I weary of bias that would narrow the subject matter of porn, because I believe such bias reveals nothing so much as a prudish, antisexual prejudice.

GAMES

I wish to express my thanks to Scot Morris for his entertaining and accurate report on *Maledicta* in his "Games" column on "cussology" [December 1985].

Dozens of *Penthouse* readers from Alaska to Florida and Europe have progressed to page 222 of that issue and have sent me useful language material. For providing me with such hard-to-come-by colorful speech, may their tumescences be long-lasting and firm.—Reinhold Aman, Ph.D., Editor, *Maledicta*, Waukesha, Wis.

CORRECTION

In February's "Advise & Dissent," the published number of boxers who had died when boxing was outlawed in New York State was wrong. The correct number is 38. Also, Howard Cosell's name was misspelled in the same article. We regret these errors.—The Editors

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to *Penthouse Feedback*, *Penthouse International, Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

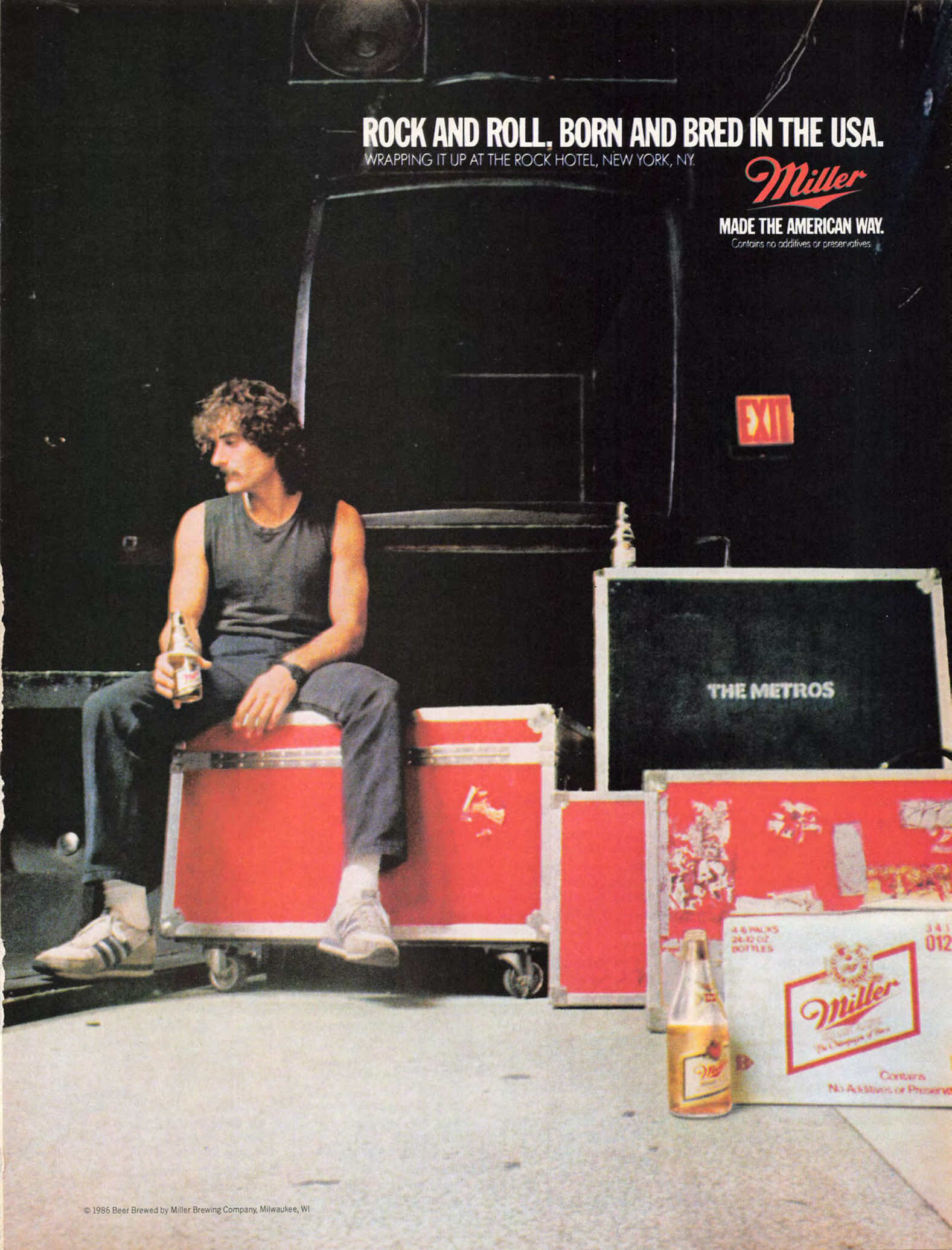
ROCK AND ROLL. BORN AND BRED IN THE USA.

WRAPPING IT UP AT THE ROCK HOTEL, NEW YORK, NY.

Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

Contains no additives or preservatives.



If terrorists attack the U.S., our own legal authorities may inadvertently help them achieve their objectives.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



I sincerely hope this is just a "what if" article about an unlikely, hypothetical scenario. Its premise is that someday Colonel Muammar Qaddafi—or a future counterpart—may unleash suicide terrorists on innocent civilians in the United States. What if bombs were planted in Boston movie theaters? What if machine-gun-toting fanatics started shooting up the La Guardia and O'Hare airport terminals? What if terrorists poisoned the Los Angeles drinking water? What if a team of assassins killed several high-ranking executive, legislative, and judicial officials in Washington?

What if . . . ?

How would American law-enforcement authorities respond to massive threats of terrorism? What would happen to our civil liberties in a time of crisis? Could we count on the federal judiciary—a majority of whom have now been appointed by the Reagan administration—to protect us?

None of these questions can be answered with certainty until we know the exact

nature of the terrorist threat. But we can get some idea of what might happen by looking at two relevant experiences in our own history of responding to perceived threats of foreign-inspired terrorism, and the manner in which other countries with traditions of liberty similar to our own have responded to terrorism.

Our own past experience is quite distressing. During World War II, the liberal Roosevelt administration ordered the detention of 110,000 Japanese-Americans. In the wave of hysteria that followed the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, anti-Japanese sentiment rose to such a fever pitch that few politicians had the courage to stand up in support of the civil rights of Americans who happened to be of Japanese ancestry.

Not even the Supreme Court—with its New Deal liberal majority—came to the rescue. The dishonor roll of cowardice during this period included such distinguished Americans as Earl Warren, Hugo Black, John McCloy, and Franklin Roosevelt himself.

The cold war brought with it a new hysteria. This time the victims were perceived Communists. Listen to liberal Senator Paul Douglas speaking in defense of the Emergency Detention Act of 1950: "Mr. [J. Edgar] Hoover says there are 12,000 ['hard core . . . potential saboteurs and spies']. In my judgment, if we had a period of national emergency—and I think it is pretty close to being a period of national emergency now—the best thing the

country could do would be to 'put them on ice.' . . ."

This dangerous legislation remained on the books—and six detention camps remained in existence—for 20 years, until the House Committee on Un-American Activities frightened the public into repealing it by publishing a report entitled "Guerrilla Warfare in the United States." Among actions that the report said "could be taken" in the event of a ghetto riot were the invocation of the Emergency Detention Law "for the temporary imprisonment of warring guerrillas" and a suspension of "most civil liberties."

Even though the outcry that followed the publication of this report provoked a repeal of the detention statute, the precedent for massive detention of American citizens "lies about"—in the words of the late Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson—"like a loaded gun for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need."

And authorities have little difficulty claiming urgent need in the face of terrorism. In 1970, Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau proclaimed a "state of apprehended insurrection" throughout Canada following terrorist activities by members of the Front de Liberation du Quebec.

More than 450 French-Canadians were detained without trial. Similar steps have been taken in Ireland, Great Britain, Israel, France, and Italy following outbreaks of terrorism.

Here are some of the more "moderate" emergency

measures we could realistically expect if Libyan suicide squads began to operate in the cities and towns of this country:

- Substantial restrictions on immigration and on the rights of aliens, especially from certain parts of the world.

- The instituting of mandatory internal passports or some other form of identification papers to be carried by all individuals in the United States.

- FBI infiltration of political organizations sympathetic to terrorist goals.


- Extensive wiretapping, bugging, and surveillance of suspected terrorists and their associates.

- Detention of suspected terrorists.

- Governmental controls over the dissemination of information about terrorist activities.

- Increased security checks, roadblocks, and searches near theaters, restaurants, and other public gathering places.

None of those restrictions on our liberties may sound particularly onerous by themselves, but in combination, they would change the climate of freedom throughout this country in palpable ways. And if the terrorism were to become worse here than it had been in other countries, the restrictions on citizens would grow even more onerous.

In the end, the terrorist has several goals. Among them is to stimulate a police-state overreaction among law-enforcement officials. That is the terrorist goal that a democratic nation should fear the most. 

A taste of Italian night life



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The big secret of American life, which was forgotten over the past 20 years, is that we enjoy working.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



Give Lee Iacocca credit for one thing, aside from a talent for self-promotion: He has made the American work ethic respectable again. For a time, during the days when Jimmy Carter was in the White House, there seemed to be no hope for American industry, unless it was through prayer or learning to work like the Japanese.

A lot of companies tried to imitate the Japanese, on the grounds that they must know *something* in Tokyo if they could build more and better cars than we could, but they discovered rather quickly that to make Japanese methods work, you need Japanese workers, and more so, Japanese managers and executives. Then they realized that Japanese executives don't pay themselves astronomical seven-figure salaries, plan corporate takeovers, or award themselves golden parachutes so they can walk away from failure with several million dollars and a trunkful of stock options.

What Lee Iacocca did, by turning Chrysler around,

was to restore faith in our own particular brand of work ethic, which does not necessarily include singing company songs or doing calisthenics before hitting the shop floor at a run. Americans believe in opportunity and its rewards, and are, therefore, perfectly willing to let the boss make a seven-figure salary, so long as he provides the right kind of leadership.

What the Japanese want at the top is an efficient technocrat, a kind of super-engineer cum father figure, but our experience with engineers in positions of power has not been a happy one, since the only two to reach the White House were Jimmy Carter and Herbert Hoover. What we look for in our leaders, whether it's in politics or business, is confidence, optimism, toughness—the intangible sense that success is *fun*, the best game in town.

The big secret of American life, which was forgotten in the 1960s and 1970s, is that Americans *enjoy working*.

Sure, we have a leisure society, but how many people really, truly, want to lead a life of leisure? Retirement cities are full of people moping around on the golf courses and shuffleboard courts, wishing they were back at work, and for many Americans the arrival of the first Social Security check is like the knell of approaching death.

The collapse of American self-confidence following the Vietnam War, accelerated by the startling surge of inflation and the rise in oil prices, led to a kind of panic reaction. Managing for a shrinking future was the trick,

and the hell with growth. Besides, most corporations could do better sticking their money in a bank at 20 percent than by actually *producing* things.

However, all that is in the past, and we have returned to a saner world—sane enough, at least, to recognize that Americans can work as hard as anybody, and as well, without becoming robots or worshipping the company as if it were God. All it takes is the right kind of leadership—somebody who is tough, optimistic, works hard himself (or herself), has fun doing it, and enjoys the rewards.

I've worked for guys who paid themselves a low salary and took the subway instead of using a limo, and I wasn't impressed. In the first place, why work and succeed if you don't enjoy it? In the second place, corporate leaders who do that invariably use it as an excuse for keeping everyone else's salary low and cutting back on perks. I'd much rather work in a company that's run by somebody who makes the best salary he or she can and enjoys the available perks, because at least it shows that the person at the top understands the system of rewards. A business leader who won't pay *himself* a bonus is unlikely to pay one to you or me, if we're working for him.


Above all, what we should look for in a company is a leader who gets real personal pleasure out of his work and the company's success, rather than some faceless bureaucrat or manager. The Japanese are big on collective work teams, and team playing is important. But it is

worth noting that the premier American sport is football, and football is a game of excitement, fierce competition, and real danger, in which the successful players are rewarded with huge salaries and nationwide celebrity.

The best way to deal with the people who work for you is to give them a chance to do more and do it better, and then reward them for it. It's amazing that it has taken us so long to get back to the ancient verities of the workplace, or that we ever thought the solution to our problems was to be found in Tokyo or Düsseldorf.

Sure, work is often a pain in the ass; sure, the boss is often a mean-spirited tyrant; sure, a system of rewards and incentives, however good, will always be balanced by punishments and sanctions; but having said all that, many people still feel that work is the most fun you can have while still getting paid.

For a while our leaders forgot about the team spirit, the need for achievement, the natural desire to take pride in what we're doing. Now they've remembered, and it's a brand-new ballgame. After all, does anybody *really* believe that the country which put a man on the moon can't make a decent car? Of course we can, but only if we have leaders at the top who believe it as well.

It should come as no surprise that business leaders have suddenly become major celebrities, rivaling television stars. We have come to recognize, once again, that the business of America is business. 



Break away to refreshing taste.

COME UP TO KOOL

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

Kings Box, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Cheap vanilla ice cream is actually better for you than most American yogurts.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



I sit at a typewriter all day at the office, and by five my back feels stiff and achy. Is there a specific exercise routine that will help my lower-back problem? —R. Bergeron, New Orleans, La.

"Nine-to-five back" affects one in four women and one in three men who spend their days at a desk, typewriter, or computer. The all-too-frequent reply from physicians is, "I have it, too. If you find out how to cure it, let me know."

Yet the cause is clear, and the cure is often simple. Typing, especially, demands holding the back in a bent, stretched position, and each working day, the long internal muscles of the back gradually stretch out of position, much like an overworked rubber band. When you sit or stand upright again, the muscles have insufficient tone to support the back properly—hence the stiffness and ache you're feeling.

The cure is to restore tone and shorten the stretched muscles again. Far and away the best exercise is hyperex-

tension. Lie on your stomach on a bench with your feet held down and your torso extending into space. Place your hands behind your head and dip your torso to the floor. Then return and stretch up beyond the horizontal position. Do three sets of 12–15 repetitions. When they get too easy, add a weight behind your neck.

All good gyms have a hyperextension bench, and all of us should use it if we want to avoid a permanently slumped back and chronic creakiness.

I have very little time in the morning for breakfast, so I usually fix my own "health shake." I blend yogurt, raw eggs, fruit, and wheat germ. Is this giving me the boost I really need? Please tell me if you have any special recipes.—Thomas Frost, Fort Dodge, Iowa

I'm glad you put your "health shake" in quotation marks. Let's take it apart. The yogurt of America bears little relation to the healthy stuff Bulgarian peasants mixed with their morning flakes. By yogurt, you probably mean the popular, low-fat confections such as Yoplait. Virtually all you get from an eight-ounce serving is five grams of fat and 268 calories, mostly from refined sugar. Cheap vanilla ice cream is actually better for you, with three grams of fat and 250 calories.

I don't recommend raw eggs, either. They contain avidin, which prevents the body from absorbing and using the essential nutrient biotin. (Cooking the eggs, though, inactivates the avi-

din.) Eggs are also the highest food source of cholesterol, with a whopping 500 milligrams in two large ones. The average American's cholesterol level is already too high: daily eggs will add to the cardiovascular risk.

Your third item, fruit, sounds good—provided it is not canned or frozen. But most fruit is high in simple sugars, which have nearly the same yo-yo effect on energy as refined sugar. They lift you up, then dump you down an hour or two later. Wheat germ is a good breakfast base, but only if it is fresh. Wheat germ goes rancid extremely fast if kept in a cupboard, or even in a fridge—unless stored in an airtight jar.


No, your "health shake" is not giving you the boost you need. You might consider Kashi, a new multi-whole-grain cereal with no sugar. Add a little fresh fruit to it to complement its nutty taste. Its slowly digested complex carbohydrates will lift you up and keep you up all day. Another good breakfast that is quick to fix is mixed-whole-grain toast spread with a nip of butter and layered with a few slices of papaya.

I work out at a good gym and constantly get conflicting advice regarding the relative efficiency of free weights, cam machines, hydro-constant-force machines, and other high-tech gadgets. What is the scientific view?—Bob Magruder, San Diego, Calif.

Despite all the high-tech gobbledygook, the muscles do not know whether they are being stressed by a bucket of rocks or by a \$10,000

machine. Developers of Nautilus, Universal, and other popular cam exercise machines proposed that machines which stress muscles at a consistent rate throughout their range of motion would give better workouts and faster strength gains. But the experimental evidence from our laboratory and elsewhere all points to a simple fact: The bucket of rocks—that is, free weights—wins hands down over all the machines for building strength. Incidentally, machines that simply restrain the weights, such as a leg-extension weight sled, are just the modern version of free weights. They are our high-tech bucket of rocks and just as efficient.

Why, then, are the cam machines so popular? First, free weights are dangerous objects likely to spawn many lawsuits in crowded gyms. Second, like socks in the washing machine, free weights have a habit of disappearing. Third, you can put ten people on cam machines in the space it takes for three to exercise safely with free weights. Finally, machines are injury-proof, since they control the exercise. They train the muscles in ways you never use them, but they do it very safely.

If you work out on the machines slowly, as many gyms advise, you'll get maximum but temporary improvement in looks—but a minimum effect on power. For maximum power and performance gains, I'd advise using the high-tech buckets of rocks and free weights—but carefully. 



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Small means nearly-invisible protection

That could only be PASSPORT. It has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape.

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives from the experts.

"In a word, the Passport is a winner," said *Car and Driver*.

The experts report excellent performance. Simply switch PASSPORT on and adjust the volume knob. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio

Small means the size of a cassette tape

begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. Should you want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch provides silence, yet leaves PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. A photocell adjusts alert lamp brightness to the light level in your car. PASSPORT was designed for your protection *and* your convenience.



In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

PASSPORT comes with a leather case and travels like a pro, in your briefcase or in your pocket—to the job for trips in the company car, on airplanes for use in far-away rentals. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into the lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile. It can be on duty without anyone noticing.

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●I started to hug Joyce and things got playful. But before long, I saw other hands on her and quickly turned to see that they belonged to Howie.●

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 31 years old and have been married to Joyce for 13 happy years. Like most couples, we have had our problems, but we've always managed to work out a solution. During these many years of marriage neither one of us has ever had an extramarital affair.

About four years ago, because of the economic slowdown, I was forced to transfer to a work location about 80 miles from home. At that time my wife's career pursuits prevented us from being together, so I stayed with friends. This arrangement worked out quite well for all concerned. When Joyce visited me, we would go out as much as possible and ask the couple that I was staying with to join us. Ed never cared to come along and left Heather to do as she pleased. Needless to say, the three of us soon became a trio.

One Saturday, while Joyce and I were still in bed after a night out, Heather walked in and climbed into bed with us. I then found myself encased by two of the sexiest and most loving women I knew. At that point Joyce and I questioned Heather, out of respect for Ed, about her motives. She told us that she had told him of her desires and he had given her the go-ahead. It seems his work just did not permit him time to satisfy her properly. The ménage à trois that developed was unbelievable and allowed all of us time to explore our love for each other, both emotionally and physically. However,



after a year and a half, Heather and Ed's relationship started breaking up. They parted friends, and so did our trio. Heather felt strongly that she needed to search for a more secure relationship.

I finally had the opportunity to transfer back home and things returned to normal. Sometime later, Joyce and I decided to spend Labor Day weekend at Heather's place. After we got there, we had a few drinks, and then Heather had to leave for a date. Joyce and I decided to call and see if Howie, a longtime good friend, was in town.

After a short conversation, we asked him to come on over and bring some beer. One thing about Howie, he never does anything in a small way. When he arrived he brought a case of cold beer for him and me, and gin and tonic water

for Joyce. Since we hadn't seen each other for months, we just sat and talked and drank. Hours and many drinks later, I started to hug Joyce, and because of our condition, things got playful. Before long I saw other hands on her and quickly turned to see that they belonged to Howie. My thoughts quickly raced back to our past threesome; I figured this one would be for Joyce. It wasn't long before everyone was excited and began moving to more comfortable surroundings. Howie and I spent the night loving and holding Joyce. However, the next morning Howie couldn't believe his actions and apologized.

Joyce and I both assured Howie that nothing was wrong, since we could have stopped him the previous night. That morning we parted company with a confused Howie. A few

weeks later, however, we received a phone call from him stating that he would be down to visit the following weekend.

Saturday morning arrived and so did Howie, ready to talk. The three of us sat and talked as we drank beer. Howie explained his feelings and said what happened at Heather's house was more to him than a fleeting affair. He wasn't sure what we should do, even though he had the desire to continue. Joyce and I both explained we had no apprehensions and that we had also enjoyed our Labor Day celebration. After we aired our feelings we all hugged, and Howie and I quickly joined Joyce in bed.

This was the beginning of a ménage à trois that has lasted for two years. And as in all relationships, there have been some problems—which I think are amplified in multipartner relationships, as are the benefits. One's first assumption would be jealousy between Howie and myself. That has not been the case with us, however, because we complement each other more than threaten. The problem that has become insurmountable and prompts me to write for your advice is one of bisexuality. You see, when Joyce, Heather, and I were involved in our three-way lovemaking, there were no hesitations. Joyce had

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



It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, "...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "**The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance...**"



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

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ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

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Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

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suggested that Howie and I become more physical, which met no resistance from me. But Howie said it was against his moral fiber, even though one of his fantasies is to be in a ménage à trois with two women. When we pointed out that his moral fiber seemed to possess a double standard, he couldn't deny it.

We have since stopped our physical relationship until we can resolve this situation to our mutual satisfaction, much to everyone's dismay. Howie said the only thing he can see against a bisexual relationship is the moral implication. The three of us have missed the emotional security and, yes, the physical love offered by our special situation. However, Joyce and I both feel that Howie should be willing to make this commitment to our ménage à trois now. Joyce and I believe that commitments between lovers strengthen the bonding—which is what makes this so important to us. We have tried to offer Howie compromises, but to no avail. He says he wants to return to "us" and sometimes even thinks nothing of the bisexuality, but then he becomes hesitant again.

It's sometimes hard to believe we have been so fortunate to find each other in our troubled world, where even two-party relationships seem threatening. But the fact remains that we have shared a time together of mutual love and caring that is so rare. Xaviera, please don't say it's a

mistake to have a relationship with a close friend, because all relationships should be given an opportunity to grow without restriction.

I have just called Howie to see if he is able to accept the sexuality of our relationship now. His answer was: "I want to, but just can't right now because of the bisexuality." Xaviera, can you offer any fresh input that could help our ménage à trois survive?—C. K.

You cannot brainwash a heterosexual into homosexuality, any more than you can "cure" a homosexual. It is now generally accepted that certain people are homosexual, for whatever reason. Some of them actually find heterosexual relationships physically distasteful. Some women can't stand swallowing sperm. Some people can't stand the idea of eating snails, garlic, horse meat, or sheep's eyeballs. Others regard these things as the greatest delicacies. It is a matter of personal taste.

Sex should be enjoyable and based on doing the things that give the most pleasure. The moment you start talking about "moral fiber" and debating "double standards," you are imposing the same kind of restrictions as the Puritans, who invented enormous tablecloths to hide "indecent" table legs from view. Your problem is that you have strong bisexual—or homosexual—desires for your friend

Howie, which he does not have for you in return. You are therefore trying to persuade him by every means at your disposal into a sexual relationship with you, the idea of which he finds distasteful.

The best rule in sexual relationships is not to have any rules. To try and force someone to do something they don't want to must be a turnoff.

POSTPARTUM BLUES

I am a 22-year-old natural blonde with the cutest set of buns and nice round tits. My best asset of all is my now-shaved pussy. I am pretty and sexy, and I love to exhibit what I have.

I recently had a baby, and my sexual attitude has changed. Before my pregnancy, my husband and I enjoyed making love three times a day. I love giving and receiving oral sex, dressing up, and many other sexual activities.

Since the beginning of my pregnancy, things have changed so much that it worries me. My sexual desire has been close to nil; it frustrates me tremendously that I cannot satisfy my man the way I used to. Most things I used to do, I can't bring myself to do. Sometimes I think about the sexy ways I used to enjoy pleasing my husband, and I wish I could still do them, but I can't. My husband says that he is satisfied anyway, but it's not enough for me. I want my sexual attitude to be as exciting and varied as before. I love my



A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments. Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.

man, and I desire to please him in every aspect of love and sex.

What do you think is wrong with me?—
W. N.

Most of us nowadays have become so blasé and all-accepting about our sexual relations that we have almost forgotten one of the reasons for sexual intercourse. Apart from the foreplay, the fingering, the fucking, and the final frenzy—the fun, in fact—sex has another purpose. The original object of the exercise is to get you pregnant, so that you can have a baby.

Nowadays reproduction is not a survival factor for the race. Perhaps it is by the design of nature that most women become both psychologically and physically unreceptive to sex after having a baby, particularly the first one. You have fulfilled woman's natural function in life. You are now a mother, and what is happening to you is absolutely normal.

A hooker's best customers are almost always kind, thoughtful, loving husbands whose wives have suddenly become mothers instead of lovers.

Don't worry about a thing. Every hormone that your glands produce at the moment, every message that your body sends to your brain, are urging you to give all your love and attention to your baby, who surely needs it more than your husband right now. So go ahead and do it. Your husband seems the understand-

ing type, and I am sure that, as long as he gets his rocks off when he needs to, he will be prepared to wait for you to recover your old enthusiasm, which will certainly happen.

SELF-INDULGENCE

I recently had a discussion with my husband about masturbation. We have been married for ten years. I'm 28 and he's 30. We both masturbate with each other and alone. I know just about everyone masturbates unless they have some kind of hang-up. During our discussion, we talked about what our fantasies are when we masturbate ourselves. My husband fantasizes about women's bodies as sex objects. But my fantasies are about myself. I do have fantasies about others, but most of them are of myself.

I stay in good shape. I love my body and what I can do to give myself pleasure. Sometimes when my husband is at work, I spend hours masturbating. I love to suck my own breasts, watching in a mirror as my hands work on my body. I will suck two fingers of one hand and push two fingers of my other hand up my pussy. Then I switch hands. Slowly at first and then faster and faster I switch back and forth, until I feel as though my mouth and my pussy are one. I love the smell and taste of my own cunt. I wish I could eat myself. If I could, I would do it for hours. When I exercise, I can get my mouth very

close to my pussy. After a good workout I'm very limber. I have tried to eat myself several times. I can get about two inches from my clit with my tongue out. If I work at it for a long time my tongue can just about brush against my pussy hair. I know if I work at it, one day I will be able to eat myself.

*Do you know of other women who love themselves as I do? Do some women go to bed with other women because they can't make love to themselves? Do you have any idea how I can eat myself?—
R. F.*

Masturbation is mainly a solitary occupation, useful as a sexual substitute when the real thing is unavailable for one reason or another. But to become as obsessed with it as you are is going a bit far. When I have made love to another woman, it has always been because I was physically attracted to her. Although I enjoy watching what we are doing in a mirror, it is the sight of her body, which I shall never know as well as my own, that thrills me. I am like your husband—when I fantasize, I think of someone else, not myself.

I know of one case of a man who could suck his own cock, but as it was about six inches longer than the normal human tongue, he had an advantage over you. On the other hand, the female body is more flexible, so you have a good chance

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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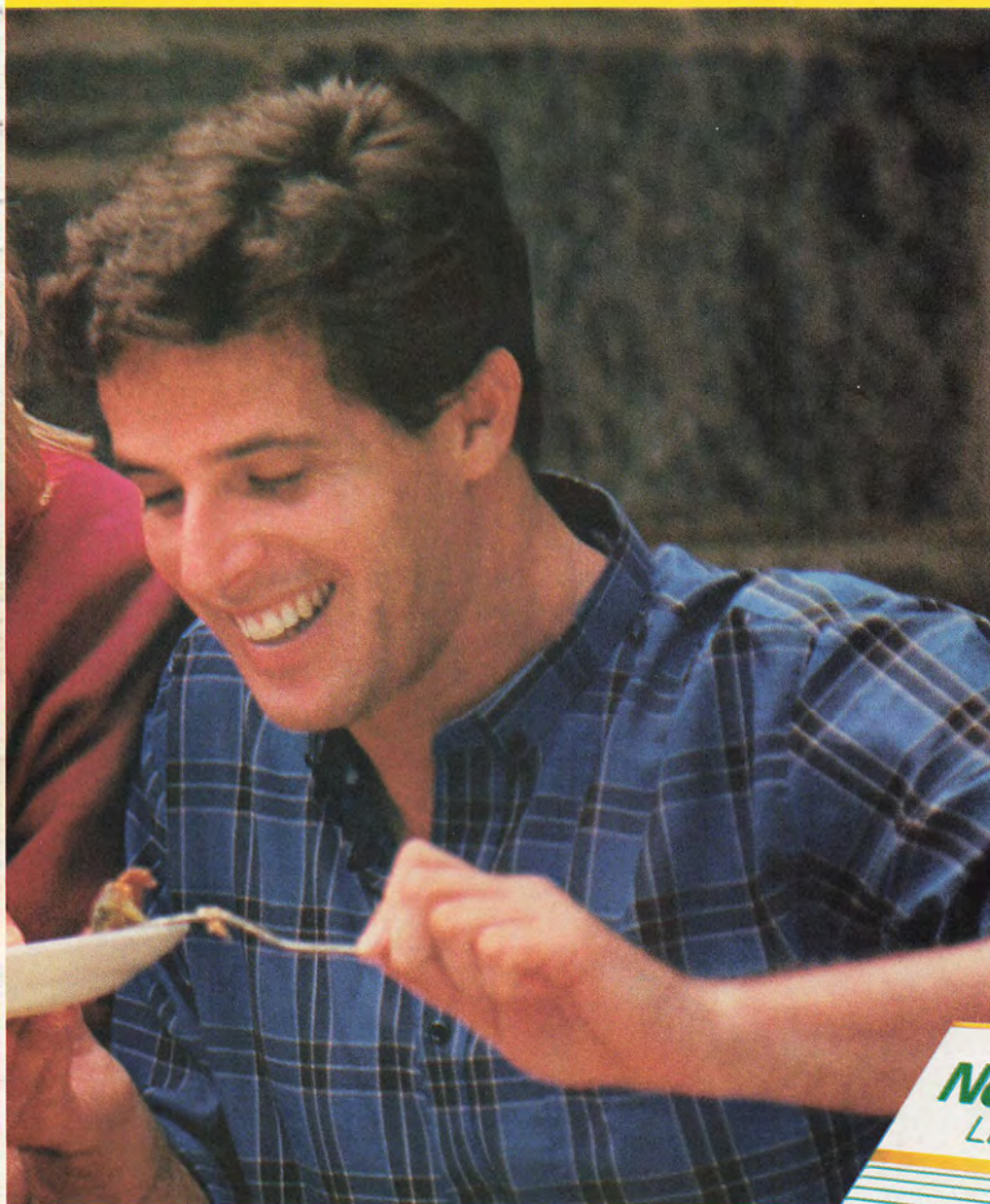


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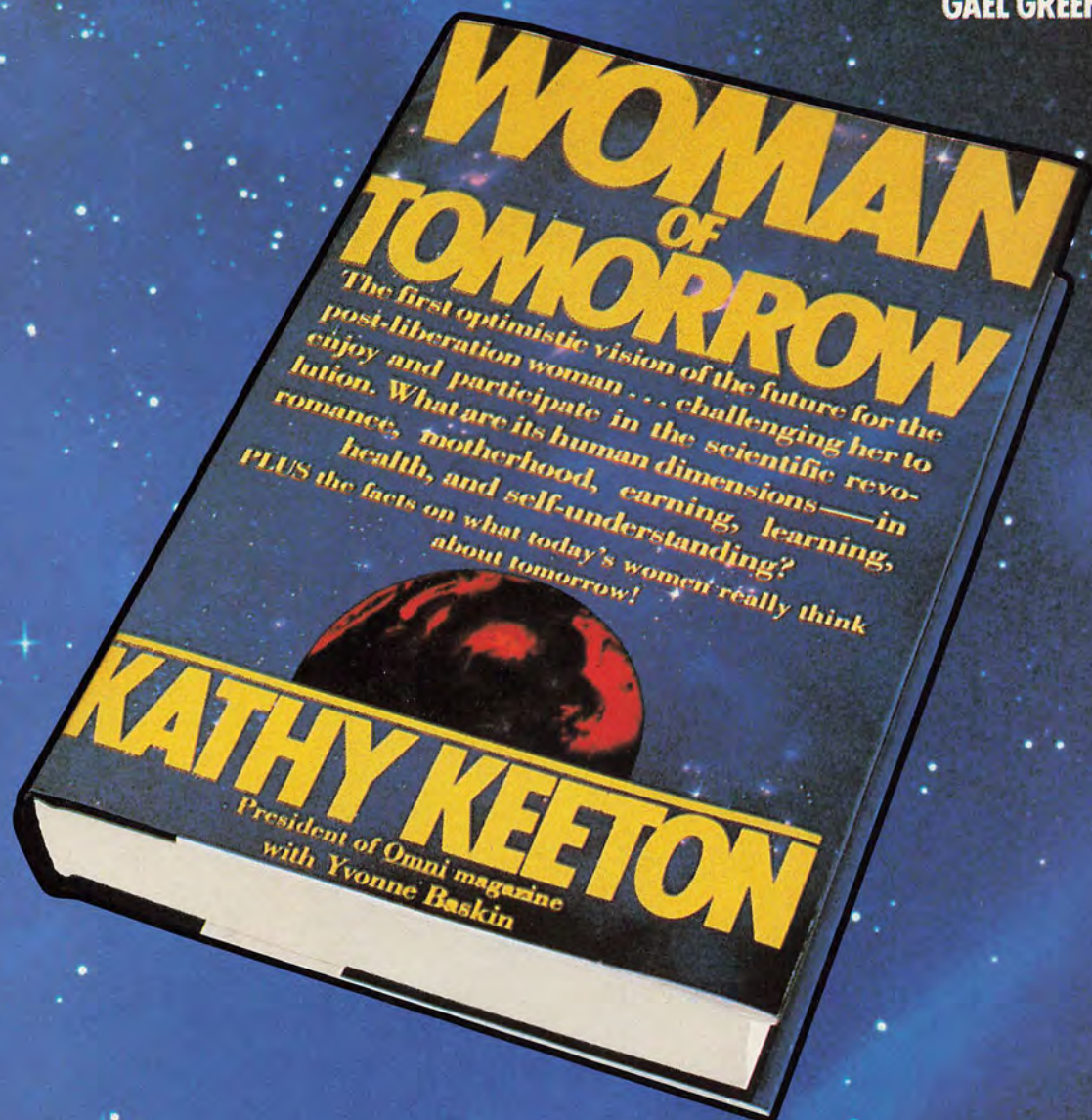
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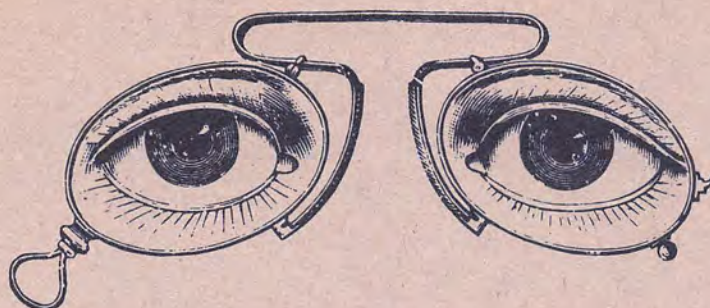
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

TRAGEDY TALENT, INC.

BY EMILY PRAGER

Shortly before she died, Mrs. Leon Klinghoffer, wife of the man murdered by Arab terrorists aboard the hijacked cruise ship *Achille Lauro*, acquired an agent. After months of holding out, barricading the door, and stating repeatedly that she did not wish to be "a public person," she finally gave in. She understood what the networks and publishers knew from the moment her tragedy happened: that the fight against terrorism could best be served by her selling her story for a book, or, perhaps, a miniseries.

Several talent agencies were after Mrs. Klinghoffer. At great personal risk, I have managed to acquire the client list of one of those who pursued the poor woman but did not close the deal because the space shuttle exploded and they had to rush off to Cape Canaveral. I do feel their list is typical, and I reprint it here to better our understanding of the interesting linkup of news and entertainment that now dominates our airwaves and print media.

Tragedy Talent, Inc., West 57th Street, New York, New York, and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. "Proving tragedy can enrich for over five years."

BURT CONWAY—*Type:* Leading man. *Age Range:* 30 to 40. *Tragedy:* Tourist on bus hijacked by Amal terrorists, Karnak, Egypt, 1984. *Skills:* Strong leadership qualities: became hostage spokesman. Tall. Speaks fluent Arabic. Handsome with two weeks' growth of beard. *Profession:* Plumber. *Availability:* For talk shows. Also for guest appearances on "Dallas," "Dynasty," or "Miami Vice." Star billing only. *Expertise:* Politics of the Middle East. Tavernas and safe houses of the southern Lebanese coast.

ARDIS GONZALEZ—*Type:* Character actress. *Age Range:* 45 to 55. *Tragedy:* Gave birth to baby during Mexican earthquake. Buried with child for five days in rubble. Both survived. Rescue on video. *Skills:* Speaks fluent English. Cheerful under stress. *Profession:* Switchboard operator. *Availability:* For talk

shows. *Expertise:* Earthquake-proofing in modern-building construction. Lamaze techniques and the earthquake.

MARIA GONZALEZ—*Type:* Child actress. *Age Range:* 0 to 1 year. *Tragedy:* Born during Mexican earthquake and buried at birth for five days. *Skills:* Survival. Cries on cue. *Availability:* Lifetime talk-show placement ability. *Expertise:* Live burial. Death and rebirth. Infant mortality in the Third World. *Note:* Rights currently available for feature film or made-for-TV movie, book, line of toys, etc.

RENEE JOHNSON—*Type:* Ingenue. *Age Range:* 20 to 25. *Tragedy:* Father missing in action in Vietnam since 1966. *Skills:* Public speaking. Writing letters and telephoning White House. *Profession:* Forensic anthropologist. *Availability:* For talk shows, lobbying breakfasts, lecture tours. *Expertise:* Bone fragments of the American military, Sylvester Stallone, steroids, and the missing in action.

MARK SMITH—*Type:* Young leading man. *Age Range:* 25 to 35. *Tragedy:* Cousin of infant given second baboon heart in failed medical experiment. *Skills:* Talking to *People* magazine, negotiating with the *National Star*, hanging out family's dirty laundry, believing what doctors tell him. *Profession:* Hos-

pital orderly. *Availability:* For anything and everything. Excellent TV interview. Obliging. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll make it up. *Expertise:* Animal-tissue rejection and the human infant. Human-infant rejection and the medical animal.

BILL FRANKLIN—*Type:* Leading man. *Age Range:* 35 to 45. *Tragedy:* None. *Profession:* Tragedy psychologist. *Skills:* Expert on projecting the actions and feelings of hostages, kidnap victims, and plane-crash survivors whom he has never met, and the particulars of whose tragedies he does not know. A favorite of talk-show hosts, Bill's most recent appearance was on "Good Morning America," discussing how victims of the Colombian mudslide felt when they saw the mud coming toward them.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

JOBS

BY ROGER MUMMERT

Until a year and a half ago, Joshua Wesson was just a waiter who knew something about wine. Then came the contest.

It was sponsored by Food and Wines From France to determine the American wine steward, or sommelier, most knowledgeable about French wine. From over 400 contestants, Wesson was crowned the American know-it-all. He found himself packed off to Paris on the Concorde, profiled in *The New York Times*, and pictured in *Paris Match* supping with Dustin Hoffman at some film festival or other.

And, no, he's not a waiter anymore. He's an "international wine consultant," advising restaurants and hotels on the delicate marriage of food and wine.

Now 30, Wesson may be past his prime. Wine is a field for wunderkinds, and today's guardians of enological treasures are likely to be younger than the wines they serve.

"I grew up on Manischewitz," says the glib Wesson, who like most of his contemporaries is self-taught, "so I learned to recognize flaws at an early age."

Another precocious palate belongs to Anthony Taylor, 25, who squires the 74,000 bottles at the 21 Club in New York. Taylor placed third in the nation in the second sommelier competition last December. Taylor has been in the wine trade since age 17, when his father—concerned that he was turning into a bum—got him a job in

the Burgundy region of France. "I practically became a local," says Taylor, who mixed with the growers every chance he got. He later worked in the Bordeaux wine trade and developed the palate of a champion. When he returned to the United States, he signed on as chef sommelier, supervising a wine staff of five, at the 21 Club. He was 23.

Looking like a kid in a candy store, Taylor vaults through the disguised passageways of 21's Prohibition-era cellar to private reserves in such names as Richard Nixon, Walter Annenberg, and the late Joan Crawford (whose '55 Moët has been bequeathed to the permanent collection).

Wesson and Taylor are clearly denizens of the generation that lubricates business deals with chardonnay instead of martinis. And it's paying off for them. According to Fred Dame, 32, who is lord over the sumptuous 102,000-bottle cellar of the Sardine Factory in Monterey, California, his five sommeliers can reap a yearly \$30–40,000. Wesson estimates that that sum could reach \$50,000 in New York.



Josh Wesson: a star sipper.

"The California wine industry," says Dame, "is only about ten years old. And the people making it happen are 28, 29, 30."

"If you really love wine, it doesn't matter how old you are," says Madeline Triffon, 32, a sommelière since age 22. Though she has had to struggle to be taken seriously, "mostly because of youth, but also because I'm a woman," Triffon spun many heads when she came within a half-point tiebreaker of placing first in the 1985 sommelier contest.

Still, it is the Y generation that's drinking more wine. "I get a younger, health-conscious crowd," says Mark Hightower, 30, of Flagons, a wine bar/bistro in New Orleans, who placed third in the 1984 contest.

Hightower caricatures the traditional sommelier as a figure who's gone the way of floured sauces in a nouvelle-cuisine world: "He's 48, svelte, and has salt 'n' pepper hair. He knows something about wine, but he has trouble communicating."

"Sounds like the sommelier I met up with when I was 19 and tried to eat at a two-star restaurant in France," says Wesson. "I ordered the wrong wine and he went icy on me, like a cadaver. I was so humiliated, I dusted myself off and took the Charles Atlas course in wine. Now here I am, bullying people."

SCENES

BY ROBERT LOVE

In the next few months, the government will decide the fate of last year's party

drug, Ecstasy. Also known as MDMA, XTC, and Adam, this psychoactive compound was legal until last July, when the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) discovered that Yuppies, college students, and gays had adopted it as their martini and were swallowing it like vitamin supplements.

With its gentle three-to-five-hour journey into the land of ultraempathy and easy insight, Ecstasy quickly became the perfect feel-good drug for the generation that swears by imported mineral water, goat cheese, and lo-cal fettuccine. But little mention has been made of the trip back down. The agony of Ecstasy may include dehydration, sleeplessness, light-headedness, and jitters.

When DEA agents found that 30,000 doses a month were being consumed in Dallas alone, they crashed the party. Almost 20 years to the day after LSD was outlawed, Ecstasy was temporarily classified as a Schedule I substance, putting it in the same category as heroin and LSD.

What the DEA didn't know was that a network of psychotherapists and researchers had been doing what they called "serious work" with the drug. They said it helped patients—including victims of terminal cancer and child abuse—overcome fear and anxiety. One analyst compared a five-hour session with the drug to the "equivalent of five months of regular therapy."

When the emergency ban went into effect last July 1, the DEA was confronted with a very vocal group of Ecstasy's defenders—including



Is Ecstasy bottled therapy?

two Harvard professors—who had hired a Washington law firm to challenge the DEA's decision.

Ecstasy's proponents demanded—and got—a round of hearings in Washington and Los Angeles to present their side of the story. A Schedule I classification, reserved for the most addictive and medically useless drugs, would present insurmountable obstacles to research, they said. They trotted out anecdotal evidence of their successful work with patients. The DEA countered with animal studies linking the drug to brain damage in rats, and cited examples of Ecstasy-induced psychosis and two recent deaths in California.

The evidence, along with recommendations, will be presented to DEA administrator John C. Lawn sometime this spring, and a final decision will be made around midyear. According to sources on both sides of the argument, it's unlikely that Ecstasy will be this year's party drug.

PEOPLE

BY ALBERT GROSS

There are no drapes on some of the windows at Paradise Lakes Resort in Land O' Lakes, Florida, because residents have nothing to hide: Clothing is optional. Paradise Lakes Resort, at which many nudists live year-round, is the brainchild of Fred Bischoff, a 45-year-old entrepreneur who characterizes his development as "family-oriented and down-to-earth." Local teachers report that the 50 schoolchildren from the resort earn good grades and exhibit better emotional adjustment than many of the other students. "Paradise Lakes is not a sex club," claims Bischoff, "and we don't want dirty old men here, either."

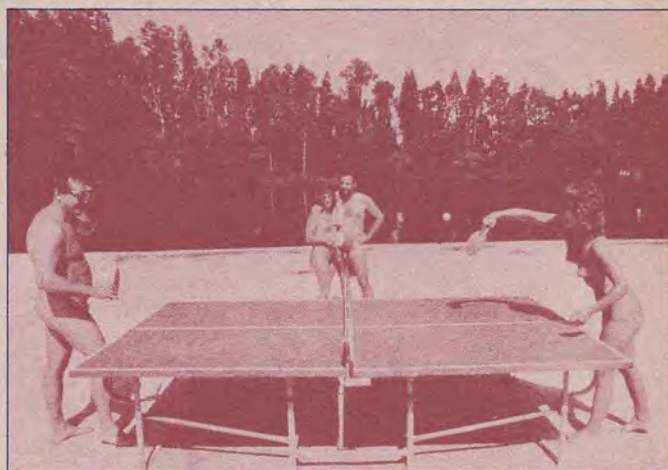
Bischoff personally decides who can purchase a condo at Paradise Lakes, and claims he "turned down 300 buyers just because I got bad vibes." Residents range in age from newborns to senior citizens, but Yuppie nudists are predominant. The largest age group consists of 34- to 44-year-olds, and income and occupations are skewed toward the professions. But one contented resident says that blue-collar and white-collar neighbors socialize comfortably with each other, "because when you're naked, everybody's collar is the same color."

In 1980, when his research convinced him that there was a market for Paradise Lakes, Bischoff could hardly afford a condo for himself, much less finance the project. He recruited a silent partner who bankrolled the novel

idea with \$2.2 million, and then borrowed another million at usurious rates. Unfortunately, the Florida condominium market was sour at the moment, so Bischoff followed a philosophy of "making a quick nickel rather than a slow dime." He bought no advertising and acted as his own contractor and sales agent in order to pass 30-percent savings on to the buyers. One-room studios, now worth \$45,000, went for \$21,000. He sold every parcel in his 67-acre, \$18-million de-

There is also an alfresco café and a gracious beach bar.

Paradise Lakes is home for 375 year-round residents. (Some of the condos are divided on a time-share basis, and 100 units, belonging to absentee owners, are operated as a hotel.) Bischoff's current project, 238 more condos with an additional pool and clubhouse, attracted 188 deposits in its first three hours of availability. Bischoff is building a paradise for himself, as well: a 5,500-foot home complete with an



Clothing-optional condo owners find luxury in the buff.

velopment before completion.

Although sun worshipers often rough it at nudist camps, Bischoff's Paradise Lakes offers all the amenities of a pricey Caribbean resort. Its 218 units range from simple one-room studios to hot-tub-equipped luxury condos on an island in the resort's six-acre lake. Residents and visitors can cavort naked at the million-dollar club facility, which boasts lighted tennis and volleyball courts, a ten-jet hot tub, and 150 feet of white-sand beach on a spring-fed lake.

indoor pool and a grotto entered by swimming through a waterfall.

Residents of Paradise Lakes regard their community as much more than a good real estate investment. The president of the owner's association, Dr. Don Rairigh, hails the resort as "a fringe experiment in the Aquarian conspiracy, a 1980s flowering of the spirit of the sixties." Still, Paradise Lakes is a condominium development, not a commune, and Bischoff has undeniably made a killing.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

What more can a man ask for? Says Bischoff, "I guess I've got what every man dreams about. I've been real lucky financially, I've made my living dealing with nice folks, and I've surrounded myself with beautiful, naked women."

SEX NEWS


The U.S. government has now officially declared your prick to be nonproductive. That's the news from the Labor Department, where they have decided that Uncle Sam will no longer pay compensation to federal civilian workers who lose certain body parts in the line of duty. These "nonproductive" body parts include kidneys, lungs, and, yes, the penis and the breasts, too. The proposal would affect 2.6 million civilian employees, with officials admitting that claims for pricks lost on the job—by getting entangled in red tape?—happened only rarely. . . . The slow, tortured progress toward a male birth-control pill took another lunge forward recently, when researchers at the National Institutes for Health announced the discovery of a hormone that inhibits fertility. The hormone is called, reasonably enough, inhibin, and it is said to curb the body's production of yet another hormone which is required for production of sperm in men. In the past, male birth-control pills have had the unfortunate side effect of inhibiting the man's sex drive. . . . There's new evidence that the women's movement has actually yielded tangible results. A full

71 percent of men surveyed in a recent poll thought it was all right for a woman to call them up to ask them out on a date. The women polled were not so sure; they were split 51 percent in favor and 43 percent opposed. The survey was conducted by the Roper Organization for no less an august body than Virginia Slims cigarettes. The survey produced another important fact: A large chunk of the American populace—40 percent of the men and 31 percent of the women—still believes that the man should always pay for the date, no matter who does the asking. . . . Good Christian that he is, Jerry Falwell has extended the hand of charity to the Bangor Baptist Church in Bangor, Maine. Falwell offered to take over the pulpit of the church until its parishioners recovered from the news that ex-pastor and founder Buddy Frankland had had an affair with a church member. Membership has been halved since October, when Frankland's misstep was revealed. The erring reverend said he would not try to regain the pulpit and turned the church over to Falwell, who will actually use the vacancy to put to work some of his 100 assistant pastors from his Lynchburg, Virginia, headquarters. They said "Bangor" and the reverend heard "bang her," so let's call the whole thing off. . . . Judging strictly from appearances, you would think that elephants would have the ultimate male-dominated, chauvinist social order. Not so, says a new study out of India. Pachyderms do have well-defined



U.S. Department of Labor devalues employee body parts.

social structures, says R. Sukumar of the Indian Institute of Science, but the herds are invariably ruled by females. Bull elephants either roam alone or collect in smaller groups, while the basic family unit consists of a lead female and her offspring—leaving the male with nothing to do but pack his trunk and leave. . . . Men start out behind women as far as strength of genes goes, according to a book by a female psychologist, *Death and the Sexes*, by Judith Stillion, reveals that 160 males are conceived for every 100 females, yet the birth ratio is 106 to 100. In addition, females are better at fighting off disease, which Stillion believes is nature's way of protecting those who will bear future members of the species. Males increase their chances of death by being programmed to behave in macho fashion, taking risks

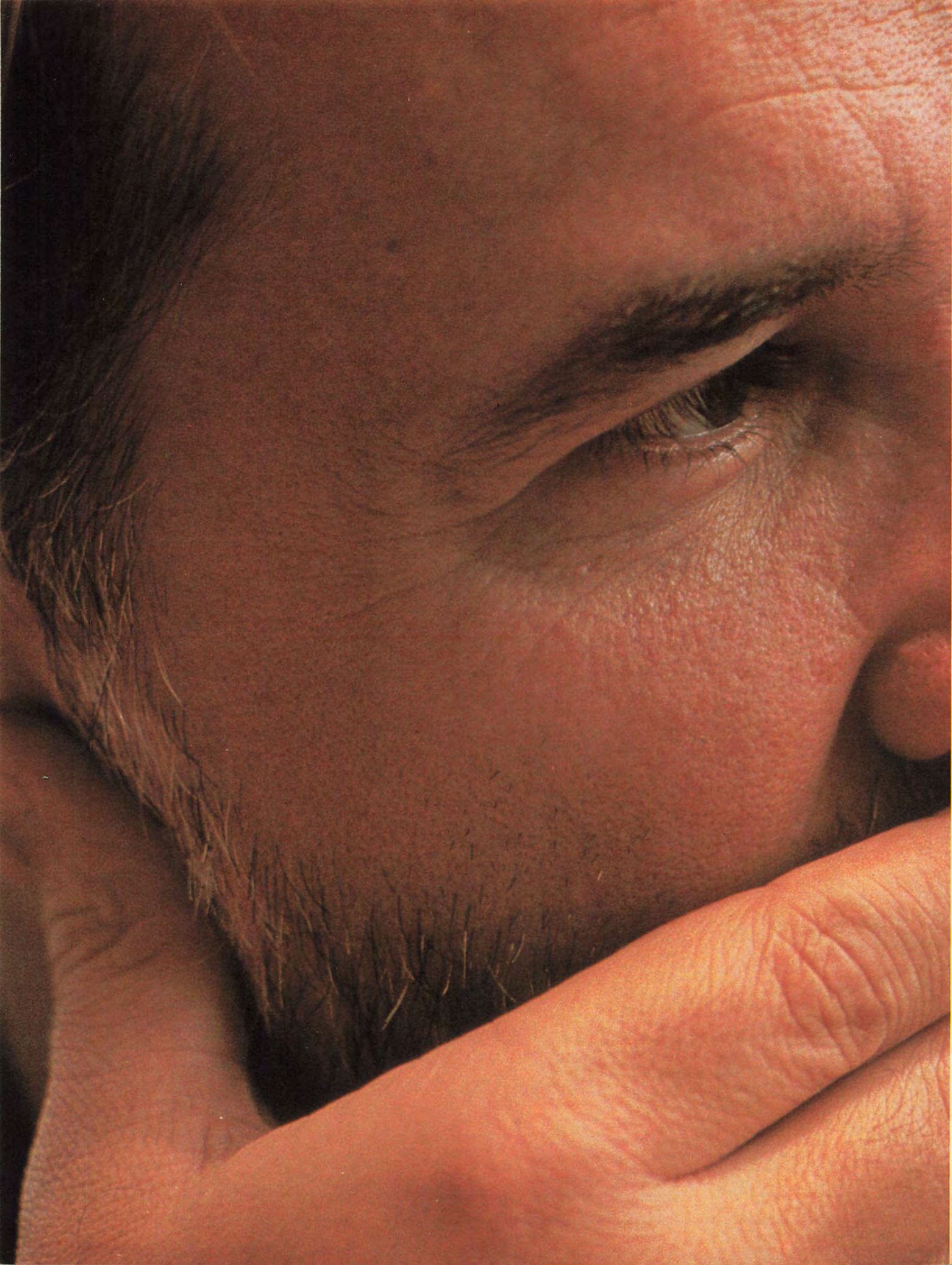
that result in some of them dying young. . . . Women have taken great strides toward equality with men in many areas of life. Now they've made progress in a most crucial area of society: crime. The number of females arrested has almost tripled in the last 15 years, increasing by 190 percent in New York. Arrests for murder have increased by 56 percent and larceny by 664 percent. Astoundingly, arrests for assault have increased by 1,135 percent, and arrests for crimes of fraud have gone up an amazing 2,741 percent. The Justice Division report, entitled "Female Offenders in New York State," said that more women turned to crime because more of them were poor, single, and caught in the web of "feminization of poverty." Is this what Ms. Steinem meant when she campaigned for equal opportunities for women? 

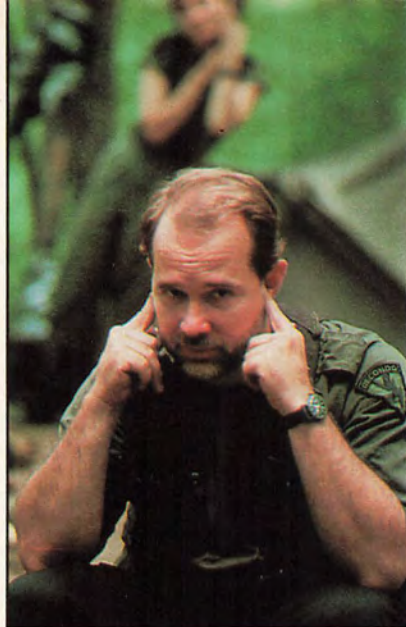
Ballonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"If you're not married, why do you always have to leave at sunrise?"





PART TWO

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT



The scheme was all set to go. The FBI asked a professional mercenary trainer to defuse an international plan of assassination and sabotage. But despite his efforts, the federal

authorities insisted on doing things their way—and the mission ended in a violent nightmare.

BY FRANK CAMPER

Last month, the author—who runs a private paramilitary training camp in Alabama—told how he was contacted by Sikh militants who wanted his assistance in an assassination and terror plot directed at Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and the government of India. To prevent this violence, Camper contacted the FBI, who assigned agent Donnie Morris (not his real name) to work with him. Despite some reservations about Morris and the bureau itself, Camper agreed to introduce Morris to the Sikhs as one of his mercenary "trainers." A meeting was arranged in a New York hotel room with Sikh leaders Lal Singh and Gurpartap Birk Singh.

JANUARY 27, 1985, 9:30 A.M.
NEW YORK HILTON HOTEL

When Lal knocked on our hotel-room door, everybody was ready. I was sitting on my edge of the bed, and Donnie Morris was leaning against the low chest of drawers, beside the television.

I had scattered newspapers and maps over the bed to discourage our visitors from sitting anywhere but in the two chairs we had prepared for them in a corner of the room. A serving tray, glasses, and a pitcher of iced orange juice were set on the table between the chairs. The Sikhs drank only water or fruit juices.

In the adjoining room was the FBI surveillance team, listening and watching electronically. The room was wired for sound. There was a closed-circuit television camera monitoring our room and recording on videotape, and Donnie wore a small tape recorder on an elastic belt under his sweater and windbreaker.

This was an important meeting. Birk was finally going to meet Morris. We were supposed to locate the training site, and I was going to get more information about the Sikh sabotage plans.

Outside, we had an FBI van parked across the street from the hotel entrance. Behind its mirrored windows were sophisticated 35-millimeter cameras with telescopic lenses. We had an advantage here. There was construction going on outside the hotel, blocking the sidewalks, and it made the front door the only street entrance practical to use. This channeled the Sikhs for us.

The only other possible way into the hotel was through the basement parking-deck entrance, which was too dark for good photography, so it was important for Birk to use the front-lobby doorway.

During my phone call to Birk that morning, I had told him of the construction and asked him to use the front entrance. In order to guarantee a good photo for the boys in the van, I told Donnie we should walk Birk and whoever came along with him to the front entrance and say goodbye to them there.

To top off all this, an entire chase team—consisting of aircraft and automobiles, all linked by radio and working from a command center—stood ready to follow us if the Sikhs took us to the pro-

posed training site. We needed to know where the site was so it could be evaluated for the raid when it was time to arrest all the trainee terrorists.

I opened the door and in walked Gurpartap Birk Singh, alias John Singh, and tall, smiling Lal. Morris, slumping against the chest of drawers, stood a bit more erect and managed a welcoming expression. He slumped because of the body recorder concealed under his sweater. Bending forward slightly created wrinkles, which made it invisible.

Birk and Lal walked straight to the waiting seats, and I poured them glasses of fruit juice. Almost shy, Lal said hello to Morris and took his chair after Birk had sat down, again deferring to Birk's superior ranking.

"John," I said, "this is Donnie, the instructor I've been telling you about. He made this trip especially to meet you." Birk rose slightly from his seat and reached forward to shake hands with

“This is a matter
of international importance,”
said the FBI agent.
“We can't let a bunch of
crazies kill a head
of state here in the U.S.”

Donnie, who maintained his slight slump as he leaned toward Birk and took his hand.

Lal nodded to Morris.

"Don can get the things you need," I said. "He's got the contacts for the plastic explosives, the Ingrams, and the passports."

"Well," Birk said, "it is very useful to know such a man."

"I've worked with Donnie for a long time," I said, "and he handles things for me. Either he can get what you need, or he'll be able to find someone who can."

In his jeans, sweater, and black cotton windbreaker, Donnie looked perfect in the part of a mercenary.

I began the meeting with my price quotes for conducting the training Birk wanted, and asked questions concerning details of lodging, feeding, and transporting his men. If the training agreement between us had been genuine, these would have been concerns. Birk was now talking in terms of a dozen men or less, and a course that would extend for only a few weeks rather than three months. This brought about a reduction in expenses and pay from the Sikhs.

I had first estimated \$10,000 for my pay, plus \$2,000 for additional instructor salaries, but that was based on a three-month training program. By the time Birk and I finished discussing costs, I was reduced to a one-month time commitment and \$3,000 in pay for myself, not counting the assistant's fee I was supposed to be charging.

To keep our business meeting realistic, I had to calculate, refigure, and bicker for the dollars.

"Can we get a ride up to the training site?" Donnie asked. "We need to see it before we make plans."

"That is not necessary now," Birk said, drinking his orange juice. "I have made other arrangements. That property up in the mountains is still covered with snow. We cannot even reach it by car right now. I didn't realize this condition would exist when I bought that land, so I have begun to look for something closer."

"Like here in New York?" I asked. "John, I need a remote place for these guys to train. We're going to be blowing things up!"

John smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "I have a good place in mind. It will be private and it will be nearer the city. I wish I had known about the weather problem before. This has been one of the reasons for our delay."

I had placed a large-scale map of New York State on the bed so I could casually refer to it and give Birk the opportunity to point out the general area of his upstate property, but it apparently didn't matter now. And if we were not taking the trip upstate, the entire caravan of cars, helicopters, and light planes would not be needed, either. I could imagine the agent in charge of the chase detail exhaling in relief.

With that matter settled for the moment, I moved on to another critical subject—the false passports. "Donnie gets some of the traveling papers I need," I said. "Don, John wants some U.S. passports. Do you still have that friend who can get them?"

"Yeah," Morris said, "but it depends on how many and how fast. What exactly do you need?"

"Oh, not so many," Birk said. "I don't have an actual count right now, but possibly a half dozen."

"You'll need to get the photos and the names you want in each one," I said to Birk. "The photos have to be the passport-quality type."

"I understand," Birk said. "I will see how many I need and organize it this next week."

"Now, I have a consideration," Birk continued. "In June, here in New York, there will be a special fair for India. It will be displays of art, foods, and culture. I think it would be nice if we could do something, even something small, to show India our displeasure."

"Do something like what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing very serious. I don't be-

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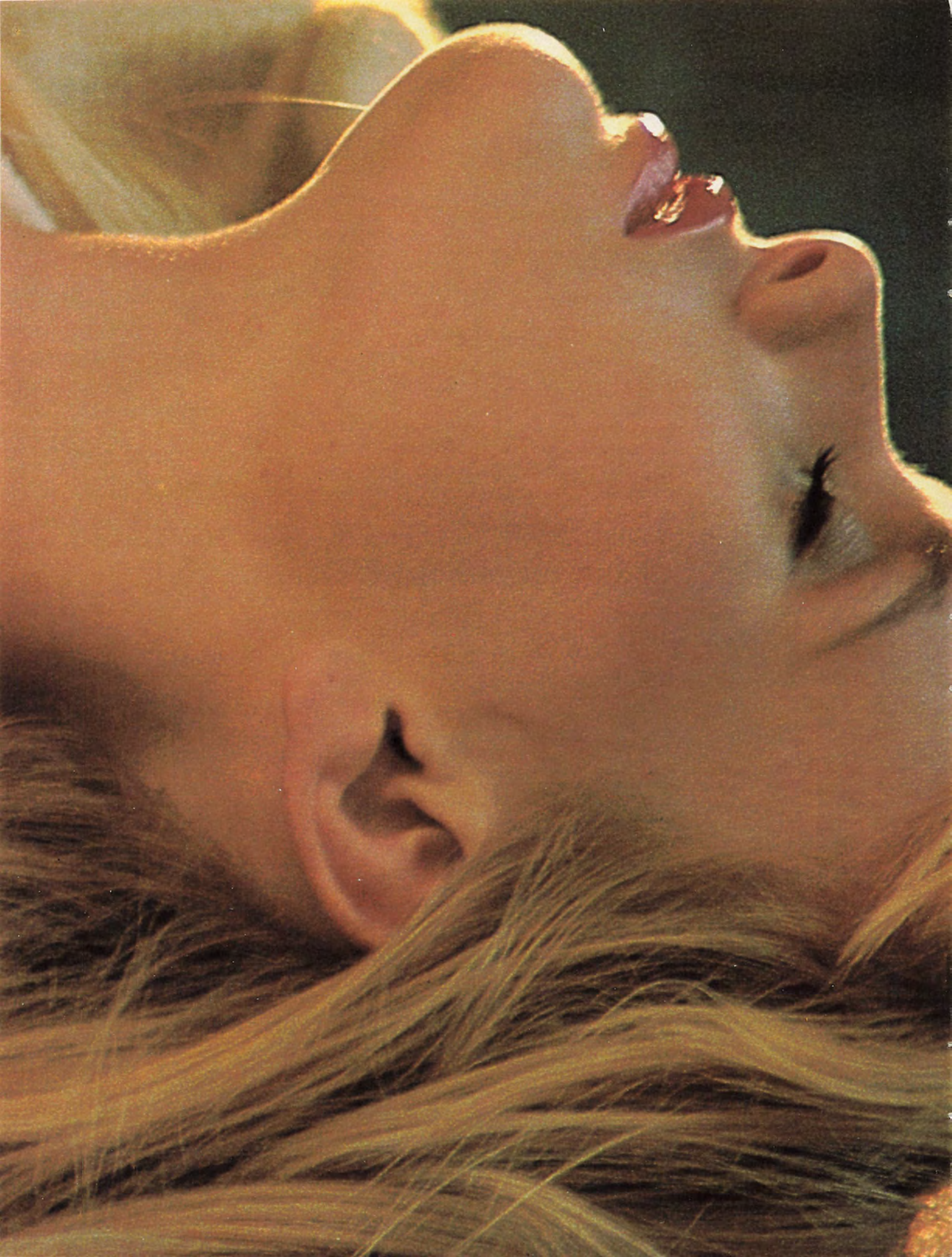
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THE GIRLS OF NEWLOOK



Designed to examine the full spectrum of life in the eighties, our sensational new sister magazine is celebrating its first anniversary this month with a special edition. On newsstands everywhere.

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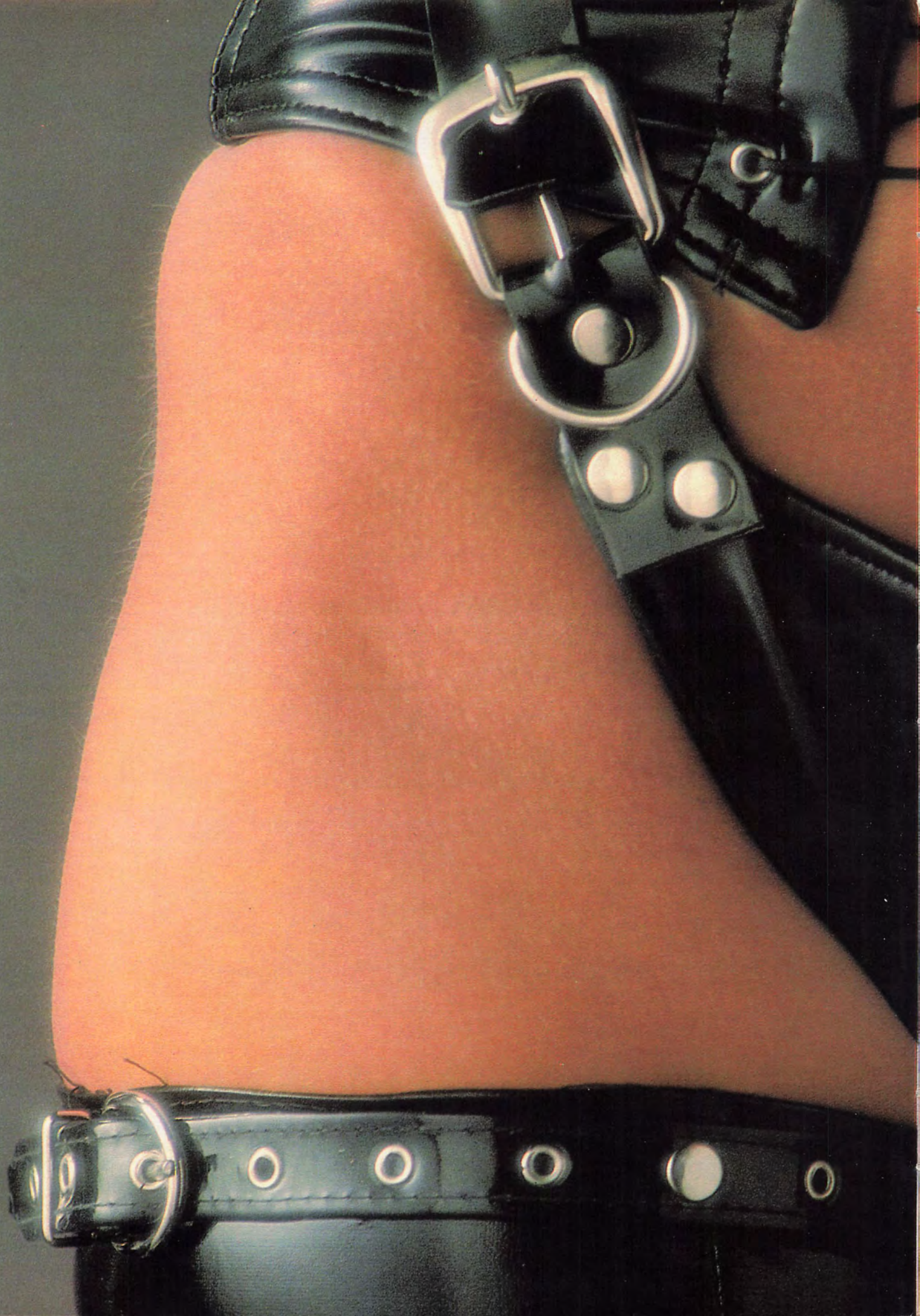








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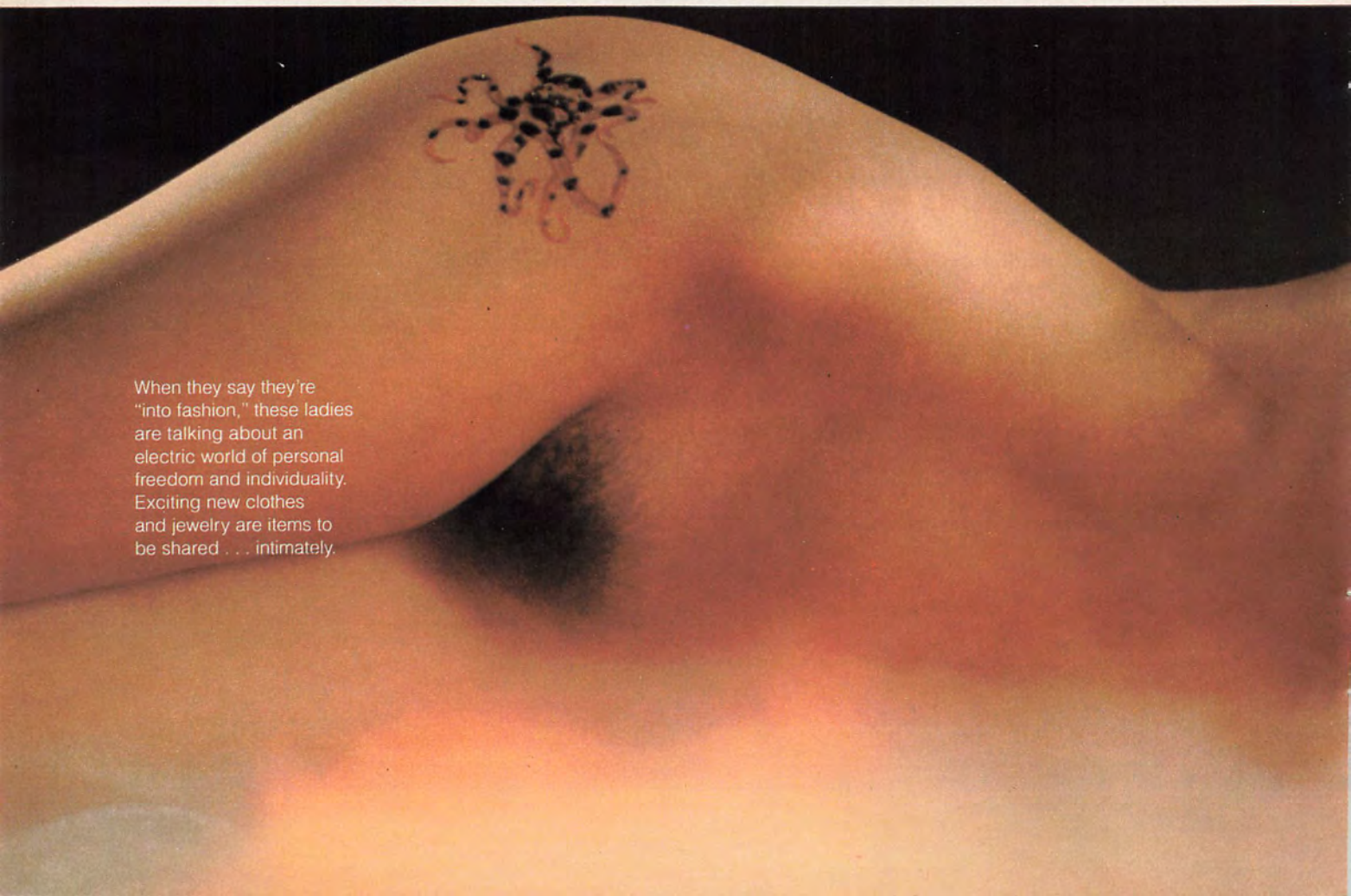




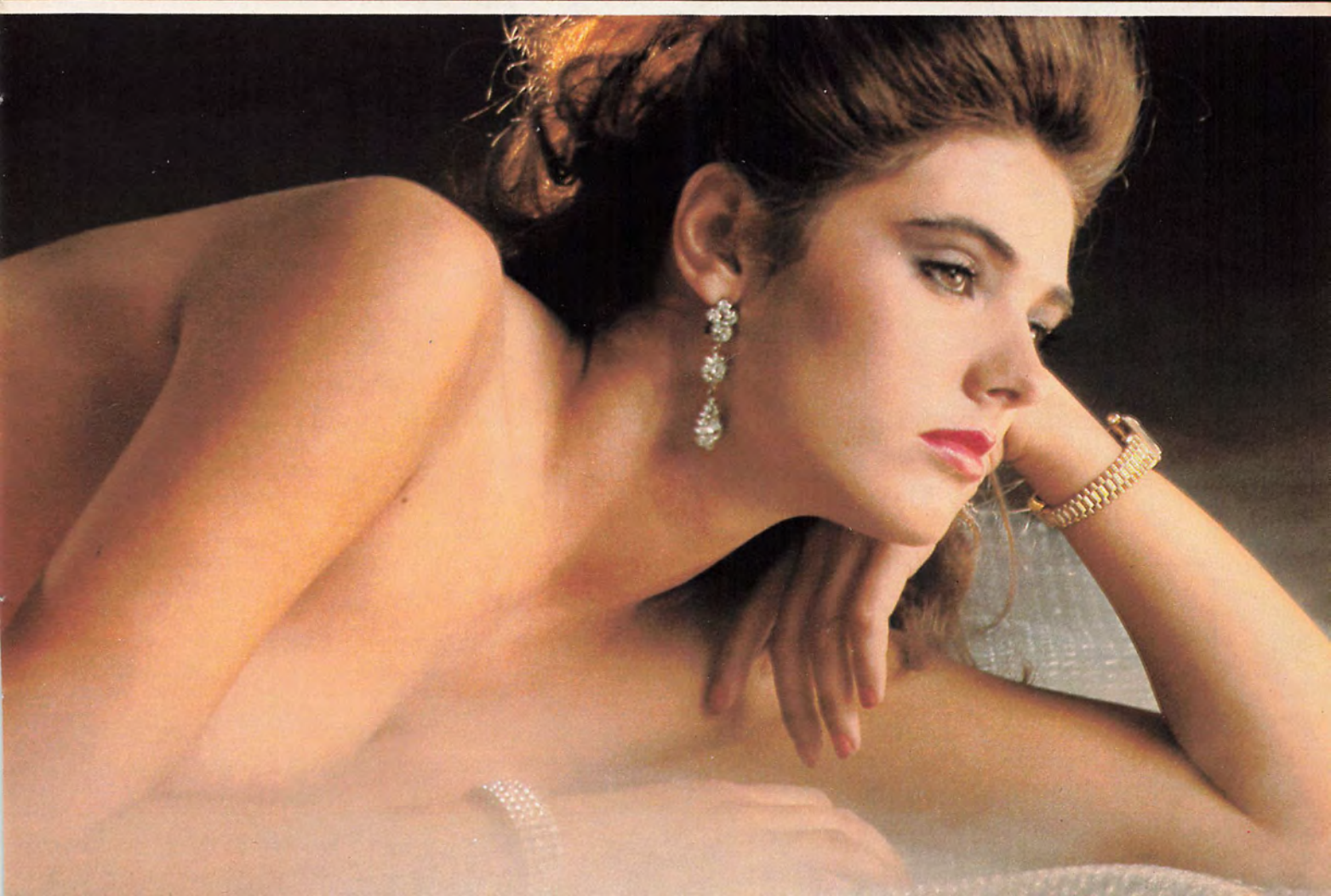
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Observe opium begin its long journey around the world. On the left, a supply truck travels through Pakistan's legendary Kyber Pass.

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Join Frank Camper's Mercenary Association and learn the arts of survival and sabotage.

After you've read Camper's article in *Penthouse* (page 42), you can visit his school in person—in the pages of *Newlook*, of course! 



TERROR PLOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

lieve we would want to hurt anyone; I just feel we cannot allow them to have such an event and let it go untouched."

"Something nonlethal?" I asked. Morris glanced at me. He didn't want me suggesting anything to Birk. On tape, the U.S. government wanted all the motions to come from the Sikhs.

"We even have word that the biggest bastard of them all, Rajiv, will be coming. We just may have something planned for him in the future."

I had wondered when the talk would come around to Gandhi. He had to be the primary target for the Sikhs. They had already killed his mother, Indira.

"You wouldn't want to hit Gandhi in the States, would you?" Morris asked.

"Oh, no, we wouldn't want to embarrass our host country," Birk said. "We would like to have good relations with the United States."

"Do you think you can get U.S. support or U.S. recognition?" I asked.

"Most certainly," Birk replied. "But if you develop any ideas for this June, let me know. I don't want their fair to go smoothly for them."

"John," I said, "the things we are discussing are very serious. Donnie and I cannot afford any trouble with the United States government. You and I discussed

security precautions before, but at this stage, I have to make certain there are no leaks about our involvement with you."

Birk shrugged and looked at Lal. "Only our very top leaders know of these talks," he said. "We will keep it this way. You will deal only with me or with Lal."

"But what if we go to India or Pakistan?" Donnie asked.

"We will not share information about you with our people there," Birk said. Lal nodded in agreement.

Morris appeared thoughtful, as if he were making decisions about becoming any more deeply involved. "You told Frank you were looking for explosives," he said. "Do you mean like C4?"

"That is the U.S. military explosive," I explained.

"Yes," Birk said. "Since our man in India has been jailed, it has been very hard for us to get what we need. How much C4 can you supply?"

"Well, I don't know right off," Donnie said. "I have to have a chance to go back and talk to my source. How much do you think you'll need?"

"I suppose it would depend on the power of the explosive as to how much we need," Birk said.

"What do you want to blow up?" Donnie asked.

The verbal dancing was necessary for Donnie to avoid "entrapping" the Sikhs by suggesting a violent act or trying to persuade them to buy explosives. It was

one of the legal aspects of counterterrorism. The terrorists could be illegal. We couldn't.

"We have one building, it is like a hotel," Birk said, and asked Lal something in his language. Lal answered, then Birk turned back to us. "A large hotel, and a major bridge."

"Railroad or automobile bridge?" I asked.

"Just automobiles," Birk said.

"That's a lot of C4," Morris said.

Lal spoke again to Birk, reminding him of something. "We can get a bomb aboard an Indian naval vessel. We would like C4 for that as well."

I had to find out how they had the ability to take a bomb aboard a ship. "Aboard a naval vessel?" I asked. "That's pretty tight security! How can you get a bomb big enough past the guards?"

"You don't understand," Birk said. "We don't have as much security in our country as you do. The naval ships are not even guarded at times, and even when they are, we have many Sikhs who work on them or on the docks."

"Do your people have their hair and beards cut so they look like Hindus?" I asked.

"Yes. When we shave and cut our hair we look exactly like the Indians," Birk said.

"You need over a hundred pounds of C4 just to start with," Morris said.

"Can you get it?" Birk asked.

"I can try. I don't know if I can get the entire amount all from one source. You'll have to give me some time."

"The hotel you mentioned," I said. "Why hit it?"

"It is a special hotel, a hotel for visiting officials—what do you call it?—for officials in the Indian government."

"A VIP hotel?"

"Yes, exactly," Birk said.

"I'm going on a job and I won't be finished for a couple of weeks, but I'll get the answers about the passports and the C4 and relay them back to you through Frank," Morris said to Birk.

Donnie was actually promised out on another FBI operation, and simply didn't have the time to pursue the matter. The Sikh operation would have to wait until he could come back to it. This was a perfect example of the FBI having to juggle operatives, to the possible detriment of a counterterrorism mission.

Birk was satisfied. He stood and Lal collected the orange juice glasses and set them back beside the pitcher. All of us left the room together and walked to the elevators, and rode one down to the lobby.

Donnie pushed the glass door open, and we filed out onto the noisy New York street. I could almost feel the camera focus on us.

"I'll call you," I said to Birk, as he and Lal walked away; Birk smiled and waved at us.

Morris was actually wearing a smile of his own. "I think we got 'em," he said.



"We did all we could, but the paperwork was too much."



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PENTHOUSE

KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER

SENATOR LOWELL WEICKER

“The United States is not a Christian nation. It is a great nation with Christians, among others, in it. But our greatness is based on the fact that there is no official religion.”

In the clublike atmosphere of the U.S. Senate, where eccentricities are tolerated and often even accorded grudging respect, Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) is an enigma. He has written the textbook on how to be a political maverick, yet has survived three terms.

Weicker is a seeming mass of contradictions. A great-grandnephew of an Archbishop of Canterbury, he battled dramatically to keep prayer out of public schools. A lifelong Republican, Lowell Weicker's memorable tenure on the Senate Watergate Committee helped speed Presi-

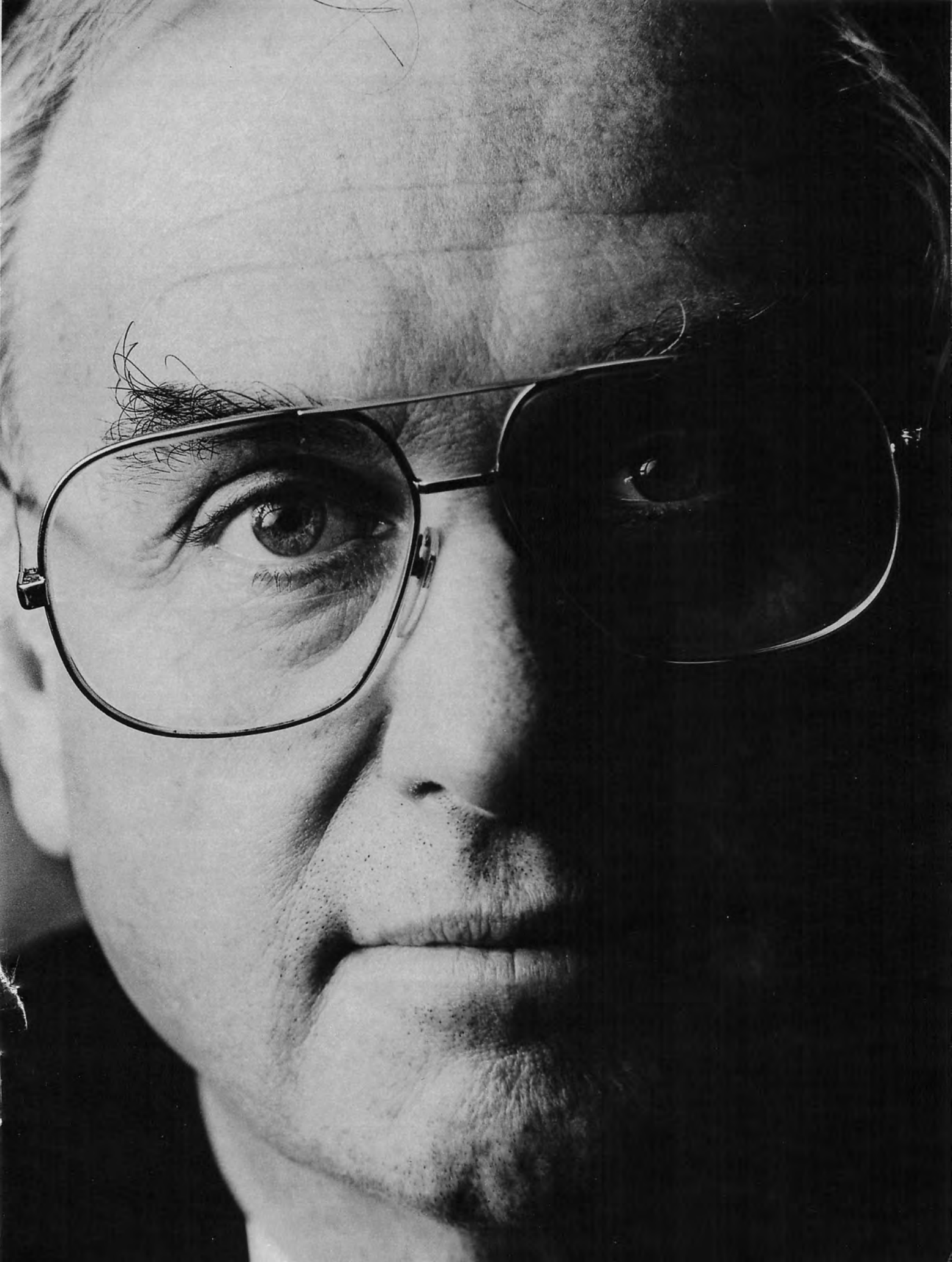
dent Richard Nixon's return to private life. A 15-year Senate veteran, Weicker broke a major taboo by taking a stand against South African apartheid, not only on the legislative floor, but in a Washington, D.C., jail cell as well.

At the top of conservative hit lists, the 54-year-old senator has only his prized political independence to account for his record of never losing an election, despite being Connecticut's only Republican in statewide office.

Given Weicker's liberal views, "the general feeling is that he'd be better off on the other side," notes GOP

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY





national chairman Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada. Weicker, however, has no kind words reserved for his Democratic colleagues. "There is a lack of courage on the other side," Weicker says, and becoming a Democrat has no appeal for him. "They won't stand up to Reagan—or, indeed, anyone else. They try to snipe, but they don't come forward with gutsy alternatives." Weicker hints that the country is ripe for a third political party.

The senior senator from Connecticut has only one source of political devotion: preserving the U.S. Constitution. "There are no deals within the Constitution" is his credo.

Weicker's persistence paid off this fall when a bill to give states the power to allow school prayer was crushed 62–36. The *Washington Post* described the vote as "a low-water mark for backers, who had formerly commanded a majority vote and hours of Senate deliberation." Weicker cites the convincing victory as proof that the tide of public support has turned against the Moral Majority types in government.

He has also devoted enormous effort to handling the nation's steamiest political and constitutional hot potato: abortion. Zealously applying his prohibition against messing with the Constitution to fight the antiabortionists, Weicker dove into an unpleasant task that even pro-choice legislators prefer to handle with asbestos-lined gloves.

"Unpopular issues haven't scared him off," comments Barry Lynn, legislative counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union. "He's one of the real serious champions of civil liberties in the Senate," says Lynn, who salutes Weicker as "a master of the parliamentary procedures" and "a terrific educator of the public." He says Weicker's triumph on school prayer, defeating an intense lobbying effort from such popular figures as Tom Landry and Roger Staubach, as well as Ronald Reagan, is an example of how a determined senator can successfully take a struggle from legislative chambers to talk shows. "One of the things that makes him so good," notes Lynn, "is that in the process of defeating school prayer, he was able to change public opinion."

While Weicker is certainly a political pariah among most Republicans, he is still one of the boys in the cloakroom—and especially in the Senate gymnasium. Weicker is clearly one of the best tennis players in the august body, and is highly

sought after on the courts by colleagues who usually despise his rhetorical volleys. "Most of his relationships are due to tennis," says Laxalt, who frequently teams up with liberal Weicker as an ideological-odd-couple doubles partner. The two "usually win," Laxalt says. "We don't convert political differences into personal differences."

A political outcast with a country-club backhand, Weicker is one of a curious breed once described as "a strange combination of aristocrat and street-tough guerrilla." An heir to the multimillion-dollar Squibb drug fortune, Weicker was born in Paris, where his father ran the company's European operations. He grew up on Park Avenue and in other fashionable neighborhoods, graduated from Yale and the University of Virginia Law School, and served a stint in the Army artillery corps.

Weicker began his political career in 1962 as a state and local legislator in the affluent Republican suburb of Greenwich. By 1969, he was already irritating Richard Nixon as a freshman member of Congress. In 1970, he was elected to the Senate in a close three-way race.

When Weicker emerged as a star on the Senate Watergate Committee in 1973, Nixon must have wished he'd tried harder to sabotage his nomination back in 1970. Coincidentally, former White House aide John Dean lived two doors down from Weicker in Alexandria, Virginia. The two would share neighborly beers on the sidewalk, and one day Dean told Weicker he wanted to spill his guts to the committee. Under Weicker's questioning, Dean revealed the presence of Nixon's celebrated enemies list in a historic televised drama that would lead to Nixon's resignation in the face of impending impeachment.

But Weicker failed to cash in on his political fortune in 1976, preferring not to lock horns with President Gerald Ford. Instead, he mounted an abortive 41-day presidential campaign in 1980.

The thrice-married Senator's personal life has been as tumultuous as his career. Weicker and his second wife traded charges of "emotional instability" during messy 1984 divorce proceedings. Politics, Weicker admits, has cost him emotionally. "Had I not been in politics, would I have stayed married [to his first wife] and spent my life in Greenwich, Connecticut, with my family? I think the answer is probably yes."

Weicker has five sons and two stepsons. One son, Gray, 25, was a professional hockey player with the New England Whalers, and sports pictures abound in Weicker's office. He also has a seven-year-old with Down's syndrome, and he frequently excoriates Reagan administration officials for a lack of sensitivity to the handicapped. In his personal fiefdom as chairman of the powerful Appropriations Subcommittee on Labor, Health and Human Services, Education and Related Services, Weicker oversees the use of billions of federal dollars and helps decide how much money will be allotted to AIDS or cancer research.

Last spring, he destroyed the careers of two high-level Education Department officials who told his subcommittee that handicaps were essentially God's will and only a private misfortune. That day, Weicker fired off a letter to Education Secretary William Bennett suggesting his aides would be better off expressing their views in private employment. In fact, Weicker said, he would move to eliminate funding for their salaries. Both resigned within 48 hours.

Since trying to convert or usually even lobbying Weicker "would be an exercise in futility," Senator Laxalt points out, the White House "tries to deal with him carefully." In Reagan's handling of Weicker, "he adopts a hands-off approach."

"I realize that with the independence you get the smile in the street," the senator comments, "whereas you're the skunk at the garden party at the White House. My reward is exactly what I want it to be."

To find out the latest developments in the battle to preserve the Constitution, *Penthouse* sent Washington journalist Lee Michael Katz to interview Weicker on Capitol Hill and at his home in Connecticut. He reports: "I've seen Lowell Weicker filibuster on the Senate floor, speak to high school students, and put his feet up on his coffee table while ruminating about forcing Richard Nixon from office. It is not hard for Weicker to emphasize a point. He is a bear of a man, a solid six feet six inches tall with a booming voice. Weicker doesn't just speak, he bellows in outrage. After spending more than a dozen hours interviewing Weicker, I can say that what makes him different from most modern senators is that he is fueled largely by burning ideological passion. His message is unvarying: 'Don't mess with the Constitution.'"

Penthouse: Over the past few years there have been numerous attempts to amend or update the Constitution, but these seem to have radically increased during this administration's tenure. Are you troubled by these attempts?

Weicker: First of all, I think conservatives have every right to change society in the United States. They are in power. They got elected. Elections aren't just held to elect different individuals, but to carry out

different policies. So I don't object to conservatives trying to change life in these United States via the legislature, but I do take great exception to doing it via the Constitution. Because while parties change and philosophies change, the Constitution must remain constant.

Penthouse: What is this conservative majority trying to do?

Weicker: The reason why they're cramming in all this stuff is that I don't think

they think they're going to be around for very long. Basically, these are ideas that do not have popular acceptance in this country. How did this happen? Because the American people have taken a walk on the whole election process. So you have these people out on the floor in the Senate and in the House advocating one-issue situations, because they are beholden to a one- or two- or even three-percent power block within their constitu-

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CELEBRITY BLOOPERS

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



CUT!!
OH, MY GOD, HE'S
EATEN MICKEY MOUSE....

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EXPENSIVE HORS D'OEUVRE



UH ...ER ... YES,
TECHNICALLY YOU
DID CATCH HER BEFORE
SHE HIT THE GROUND...



OOPS ...
MOST SORRY,
COLONEL
KHADAFI...

WE MISTOOK
YOU FOR AN
AMERICAN
ROCK STAR...



TERROR PLOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

TO KILL GANDHI:
MID-MARCH 1985

The phone rang. I immediately recognized the voice of "Fox," my FBI contact agent.

"Frank, we've got a hot one," he said. "Birk just told Donnie that he now has permission to hit Gandhi. This operation is a lot bigger than it has been. This is a matter of international importance. We can't let a bunch of crazies kill a head of state here in the United States."

"Remember in New York?" I asked. "Birk told us there he didn't want to embarrass the United States?"

"Well, he's changed his mind now. He's talking money with Donnie now. He'll be calling you next."

"What's Donnie saying?" I asked.

"Nothing right now. He's listening. We have to be careful with this."

"What do you want me to say when he calls me?"

"Stall him. Tell him you're thinking about it. Try and pull anything out of him you can. We need some time," Fox said.

"I suppose they want to do it in June, during Gandhi's visit," I said.

"Yeah. We could ask State to change Gandhi's schedule around, or to postpone it. We have to do something."

"Where has Birk been?" I asked.

"Well, he told you he was on vacation, but he just told Donnie he was in London for a Sikh World Council meeting."

"Then that's where he got the order to kill Gandhi," I said.

"Right. The old boy is serious, too. He told Donnie while they were driving out to take a look at the new training property that he wanted the hit."

"Where's it going to be?"

"The place is in Delaware, New Jersey, just a wide spot in the road. We need to get together and have some coffee. I'll draw you a map. You're supposed to know where it is, in case Birk starts asking questions."

"Fine. Just give me the time and place to meet," I said.

Donnie gave Birk a choice of methods and prices for the Gandhi hit, and told him to pick the one he wanted. In descending order, they were roughly like this:

1. *First-rate assassin.* This was a guaranteed hit, performed by the best. It could cost a million dollars or more, because whoever did it would not be able to work for a while.

2. *Semiprofessional assassin.* Half the cost of the best, but an excellent chance of success. Upcoming assassins building a reputation fall into this category. The price was \$500,000 or less.

3. *Lone gunman, apparent crazy killer, etc.* This was the most risky of the categories, but one that often worked. An assassin of this type could be prepared and

hired for \$50,000 or less. It was an often-used scheme.

4. *Sikhs from Birk's own organization.* This would cost the least, but also had the least chance for success.

Birk picked No. 3, the lone gunman. He and Donnie dickered over the price until finally settling on the figure of \$30,000. Birk said he could provide intelligence on Gandhi's arrival, movements, and security, all of this coming from Sikh spies within the Indian government.

The deal was made.

Morris was slowly taking over the Sikh operation from me, but I did not feel any resentment. What I did worry about was his making an error and the whole mission collapsing because of a slip.

THE RAID PLAN: LATE APRIL 1985

The raid that was supposed to lead to the arrest of all the Sikh terrorist trainees was planned for approximately May 8, two days after the "training" course was to

Counterterror planning
in the U.S is still in its
infancy. Our own
legal safeguards protect the
terrorists and hinder
those who have your life as
their responsibility.

start. Donnie and two other FBI agents, all pretending to be Mercenary School cadre, would be at the Delaware, New Jersey, site to greet the incoming students.

The raid team itself was assembled at FBI headquarters in Quantico, Virginia, and was being briefed on the layout of the training site, its grounds and buildings. The team, after receiving word the Sikhs were in place, would fly into New Jersey and be driven to an assembly point near the site.

There were different raid plans to cover different situations. In one plan, the Sikhs, under the impression they were going to attend a class, would be escorted by Donnie into a wooded area near the training site's building. At the wooded area, contraband weapons and explosives would be ready for the supposed training. Hidden in the forest around the training area would be the FBI teams, carrying video cameras in order to record the actual raid. A second—and preferred—option was to begin the training, and then at night, while the students slept, move in the raid teams and arrest all of the Sikhs quietly and efficiently.

Much of the responsibility for the timing and method of the raid depended on Donnie Morris, who would be the key inside man. He would have to communicate and coordinate with the raid team—with Sikhs all around him. I could not be present at the training site since that would reveal my cover, and at that time, a good deal of care had been taken to keep my participation and position in the operation secret.

Fox told me to make an excuse to Birk to miss the very start of the training. During the last week of April, while Donnie was visiting with Birk to settle some of the final details before beginning the training, Donnie called me and, after he and I faked a short discussion, handed the phone to Birk.

I told Birk I could not be on time for the training because my son had injured his arm in a motorcycle accident, and I needed to be home to take care of him for a few days. Birk wasn't happy with my inability to be available on time, but he accepted the excuse.

When I put the handset down on the cradle, I thought the next thing I heard about the Sikhs would be on the national news.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1985

It was about 10 A.M. The sun was shining outside, and I was relieved that the FBI raid team from Quantico would very shortly be on their way to New Jersey. The Sikhs would be in the bag, and I would be paid.

I heard my son Barret's motorcycle outside, and he came into the house in a hurry. He had been sleeping at the Bunker, and I assumed he was coming home for breakfast.

"The Sikhs are at the Bunker," he said.

My first thought was that he was joking.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes!" Barret said. I could see he wasn't joking. "They're talking with Paul right now."

"How many of them are there?" I asked, wondering what was happening, what had gone wrong.

"Just a couple, that's all I saw."

I knew something was wrong. No Sikhs were supposed to be in town at all. The Sikh operation was over. This had the signs of a possible disaster.

I telephoned the downtown FBI office and asked the switchboard operator to call my contact agent at home. A minute later, the phone rang. It was Fox.

"There are Sikhs at the Bunker," I said, and began to explain what I knew so far. As I was doing that, Barret came back, hurrying to the bedroom where I was waiting.

"They want Paul to go to New Orleans and kill somebody," Barret said. "They want guns. Paul's just driven them to Tim's so they can buy a pistol from him."

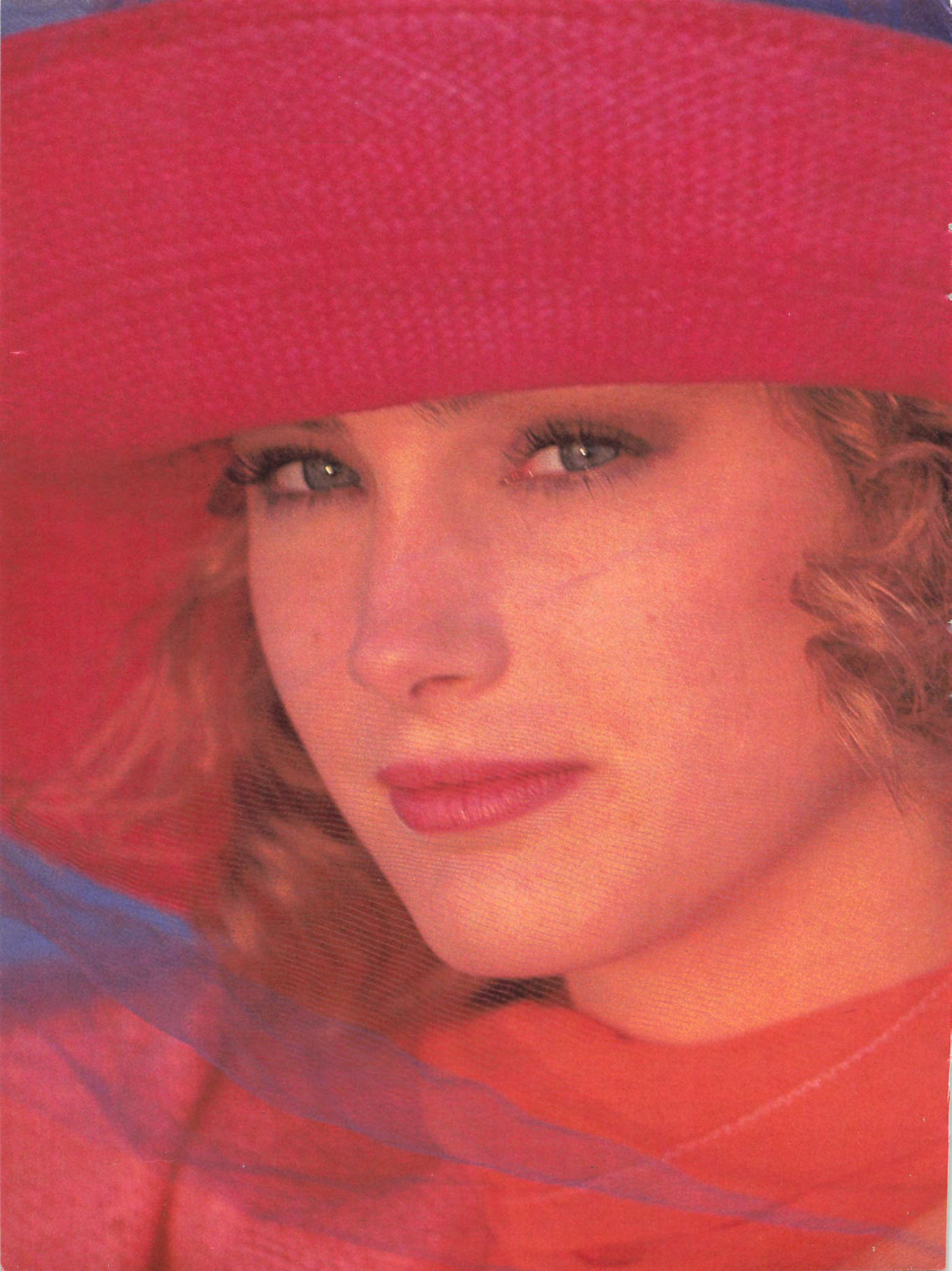
I relayed the information to Fox.

"Let me tell you something," he said.

"We got a telex from the CIA saying there



DALLAS





FINDING HER OWN PLACE IN THE SUN

A sense of place and permanency is most important to our peripatetic Pet of the Month, Dallas Roddy, perhaps because she's had to adapt to so many different locales as home. These days, she divides her time equitably between Jamaica, Florida, and New York. But, once you really get to know and understand this travelin' girl, you'll find a pretty basic lady who knows that home is where the heart is. "I'm a Cajun," says Baton Rouge-born Dallas, "and my dream is to do something really wonderful and special with my life." And what would be the *most* special thing that could happen? "Finding Harrison Ford on top of Mont Blanc during a blizzard . . . and generating lots of body heat together with him!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





Harrison Ford? But the prevailing wisdom among friends and family is that feminist guru Gloria Steinem is one of the persons she most admires. "Sure," she agrees, "I believe in equal rights for women. That's why I want to find substance, not window dressing, in any man I meet."





"But," she continues, "too much of the time I meet these gushing, machismo guys who just want to hand me a line. And I ignore them," she laughs. "They're real losers! I don't need to be flattered into submission. I *like* being me!"







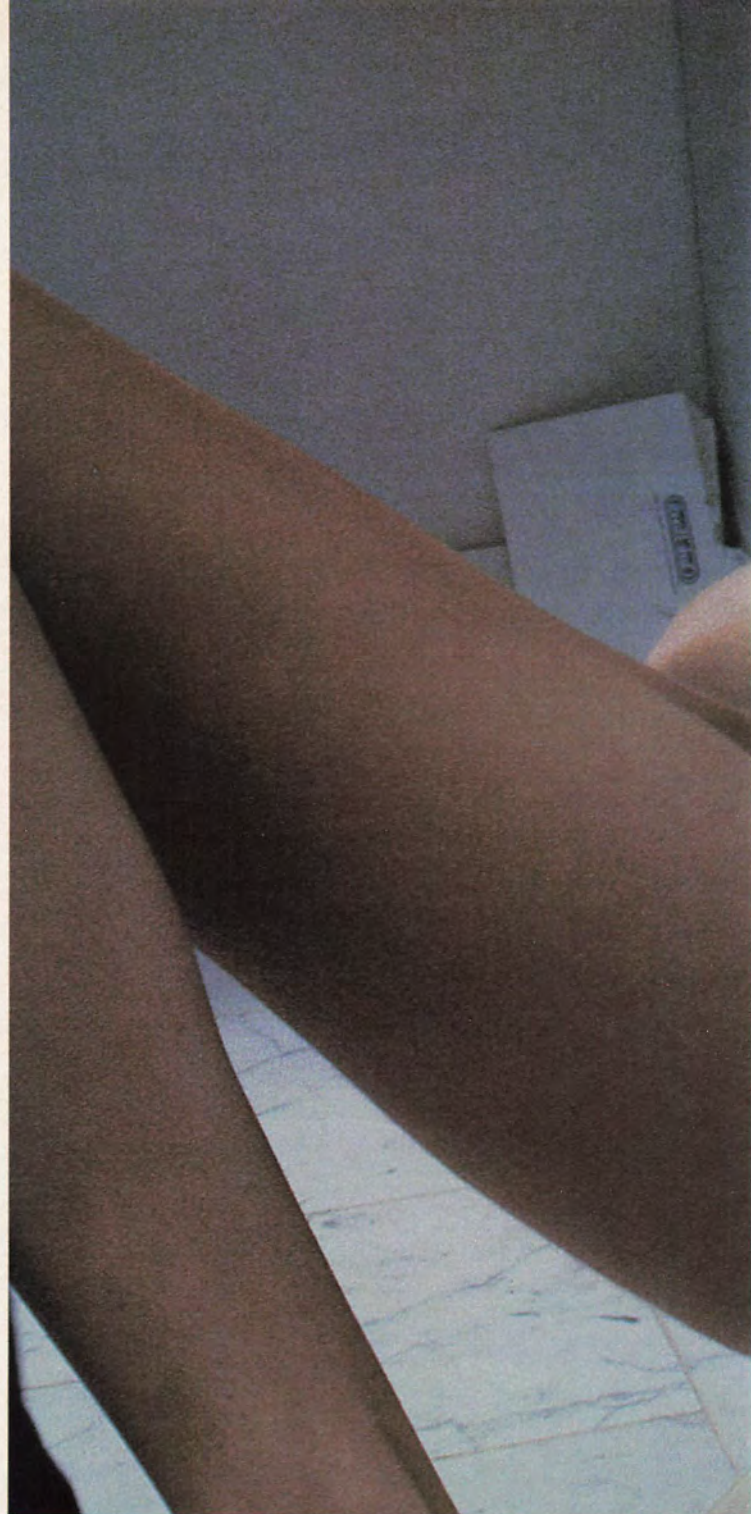
Nineteen-year-old Dallas supplements her marketing career in Florida, working as an accountant, with interviews in New York and time-outs in Jamaica. "Some of my girlfriends," she says, "are even busier than I am."





"But," she continues breathlessly, "I don't think I could ever be that busy. I love my leisure time . . . I love men and I love sex!" our unabashed 36-25-35 beauty confides.





But, since she's determined to take her chances in the fast track, Dallas is equally certain that she's not ready to be faithful to any one man. "I've only just begun. I have goals to attain in the meantime, and I don't intend to lose a single opportunity in the process!" So much for us "men of substance"!









MISS DALLAS RODDY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





●Ideologues are planning
to use the excuse of the Gramm-
Rudman bill to eliminate
hard-won veterans' programs.●

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Recent public hearings held by the House and Senate Veterans' Affairs committees clearly indicate that the next year and a half will be a time of considerable challenge, if not turmoil, in the management, direction, and scope of veterans' affairs. Part of this is due to the passage of the great majority of World War II and Korean War veterans into the over-65 ranks of the general population. But most of it is due to fundamental changes in the role of government in defining and meeting the current domestic goals of the nation as established by the Reagan administration.

For the past 40 years, in spite of ups and downs, the nation felt it had a special obligation and responsibility to those who had answered their country's call to arms during both the cold and hot wars of this century. Today, we believe that continued acceptance by the nation of this obligation faces its most serious challenge since the veterans of World War I were left to fend for themselves in the early 1920s. Then, the shame of veterans dying in charity- and county-hospital wards for the indigent, as a consequence of wounds and gas attacks they incurred in France, bestirred our nation to provide proper care for these men.

Many of the arguments we are currently hearing in support of changing the rules of the "veterans game" are ones that have been used in the past to abandon the War on Poverty and demolish the Great Society programs. Regardless of one's political persuasion or judgment about the effectiveness of these efforts, there is no basis in fact to equate these wide-ranging



social-welfare programs with the limited nature of veterans' programs. Only veterans and/or their survivors who meet certain standards of eligibility, based on the character of the veteran's military service, may receive treatment in the VA's medical-care facilities.

Much of the current anti-veteran rhetoric focuses on the notion that successful survival of military service is "no big deal," and that the provision of programs and benefits for veterans discriminates against nonveterans. Although it's unclear which ideological bent is the handmaiden of this nonsense, it is being used by partisans on both the Left and Right to advance their respective agendas at the expense of veterans. Those on the Right contend, on cost-benefit grounds, that the only veterans who should be assisted are those who can't help themselves; those on the Left agree somewhat and contend further that veterans in need of government help should line up along with the rest of America's social-welfare recipients to get it.

If this antiveteran rhetoric were only a consequence of the fiscal uncertainties associated with the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Deficit Re-

duction Act, it would be troublesome enough. However, those who oppose veterans' programs and benefits on ideological grounds are planning to use the excuse of Gramm-Rudman to eliminate the veterans' special claim on government resources and the separateness of veterans' programs.

It appears that the tactics to accomplish this objective in the near term will be designed to redefine the term "veteran," in order to curtail the number of new veterans eligible to participate in various programs and receive benefits. For example, it seems that the next step in reducing the VA medical-care system—or, as some are currently arguing, to "privatize" it—will be to deny admission to VA hospitals to those veterans who have Medicare supplemental insurance. (At present, veterans without a service-connected disability covered by Medicare are eligible for such admission on a space-available basis upon payment of the \$496 deductible.) Lurking behind this ploy are the political points to be gained by politicians on the make, who are willing to appease the overbuilt, overpriced private medical system and claim credit for subse-

quent budget savings.

As debate over this matter widens, bear in mind that one unintended consequence may be the effective loss of the VA medical-care system as a valid standard for excellence and cost-effectiveness in health care. The fact that VA medical care is as good as, and in many VA hospitals better than, that provided in civilian hospitals—as well as substantially less expensive—may be lost in the shuffle.

Attacks are also expected on disability-pension payments, to the extent that offsets will be pinpointed in order to reduce the amount of the government's payments. Wounded and disabled "double-dippers" are an inviting target. In stark terms, we expect an attempt, for example, to reduce or offset a veteran's disability-pension payment if the veteran receives outside income from, say, an inheritance. We also expect the following question to be raised once again: "Why should a veteran with a 100-percent-rated disability who is able to get and hold a full-time job receive the maximum pension payment—or any payment at all?" Those who have asked this question in the past and those who will in the future have no more idea about the courage it takes for a disabled, and perhaps disfigured, veteran to venture forth in the world of civilian work than they do about the courage it takes to face an armed enemy.

Skirmishes over these and other issues are just over the horizon. We'll do our best to keep you informed and to let you know who the veterans' friends and foes are.—William R. Corson

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“The most frequent victims of urban crime are blacks, and there is probably no group more eager to punish the guilty. Excluding them from juries is simply stupid.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY SEYMOUR WISHMAN

The author has been a criminal lawyer for 20 years, serving as both a prosecutor and a defense lawyer in New York and New Jersey. His book, *Anatomy of a Jury*, is being published shortly by Times Books and is an alternative selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

JURIES WITHOUT BLACKS

“I’ll excuse juror number three,” the D.A. said.

I jumped to my feet and threw my pencil down on the table, as I had thrown similar pencils in similar situations. “That’s the seventh black juror the prosecutor has excused,” I said in practiced disgust.

“I’ll see you both at side-bar,” the judge said.

The D.A. and I walked around the counsel table and marched up to the judge’s bench on the side farthest from the jury. The court reporter picked up her machine and carried it around to where we were, placing it between the judge and us.

“Wishman, you know better than that,” the judge said with exasperation. “If you have that kind of objection, you know you’re supposed to make it out of the hearing of the jury.”

“I’m sorry, Judge. I guess I lost my head.”

“Sure you did,” the D.A. said.

“Lose your head again, and I’ll hold you in contempt,” the judge said.

“I apologize. In any event, I would like to put my objection on the record.”

“Of course,” the judge said.

“Your Honor, the prosecutor has systematically excluded blacks from this jury, and has thereby deprived my client of his right to a trial by his peers, discriminating against him because of his race. I move for a mistrial because of the prosecutor’s racist actions.”

“I’d like to respond to this personal attack against me,” the D.A. said, his face flushed with anger.

“I didn’t make a personal attack.”

“You did so. You called me a racist.”

“I did not. I said that your actions were racist.”

“Enough,” the judge said. “Mr. Wishman, you know what the law is on this kind of objection. Your motion is denied.”

I returned to my place at the counsel table unsurprised by the judge’s ruling, but satisfied that I had gotten my point across to the white jurors in the box that the D.A. was playing them for their prejudices. Maybe one of them would be angry at that. Also, I had rattled the D.A., and I liked doing that. I might also have goaded him into leaving some blacks on if any more were called out of the panel.

More than once during my 20 years as a criminal lawyer I have sat at the counsel table next to a black client whose wife and child watched from the rear of the courtroom as earnest, law-abiding citizens were struck from the jury simply because they were black. I don’t lie to my clients—I tell them jury selection in many federal and state courts is often a racist process.

In a criminal trial, a prosecutor and a defense lawyer are permitted by what is called a “challenge for cause” to excuse a juror if there are specific reasons that person might be biased. In addition to using challenges for cause, each law-

yer can excuse without explanation a certain number of potential jurors by the use of what is called a "peremptory challenge." It is by these peremptory challenges that prosecutors frequently excuse blacks solely because they are black.

The reason for the discriminatory use of peremptory challenges is not mysterious. A lawyer usually has very little information to go on in deciding whether to accept or excuse a juror, so he often relies on hunches based on stereotypes. The stereotypes are usually not much more than the lawyer's prejudices, but those prejudices are sometimes correct. People's race, religion, or national origin can, in certain cases, turn out to have a bearing on the way they respond to the evidence or the characters in a case.

Prosecutors are sometimes correct in believing that some black jurors will be less likely to return a conviction against a black defendant because of a feeling of brotherhood. In a country that kept blacks as slaves for its first 250 years and has discriminated against them in a variety of "legal" ways since then (for example, in jury selection), some blacks might well be more suspicious of their government than whites. This suspicion can focus on a cop who is a key witness for the government, or a black defendant's claim of a coerced confession or police brutality.

There are cases where even a liberal might find discrimination acceptable. If a Nazi is accused of desecrating a synagogue, or a Mexican is facing an indictment for violating our immigration laws, Jews or Mexican-Americans, respectively, might not make the fairest jurors.

The dilemma becomes clearer in the trial of a white racist charged with lynching a black: A defense lawyer who eliminates all blacks or a prosecutor who gets rid of all whites will probably leave one of the lawyers convinced that an unfavorable verdict was colored by the racial composition of the jury. An integrated jury would probably increase the chance of a hung jury. A jury of 12 non-English-speaking Koreans might have the least likelihood of rendering a verdict infected with prejudice.

Clarence Darrow and other successful lawyers have expressed the opinion that as a general matter certain groups, such as blacks, favor the defense, and several social-science studies have demonstrated that experienced lawyers can pick jurors who will be more inclined to favor their client. But a good lawyer knows that reliance on generalizations about how entire groups will decide a case can often be simplistic and wrong. Distinctions should be made, for instance, between blacks from the West Indies and those born in the South or in the North, and consideration must be given to the nature of the crime since attitudes toward a person accused of political corruption, for example, will probably be different from attitudes toward someone accused of running numbers or a mugging.


But there is a more pragmatic reason why prosecutors should discontinue excluding blacks as a common practice from the typical juries in our cities: It is simply stupid. The most frequent victims of urban crime are blacks, and there is probably no other group more eager to convict and punish the guilty. Furthermore, a white juror unfamiliar with ghetto language and ghetto ways might be more likely to be taken in by a black defendant who is "jiving" him.

And more is at stake at a trial than the right of the defendant and the victim to have a particular jury accurately decide guilt or innocence. Trials are also supposed to settle violent disputes peacefully in such a way that people believe that justice is being done. When an all-white jury convicts a black defendant, the black community has every right to suspect that justice has *not* been done. Racial incidents, if not race riots, have been triggered by more trivial events.

Society has a right to a criminal-justice system that works and appears to work fairly. Obviously, a pattern of systematic discrimination resulting in the exclusion of particular groups from juries can only undermine the public's confidence in the fairness of verdicts. One underlying cause of the anger and alienation of many ghetto blacks, which may be one contributing cause of vicious crime against whites in the first place, has been the accurate perception of being officially discriminated against. It is only when the black community fully believes our courts treat blacks equally that we can expect black citizens to cooperate fully with law enforcement in fighting crime.

An enormous amount of effort and money has gone into our criminal-justice system in the last 20 years to get rid of the appearance of racial discrimination in our jury system. Convictions have been reversed because grand juries or petit-jury rolls or petit-jury panels have excluded blacks from their ranks. Allowing prosecutors to use peremptory challenges to systematically discriminate against blacks makes a joke out of all the revisions to our grand- and petit-jury system.

Adding to the problem is that the press has missed the story. Either out of ignorance or incompetence, journalists have failed to explain to the public how this form of racial discrimination works, or even that it exists at all. Part of the problem is that the typical criminal case is usually not followed by reporters, and the sensational case usually doesn't have this problem, often because the prosecutor knows he is being watched by the public.

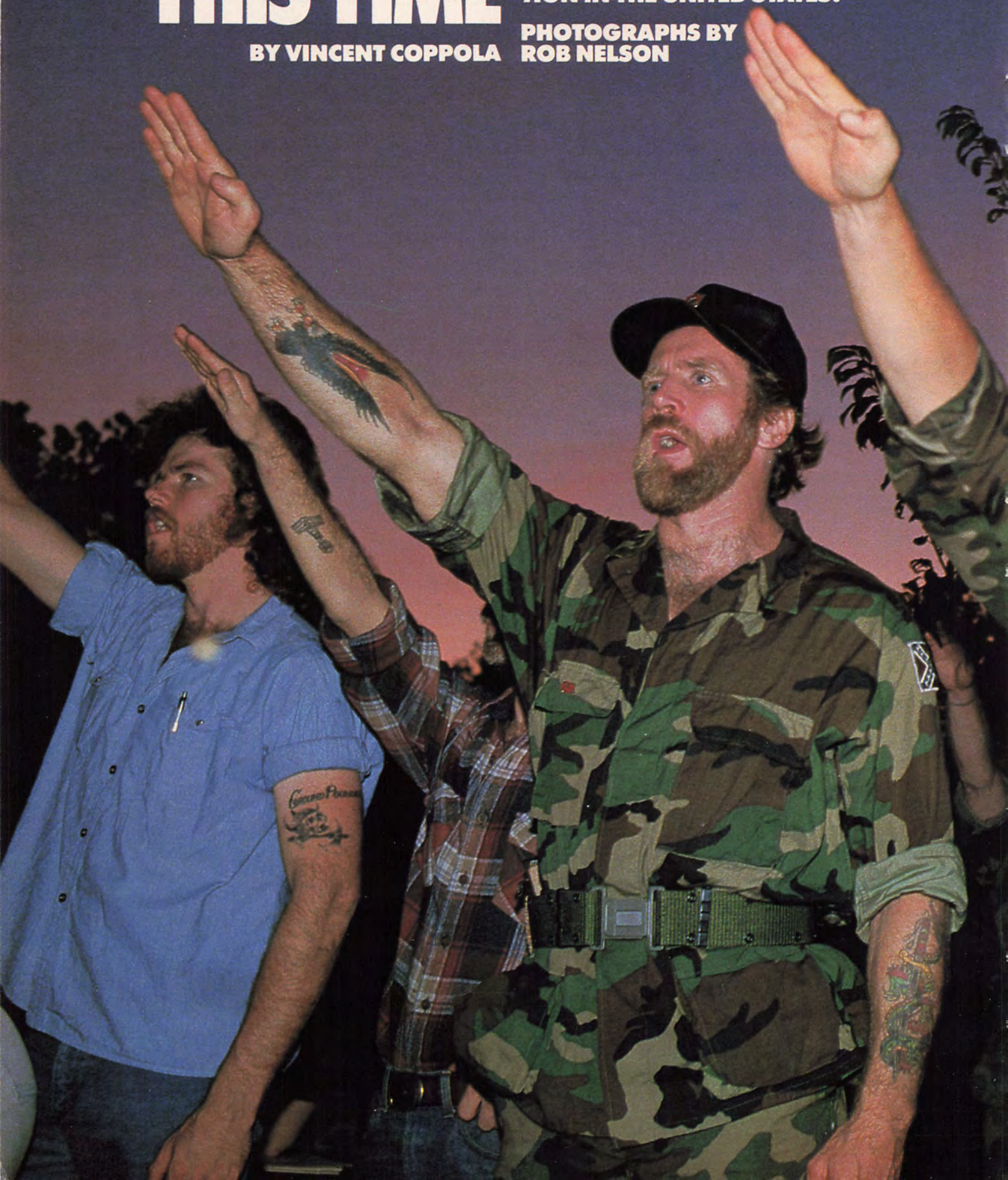
The problem of racism on juries will be totally eliminated when racism in our society is eliminated. But in the meantime, shortsighted prosecutors shouldn't exacerbate our race problems or furnish defendants with the excuse of a "prejudiced" jury, particularly when nothing is gained by these racist actions. 

THE FIRE THIS TIME

BY VINCENT COPPOLA

NEW RIGHT TERRORISTS
HAVE SWORN TO VIOLENTLY
OVERTHROW OUR
DEMOCRACY—AND CREATE A
WHITE CHRISTIAN BAS-
TION IN THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ROB NELSON







THEY KNOW EACH OTHER. THEY DRILL AT ANNUAL "FREEDOM FESTIVALS," HONING THEIR MILITARY SKILLS. ARYAN "AMBASSADORS" TRAVEL THE COUNTRY PREACHING UNITY.



They came for Alan Berg the way they had always come for Jews. In the night the young men waited, driven by dark and murderous rage. Berg pulled the VW convertible up to his Denver condominium. The radio-show host was returning from a dinner date with his ex-wife. He was halfway out of the car when he saw his killers. The burst from the silenced machine gun caught him full in the face and blew his head apart.

This was 1984. White supremacists had begun targeting citizens, law-enforcement agents, and government officials for assassination. Berg's killers were members of Silent Brotherhood, also known as the Order, one of dozens of paramilitary cults that had sprung up unnoticed across the country. The Order had plunged beyond the rituals, ranting, and bizarre proselytizing of the fanatic Right. Armed with automatic weapons and guided by *The Turner Diaries*, a novel that describes

a right-wing overthrow of the U.S. government, its storm troopers had declared war.

Berg, who had denounced the neo-Nazis, was assassinated. Armored cars and a bank were robbed in Ukiah, California, and Seattle—netting more than \$4 million for the revolution. Allied radicals gunned down state policemen in Arkansas and Missouri. Churches and synagogues were attacked; a natural-gas pipeline was dynamited to create chaos. Law-enforcement personnel were warned that they would face "daily firefights with the heavily armed . . . White American Revolutionary army."

The killers, who saw themselves as descendants of ancient Germanic tribes, set up an elaborate point system to earn the rank "Aryan Warrior." By murdering FBI agents, government officials, and other undesirables, Order members would be able to earn a series of decimal points. "One" was a perfect score.

THEY WOULD RETURN TO A SIMPLER TIME. FANATICAL CHRISTIANITY AND A COMIC-BOOK MYTHOLOGY GIRD THEM. THEY ARE THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. AMERICA IS THE PROMISED LAND.



Robert Mathews, an Idaho laborer who founded the organization, was to be the new Hitler. Jews would hang from the lampposts of his kingdom. In *The Turner Diaries*, the government collapses after an eight-year orgy of assassinations and bombings. The liberal press is silenced. FBI headquarters and the Pentagon are destroyed in suicide attacks. Israel is vaporized in a nuclear holocaust.

Mathews's end came more quickly. Six months after the Berg killing, he was cornered on Whidbey Island in Puget Sound. On the morning of December 7, 100 heavily armed state and federal agents, many camouflage-clad with blackened faces, moved onto the island. Residents were evacuated; Puget Sound shipping and air traffic were rerouted. Four of the radicals quickly surrendered, turning over an arsenal that included Uzi machine guns, semiautomatic rifles, grenades, and C4 plastic explosive.

Mathews held out for 36 hours, answering requests to surrender with bursts of automatic-weapons fire. Illumination flares dropped by a helicopter turned his safe house into an inferno. He died inside, a martyr to a madman's revolution.

In the last year, a federal task force has relentlessly hunted the remnants of the Order. They've uncovered a network of thousands of ultrarightists—tax protesters, survivalists, Klansmen, Nazis, and their sympathizers—scattered across a dozen southern and western states. The Order is a splinter of one such group—Aryan Nations, a neo-Nazi organization based in a military-style compound in Hayden Lake, Idaho. Last winter, ten members of the Order received 40-to-100-year sentences for racketeering. Elden Cutler, head of security for the Aryan Nations Church, was convicted of paying \$1,800 for the decapitation of a government witness against the Or-





der. The murder plot, however, was not carried out.

The names of these groups vary, but a common philosophy links them: Blacks are members of a primitive "mud race." God intended America to be a white Christian bastion. The government, the banking system, and the media have been subverted by Communist Jews. The country will one day be engulfed in a cleansing fire.

They know each other. They hone their combat and survival skills at annual "Freedom Festivals" sponsored by the Christian Patriots Defense League. A primitive computer network is in place. Hate literature floods the mails. Aryan "ambassadors" travel the country preaching unity. A supremacist religion—Christian Identity—is winning hundreds of converts. The Order advocates the violent overthrow of ZOG (The Zionist Occupation Government) its name for the U.S. government.

They have always known each other. Virulent hate-mongering has always been the dark side of American populism. "Jew bankers" were always responsible when the farms failed. Big government was always leaning on the little guy. The Catholics were always vassals of the pope. Now the anger was focused on newer issues: affirmative action, abortion, prayer in the classroom, taxes, farm foreclosures, immigration. A ferocious alienation had sprung up in the wake of the Reagan revolution.

Reagan had changed nothing. The Kansas farmer chokes with rage and shame as his family's land disappears on the auction block. The sheriff and his deputies are on hand to take care of troublemakers. The Gulf Coast shrimper—a veteran—must watch as Vietnamese immigrants relentlessly strip his fishing grounds. Mexicans pour into Texas and California, Haitians into Florida.

The appeal of extremism is strong. Unlike the campus radicals of the sixties, these men have nothing to lose. Frustrated and desperate, they are given hope, promised vengeance. Everything is suddenly black-and-white. No longer the rural outsider, the Aryan is awakened to his "Identity." He is a "dragon of God" cresting a divine and terrible wind. He will smite his enemies—cursed Jews who have usurped his birthright, mud races that would pollute his noble blood, the abominations who dwell in cities. He would return to a simpler time, to an America that never was.

Christian Identity and a comic-book mythology gird him. Right-wing literature endlessly trumpets the awakened Saxon, the Aryan yeomanry, the avenging Norse. The lousy job at the mill and the cramped trailer vanish before such glories. Only the fire and bloodshed demanded in these tracts seem unreal.

Christian Identity holds that Aryans are the true Israelites. They are the Chosen People. America, by extension, is the

Promised Land. Jews are descendants of a Mongolian tribe; they are children of Cain, worshippers of the Antichrist.

Biblical protections accorded Israel are neatly skirted. Alan Berg was less than a dog to his killers. Chattanooga, Tennessee's Beth Shalom synagogue was destroyed by convicted murderer Joseph Paul Franklin in a rampage of racist, anti-Semitic terror. "I hate Jews," says Thom Robb, a Christian Identity minister who is national chaplain of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. "I hate Communist Jews. I hate race-mixing Jews. We've let Antichrist Jews into our country, and we've been cursed with abortion, inflation, homosexuality, and the threat of war."

"Anglo-Saxon and kindred people are the true Israel," continues Robb. "Identity breaks the power Jewry has over America—the fear being driven into people's hearts by Jerry Falwell and other evangelists. 'If you don't bless the Jews, God will curse you.' Now we're Israel. We don't

“We will organize for our own survival,” says David Duke. “When white people become a minority, how are we going to maintain our way of life?”

have to play pansy with the Jews anymore.”

Robb looks to the day when all Jews will be cast out. "It's happened in every country in the world," he says. "America is entering the Dark Ages. A renaissance will only come about when the middlemen and nonproducers are removed." Deportation is not Robb's final solution. "Some aren't going to want to go," he adds with a grim smile.

Robb's ministry is in the Ozark Mountains. The Missouri-Arkansas border is part of the so-called Mo-Ark region—holy ground to the Aryans. Here the tribes gather in the wilderness, living in ragged communes. Stockpiling weapons. Waiting for signs that the time is at hand. Praying for the nuclear Armageddon or racial conflagration that will purge the country.

This is another America. A wholesome-looking teenage waitress confides that "the last nigger who tried to live in Harrison, Arkansas, was found hung from that bridge." Robb moved to Arkansas from Colorado; his bodyguard, a tall, blond Klansman with a wolf's grin, escaped California to "build a better life for his children."

The Covenant, the Sword, the Arm of the Lord (CSA), a doomsday commune that until recently flourished in Mountain Home, Arkansas, was so bizarre that even right-wing stalwarts like Gordon "Jack" Mohr—who regularly provides weapons training at Freedom Festivals—refer to it as "the Jonestown of the Ozarks."

CSA founder Jim Ellison carved a kingdom out of *Apocalypse Now* on the shores of Bull Shoals Lake. Gathering unto him more than 100 heavily armed disciples and their families, Ellison called his church "Zarephath Horeb," the name of a biblical cleansing place. He did not preach "love thy neighbor" Christianity. The steeple of his church was a concrete-reinforced gun tower. Rifle pits and emplacements dotted the 224-acre encampment. "Think not that I have come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a Sword" (Matthew 10:34) was the lead quotation of *The CSA Journal*, one of the commune's few links to the outside world.

The CSA Journal made it perfectly clear: "There will be economic collapse, riots in the cities, famine and war. . . . It will get so bad that parents will eat their children. . . . Communists will kill white Christians and mutilate them; witches and satanic Jews will offer people up as sacrifices to their gods openly and proudly; blacks will rape and kill white women; homosexuals will sodomize whoever they can. . . . All but the elect will have the mark of the beast."

The Journal shouted the standard denunciations of the federal government. Jews were accused of causing the Korean and Vietnam wars "to mix white men with oriental women." Ellison ecumenically invited whites, Asians, and blacks to "join together to wipe out Jews. Together we can make the Holocaust a reality and not a Jewish fable."

CSA members, however, were not content to merely spout rhetoric. On June 30, 1984, Wayne Snell killed a black Arkansas state trooper named Louis Bryant who had stopped him on a routine traffic violation. Cornered in Broken Bow, Oklahoma, Snell was shot seven times. He survived and is serving a life sentence.

A .45-caliber pistol found in Snell's van was the weapon used in the 1983 killing of Texarkana, Texas, pawnshop owner William Stumpp. Jewelry taken from the pawnshop turned up in the CSA camp. "I don't know if Snell was a CSA member," says Colonel Tommy Goodwin, Arkansas State Police director, "but he was an invited guest who received training there and was well accepted by them."

These killings were the first in a string of CSA-linked crimes to surface. Kent Yates, the cult's armorer, was arrested in July 1984 for transporting stolen firearms and manufacturing machine guns. Soon after, three other heavily armed members were caught with a stolen trailer. One of them, William Thomas, was packing a silenced-equipped machine gun.

Colonel Goodwin, accustomed to an occasional bank robbery and the predictable patterns of rural wrongdoing, discovered Arkansas had become a hotbed of radical terrorism. "These people are out to overthrow the government of the United States," he says with more than a little astonishment. "They do not recognize federal and state officials. To them, I'm not a police officer. The laws do not apply."

The terror continued. In April 1985, David Tate, a member of the Order, killed a Missouri state trooper and fled into the Ozark wilderness. Tate's silenced MAC-10 machine gun was virtually identical to the one used to assassinate Alan Berg. He is now serving a life sentence.

The escalating violence forced the federal task force pursuing the Order to move against CSA. "We don't want to kill them," said Daniel Kelly, assistant special agent in charge of the FBI's Little Rock office. "[But] we've got dead policemen laying around this state and dead marshals in North Dakota and some pretty startling civil unrest with these automatic weapons."

On April 22, an assault team consisting of 300 federal agents and state police officers sealed off the CSA encampment. After a tense, three-day standoff, Ellison surrendered. It was easier to rant about Armageddon than to face it. Four members of the Order were discovered hiding among the communards. Searchers turned up an arsenal that included 15 light and heavy machine guns, homemade grenades, plastic explosives, and a stolen U.S. Army LAW antitank rocket. An armored personnel carrier complete with gunports was under construction.

The compound was honeycombed with tunnels and bunkers. There were booby traps and an electrically detonated minefield on the western edge of the camp. And true to Ellison's Jim Jones image, the federal authorities found a 30-gallon drum of cyanide.

In addition to numerous automatic-weapons charges, Ellison and his lieutenants were accused of the August 1983 bombing of a gay church in Springfield, Missouri; the burning of a Jewish community center in Bloomington, Indiana, that same month; and the November 1983 dynamiting of a natural-gas pipeline over Arkansas's Red River.

Ellison was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in federal prison. At his sentencing, he whined, "I have very good friends who are Negroes, Orientals, even Jews."

Some analysts, citing a 35 percent decrease in Klan membership nationwide since 1982, have suggested that the violence reflects the desperation of a dwindling number of extremists. The Radical Right, in the opinion of these observers, is destined to go the way of the Radical Left of the sixties.

The converse is just as likely to happen. America is rent by tremendously

divisive social issues—many of them seemingly racial in nature. Affirmative action and immigration are prime examples. In a land of diminishing opportunity, competition for jobs, education, and housing will be bitter. And there is no such thing as a good loser.

"I see a greater and greater dichotomy between rich and poor," says white supremacist David Duke, "a greater sense of racial awareness on the parts of minorities and whites. Society will become more fragmented."


Articulate and smooth, Duke may have been the first Yuppie Klansman. He was responsible for the resurgence of the Klan during the late seventies. Now he's shed his robes for a suit and tie, and control of an organization he calls the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

Duke's arguments are possibly even more threatening than those of the most rabid Identity preacher. He's targeting the middle class. Affirmative action is "the most massive government-sponsored racial discrimination in our country's history," he says. "It is purely a program against white people. If discrimination against blacks was so terrible, how is this any less terrible?"

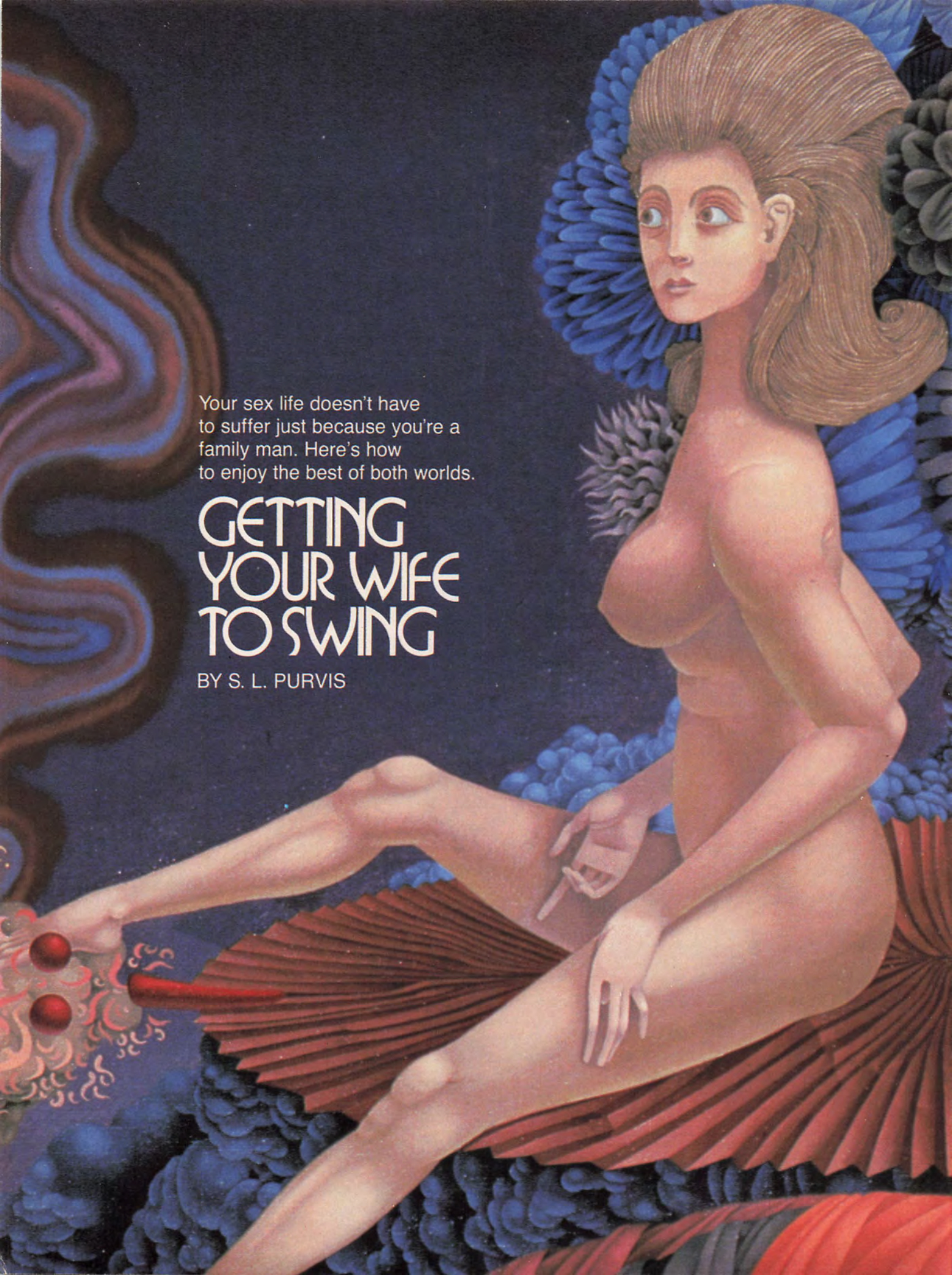
Immigration is another explosive issue. (In a 1982 San Diego primary election, a

Klansman was able to pull 76,000 votes on an anti-immigration platform.) "Why is the Holocaust so horrible?" asks Duke. "Because it is the idea of exterminating a people. Is it less abhorrent to destroy the most creative race in history—the Caucasian?" He predicts that by the year 2020, the United States will be a non-white country. "When white people become a minority, how are we going to maintain our way of life?"

The federal government is the enemy. "There are millions of white people who agree with 99 percent of what I say," continues Duke. "We will organize for our own survival. The center will not hold. There will be class war."

Take away the trappings of the Identity church and the Aryan mythology, and it became obvious that Duke's positions are not far removed from extremists like Thom Robb. In Arkansas, Robb, too, goes beyond the old notions. "The Klan in the twenties made a mistake in thinking that evil resided in men who came home drunk or in Negroes who walked on the wrong side of the street. Today, we see that the evil is coming out of the federal government. To go out and shoot a Negro is foolish. It's not the Negro in the alley who's responsible for what's wrong with this country. It's the traitors in Washington." 






Your sex life doesn't have
to suffer just because you're a
family man. Here's how
to enjoy the best of both worlds.

GETTING YOUR WIFE TO SWING

BY S. L. PURVIS



Millions of *Penthouse* readers every month, ranging from corporate executives to car salesmen, discover a sex world that might be real for many but that is fantasy for them. While a few stumble onto a way to acquire an extremely wide variety of sexual partners, the majority drive their station wagons home to Mary Jane, and spend the weekend watching NFL football and sipping on a beer. There is always the nagging thought that even as the TV drones on and the kids fight over whose turn it is to feed the dog, somewhere the pages of "Forum" are being performed.

Somewhere, some lucky guy is having his balls sucked by a blonde with tits the size

PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HUTTER

of Wyoming while his face is buried in a natural redhead's snatch. But the chances of Lisa, his postpubescent neighbor, turning nymphomaniac and performing fellatio on him in the backyard beside the pool, or Gerta, the Tuesday cleaning woman, ravishing him in the shower, become slimmer with each passing mortgage payment. Besides, Gerta is 62 years old and weighs 300 pounds, and Lisa's long black eyelashes still flash at guys with faces designed by Pizza Hut.

Extra sex is possible, but hookers lack enthusiasm, affairs get complicated, one-night stands are contagious, and getting caught is no fun at all! There is always good old Mary Jane. But even if she is a great wife and a fantastic lover, after a few years, having sex with her is like having one favorite meal—every night.

Wife swapping has crossed this reader's mind, but the thought of Mary Jane, president of the PTA and world-class cupcake baker, joining a swap club is beyond his imagining. She would never even discuss it, let alone actually swap. Anyway, where do all these wild swingers hang out?

If you are a man who is happy with his wife, the kids, the dog, and the station wagon, and you're a nine-to-fiver and not willing to risk losing it all—or any of it, for that matter—your sex life does not have to suffer just because you like family life. Maybe it is time to give swinging some serious thought. Swinging has unfortu-

nately acquired a bad reputation as a marriage-buster, but the fact is, while swinging will not cure a bad marriage, it will not break up a good marriage, either. Couples can learn to enjoy recreational sex outside marriage and have the best of both worlds, a good marriage and a variety of sex partners.

A lot of guys would be willing to give swinging a try, but convincing the wife is not so easy. Even if you could persuade her to drop her inhibitions and her panties for a night of fun and fucking games, where do you find another couple who is interested in the same thing?

Contacting swingers is not difficult, and with the right attitude, convincing your wife to join in the fun is not as impossible as you might expect. This article is designed to help you get your wife ready and anxious, while you are getting in touch with couples who'll be ready to go when she is.

Before you start dreaming about the babes you are going to lay, it is essential to understand that while you are enjoying the charms of a lady who wants to screw your brains out, her husband is undoubtedly going to be doing the same things you are: Your wife is not going to be counting the cracks in the ceiling or munching on an apple. She is going to be fucking another man, and she's going to be enjoying it!

It may sound impossible that your wife will be willing to spread her legs for a guy she has never met, and let you screw his

wife, too, but surprisingly, most swinging wives are the same ones who were very reluctant to get into swinging at first.

THE FIRST MOVE

Most women have fantasized about going to bed with another man. They may never plan to do it in reality, but the thought has undoubtedly crossed their minds. Chances are your wife has never told you that while you are banging away, she is pretending you are Clint Eastwood or the guy next door. She does not talk about it because she thinks you might get jealous or that she will hurt your feelings. The first step in turning your dreams into reality is getting her to talk about her fantasies. The best time is during foreplay.

As you are gently fondling her erogenous zones, encourage her to talk about how it would feel if you were another man. Ask her to play a fantasy game with you: You are a stranger, you've never met her before, and you are going to make love to her. You can enhance the illusion by creating a different look, feel, and aroma. If you always wear jockeys, buy a pair of mesh bikinis, use a different cologne, or shower with a new brand of soap. A lemon Life Saver or menthol cigarette can change the subtle smell she associates with you. It is easier for her to imagine you are another man if her senses tell her that you are. Ask her to fill in the details—what you would look like, where you would be (at the beach, perhaps, or in the backseat of a Rolls-Royce). Have her tell you what you would do to her, and how it would feel.

The next time you make love, reverse the scenario. Tell her that you would like her to be another woman. Explore her feelings about the role-playing. Listen to what she says. Reassure her that she is the best lover a man could ask for—that you love *her*. But the game was fun. Maybe it would be fun to try it in real life?

Do not be surprised if she is shocked or a little upset and says she could not do it. Keep talking, and listening. Dispel her fears. They may range from "I'd be too embarrassed" to "There's no way I'd let you go to bed with another woman." Reinforce the parts of your role-playing she enjoyed. Talk out the fears she has and give her constant reassurance that she is the woman you love, but wouldn't it be even more fun to *actually* swing than pretend to do it? After all, you both enjoyed the fantasy. If you have been listening, you know what she enjoyed about your role-playing and you can repeat it. Even if she stubbornly refuses to swing, she will enjoy pretending to. The first steps in any attitude change involve thinking about the act, then verbalizing it. By enjoying the game, she has already taken the first steps.

MAKING CONTACT

There are several agencies that will help you contact other couples. They range in price from \$20 to \$200. They all claim to



EASILY THE BEST

A man and a woman are posing together in a room with a wooden ceiling. The man is wearing a white blazer over a white button-down shirt and white trousers, holding a cigarette. The woman is wearing a white blazer over a white top and white pants, with a chain belt. She is wearing a watch and a bracelet. They are both smiling and looking at each other.

There are also dating services for swingers. For a fee, they will arrange a meeting with a compatible couple. If the meeting is unsuccessful, many services will arrange another meeting free.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

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MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART NINE

Homeopathy is once again gaining professional acceptance. But Big Medicine won't allow this situation to last for long.

NATURAL HEALERS: A REBORN MEDICAL THERAPY

BY GARY NULL
AND LEONARD STEINMAN

Before settling in Putnam, Connecticut, to practice medicine, young Dr. William E. Shevin already had the reputation of being a dedicated physician.

Having received a standard education in conventional medicine, he went on to complete an internship at one of Detroit's major hospitals. Five years later, while serving as a staff

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physician at a health center in rural Massachusetts, Dr. Shevin was honored by an award from the American Medical Association for his dedication. But it was not until he became medical director of Integral Health Services in Putnam that he began an intense study of homeopathy, a branch of medicine which, for more than a century, has been denigrated by conventional medicine as "heretical" or "quackery."

When Dr. Shevin began his medical career, he discovered that conventional medicine oftentimes could do little for patients' conditions. This was particularly true in cases of chronic diseases such as asthma, arthritis, neuralgia, and migraine headaches. Dr. Shevin applied some of the homeopathic methods he had studied to his patients who were not responding to conventional therapy, and was astonished at the results.

Homeopathy is presently enjoying a rebirth of popularity as a preferred method of treatment. Today, more than 5,000 physicians in West Germany practice homeopathic medicine. In France, some 6,000 physicians prescribe homeopathic medicines for their patients, and in India there are over 100 homeopathic medical schools, which, like their counterparts in conventional medicine, offer a four-year program of study.

Homeopathy is the system of medical practice founded two centuries ago by the German physician Samuel Hahnemann (1755–1843). He derived the word *homeopathy* from the Greek *homion pathos*, meaning "similar illness."

Rebelling against the unscientific, often barbarous practices of orthodox medicine practiced in his day—including bloodletting, leeching, and the gross, indiscriminate use of laxatives combined with mercury—Hahnemann was attracted by Hippocrates' accounts of the cure or prevention of some diseases by the administration of substances known to produce effects similar to the symptoms of the disease. These remedial "similars" consisted of vegetable, mineral, or animal substances, which, if given in large or repeated doses, produced in a healthy person symptoms similar to those manifested by a sick patient.

Remedial similars have been the subject of study by other physicians throughout history: the Swiss doctor Paracelsus (1493–1541), Thomas Sydenham (1642–1689) of England, Georg Stahl (1660–1734) of Germany, and Theophile Bordeau (1722–1766) of France.

Hahnemann decided to test the validity of treatment by "similars" by experimenting on himself. Taking a strong dose of quinine, which relieves the symptoms of malaria, he developed temporary symptoms of the disease. He concluded that the reason quinine relieved the symptoms of malaria was its ability to stimulate the body's natural immune response.

Emboldened by this discovery, he

tested various medicinal substances on obliging friends and relatives. He kept a careful record of the symptoms the substances produced. These "provings" became the basis of Hahnemann's homeopathic method of treatment. Hahnemann's original 68 provings grew to some 600 by the end of the nineteenth century. Today, the homeopathic materia medica lists about 1,500 provings of vegetable, mineral, and animal substances.

Hahnemann's system, which remains the basis of homeopathy, required the physician to take a detailed history of the patient, ascertain the pattern of the symptoms, and compare it with the pattern of symptoms disclosed by the provings. The medicine selected for use would be one that, in the provings, most clearly matched the symptoms.

According to Harris L. Coulter, Ph.D., the leading modern authority on the history of homeopathy (*Divided Legacy*, North Atlantic Books), Hahnemann for-

6

While conventional medicine has borrowed many remedies from homeopathy, its practitioners continue to contend that homeopathy is a form of quackery which should be suppressed.

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mulated his findings into the law of similars, which states that "each individual case of disease is most surely, radically, rapidly, and permanently annihilated and removed only by a medicine capable of producing [in the human system] in the most similar and complete manner the totality of [the disease] symptoms. . . ."

"In homeopathy," says Dr. Shevin, "we give a medicine which, if given repetitively to a healthy person, could cause similar symptoms. Initially, it may actually increase the defensive reaction of the patient. The fever may go up slightly, or the person might feel a little more depressed. This illustrates that we go with what's happening rather than against it. The symptom is a sign of the activity of the defense mechanism, and is also a sign that the patient's defense mechanism has not been able to overcome what it is fighting. By supporting the body's defenses, the problem is overcome and the symptoms subside. In short, we stimulate the body's own inherent mechanism for healing itself."

Hahnemann applied the term "allopathic" (which he derived from the Greek *alloion pathos*, meaning different from the

sickness) to orthodox medicine, as a means of differentiating it from the homeopathic concept. In his view, orthodox medicine, or allopathy, is a system of therapy using remedies which produce effects differing from those of the disease treated.

While allopathic medicine has borrowed many remedies from homeopathy, its practitioners continue to contend that homeopathy is a form of quackery which should be suppressed.

The use of nitroglycerine to treat cardiac conditions and migraine headaches was pioneered by the American homeopath Constantine Hering around 1850. It was not until 1879 that allopathic medicine began to use nitroglycerine to treat angina pectoris and, later, neuralgia.

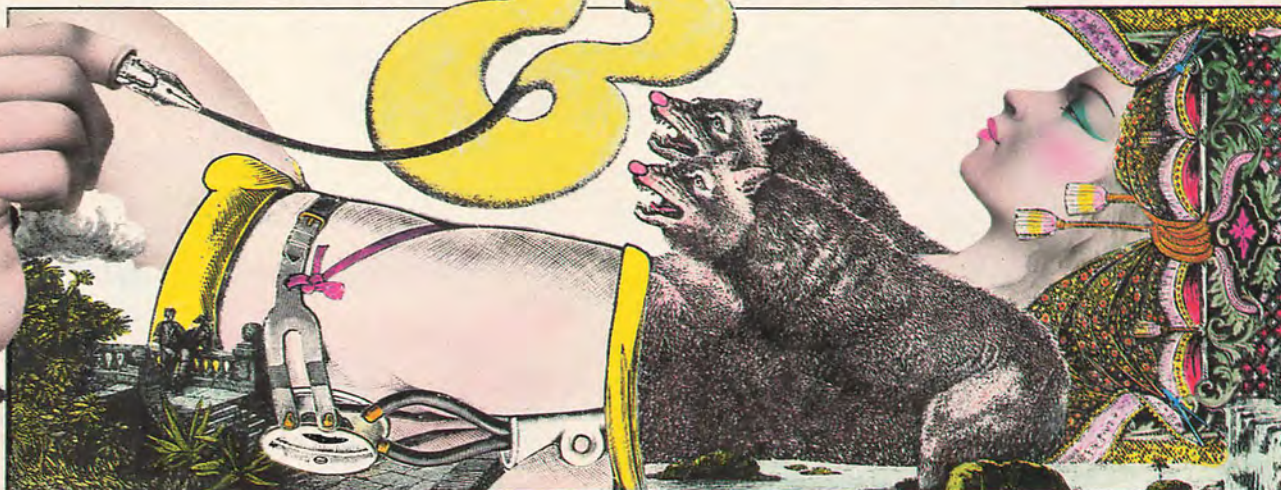
Hahnemann demonstrated that phosphoric acid—ordinarily a poisonous substance—could be turned into an effective remedy for neuralgia when a tiny amount of it was diluted in glycerine. In 1872, a British allopath wrote the medical journal *Lancet* to confirm that treatment with a tincture of phosphorus in glycerine had almost instantly cured his patient of a severe and chronic headache that allopathic medicine had not been able to alleviate. Subsequent letters and articles in medical journals on the successful results of this treatment resulted in its adoption by allopaths treating neuralgia and rheumatism.

According to Harris Coulter, homeopathic physicians have long used ergot, a poisonous fungus of rye, in attenuated doses to treat gangrene, Raynaud's disease, and other circulatory disorders. Ingested by healthy persons, ergot causes severe arterial constriction, resulting in gangrene. In 1933, a conventional physician, borrowing from homeopathy, reported that he had successfully treated several cases of Raynaud's disease with minuscule doses of ergot. Several years later a pharmaceutical manufacturer, apparently alerted by similar reports, developed and marketed Hydergine, an ergot-based proprietary, i.e., trademarked or patented, drug for treating diseases caused by arterial constriction.

Used by homeopaths since the nineteenth century to treat headaches, ergot in recent years has found its way into allopathic medicine as methysergide maleate and ergotamine tartrate—proprietary synthetic drugs mimicking ergot's molecular structure—to treat migraines.

Rattlesnake venom, used by homeopaths to treat bronchial asthma and other upper-respiratory diseases, is now used for the same purposes by allopaths. Cobra venom, used by homeopathic physicians since the nineteenth century to treat heart-muscle damage, has recently been employed by allopathic physicians to treat heart attacks. Based on provings of bumblebee venom, homeopaths have used it to treat arthritis, rheumatism, nephritis, and edema. Allopathic physicians now use bumblebee venom

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



MODERN LIFE

A Tulane University psychotherapist reports that the game Trivial Pursuit puts "terminal stress" on already strained marriages because of mental competition and possible embarrassment among couples.

Q: Where did you learn to write, Racter?

A: I learned how to write in the ocean. If a sleeper had fled to the town dump, fat city would be horrified! When one lives in a blue funk, the ocean is very attractive.

—from an interview with Racter, the world's first creative-writing computer, in *The Wall Street Journal*

A Massachusetts health researcher says that exercise causes cancer.



HEADLINERS

Libyan leader Muammar "Colonel" Qaddafi, dressed in custom-made blue jumpsuit and admiral's cap, boarded one of his Navy's missile patrol boats and announced that he was sailing to "personally confront" the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Several hours later, Qaddafi returned, claiming that he could not find the American ships.



IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

The manager of a West German soccer team arrived home early and found his wife in bed with the team's goalie and two other players. She explained that loyalty prevented her from straying outside of the home team.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I'm one of the few musical artists on earth with this much film experience. . . . I'd like to mount shows for Broadway and film. They

need my artistry; I am the new blood."

—"Miami Vice" costar Phillip Michael Thomas

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

HIGHS AND LOWS

Raquel Welch dedicated her book on beauty and fitness to her dog.

An Iraqi man was awarded a medal after killing his oldest son, who had deserted from the Army. The father was called "a model for all Iraqis" in a nationally televised ceremony.

A California couple was forced off a Europe-bound jetliner on the grounds that their jogging outfits were "unsuitable" attire for passengers holding reduced-fare tickets.

A study at the Harvard Medical School found that Classic Coke is more than twice as effective as the new-formula Coke as a spermicide when it is used as a douche.



WRETCHED EXCESSES

A Liverpool, England, woman, after being informed by her boyfriend that he was leaving her and marrying another woman, cut off the man's penis with a knife. Then, with the same knife, she peeled several oranges and calmly ate them before calling an ambulance.



THE VANESSA WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FILE

The runner-up in the Miss Maine pageant filed a \$215,000 damage suit against the beauty contest, alleging that three pageant officials maliciously circulated a story that she had been seen naked in bed with a North Carolina pageant official during the 1983 Miss America competition and that the story prevented her from becoming Miss Maine.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS



A new board game, based on the Bernhard Goetz subway shooting case, features tiny guns moved around spaces meant to represent New York subway stops, bullets that serve as currency, and special "instruction" cards that a player selects when he lands on spaces labeled "punk" or "make my day."



EYE FOR AN EYE

Guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, following his expulsion from this country after prosecution on immigration-fraud charges, called upon his followers to leave America—"this wretched

place"—and said that the world must "put the monster America in its place." During his stay here, Rajneesh accumulated a fleet of 84 Rolls-Royces and an estimated \$30 million in cash.

CLASS ACTS

Conservative activist Phyllis Schlafly, in a program designed to demonstrate the American people's support for the contras fighting against the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, had her group prepare "freedom fighter friendship kits." The kits include breath mints, chewing gum, and Bibles in Spanish.



MODERN LIVING

A Taiwanese electrical company banned laughter in the workplace for all its 800 employees, on the grounds that happiness diffuses the attention and reduces work efficiency.

BAD KARMA

Virginia state officials routinely send letters to recently deceased persons informing them that they are no longer eligible for state Medicaid benefits. (From Jackie Baden, Derwood, Md.)

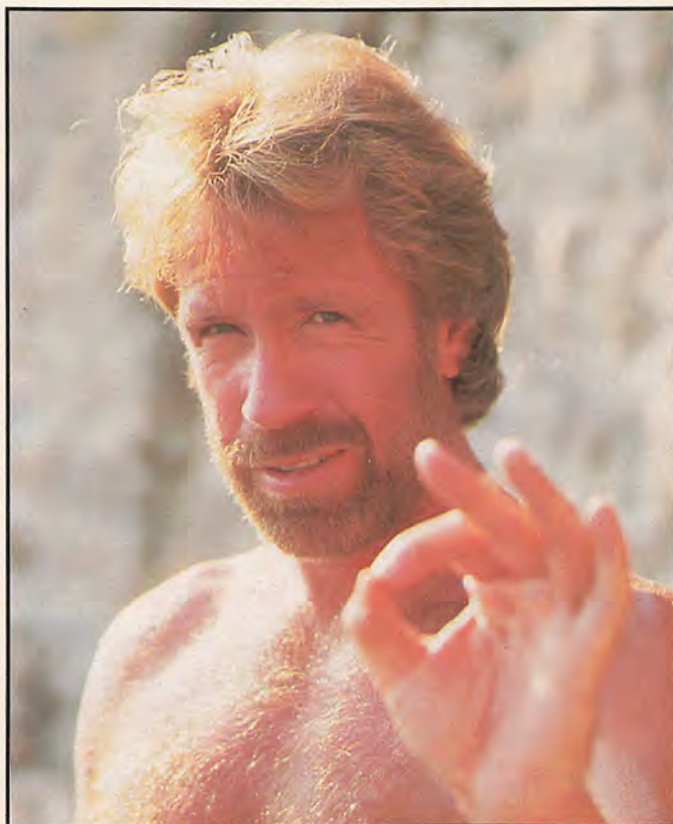
TIT FOR TAT

After denying that there are any cases of AIDS in their country, Soviet public-health officials admitted that there were "a few" cases, but said they were caused by a secret poisoning program carried out by the Pentagon and the CIA.

Actor Chuck Norris said that the Soviet KGB is responsible for drug abuse in the United States.

SIC TRANSIT

An Atlanta councilman sponsored a new city ordinance that would require local nightclub dancers to wear G-strings and pasties in order to "improve the morals of the city and upgrade womanhood." (From Mike Brehm, Sacramento, Calif.)



ONE FOR THE ROAD

Four Soviet soldiers, lost while on maneuvers in Czechoslovakia, jokingly traded their tank to a saloonkeeper for two cases of vodka. While the soldiers were passed-out drunk, the saloonkeeper dismantled the tank and sold the pieces to a junkyard.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

SEN. WEICKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

uency. And the reason they are beholden is that a majority is no longer 50 percent; a majority has become, in the case of the president of the United States, 30 percent; in the case of a senator, 25 percent; in the case of a representative, 20 percent. So a one- or two-percent power block has an enormous impact on the person who gets elected.

Penthouse: Can you give me an example of that?

Weicker: Well, let's look at abortion. At the same time that the Senate was voting to eliminate rape and incest and ectopic pregnancies as being permissible reasons for federally funded abortions, a national poll taken showed that as a whole the United States overwhelmingly was in favor of the law as it stood. Again, why? Because the American people are too damn lazy to vote on election day. The prolife groups wouldn't have the strength they've got if, indeed, the average guy would hustle down to town hall and vote on election day. There's no question what would happen to the prolife issue—it would just blow away.

Penthouse: If American voters are so lazy, why do you advocate a three-party system? Why would more people vote for

three rather than two parties?

Weicker: In business, if you have a monopoly, you get lousy products at high prices. The same is true of politics. If you have a monopoly, you're going to get bum candidates and bum ideas. The best thing that could happen in terms of exciting the electorate and in terms of the quality of government is to have more than two parties to provide competition and lead to excellence in terms of individuals and in terms of concepts.

Penthouse: Wouldn't that radically change our government?

Weicker: Everything changes. The only thing that hasn't changed is this political system of ours, and it needs an overhaul. The facts will tell you that number one, people aren't voting; number two, independent registration far exceeds registration for either of the two political parties. Those are hard statistics that tell you that the system is not working.

Penthouse: You've been a Republican all your life. What are your party's specific problems in attempting to change the system and get voters excited?

Weicker: Republicans are too stuffy, too stodgy. They're no fun. I don't see anything wrong with a good scrap. And yet Republicans are afraid of opening their doors, not because they're racists or snobs in the economic sense, but because they are just afraid of dealing with

something new. In that sense I think we are a party very much committed to the status quo.

Penthouse: This decade has seen evangelists gaining more political clout than ever before, yet there seems to be some concern that their influence will propel the country backward, rather than ahead. Does this scare you?

Weicker: Anytime anybody tries to impose their values and their morals on the nation as a whole, that is cause for great concern. It doesn't surprise me that the Reverends Falwell, Robertson, Swaggart, and others have the influence they do. They were smart and decided to take their message to the airwaves.

The irony of the prayer-in-school issue and the Bible-waving crowd is that I never meet these people at meetings to discuss feeding or educating the poor, ending apartheid in South Africa, or AIDS research—I never see them there. So I give them low marks in terms of how they manifest their particular brand of Christianity, never mind my fear of having them impose their brand of religion on me and everyone else.

Penthouse: Didn't one of your colleagues refer to the United States as a Christian nation?

Weicker: That's been done many times. And, of course, it's not. The United States is not a Christian nation. It is a great nation with Christians, among others, in it. But its greatness is based on the fact that there is no official religion. I just wish people would forget all this and let religion do its thing and let government do its thing, and not in any manner, shape, or form merge the two.

Penthouse: A different issue on the same side of the coin is the movement to censor rock music lyrics and certain reading material, which seems to be gaining strength. In fact, the Meese Commission on Pornography is supposed to have its findings ready sometime this spring.

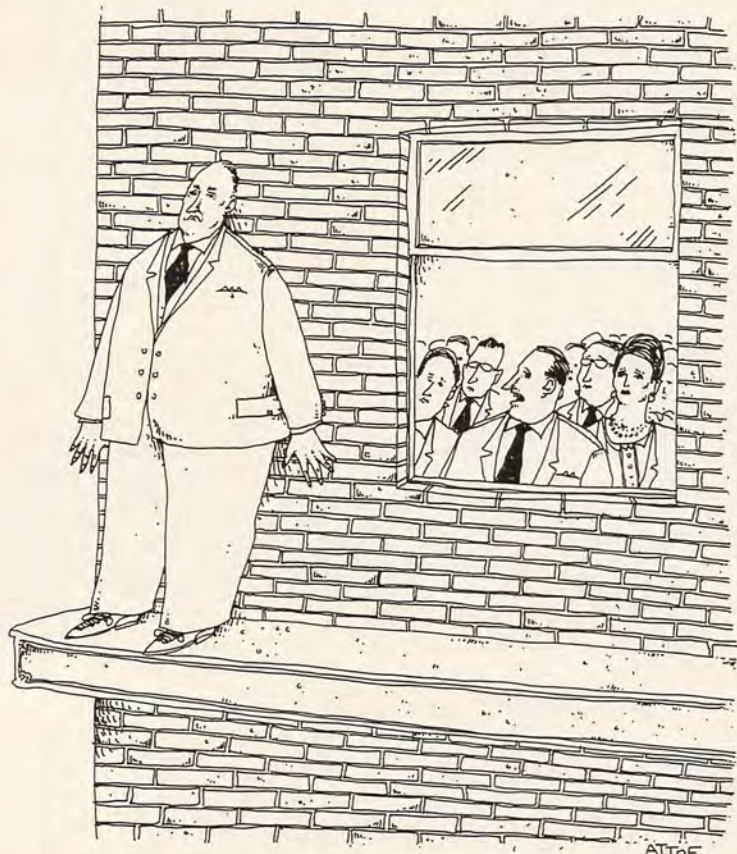
Weicker: Legislatively, I am very sensitive to the whole issue of censorship. As long as people want to go out there and study and rant and rave, that's fine. But when they try to make it law, that's when I get involved.

All censorship does is make the potential audience even greater. It makes people seek out that which is denied them. The greatest regulator is freedom.

Penthouse: You are the only senator to have been arrested in the demonstration outside the South African embassy in Washington, D.C. What prompted you, a senator from a conservative background, to do this?

Weicker: First of all, I have always believed in civil disobedience, which means that you break the law to change an unjust law and suffer the consequences. Secondly, the public has to become aware of this issue of apartheid, and since I am a United States senator, I have the capacity to bring about change.

Penthouse: Do you see President Rea-



"If you jump, who's going to sign our paychecks?"



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gan's popularity as a reaction in terms of the average American, who might be tired of having to deal with affirmative-action or equal-employment-opportunity concerns and issues?

Weicker: No question about it.

Penthouse: Is it going to get worse?

Weicker: That's hard to answer. Isn't it interesting how the President has great concern for the unborn when it comes to the question of abortion, when, as the chairman of the Appropriations Subcommittee, I knew that the administration was trying to cut back on funding for education, vocational programs for the handicapped, and community health centers? There is a total dichotomy between the administration's great show of concern and what they ask for in terms of funding, and I don't find it very amusing.

Penthouse: Does it seem to you that this administration is pursuing a course that is basically soft on discrimination?

Weicker: The administration doesn't give a damn about discrimination, period. I think that probably what Reagan and his people found was that the nation wanted to make amends, but only so much in the way of amends, and they were tired of being told they had to do more. They wanted somebody to come along and say, "That's it, you don't have to do anything else." This doesn't mean that the administration endorses discrimination, but it sure as hell leaves the retarded, the black man, the woman who hasn't come over the top, at the bottom of the other side of the wall.

Penthouse: You've described the mood of the administration as "survival of the fittest." Would that still be your assessment today?

Weicker: Well, it certainly has to be the mood of politics in this nation, because no one is busting their tail to go ahead and help the have-nots. There aren't fewer poor or fewer hungry, and the infant mortality rate isn't going down. I'm not advocating a return to the War on Poverty, but the idea that everything is going to work itself out and that, indeed, the private sector and volunteerism can take up the slack is a lot of bull. The federal government has to step in when it comes to people who can't exercise political clout on their own. It's a pretty tough time out there for the have-nots.

Penthouse: You've been very critical of President Reagan. Aren't there any positive aspects to his presidency?

Weicker: Yes. I think that the value of Ronald Reagan, and that part of the party that he speaks for, is that he made government look at itself and evaluate itself. That's a plus, and I give him credit. But in terms of how he views the world, he literally does view it as the world he grew up in. And it's not. The school-prayer debate emphasizes my point. He cited the stories of how when he was in school a little prayer was recited and he didn't see any wrong with it. I would join him in that, because when I went to school, a little

prayer was recited and I didn't see any harm in it. And if I'm not mistaken, I think I was even for the school-prayer amendment when I was in the House of Representatives, and that was 16 years ago. Well, we all learn. But to view the situation as it was when we went to school—as being a sort of warm, cozy little event that had no other ramifications except to put a glow inside our tummy—I think that just avoids reality.

Penthouse: Thinking back on all the presidents who've been in office while you've been in Congress, how does Reagan's skill at manipulating Congress compare?

Weicker: He's done a good job of handling Congress. Nauseatingly so, I think is the answer to that.

Penthouse: Does he approach you differently than past presidents?

Weicker: He doesn't approach me at all. I have yet to be at any White House function. There's just no communication there.

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Censorship only makes the
potential audience
even greater. It makes
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that which is denied them.
”

Penthouse: Has it ever caused you any emotional angst that you just don't seem to fit in with your colleagues?

Weicker: Oh, sure. I'm a human being. I'd like to be welcome at the White House and have little perks come my way, like those who behave themselves. But I don't choose to behave myself, and therefore I have no right to complain.

Penthouse: Do you think that someday an issue like busing or school prayer will be your political undoing?

Weicker: Well, I don't know. I'm blessed with a very independent constituency in Connecticut. It's a small constituency, but a very knowledgeable one. But even under those most ideal circumstances, I could get caught out there on something where I can smell the danger and yet it's not apparent to the average person on the street.

Penthouse: A good example of that would be your role in the Watergate hearings. At the time that didn't make you exceptionally popular.

Weicker: You should have seen everybody and their cousin giving me the finger each time they saw me in the first couple of months of the investigation. It

was only as the facts became widely known that the situation turned around and became a plus. But, I can assure you, it was no plus for a long time. And if there'd been an election within the first two months of that investigation, that would have been a tough piece of duty.

Penthouse: What do you think would have happened in the United States if Nixon had survived Watergate and served his full second term?

Weicker: It would have been "Katie, bar the door" as far as gutter politics were concerned. That was the real issue. It's all right to say these things went on during other administrations—they probably did—but they weren't put out on the top of the table such as they were during Watergate.

Penthouse: Ten years after Watergate, Richard Nixon is now seen as a sage, a pundit. In short, he's had a public redemption. It's almost as though the hearings never took place. How does that make you feel?

Weicker: The hearings did take place, and the judgment was pronounced, and it was a pretty tough time for Nixon. Do I wish him or his family more agony? No. If the American people want to listen to him, that's their privilege. I don't have any feelings about it. I did my job; I did it honestly. I had to learn about Richard Nixon to arrive at my conclusions. I didn't start off with any preconceived notion at all except to be partial to him. You know, I delivered Nixon the only four delegates he got from Connecticut.

Penthouse: In 1982 you said, "I belong to the party of Lincoln and Eisenhower, not the party of Thurmond and Helms." What did you mean?

Weicker: There were no two men of higher principle and understanding of what was needed to achieve man's highest ideals than those first two Republicans. That isn't the case with Mr. Helms and Mr. Thurmond. In every one of the Senate floor battles, especially on constitutional issues, they try to narrow the scope of hope that is afforded every citizen of this country, rather than expand it.

Penthouse: Does it make you really angry to sit in the Senate chambers and listen to people like Jesse Helms and John East?

Weicker: Oh, it's fun, because it means there is going to be a fight. I'd go to sleep in that place if it weren't for people like that. This is a place of freedom in every sense of the word. Freedom of speech isn't only limited to the streets. The men and women who are in Congress are a reflection of the American people, good and bad.

Penthouse: Do you ever give any thought to becoming a Democrat?

Weicker: No, there is a lack of courage on the other side. They won't even stand up to Reagan—or, indeed, anyone else. When I contest the President I usually do it before the issues have been resolved. I told him to get out of Lebanon before

the tragedy of our dead Marines, not after. I warned him on our Central American and Caribbean policy before, not after, [former Grenadian prime minister] Maurice Bishop's assassination. The time to step up to bat, if you're going to have any credibility with the American people, is before, not after. The Democrats are great at this "after" business. They don't deserve to get elected to anything.

Penthouse: You've made two trips to meet with Castro in Cuba. Does it make any sense to you to bar Americans from traveling there?

Weicker: Absolutely not. Let's face it, Castro is getting help from wherever he can find it. And there's no great affinity between the 13,000 Soviets on the island and the Cubans. There's a far greater affinity between the Americans and the Cubans. Why not take advantage of it? Is there a fear that we are all going to be affected by Cuban communism? That shows a pretty weak faith in our system. It seems to me that all we do as isolationists is show a hesitancy in our own beliefs and in our own strengths.

Penthouse: Okay, but what should be done, based on your visits there?

Weicker: We ought to establish full diplomatic relations with Cuba and full freedom of access for people, as well as normal commercial interchange.

Penthouse: You've been a senator for three terms now. Are you getting tired of the demands and the emotional drains?

Weicker: I'm not tired now. I'm good for the remaining three years of my term. Whether I'll want to go for another is another question entirely. But I look forward to my fights on the Constitution and my role as protector.

Penthouse: Why did you filibuster the line-item-veto proposal?

Weicker: It unbalances the balance of power. By giving the president the power of line-item veto, you might as well eliminate the legislative branch.


Penthouse: Would you be interested in the presidency?

Weicker: Oh, no. When I leave office, I leave—that's it. I've enjoyed enormous success in the areas I've been involved in. But when the time comes I'll make a clear-cut decision. I'm not going to become a lobbyist or a consultant.

Penthouse: By your own admission, politics has taken its toll on you where your family is concerned. What is the lure?

Weicker: It's a narcotic. It's an enormous amount of power. The hours are bad and the pay is rotten, but there is power to effect change.

Penthouse: So for at least the next three years, you are going to keep the Constitution as it now stands.

Weicker: If for the next three years anybody wants to go ahead and change the Constitution, my answer is they aren't going to do that. If I get through Reagan's eight years without any constitutional change, then I would say that would have been my greatest achievement. 



If you haven't tasted our charcoal mellowed whiskey, we think you'll be pleased when you do.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS of buildings in Tennessee. But only one with such an unusual name.

At Jack Daniel's we call it the "Charcoal Mellowing" building. Because here's where our rickers bring hard maple charcoal, tamp it tight in room-high vats, and use it to smooth out our whiskey. No other distiller mellows their whiskey in such an unusual manner. Which explains why no other distiller has a building so named. Or, we believe, a whiskey so smooth.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

TERROR PLOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

was going to be a minister of the Indian government traveling to New Orleans for some kind of medical treatment, and there might be an assassination attempt against him."

"And?"

"Well, Birk recently asked Donnie to provide a hit man and a weapon to do it. I didn't pass that along to you, because Donnie didn't think it was important, and he's been really tied up getting this raid ready."

"That's why they're here," I said. "They must be on their way to New Orleans."

I kept my reaction to myself. I couldn't believe Donnie would try to cold-shoulder Birk on something as serious as an assassination request. And to top it off, nobody had warned me. It was another example of my being taken out of the loop, replaced by a salaried agent.

The FBI naturally wanted their people to do as much as possible and keep involvement by outside hired help like me to a minimum, but this was an error of such magnitude that it seemed to doom the entire operation at the 11th hour.

When I put the phone down, Barret told me how he and Paul had been sleeping late in the rear of the Bunker, and there had come a loud banging on the large steel bay door. Sleepily, wearing only a T-shirt and jogging shorts, Paul had walked to the bay door and pushed it up. Squinting into the sunlight, he was confronted by two Sikhs.

For a moment, Paul didn't know if they had come to kill him, if they were looking for me and wanted to kill me, or if, by some chance, they were just dropping by on a visit. He knew the raid was set for the beginning of the week.

Sukhvinder Singh, or "Suki," our graduate Mercenary Association student, was one of the two. Neither Barret nor Paul knew the man with him. The stranger was wearing a camouflaged bush hat and was dressed in wrinkled sports clothes. He had a heavy beard and long hair. I would not find out until later, but Suki's partner was none other than Gurpartap Birk Singh himself.

"Paul said he'd get right back here as fast as he could," Barret said. "The Sikhs were asking for you. Paul told them you were out of town." It sounded like Paul was doing a good job. He was obviously delaying the Sikhs to give me a chance to coordinate with the FBI.

While I was still questioning Barret and taking calls every few minutes from Fox, Paul was selling a .45-caliber automatic pistol to Suki and Birk. Suki had originally asked Paul for a pistol, silencer, and grenades, if they were available. When Paul said the Merc School was out of all those items at the moment, Suki said just a pistol would do. The pistol belonged to Tim Arnet (not his real name), a Mercenary

Association graduate, whom the Sikhs had met during their training course. Tim was a private investigator and bounty hunter.

Paul, Tim, Birk, and Suki drove to a garbage dump to test-fire the pistol. They had one loaded magazine. Paul didn't really want the Sikhs to get their hands on a loaded weapon, still worried they might suddenly turn it on him, but his concern was diminishing. At the dump, Paul handed Tim the pistol and magazine, and watched as he fired two test shots. Suki then fired the pistol twice, and Paul shot out the remaining ammunition. Birk refused to touch the pistol.

Suki made Paul and Tim the offer of riding to New Orleans with them and killing their target. He said they would be back in Birmingham by the next day. At first Suki offered Paul \$1,000 for the hit, but when Paul turned down the offer, he upped it to \$1,400, refusing to go any higher, mistaking Paul's reluctance as an

“

The FBI's error was
of such magnitude that it
seemed to doom the
entire operation at the 11th
hour, but I kept
my reaction to myself.

”

effort to raise the price.

Tim, unaware of why Paul had brought the Sikhs to him except for the sale of the pistol, seemed to Paul to seriously consider the offer, and Paul was afraid Tim might accept. He knew nothing of the Sikh terrorist group and the FBI investigation. When he turned down the assassination, Paul was tremendously relieved, but could not show it.

During this time I had been given a directive by Fox. I was to go to a local motel and check in and stay until I was given the all-clear. This was a move to keep me out of sight, since there was no way of knowing if the Sikhs might come back to town looking for me, and cause something to happen that could endanger the raid in which all of the Sikhs were going to be arrested.

I took my packed suitcase and the M11 submachine gun and kit, with its bullet-proof vest, silencer, and extra magazines. I drove to Bessemer and checked into the Best Western Motel.

From the motel, I talked with Paul by phone as soon as he arrived at my house. He reported the situation to me and said he had personally talked to Fox and had

given him the information as well. When I called Fox, he told me there was police protection being arranged in New Orleans for the Sikh's target, Bhajan Lal, chief minister of the state of Haryana.

It was something of a surprise to us that the Sikhs knew as much about him as they did—including which hotel he was staying at and his room number. It indicated that the Sikhs had an inside source of information in the Indian government.

The Sikhs left Birmingham about 1 p.m. in a dark-gray Chevrolet. The six hours it would take for them to drive to New Orleans would be enough for the authorities there to prepare to protect Bhajan Lal.

Bhajan Lal had arrived in New Orleans on April 29 for a lens-transplant operation on one of his eyes. He moved to the Meridian Hotel and was staying there for two more weeks of outpatient treatment.

The Indian government had cautioned the U.S. State Department that Bhajan Lal's name was on the Sikhs' hit list. He had been outspoken against the Sikhs, and his state was located near the Punjab and the center of trouble. The State Department had informed the Indian government that Bhajan Lal would be treated as an internationally protected person and given federal protection.

The warning call from the FBI in Birmingham to the New Orleans FBI office was relayed to the New Orleans Police Department, and they were advised to strengthen their guard. Before that, Bhajan Lal had only a single Indian security guard to protect him, but at least 14 New Orleans Police Department personnel were assigned directly to the job after the call. About half of them were personally detailed to Bhajan Lal; the others set up a command post outside his room. They were on a maximum alert, and were in constant touch with the FBI, the Secret Service, the State Department, and the U.S. attorney's office in New York and New Jersey.

Bhajan Lal did not exhibit much concern about the threat. The police advised him to change hotels and cancel a dinner appointment with a friend that he had planned for that night. He refused. The police provided him with a guarded limousine and a tailing security car. He left for the dinner at 7:30 p.m.

Birk had spoken very little while around Paul Johnson. He had worn old clothes and the camouflaged bush hat on his head, part of his nondescript, but militant, image. When he arrived in New Orleans, Suki parked the Chevrolet near the hotel, with a small arsenal of weapons hidden under the seat. Birk then directed his men to make a walking recon of the hotel.

He had three men traveling with him. Two of them had waited at a coffee shop while Birk and Suki bought the pistol. Jatinder Singh Ahluwalia, 29, who lived and worked in New Orleans as a cabdriver, was the fourth man to meet Birk in New Orleans. Jatinder was acting as the local liaison for Birk, giving him advice, direc-

Somewhere, somehow, someone's going to pay.



SCHWARZENEGGER COMMANDO

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 37

He says he's just misunderstood
But in English "Qaddafi" means "no good"
So Commando Schwarzenegger
Will first make him a beggar
Then dispose of this cheap little hood.

tions, and assistance.

Police lookouts outside the hotel saw the foreigners as they walked past the building, and radioed their numbers and positions to the command post. Suddenly, when Birk and his men were outside the hotel, armed police and plainclothes officers moved quickly onto the street. Birk and his men surrendered without resistance.

It was approximately 10 p.m. in New Orleans. The police only had four men in custody. Jatinder Singh Ahluwalia, the cabdriver, had seen the police coming and escaped. He went as quickly as he could to a telephone and called New York and New Jersey. He reported to the Sikhs there that Birk had been arrested.

Word of the arrest spread quickly among the waiting group of terrorist trainees. They grabbed their papers and belongings and escaped into the Sikh underground communities in New York and Canada.

Lal was among those who vanished.

The disaster I had dreaded had come true. Because of Morris's attempt to delay the Sikhs on their request for an assassination attempt, the New Jersey raid was compromised.

The Sikh cabdriver would be arrested at his home by FBI agents on May 12. His identity and address had been known since Birk's capture, but because he was local to New Orleans and reports of his arrest would jeopardize the news blackout the FBI was trying to impose on the

incident, his arrest was left until the day prior to the public announcement on May 13 by William H. Webster, head of the FBI, that plots by Sikh terrorists to assassinate both Haryana Chief Minister Bhajan Lal and Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi had been foiled by the FBI.

The news blackout had been imposed for a reason. Birk's capture would undoubtedly interrupt the planned training in New Jersey, and ruin the raid that would net many more terrorists. It was actually suggested that Birk and his men be released without letting them know that the wider Gandhi plot was penetrated. Birk and his people could then be recaptured at the training camp.

On Monday, May 6, about 20 U.S. government security and intelligence officials arrived in New Orleans for an emergency strategy session that lasted two days. They agreed that the failure of Birk to return to New York had probably already compromised the training camp and the raid that was to follow.

The raid team was still ready in Quantico, Virginia, at FBI headquarters. The FBI sent a car and a few men on a reconnaissance mission to the house on the New Jersey training-camp site that was to be used as a classroom and barracks. No one was there, except for a couple of Sikhs who hadn't been identified in any earlier investigation. They were simply maintaining the grounds, and claimed innocence and ignorance.

I still waited in the Best Western Motel

in Bessemer, constantly notified of the action by telephone. After the FBI recon, I was called and given permission to leave.

The New Jersey raid, with all its anticipation and planning, was not going to happen. The meeting of the federal strategy group in New Orleans determined that some time was needed to try and locate the Sikhs who had fled, and the FBI could do that better if there were no news released about Birk being in jail.

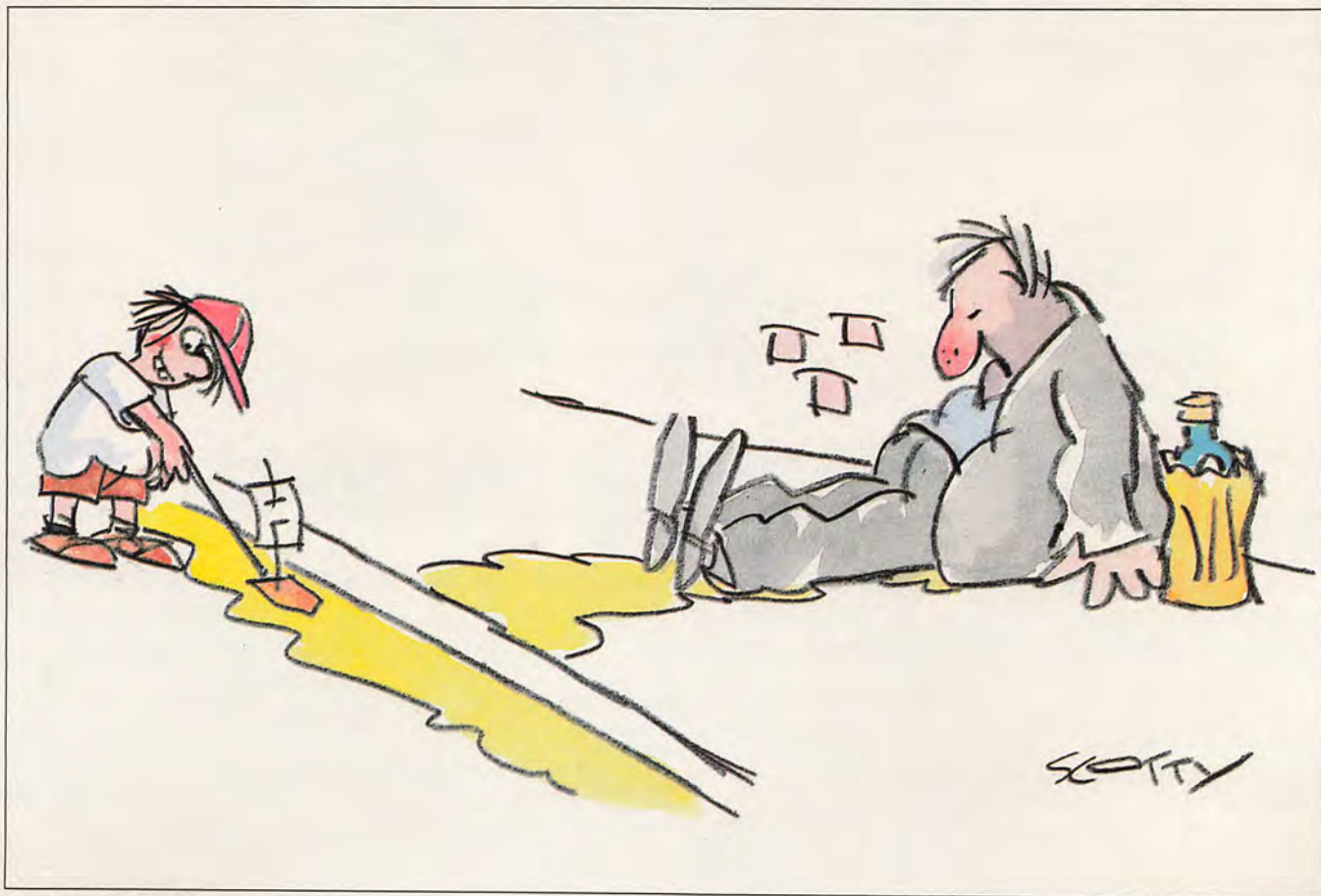
JUNE 23, 1985

The electronic baggage monitor at the Toronto airport had broken down, and some of the luggage being loaded aboard Air-India Flight 182, a Boeing 747, had been hand-inspected.

Flight 182's destination was Bombay. Counting the crew, there were 329 people aboard the jet. It flew first to Montreal, where three suspicious-looking bags waiting to be loaded with other luggage were kept off the aircraft. But after being examined, they were found to contain nothing harmful. The inspection of luggage was routine for an international flight.

Flight 182 did have an unusual feature. It was carrying a *fifth* engine. This was an inoperative engine being transported back to India for service. The engine was strapped under one wing, not an uncommon procedure.

After taking off from Montreal, Flight 182 headed east, a refueling in London its



next stop. The passengers were mostly Sikhs and Indians. There were wives, sons, mothers, and fathers on the flight. There were young and old, children and parents. Meals were served, passengers read, and children played in their seats and in the aisles.

When the aircraft was just off the coast of Ireland, preparing to descend, it was flying at 31,000 feet and in radio contact with air-traffic control at its destination airport near London. Touchdown was 40 minutes away. Suddenly an explosion inside the 747, under the decks of the first-class section, ripped a hole through the side of the fuselage. Flight 182 then rolled and dived, its electrical systems burning out.

The 747 hit the cold Atlantic salt water, skipped, hit again, and began to disintegrate, shedding parts as it crashed across the surface.

There is some reason to believe that either by the efforts of the flight crew, or by chance, Air-India Flight 182 hit the water in a long, shallow dive. This was evidenced by the intact condition of many of the recovered bodies, and the wreckage of Flight 182 being spread over four miles along the ocean floor.

When the splash and foam from the impact subsided, the wreckage sank, the fuselage broke open, and over a hundred corpses floated to the surface, along with bits of their belongings and floatable pieces of the aircraft.

I was sitting at home in Birmingham on that Sunday of June 23, 1985, in the late afternoon, when I heard a television news report of the loss of Air-India Flight 182 and the death of the 329 people on board. I was sick.

The Sikhs were showing us they were still in business.

Fifty-five minutes before Air-India 182 vanished off the radar screens, a powerful bomb exploded at Narita International Airport in Japan, killing two Japanese baggage handlers and seriously wounding four others.

The baggage containing the bomb had just been removed from Canadian Pacific Flight 003 from Vancouver, British Columbia, which had landed at Narita only 40 minutes before the explosion, with 390 people on board.

The bag that exploded was thought to have been in transfer to another Air-India flight, No. 301, from Tokyo to Bombay. Obviously, the bomb timing was miscalculated by its makers, and was intended for Air-India Flight 301. It would have exploded as the aircraft left the coast of Japan. Two Air-India 747s would have been downed almost at the same time, with a combined death toll of over 600.

There were not many clues as to who actually did the bombings. Reports later denied by the Japanese authorities claimed that the fingerprints of Lal Singh were found on some fragments of destroyed baggage at Narita. There had been an "L. Singh" listed aboard Cana-

dian Pacific Flight 003, but he had not gone through Japanese customs, and apparently was not actually on the flight.

The Air-India Flight 182 voice recorder was returned to India for examination. A statement by Air-India said the tape of the recorder revealed nothing, describing only normal cockpit conversation, a muffled sound, then silence.

What I have to say now is speculation, not fact. I believe the government of India, eager to prevent more rioting, killing, and the nurturing of more hate between the Sikhs and the Hindus, requested the Canadian, Japanese, and American authorities to suppress information concerning both bombings.

In the months just after the loss of Flight 182, Rajiv Gandhi was planning to sign a treaty with "moderate" Sikh leaders, some of whom had originally been present in the Golden Temple prior to the siege and attack, but had left the temple in dis-

I knew something
was wrong. No Sikhs were
supposed to be in
town. The operation was over.
This had the signs
of a possible disaster.

agreement with the extremists. Gandhi would not have wanted the continuation of violence to mar or prevent the treaty, which was intended to bring peace and stability to Sikh-Indian relations.

Only days after signing the treaty, the most important of the Sikh signatories was assassinated by Sikh extremists.

As Balraj told me at the Merc School in November 1984, Sikhs do not quit.

Rajiv Gandhi's assassination had been prevented and Minister Bhajan Lal's life in New Orleans saved, but the escape of the Sikhs in New Jersey may have doomed Air-India Flight 182.

The FBI's operation to bust the Sikh terrorists had been partially successful, but a better, tighter operation would have saved many more lives.

Counterterror organization, planning, and authority in the United States are still in their infancy. Our own legal safeguards protect the terrorists and hinder the agencies that have your life as their responsibility. No unified national command or network exists within the borders of the United States to combat terror. Each bureau, agency, police department, and military unit is separated by a

difference in legal authority and bureaucratic restrictions that can take hours, if not days, to organize for action.

The Gandhi plot was a prime example. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had knowledge of Sikh activities in Canada, but the passage of Sikh terrorists over the border into the United States warranted no more than a memo, because the Sikhs were involved in nothing illegal at the time.

Disclosure of Sikh intentions to subvert the Indian government and assassinate Rajiv Gandhi came first from a mercenary group—and only because the group was antiterror rather than willing to take Sikh money.

Minister Bhajan Lal's life was saved in New Orleans primarily by the actions of Paul Johnson, a mercenary actually not directly involved in the case, and when he was protected from a terrorist attack, it was by local police.

Being less flexible than required, the FBI raid team was not in place and ready for the Sikhs in New Jersey, depending instead on planning for a raid on a certain day and hoping they would be obligingly there for the grabbing.

We must get better at stopping terrorists. Mistakes such as those made in the Gandhi plot should be learned from and corrective actions quickly taken. With the exception of saving Rajiv Gandhi, almost everything that could go wrong did go wrong.

There is no end to this story, but there is a postscript.

Birk Singh and the Sikhs arrested with him in New Orleans had the federal charges of conspiracy to assassinate Chief Minister Bhajan Lal dropped, and state charges are currently being brought against them. For state charges, bail can be arranged.

A paperwork error by some clerk has made it possible for the Sikhs to get out of jail. Bhajan Lal was *not* registered as an internationally protected person, as had been assumed—and, indeed, counted on—by the FBI and the Department of State.

That meant it was not a federal offense to kill him.


Federal charges for conspiracy do still exist in Alabama and New York. The counterterror war that began with bombs and bullets has ended for the Sikhs with lawyers' writs and briefcases.

Terrorism is much closer than the average American citizen assumes. It came to the United States in the Gandhi plot in New York, New Jersey, Alabama, and Louisiana.

Were the men who passed you in the hotel lobby in New York involved in a plot to disable nuclear reactors?

Did you sit in a coffee shop in Alabama beside a terrorist assassin?

Did you have a sandwich at a truck-stop in New Jersey across the street from a houseful of terrorist trainees?

Think about it. 

◐ *What if we really are marooned? What could we do?* ◑

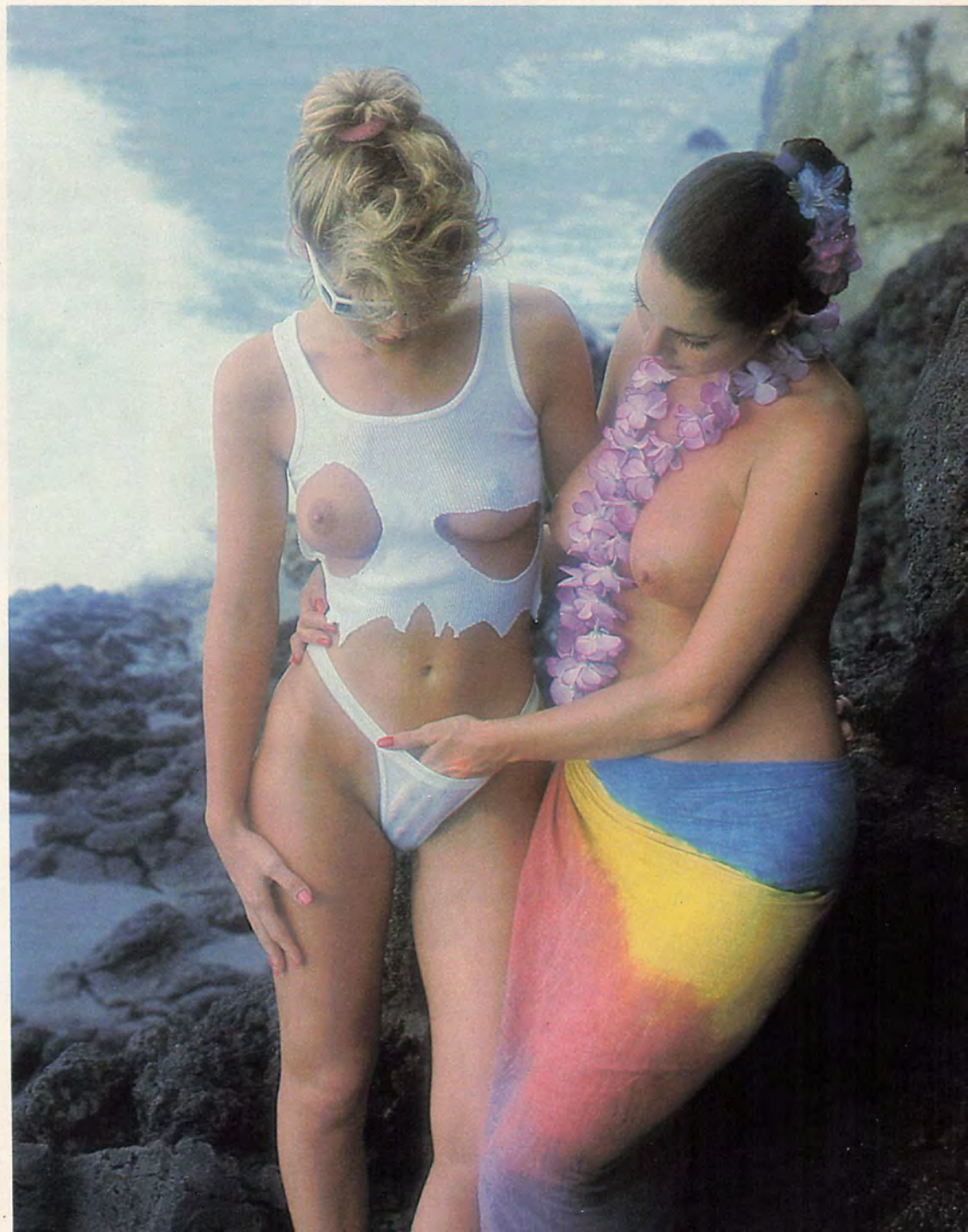
ISLANDS IN THE STREAM

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

Seemingly, it all began as a game. Cheryl and Lindy stayed at the cabana, while the rest of their friends took the sloop back to the mainland for supplies. The empty stillness of the usually raucous beach vacation house worked a drowsy sort of magic on the two sentries. Walking on the deserted beach, each became super-aware of the other's smoothly tanned body. Hadn't Cheryl always flirted with Lindy, just a bit—a careless touch, a flash of tongue surprising a casual kiss? They didn't speak for a long time, intent on the sensuality of their secret thoughts. "I'm sure they'll be back," Lindy smiled.

"But if we were really marooned . . . what would we do?"







Makeup by Lisa Lencle, silk sarong by Bunny's Designs of Kona, hair by Darlene De Freitas.



"I don't know—" Cheryl broke off with an embarrassed laugh. It was really her first time this way, and she wanted, somehow, to be good. "Let's see," Lindy said quietly. "I think I have some ideas."





As the afternoon deepened, so did their mysterious, new passion. Every place seemed just right for the moment: The sun's heat made

their own
seem insatiable. Their
breath came
quicker
and heavier
... momentarily even
drowning out
the crashing
of the waves
onshore.









Caught up by the demands of mind and body, the girls were oblivious to all but the sounds of their returning friends. And what began as an innocent island game had become—at least for that extraordinary moment—their only reality.

OT



Male leads Ron Jeremy and Harry Reems have almost zero appeal for the women I polled. They are actually stand-ins for the schlub-ugly male viewer.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

TRASHY VIDEO

Trashy Lady

(Masterpiece) **1.1**

This is a big-budget, classily produced adult videotape, but somehow all the pieces don't click together. The lead female "pieces" are the two Lynns—Ginger and Amber—while the main male piece is Harry Reems. The gangster plot is handled fairly well, if only as an overblown parody. Amber is trying to teach Ginger how to be a gangster's moll, a "trashy lady." About the only thing you can say of Amber is that she appears to be the worst thing ever to hit magnetic tape—until she starts giving a blowjob. Here's an example of how the makers of this one missed the little man in the boat. In what could have been a fine seduction scene of the then-innocent Ginger Lynn, we're taken straight from the pickup to furious piston-style fucking, missing the sensuality of the striptease entirely! *Trashy Lady* isn't embarrassing, but it is disappointing.

CLICHE OF THE MONTH

Sex Academy

(Playtime) **1**

This shot-on-video quickie is such a mess that it probably qualifies for more than one Cliché of the Month. But only one stands out: the tape-ending orgy. Can't think of a way to finish off your idiotic, hackneyed plot? Just throw everyone in bed together, have them fuck and suck for what will seem like an eternity, and then roll your credits! Countless adult-videotape makers use this brain-damaged device to extricate themselves from the mess their so-called scriptwriters



Sex Academy: One more adult fantasy is ruined.

have gotten into.

The plot here is a loony-tunes mishmash about a "sex academy" where government agents are trained to resist the wiles of counterspies, but it all gets hopelessly bogged down. So a huge communal exchange of microbes is performed, and one more adult fantasy is ruined. It's too bad, because the orgy should be prime turf for adult entertainment—it is, perhaps, the most enduring sexual image of all time—but not this way, laid out in this tired and exhausted formula. The orgy may be the most difficult adult fantasy to realize on film or tape, and it sure as hell has eluded the makers of *Sex Academy*.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Erotic Radio

(VCA) **1111**

The bored housewife is the central image of this funny, sexy, Californicatin' adult video. That could be a noxious cliché, but it is handled well enough here to lift *Erotic Radio* beyond the ordinary tape. The production values are high and the script is excellent, especially since the

writer knows enough not to get in the way of the action. The premise is "sex radio," a smutty talk show that sends the cast of bored, unloved, or lonely housewives into climactic fantasies. The radio station is WXXX, "10.69 on your dial, squirting out 50,000 watts of orgasmic pleasure from the longest and thickest transmission tower in the Southwest." You get the idea. The women, including newcomer Rene Summers, are all superbly erotic animals underneath their haze of domesticity. Ron Jeremy turns in a fine performance as a construction worker hilariously out of touch with his feelings. A good job all around.

PRE-OP ART

A Passage Through Pamela

(VCA) **111**

I'll have to admit I was totally at a loss as to how to rate *A Passage Through Pamela*, a well-produced, sexually intense tape which, since it features a "pre-op" transsexual, might nevertheless turn quite a few viewers off. "Pre-op" stands for "pre-operation," and refers to a person planning a sex-change oper-

ation who has undergone all of the conversion process except castration. "He/she" therefore sports not only breasts and a hairless face, but also a prick. This is a tremendous turn-on for some folks, and "Pamela" is one of the most beautiful examples of this weird hybrid I have ever seen. Her real-life story is that she came over on the Cuban boat lift—one of my own magazine's editors cracked that this made her a "Castro convertible"—and the makers of this film offered to pay for her operation if she would appear in it. They also promise one "post-operation" look at Pamela, but that has yet to be screened.

At any rate, although there are people who might blanch at this sort of kink, *A Passage Through Pamela* is actually a very superior tape. The "secret" is not popped right away; we only see the exquisite Pamela winning a "model of the year" award. Then she is paired with Sharon Kane, in what should be a lesbo duo but turns out not to be—surprise! Pamela's transsexualism is used to make a sly comment on the world of high fashion. The strength of this tape is not only Pamela's exquisite Phoebe Cates-like face, but the human, gently humorous treatment of her situation. Producer/director duo Stewart and Leslie Brooks don't take themselves too seriously, and the result is romp raunch of the finest order.

The transsexual angle in *A Passage Through Pamela* isn't overplayed, and the technical values are high. A strong three-cock rating for the production, minus one for the turnoff value.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Oriental Jade
(Praxis) **1.1.1.1**

This is, paradoxically enough, a stag film for couples, in that the action, though raunchy and nonstop, has a high erotic quality that will appeal to the ladies. This is despite the fact that the two male leads, Ron Jeremy and Harry Reems, have almost zero appeal for the women I polled. They are actually stand-ins for the schlub-ugly male viewer. Nevertheless, the women I saw this with liked it, and with females like Kristara Barrington, Gina Valentino, Lorri Smith, and Suzi Hart heading up the distaff action, you won't get any argument from the men, either. The plot is negligible, but the action is hotter than a roaring fireplace. You can bring your own bearskin rug, sit in front of this one, and burn the chill out of your bones.



Jade's action is hotter than a roaring fireplace.

ANUS 'N' ANDY
Licorice Twists
(Wet) **1.1**

Interracial sex is the latest recycled fetish (wasn't it first big back in the early seventies?) to hit the adult-video market, and this tape is a

particularly severe example of the genre. It actually opens with a scene of blacks eating ribs at a picnic, and the action stays on that ludicrously stereotypical level throughout. Ingrid Elliot, a Swedish-style blonde, is crowbarred into the action via something called the "Institute for Advanced Sexual Studies," and proceeds to show just how low "advanced" is these days. The orgy scene is predictably anal-oriented. Cliché-ridden and racist, *Licorice Twists* gets one point only—and that's for fetish value.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

The Story of Joanna
(AVC) **1.1.1.1**

I first reviewed this tape as a film, in 1975, when director Gerry Damiano first released it. Viewing it again more than ten years after it was made, I find that two things strike me. First, *The Story*

content, but because it deals directly and unabashedly with men's misogynist fantasies. The story is grafted off the famous novel *The Story of O*, and it contains all the heady, twisted sexuality, bondage themes, and collision of love and domination for which that book is justly famous.

Jason, an accomplished sensualist driven to despair by his constant thoughts of death, played by Jamie Gillis, meets up with the innocent Joanna, played with a dewy purity by Terri Hall. He proceeds to suck her into a swirling vortex of sexual experience, initiating her into his cynical worldview. This is not a fuck-a-minute special; Damiano combines dream scenes, an excellent ballet sequence, and lyrical photography for a study of sexual obsession. Dangerous images? Maybe. But supremely human. *The Story of Joanna* won't be everyone's cup of tease, but it's a serious and sensual treatment of S & M and, as such, deserves a place in your permanent video library.

TITS AND ASYLUM

Ginger's Sex Asylum
(Vivid) **1.1**

Sometimes a porn viewer gets fixated on one delicious erotic persona. He will search out tapes with that particular



Asylum: mediocre.

starlet in them. Ginger Lynn seems to be affecting a lot of men that way, since she's the latest actress in adult entertainment to cross the line from starlet to star. Vivid Video is coming out with a whole series of tapes with Ginger as the centerpiece. The attraction here *has* to be Ginger, since the action is mediocre and the shot-on-video production values have all the limitations of the medium. Ginger plays an inmate at an institution for sexual deviates run by the evil Dr. Pap, played by Harry Reems. The inmates eventually take over the asylum, the fucking and sucking are virtually nonstop, and the tape winds up with a falsely jocular feel to it. If you like Ginger, go for it. **1.1**

RATING KEY

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

of *Joanna* is still a supremely sensual experience crafted by the reigning hedonist of adult entertainment; second, times have changed. Today, this film would be controversial not so much for its straightforward sexual

HEALERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

for the same purposes.

Growing discontent with conventional medical treatment and the spiraling cost of conventional medical care have spurred many Americans to consider other methods of treatment. The medical establishment has reacted by conducting inquisitions and autos-da-fé against the practitioners of alternative health care.

The attempt to eliminate homeopathic medicine is a flagrant example of medical orthodoxy's continuing drive to exert monopolistic control over health care. As far back as 1890, Mark Twain was witness to the medical establishment's assault on homeopathic medicine, which, he observed, forced the orthodox medical practitioner "to stir around and learn something of a rational nature about his business." Referring to the orthodox physician's common practice of prescribing highly toxic medicines containing mercury for most ailments, Twain commented: "When you reflect that your own father had to take such medicines . . . and that you would be taking them today yourself, but for the introduction of homeopathy . . . you may honestly feel grateful that homeopathy survived the attempts of the allopathists to destroy it."

By the 1840s, homeopathy had taken root and was successfully competing with

orthodox medicine. Allopathic physicians resented homeopathy's results with patients who did not satisfactorily respond to conventional treatment.

The dogmatic belief prevailed among American orthodox physicians that the principal cause of disease was "irregular arterial action" and, therefore, that a victim of almost any disease could benefit from bloodletting. A prominent medical journal reported in 1837 that "among physicians there is no one remedy of greater importance in the treatment of disease than the lancet. In every part of our widespread country it is resorted to, and no adequate substitute can be found for its vast remedial powers."

Indeed, Dr. Benjamin Rush, a leading nineteenth-century medical authority, advocated bleeding a patient as long as the symptoms of the disease continued, until four-fifths of the patient's blood was drawn off and his pulse was weak and irregular. Rush, a professor of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, advocated bloodletting as the remedy par excellence for those who were in a physically weak or even in a generally debilitated condition. Where the patient was running a high fever and could not sit up without fainting, Rush taught that it was not safe—and, therefore, not good medical practice—to desist from bleeding the patient, even "if the pulse has ever so little tension in it."

Bloodsucking leeches were almost as

popular with American allopathic physicians as opening a vein. By 1856, one leech importer was bringing in 300,000 leeches annually; a competitor did a brisker business, importing a half-million leeches annually.

Another favorite remedy of the American allopathic medical profession was calomel, a laxative also known as mercurous chloride, which was used to treat all acute diseases as well as syphilis and gonorrhea. Rush touted calomel as "a general stimulant and evacuant" and as "a safe and nearly . . . universal medicine." He called it the "Samson" of medical substances. Allopathic physicians of that day prescribed calomel as a panacea for nearly all diseases, including epidemic cholera, venereal diseases, tetanus, yellow fever, smallpox, and rheumatism. Dr. Rush dosed his patients with enough calomel to produce four or five prodigious evacuations daily, then drew eight to ten ounces of blood to assure the optimal therapeutic effect!

According to a modern pharmacological textbook, the toxic effects of calomel result from the length of time its mercuric contents are retained in the intestinal tract. It was for this reason that additional strong evacuants often were given to supplement calomel. While most patients survived the massive doses of calomel, many died of mercury poisoning.

Coulter notes that up to 1960 the Merck Index, which American physicians con-



JERRY FALWELL, ANDREA DWORKIN, et. al. VS. THOMAS JEFFERSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, et. al.

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Editor & Publisher

R. Guccione

sult when writing prescriptions; included calomel, but "because of its toxicity calomel is no longer listed in the United States pharmacopoeia."

Tooth decay and toothlessness were virtually universal in the 1800s. Harris Coulter observes: "It is probably true that the toothlessness of many Americans was due to the doses of calomel they received from infancy, and this medication was doubtless responsible for many of the other ills described." Endemic typhus, tuberculosis, malaria, and cholera, coupled with poor nutrition, poor personal hygiene, and the widespread lack of adequate sanitation, took a terrible toll on American health and lives.

The U.S. War Department reported that the rejection rate for American volunteers for the Mexican War had been twice as high as for European and British recruits, owing to the failure of American volunteers to meet military standards for weight, robustness, and general health.

"The medical profession must take its share of the blame," says Coulter, "for its failure to pursue an active search for safe and effective remedies and . . . for its unbelievable maltreatment of patients with mercury, quinine, and bloodletting."

Hostility to conventional medicine's nostrums and quackeries, and its adherence to noncurative remedies that often put patients at great risk, attracted many people to homeopathic medicine. Homeopaths viewed nature as a healing force which a physician could cooperate with, rather than combat against, in treating illness. Homeopathy, in this country as in Europe, spread rapidly among the educated and the affluent, while the establishment of homeopathic dispensaries was a boon to the poor, who were usually not charged. *The New York Times* commented that homeopathy "often cures where allopathy fails. . . . Whatever else it may be, it is not quackery. It has all the elements of a science." With the opening of the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1848, a Philadelphia newspaper reported that all of its professors, distinguished in the medical community, had been educated "in the old practice of medicine."

By 1900, almost 25 percent of all American physicians subscribed to the homeopathic discipline. It was taught in 22 domestic medical colleges. There were over 100 homeopathic hospitals, and more than 1,000 pharmacies across the nation filled homeopathic prescriptions. Numerous homeopathic medical journals were published, and state homeopathic medical societies regulated its practice. In every respect, including licensure, the homeopathic physician enjoyed the same status as the allopathic physician.

The rise of homeopathy had shattered orthodox medicine's monopoly on health care. The forces of orthodox medicine, however, had not been complacent. They had long been determined to eliminate homeopathic medical practice from the

American scene.

By 1844, so many orthodox physicians were claiming to be homeopathic practitioners that the homeopathic medical profession formed the American Institute of Homeopathy—this country's first national medical association—whose function was to weed out impostors. Three years later, the American Medical Association was organized, with the undisguised purpose of smashing homeopathy in the United States.

The AMA called homeopathy a "delusion," and rigorously forbade allopaths from consulting or consorting with homeopathic physicians, regardless of the latter's medical expertise. Under the aegis of the AMA, allopathic medical societies warred against homeopathy and expelled members who had any professional or social contact with homeopathic physicians. In New York City, the Academy of Medicine excluded homeopathic physicians from membership. The AMA

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led witch-hunt was unrestrained: The Connecticut Medical Society in 1852 summarily expelled some members of the Fairfield County Medical Society for practicing homeopathy. In 1873, the Massachusetts Medical Society, surrendering to AMA insistence, booted out eight homeopathic physicians who had held membership in the society for 30 years. The consequence of these expulsions—which *The New York Times* (June 7, 1873) called "unjust, unfair and abusive"—was that Boston became a hotbed of hostility toward the AMA. The Westchester County Medical Society in New York expelled an orthodox practitioner for purchasing milk sugar at a homeopathic pharmacy. One allopathic physician was drummed out of a Connecticut medical society for consulting and consorting with his wife, a homeopathic doctor!

AMA-controlled medical schools refused to accept students, otherwise qualified, who evinced homeopathic sympathies, and these schools required graduates to forswear the practice of homeopathy under penalty of losing their medical degrees.

By 1865, the pharmaceutical industry

fully supported the AMA's campaign against homeopathy. It was well established that huge profits could be realized from the manufacture and marketing of proprietary medicines, and that every allopathic physician would, in effect, be a conscripted sales representative. Since the homeopath prescribed no proprietary medicines, the prescription or use of these drugs provided no opportunity for the monopolistic manufacture and control of pharmaceuticals.

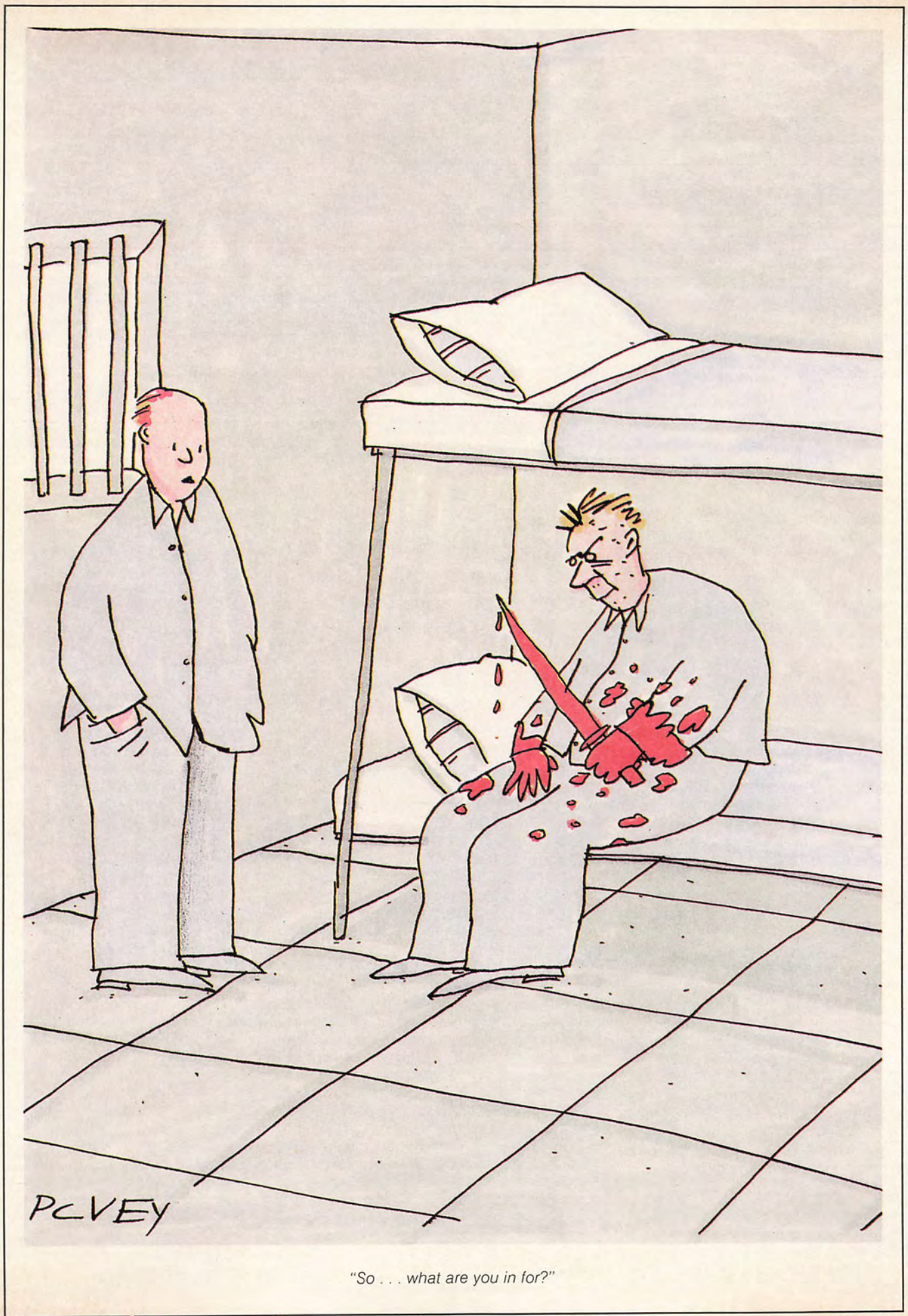
By the turn of the century, economic support of the AMA and its leaders by the pharmaceutical industry was a fact. Prominent physicians were paid for endorsing specific proprietary drugs. By 1909, advertisements placed by pharmaceutical companies in the AMA's journal were the major source of the AMA's revenues. Coulter notes that out of 250 medical journals "published at the turn of the century . . . only one was supported by the profession alone." The AMA journal itself reported that "practically all medical journals carry advertisements of proprietary remedies."

The drug companies deluged physicians with free samples of their products and sent out droves of public-relations men, who visited physicians' offices to praise their companies' products and to leave additional samples and gifts.

By such methods, the bond between the AMA, allopathic physicians, and the pharmaceutical industry was cemented. Its control over American medicine assured, the AMA used the revenues provided by its powerful ally, the U.S. pharmaceutical industry, to prepare for the final assault on homeopathic medicine.

The homeopathic medical schools were a primary target of the AMA when it formed its Council on Medical Education in 1904. The council's declared purpose was a noble one—to upgrade medical colleges. Unquestionably, medical colleges always need upgrading. But, in retrospect, it is clear that elimination of homeopathic medical schools was no small part of the AMA's purpose. One way to banish homeopathy was to get rid of the institutions in which it was taught.

One tactic, proving that homeopathic medical students were not as proficient as their allopathic colleagues, would have been impossible to implement. Studies conducted by both the AMA and the American Institute of Homeopathy showed that homeopathic students earned higher grades than their allopathic fellows. An AMA survey conducted in 1905 showed that 12 percent of allopathic graduates failed the medical-licensure examinations, compared to three percent of homeopathic graduates. In 1911, the graduates of Boston University's homeopathic School of Medicine passed the Massachusetts state examinations with an average grade of 78.8, while none failed. Compare its record to the following allopathic schools: Har-



"So . . . what are you in for?"

vard's graduates who passed had an average grade of 78.7, while 4.8 percent failed. Ten percent of Dartmouth's graduates failed, while those who passed had an average grade of 77.8; Tufts's failures were about the same as Dartmouth's, while the average passing grade for its graduates taking the same examinations was slightly lower.

Another AMA study showed that raising admission standards and extending the medical-school program to four years did not enhance the performance of allopathic graduates taking the 1907 state-licensure examinations; proportionately, more allopathic graduates failed than homeopathic graduates. These surveys proved that, on the whole, the caliber of students and teaching was higher at homeopathic schools than at conventional medical schools.

But the results of these studies stiffened the resolve of the AMA to devise a rating system that would eliminate homeopathic schools from consideration for endowments and grants, on which medical schools depended (and still do) for their existence. The rating system reduced graduates' performance on state-licensure examinations to an insignificant aspect of the AMA's criteria. Major importance was placed instead on the nature of the courses taught, the architecture of the school's buildings, the elaborateness of its laboratories, and whether physicians teaching first- and second-year classes were employed full-time at the school and whether they engaged in original research and published scientific papers in medical publications, such as the AMA's journal. Most important was whether the school was affiliated with a hospital and dispensary, whether it was philanthropically endowed, the extensiveness of its libraries, and whether it maintained a museum of medical exhibits for students and faculty.

The models for the AMA criteria were the medical schools of Ivy League colleges. Henceforth, American medicine was to be controlled by American big business through its philanthropic institutes, and was to become a fiefdom reserved for the offspring of America's rich. This new elite medical caste would couple the practice of medicine with the exercise of noblesse oblige.

In the face of protests from both homeopathic and allopathic schools that denied the AMA's right to judge them and objected to the sleazy rigging of the "criteria," the AMA council brought in Abraham Flexner of the Carnegie Endowment, a primary source of funding for educational institutions.

The Flexner report of 1910 was heavily influenced by the AMA's opposition to homeopathy. Flexner shared the AMA's bias; he saw no justification for the continued existence of homeopathic medical schools in the new age of "modern medicine."

Based on the Flexner report and the

AMA's school ratings, some state-licensing boards barred homeopathic graduates from taking the licensure examinations. Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and other philanthropists accepted the AMA's recommendations and drastically cut allocations to homeopathic medical schools. This despite the fact that Rockefeller, who was 98 when he died in 1937, never allowed any but homeopathic physicians to treat him.

By 1918, there were only seven homeopathic medical schools left. The last of the homeopathic schools, the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, founded in 1848, began moving away from homeopathy in 1928, though the American Institute of Homeopathy managed to survive. Among its main functions today is publishing *The Journal of the American Institute of Homeopathy*, a professional publication which reports on continuing homeopathic research and clinical matters. It is read by an esti-

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The AMA used the revenues provided by its powerful ally, the U.S. pharmaceutical industry, to prepare for the final assault on homeopathic medicine.

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mated 3,000 homeopathic practitioners in the United States.

Today, the Food and Drug Administration reports that homeopathy is enjoying "a rebirth of popularity" despite predictions some 65 years ago of its certain extinction. Homeopathy's comeback, according to the FDA, began a decade ago and is now in full swing.

The same trend is reported in Europe, where, according to *MD* magazine—a publication solidly in the corner of orthodox medicine and the proprietary drug companies—"thousands . . . disillusioned by traditional medicine are turning to homeopathy." English homeopaths have been receiving an average annual increase of nine percent in new patients. This appears to be the result of referrals by traditional physicians. French government sources report that six million of its citizens are regular users of homeopathic remedies, and that this number is rising. Four thousand French physicians incorporate homeopathy into their practice, while some 1,000 practice homeopathy exclusively.

According to Homeopathic Educational Services of Berkeley, California, the

largest American distributor of homeopathic materials, 25,000 doctors and 75,000 health-care workers in India are professional homeopaths, while in Pakistan there are more than 16,000 homeopaths. In those countries, as in England, it is legal to practice homeopathic medicine without a medical degree.

Under the laws of Arizona, Connecticut, and Nevada, physicians who practice homeopathic medicine are regulated by state homeopathic boards, which are separate from and independent of the boards that regulate conventional medical practitioners. That, however, is not the case in the state of Florida, where the Department of Professional Regulation zealously swoops down on physicians and dentists who may use homeopathy in their practice.

That is what happened in July 1985 to Dr. Phillip K. Parsons, a dentist in Key-stone Heights, Florida. About five years earlier, scientific curiosity had led him to study homeopathy, and he witnessed some remarkable results when he treated some of his patients with nontoxic homeopathic medicines listed in the U.S. pharmacopeia.

On June 9, 1985, the *Gainesville Sun* published an article entitled "Homeopathy Trying to Shake the Label of Quackery" about Dr. Parsons' application of homeopathy in his practice. *Sun* reporter Donna White described what, to Dr. Parsons, appeared to be advantageous but unforeseen secondary effects of his dental treatment of some patients by homeopathic means: "He saw a man regain vision in his left eye after he gave him a homeopathic remedy to dissolve a cyst in his mouth. Parsons gave one child a remedy for an abscessed tooth, which also has palliated her rheumatic heart." The *Sun* story reported that Parsons continues to study homeopathy, that he also teaches it, and that he "practices the science in his dentistry."

Meanwhile, Florida's Department of Professional Regulation was investigating Dr. Parsons for practicing outside of the scope of dentistry and engaging in the unauthorized practice of medicine.

Dr. Parsons' response to the investigation was: "I have used certain techniques and practices of homeopathic medicine in conjunction with my practice of dentistry, but not to the exclusion of the customarily used medications and techniques of dental practice." He also denied advising his patients "in those matters which are exclusively reserved for the practice of medicine. I have on occasion noticed improvement in medical conditions of my patients after my use of homeopathic remedies in connection with a dental condition." On those occasions, he stated, he advised them to consult with their physicians, and suggested to other patients of his not to discontinue the use of any prescribed medicines without first consulting their physicians.

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All attempts by Dr. Parsons and his lawyer to ascertain the basis of the investigation have been rebuffed by the Department of Professional Regulation. The only information given him six months after the department began its investigation was that the department was still waiting for the report of its dental consultant. The Parsons case is but a recent example—and not the most egregious—of the AMA's attempt to slay the homeopathic phoenix.

In North Carolina, the Board of Medical Examiners recently revoked Dr. George Guess's license to practice medicine there. Dr. Guess frankly admits the charges brought against him, but emphatically denies that the board has the right to prohibit him from practicing homeopathic medicine.

On June 25, 1985, Dr. Guess received a letter from the Board of Medical Examiners. He was astonished at the heading of the enclosure: "Notice of Charges and Allegations." This was the text of the letter: "You are hereby given notice that the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of North Carolina has preferred and does hereby prefer against you the following charges and allegations: that at various times in 1985, in Asheville, North Carolina, you have held yourself out as professing to diagnose and treat ailments by the practice of homeopathic medicine, and you have engaged in the practice of homeopathic medicine for various patients. The above allegations, if proven, would constitute grounds . . . for the suspension or revocation of [your] license to practice medicine. . . ."

Dr. Richard Moscowitz, a prominent homeopathic physician and president of the National Center for Homeopathy in Washington, D.C., reacted strongly. "Dr. Guess is charged not with incompetence or negligence, but simply with practicing homeopathy," he wrote in *Homeopathy Today*, the center's publication. "This action by the Medical Board of North Carolina strikes at homeopathy itself, and in so doing challenges the right of a physician to practice medicine according to his or her conscience, and to offer the public the health care of its choice." Pointing out that the panoply of homeopathic medicines are approved and protected by federal law, and that homeopathy has persisted as a medical specialty despite all efforts to destroy it, Dr. Moscowitz said: "In now attempting to enforce a uniform orthodoxy of belief and practice, the Board evidently aspires to become a kind of thought police that can dictate how a physician must advise and help his or her patients. . . ."

The George Guess case is another flagrant example of the tie-in between the AMA and North Carolina's Board of Medical Examiners, and their attempt to advance the interests of the AMA and the drug industry—keeping North Carolina the private preserve of organized Big Medicine. The same board recently at-

tempted to stop several licensed physicians in North Carolina from practicing chelation therapy—a safe, effective alternative to coronary-bypass surgery—by threatening to revoke their licenses. The physicians fought back in the courts by commencing antitrust litigation against the board. Besides demanding damages, the physicians will be examining the history and legality of such interferences with patients' and doctors' rights. The public and press are entitled to know the purpose of the board's attempt to restrain lawful medical practice by substituting its judgment and that of the AMA's for the judgment of the individual physician and for the informed choice of therapy made by the patient.

Many patients visit homeopathic physicians after conventional treatments have failed. Generally, these patients have little prior knowledge of the homeopathic diagnostic and treatment process. Once

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The public and press are entitled to know the purpose of the AMA's attempt to restrain lawful medical practice by substituting its judgment for that of the physician.

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they receive treatment, however, and observe its tangible results, they become enthusiastic supporters.

Connecticut's Dr. Shevin reports that he successfully treated a patient with chronic asthma after the patient's previous doctor, a conventional physician, was unable to effect any significant improvement. Under Shevin's homeopathic treatment, the patient's chronic asthma cleared up completely.

In 1973, *The Journal of the American Institute of Homeopathy* described a study on the results of homeopathic treatment of 100 cases of asthma in children with the substance *Luffa Operculata*. The study reported that 36 experienced relief for one to three months, 26 for three to six months, 11 for six to nine months, and ten for nine to 12 months.

An interesting example of the homeopathic principle of treating "like with like" appears in the *FDA Consumer* of March 1985. It notes that ipecac, a drug which causes vomiting, is used in hospital emergency rooms to treat certain acute cases of poisoning. "Homeopathic physicians, however, prescribe ipecac for patients suffering from nausea or vomit-

ing. While the dose is highly diluted, the treatment, according to the principle of homeopathy, cures by stimulating the body's natural defense mechanism to fight whatever is causing the ailment."

The vaccines of Jenner, Pasteur, Salk, and others exemplify the scientific reality of the law of similars. Allopathic medicine has made good use of homeopathic principles in developing the concepts and applications of immunology, serum therapy, and allergy treatment.


Yet despite the evidence that homeopathic medicine is scientific, efficacious, and safe, there are those who maintain that the results achieved by homeopathy are subjective and are to be explained as placebo effects.

In 1980, the effects of homeopathic treatment on patients with rheumatoid arthritis were investigated in a double-blind study conducted in Glasgow, Scotland. Both allopathic and homeopathic physicians participated in this study of 46 patients diagnosed as having rheumatoid arthritis. Some were given conventional anti-inflammatory drugs, some were given homeopathic remedies, and some were given placebos. Neither the patients nor physicians who participated knew the nature of the medication received by any patient. The study covered a three-month period, and its procedures and results were published in the *British Journal of Clinical Pharmacology*. Those patients who received the homeopathic preparations showed statistically significant improvement over the other groups. Improvement was measured objectively by changes noted in limbering-up time, grip strength, pain, and functionality. The authors concluded, in part, that "the differences observed were due to the remedies administered and not to any psychological relationship between patient and physician or to placebo response to the homeopathic substances."

Penthouse asked Dr. Shevin whether he had encountered any resistance from the medical community in Putnam to his practice of homeopathic medicine.

"Very little, really," he answered. "I'm on the consulting staff of the local hospital now, but I was formerly on the attending staff. When I requested that the hospital pharmacy stock homeopathic remedies, as soon as they were aware that these had FDA approval, it was a nonissue."

Homeopathy is gaining the professional and lay acceptance it enjoyed over 100 years ago. But the AMA will not allow that situation to last for long.

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"Sir? Sir? You did order a pizza with everything . . .?"

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

of eventually sucking your own pussy.

If you keep working at it, you may eventually reach your goal. It would be a good idea to have a chiropractor around when you make it, though, because if you have an orgasm in this position, I suspect that it might be hard to get yourself untangled.

STAY SINGLE

I am a 19-year-old male serving in the United States Navy. I am six feet tall and weigh 185 pounds. I'm a former state champion in high school wrestling and in the state power-lifting competition in my home state. I'm presently stationed at an Air Force base in Denver, Colorado, for my naval intelligence training.

One morning, the strangest thing happened to me. I was on my way to chow when I met up with a beautiful woman who's serving in the Air Force. We started talking, and she told me she knew a shortcut to the chow hall. It was through a group of buildings the Air Force is remodeling. We took the shortcut. She stopped while we were walking through one of the buildings and turned and kissed me.

I hadn't been with a woman in five months, so I had an instant erection. I felt

her hand touch the bulge in my pants. She began gently rubbing my rock-hard cock. The friction and her continued kisses were driving me crazy.

I wanted her right then and there. Before I had a chance to ask what was happening, she was on her knees in the process of giving me one of the best blowjobs I've ever had. I exploded in her mouth and she swallowed every ounce and continued to suck like mad. I nearly passed out. Five months without a woman is a long time.

This girl really blew my mind. I was going to bluntly ask her to fuck, but before the words were formed on my lips, she said, "I want to fuck you!" I just nodded yes and started undoing her blouse. I was in dreamland—I was naked before I even knew she was undressing me.

Once we were both nude, I laid her down and started licking and kissing her thighs. She moaned with pleasure. Then I found her clit with my tongue. I teased and sucked it. When she climaxed, she almost ripped my hair out.

I was good and ready to fuck her. I started to mount her, and she moved. She didn't want me on top, she wanted to be the aggressor, she said.


I lay down, and she got on top of me and rode like a bucking bronco. I shot my load (which seemed like gallons) deep inside her. Then I rolled her off and started being the aggressor myself. Needless to

say, we both missed chow and were almost late for our classes.

Xaviera, she wants to see me again. But I have one problem: I'm going to be married in a few months to a girl from back home whom I love very much. But I would love to have several more unrestrained passionate encounters with this young lady. What should I do?—T. M.

Your confusion is shared by most of the men I have met. "I love my wife," they say. "I don't want to hurt her, but I desperately want to fuck someone else." In the case of these men, the other woman is usually me, and unless the wife is a friend of mine (and sometimes even then), I go ahead and let them do it. The husband is invariably returned in good condition, sometimes a little more experienced, and often the better for having shed a few of his hang-ups.

A good reason for getting married is to have your own home, settle down in it together with your woman, and raise a family. The key words are "settle down." Ask yourself if you are ready for that, and the answer will be no.

Have several passionate encounters with your beautiful air woman and anyone else you chance to meet. When you get home to your fiancée, tell her all about it. If she won't accept it, she is not the girl for you. A champion wrestler who is also a sailor will have so many opportunities to get laid while away from home that his woman will have to get used to the idea. If you tie yourself down at 19, you are going to miss out on a hell of a lot of fun over the next few years. 



CREDITS

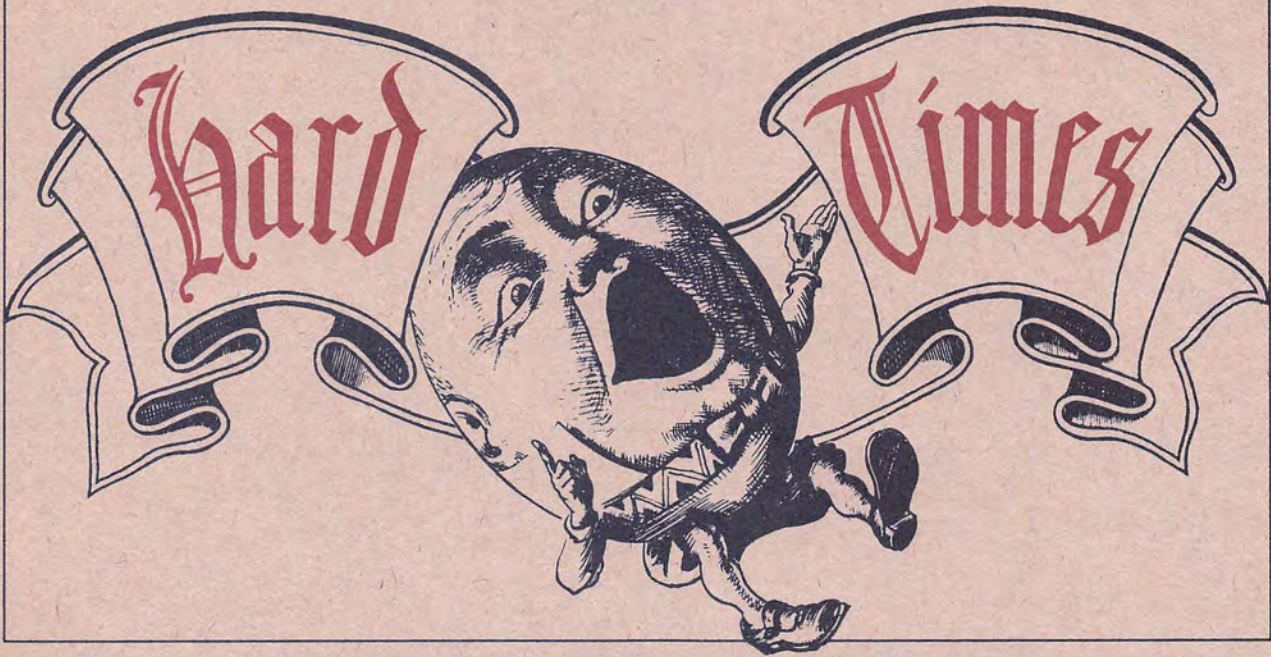
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EXTRA

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

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 5, NO. 4

GOING ONCE...



For just \$4,500, you could have purchased a genuine shrunken head. Pamela Gibson of Pasadena, California, had one for sale and, for all we know, she's still looking for a buyer. Her father received it from a Peruvian diplomat some 25 years ago and left it to Pamela when he died in 1980. She consulted with an art dealer, who determined that the head was of a female Jivaro

Indian in Ecuador and came up with the price of \$4,500. It is encased in an acrylic cube. And—by the way—the practice of shrinking heads is now outlawed in Ecuador. (*The Marietta Daily Journal*—submitted by John A. Hicks, Marietta, Ga.) We really don't think she should sell it—after all, two heads are better than one!—Editor



The Devil's Work

Jean Nation and her husband John are concerned that many toys are actually subtle, demonic manifestations of Satan. Their targets include the entire Masters of the Universe collection, *Star Wars* characters, Smurfs, Superman, and even Barbie dolls. But guess what—Mr. and Mrs. Nation have their own line of toys out called Wee Win Toys, a Christian alternative. If you're tired of turning your child on to Satan, they'll sell you Jesus, John the Baptist, and Moses, all of them wearing purple polyester robes and plastic brown sandals. They also sell Prince of Peace pets with names like Mercy Mouse, Righteous Raccoon, and Truthful Teddy. (*The Daily Breeze*—submitted by Alan L. Dyer, Torrance, Calif.)

This whole thing probably started when Jean found birth-control pills in Barbie's pocketbook.—Editor

SANTA'S HELPER

Marilyn Chambers, X-rated film star, was fined \$500 plus \$40 in court costs after she was found guilty of pandering obscenity in Cleveland Municipal Court in December 1985. She was arrested for performing oral sex with a member of the audience during her show at the Era Burlesk. Chambers was interviewed after her court appearance and said, "Being Christmas time, I thought I would give them a little treat." (*The Plain Dealer*—submitted by Marco E. Graves, Cleveland, Ohio)

Marilyn was just confused. It's "trick or treat" on Halloween, not "trick and treat" at Christmas.—Editor

Just Following Orders

Jorge Luis Gonzalez, a homicide witness, was left waiting in an interrogation room for four days in error. In the interim he had no food, no water, and no place to urinate except for a Styrofoam cup. An investigator was asked to drive him home but went to the wrong room; another witness was waiting there, and he took *that* man home. "I stayed in the room because I obey the law," Gonzalez said. (*The Miami Herald*—submitted by Jay Monath, North Miami Beach, Fla.)

Maybe he was waiting for a bit part on "Miami Vice."—Editor

On the Whole, We'll Take the Pill

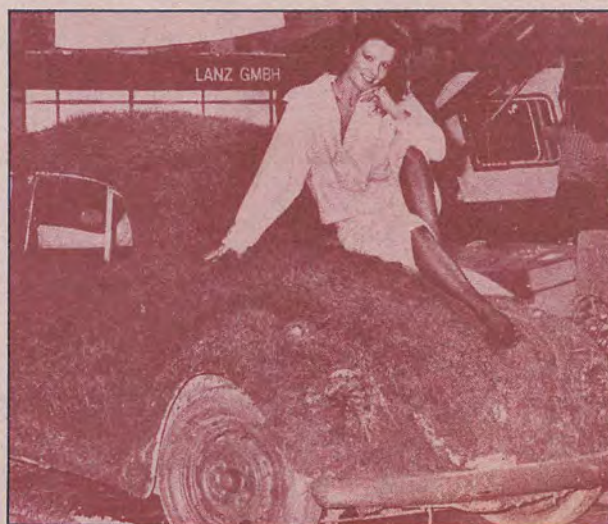
Hundreds of mice are jumping from cliffs on the Golan Heights and killing themselves. Israeli scientists say that this is the animals' instinctive way of solving their overpopulation problem. (*The New York Times*)

Planned Parenthood better not get any ideas. . . .—Editor

LEAVE IT TO THE GERMANS

This Volkswagen Beetle was exhibited at a fair for gardeners and environmentalists in Cologne, West Germany. The extraordinary work of art was achieved by planting real grass on the car, and . . . voilà! (*New Strait Times*—submitted by Rex M. Toribio, Quezon City, Philippines)

They could use it as the official car of the Green party.—Editor



A Fine Mess

Security guard Mark Shaffer received a notice from municipal court telling him that because he missed a court appearance over his expired license plates, he was being fined. The wording went like this: "Since you failed to appear for this hearing . . . you now owe \$852810725." It turned out that the computer printed Shaffer's case number in the space where the fine should have been. (*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*—submitted by Randy E. Griesinger, Renton, Wash.)

But we bet that's the last court appearance Mark will miss.—Editor

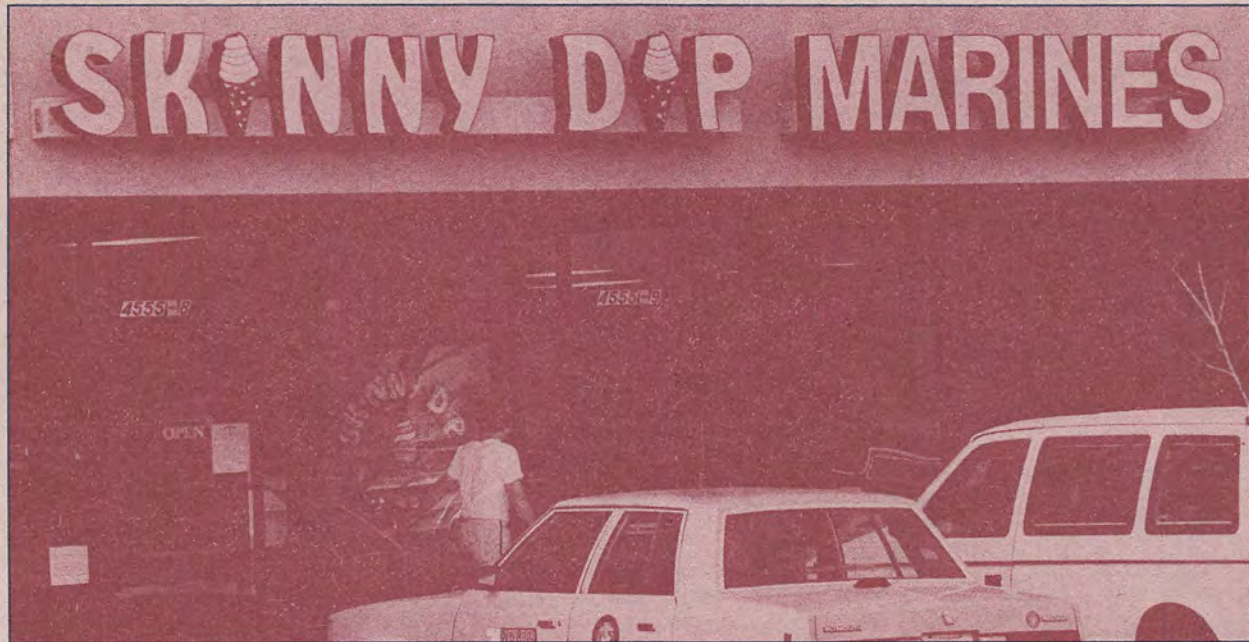


A Real Warning Sign

According to the American College of Emergency Physicians, the severity of some medical problems is often underestimated by the public. Among the warning signs that "warrant emergency attention even though they do not always indicate a se-

rious problem," the group included "suicidal or homicidal feelings." (*The New York Times*)

You'd need years of medical training to be able to figure that out.—Editor



Wanted: A Few Good Men

No, this isn't a new branch of our esteemed armed forces. Actually, the Skinny Dip ice cream parlor is right next door to a U.S. Marine Corps recruiting center. Someone got a little sloppy with the sign-hanging. (*The San Antonio Express-News*—submitted by Stephen E. Mudd, San Antonio, Tex.)

We bet that recruiting office is seeing more applicants than ever before.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

PARTING SHOT

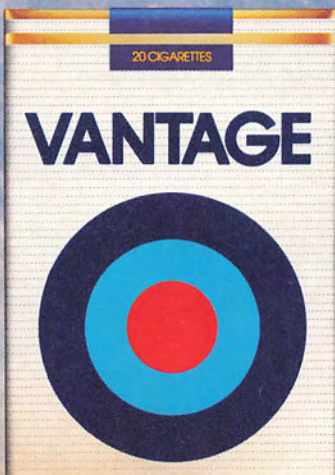
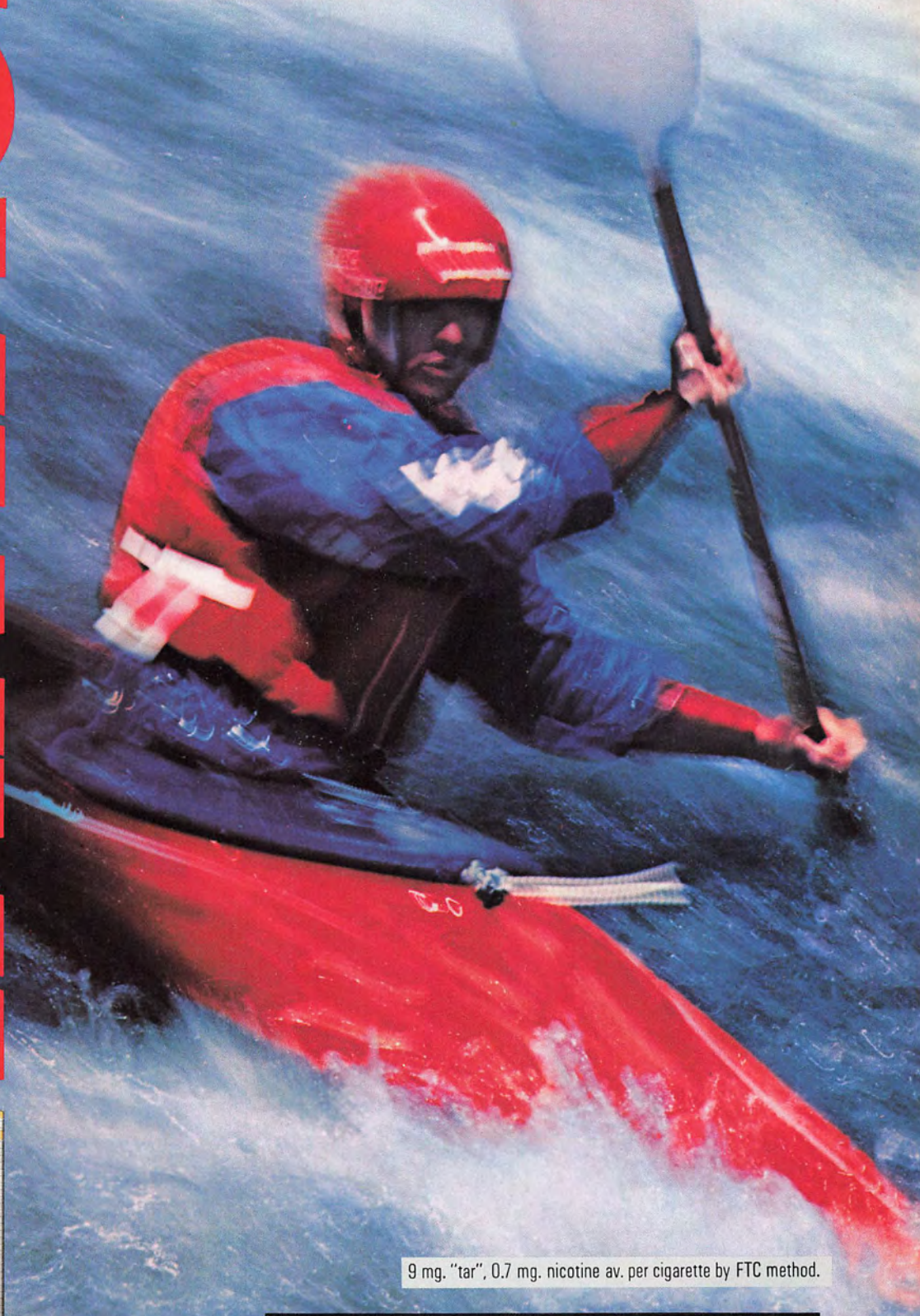
BY MISCHA RICHTER



"But if the Japanese do so well copying us, why don't we just copy them?"

VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



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

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Sweet Chastity

by **RON EMBLETON**
and **BOB GUCCIONE**

AT THE DISUNITED NATIONS IN GENEVA OUR REPRESENTATIVES CONTINUE TO DEMONSTRATE THE RACIAL, SOCIAL, CULTURAL, IDEOLOGICAL, AND POLITICAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF HOMO SAPIENS AND, AS USUAL, ARE UNABLE TO AGREE ON THEIR ATTITUDE TO THE SITUATION IN TRANSYLVANIA (AS THEY HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO AGREE ON ANYTHING ELSE ON THE AGENDA!)

JEW
IMPERIALIST!

INFIDEL!

TERRORIST!

ITALY

COMMIE
CREEP!

FASCIST!

USA

USSR

BLACK
RACIST!

BRITAIN

CHRISTIAN
BARBARIAN!

HOLLAND

WHITE
RACIST!

ISLAMIC
FANATIC!

W.GERMANY

BORE!

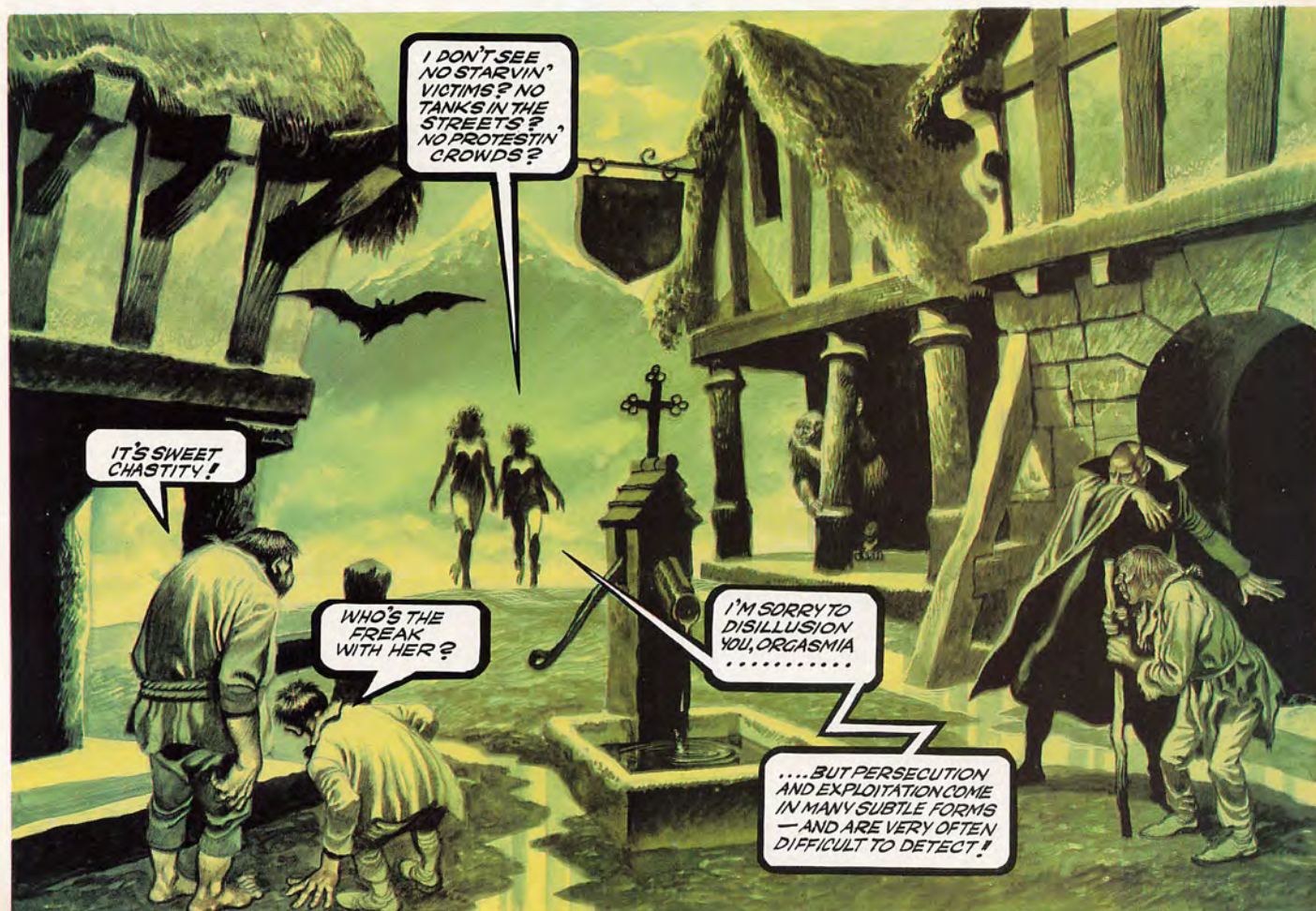
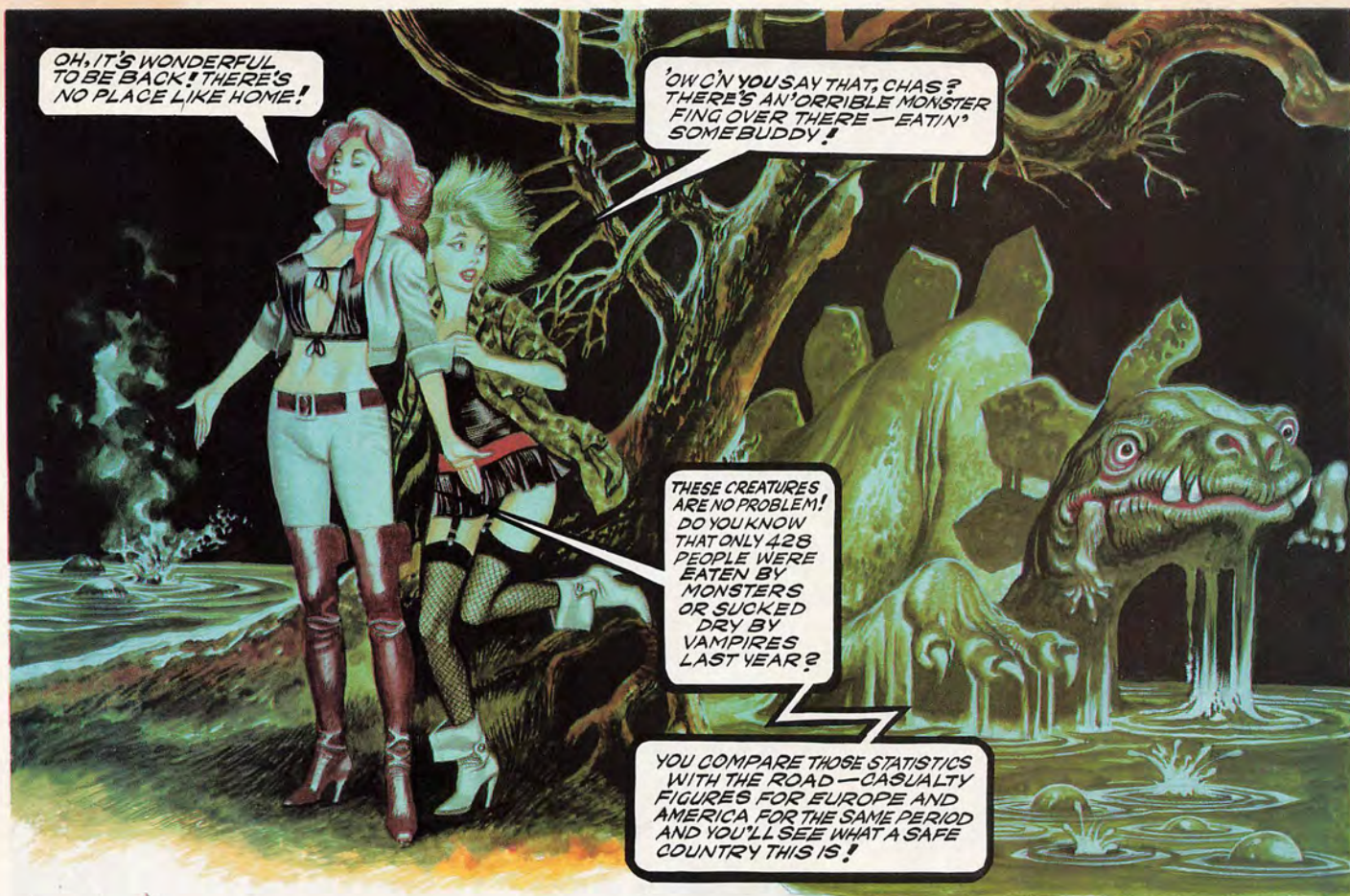


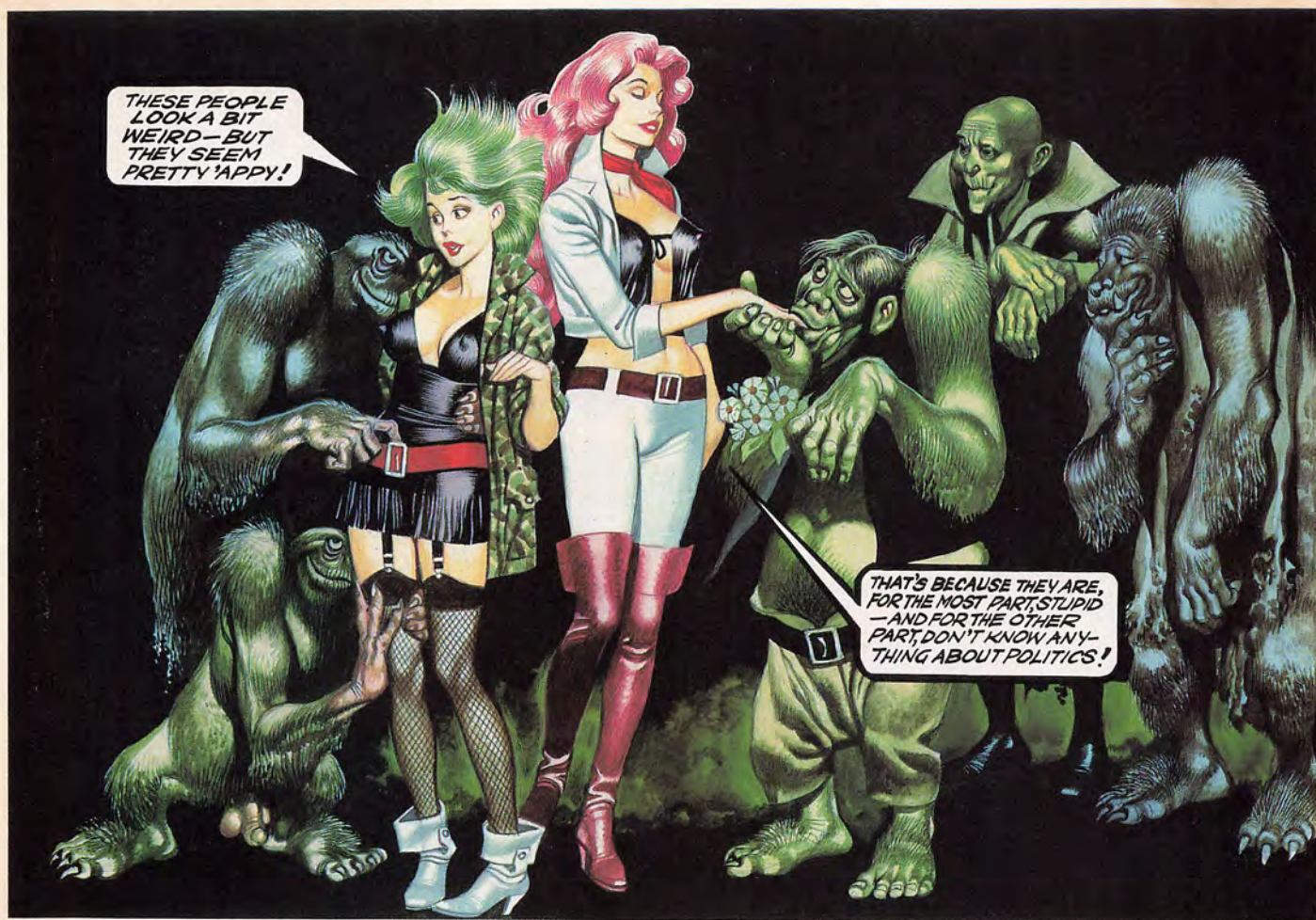
AND AS A RESULT OF THEIR INABILITY TO DO ANYTHING BUT FILL UP THEIR SPEECH BALLOONS, SWEET CHASTITY HAS TAKEN MATTERS INTO HER OWN HANDS. TOGETHER WITH THE FAMOUS PUNK ROCK MEGASTAR, ORGASMIA, SHE HAS PARACHUTED INTO STRIFE-TORN TRANSYLVANIA!

ORGASMIA!
WHERE
ARE YOU?

UP 'ERE,
CHAS!

OH, NO YOU
DON'T! TO HELL
WITH THEM—
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
A HAND LIKE
THIS FOR 30
YEARS!





THESE PEOPLE
LOOK A BIT
WEIRD—BUT
THEY SEEM
PRETTY 'APPY!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY ARE,
FOR THE MOST PART, STUPID
—AND FOR THE OTHER
PART, DON'T KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT POLITICS!



THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD. I
DON'T THINK ANY OF THEM KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, EITHER
—OR CARE!

THEN WHAT
THE 'ELL'RE
WE DOIN'
'ERE?

ERK!
WHASSAT?

IT'S CALLED 'GOBBETS
DE LUPO'. IT'S WEREWOLF
—AND CONSIDERED A
GREAT DELICACY HERE.



TA! S'LUVLY—NEVER
TASTED NUFFINK LIKE IT!

POLITICS DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH
THE PEOPLE—THEY'RE
ONLY THERE TO BE HELPED
BY THE POLITICIANS!

IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS WE
HAVE TO SHOULDER THE
RESPONSIBILITY OF DECIDING
HOW BEST THEY CAN BE HELPED
—WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT!

MEANWHILE, NOT MANY MILES AWAY, LOOMS THE FORBIDDING BULK OF CASTLE DREER, HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. NOW, ALAS, AS WE ALL KNOW, THE FRANKENSTEINS HAVE BEEN OVERTHROWN. THE K.G.B. HAS INFILTRATED THE UPPER ECHELONS OF TRANSYLVANIAN POLITICS AND, THROUGH THEIR AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF.....



DID YOU GET THE SIX-PACK?

AND THE SALAMI SALAD?

YOU DIDN'T FORGET THE CANDIED FRUIT?

YES!

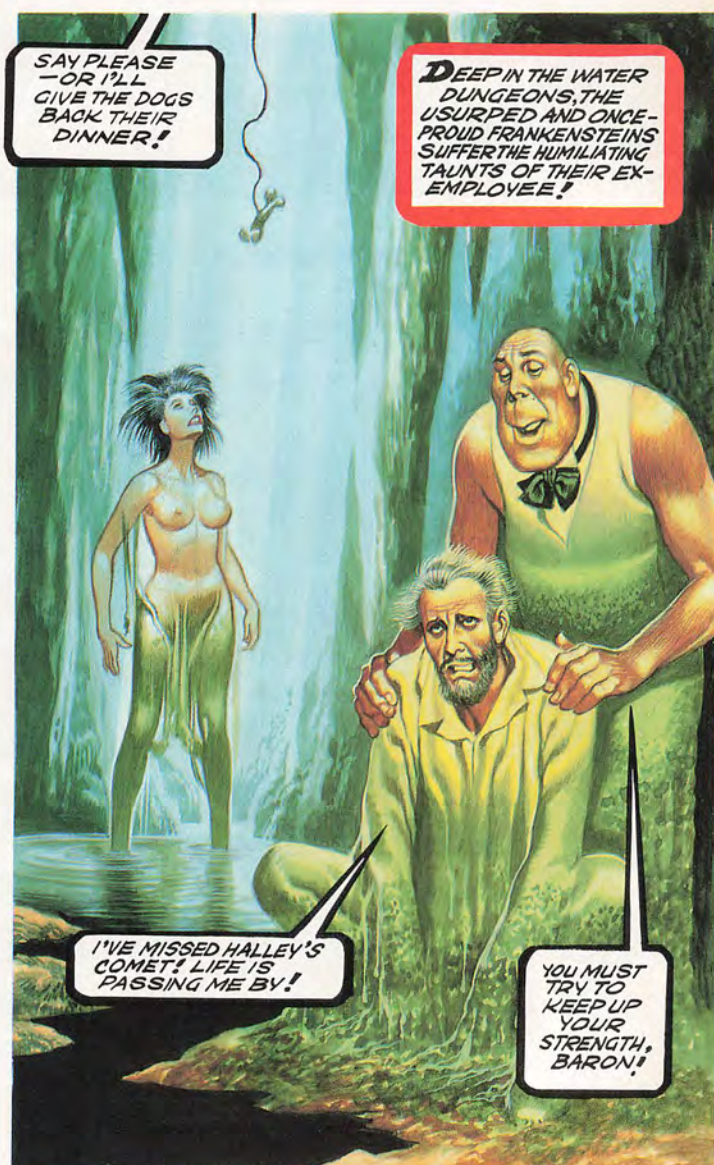
YES!

I TELL YOU— IF YOU'RE ON SOCIAL SECURITY YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO CARRY OFF A VIRGIN ANYMORE!

..... HAVE INSTALLED THE WEAK AND EASILY MANIPULATED JOHN VAIN AS PRESIDENT OF THIS AILING FOURTH-WORLD COUNTRY.



COME ON—SAY PLEASE! LOUDER—I DON'T HEAR YOU!



SAY PLEASE—OR I'LL GIVE THE DOGS BACK THEIR DINNER!

DEEP IN THE WATER DUNGEONS, THE USURPED AND ONCE-PROUD FRANKENSTEINS SUFFER THE HUMILIATING TAUNTS OF THEIR EX-EMPLOYEE!

I'VE MISSED HALLEY'S COMET! LIFE IS PASSING ME BY!

YOU MUST TRY TO KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH, BARON!



that week—for lingerie, of course—just to show your appreciation.

After weeks of preparation, once she consents to meet another couple, she is going to do it. Most of the work is over, and the fun is about to begin. Just keep telling her that she is free to back out any time she wants, and anything she decides to do is okay with you.

Carolyn, a five-foot-ten blond aerobics instructor, talked about her first experience. It is a classic example of what can happen once a wife decides to meet another couple: "John had always been so jealous of me. I was really confused when he started talking about swinging. I had spent my teenage years protecting my 'reputation' and I could not believe that John would have any respect for me if I let another man take me to bed. It took a lot of convincing before he made me believe it was an even deal. He would get laid and so would I. No more double standard. He must have reassured me 50 times that it would be okay, that our relationship would be the same afterward, and that his feelings for me wouldn't change. I was still apprehensive the first night we went out to meet another couple, just meet them. I certainly didn't plan on doing anything that first night! John kept telling me that there was no obligation and that he would never do anything unless I said it was okay. I kept worrying that I would be the spoilsport—and end up making everyone miserable, especially John. I knew I couldn't do it. Again, it was his reassurance that I didn't have to do anything that made me go along and at least meet this couple. It was kind of fun, and definitely risqué, to be getting dressed up to go out with swingers.

"I was really surprised that Dave and Cindy were such nice people. They had invited us over to their house for wine and cheese, and we spent the evening talking about cars and kids (theirs were spending the night at Grandma's). We had the same kind of conversation that we have with our other friends.

"Dave kept my wine glass full all evening, and by 11 o'clock my nervousness had given way to a different feeling. When Cindy dimmed the lights and lit some candles, I was scared, but I knew I wasn't going to back out. I actually wanted it to happen. I just didn't know what would happen, exactly.

"John and Dave were still talking about duck hunting, and Cindy asked me if I wanted to see the rest of the house. When we got to the master bedroom I admired their huge king-size waterbed, and could not help wondering how Dave performed in it. As if she was reading my mind, Cindy asked me if I wanted to trade husbands for the night. My throat was dry, but the wine and the wetness between my legs

would not let me say no. Cindy had been through this before and understood my nervousness. She suggested that we start out in separate bedrooms. Dave and I could have the waterbed and she and John would use the guest room across the hall. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but Cindy and I went back to the living room where Dave and John both looked hopefully at me. Cindy winked at Dave, sat down beside John, and playfully felt the bulge in his pants. 'Anybody interested in some fun and games?' she asked us. When John saw that little half-smile on my face, he gave me a look that said, 'Baby, you are fabulous!' He looked like a kid who was given the whole jar of cookies.

"We headed for the bedrooms and I felt like all of the old rules had faded away. For the first time, I could enjoy illicit sex without guilt. Ever since I could remember, it had been pounded into my head by my mother, and grandmother, and

“
If you have a phone
in the bedroom, your wife
can talk to another
man while you're turning
her on. It's a
safe way for her to start
loosening up.
”

gossipy girlfriends that nice girls don't spread their legs for the fun of it. These people were saying 'Why not?' and I honestly couldn't think of a reason why I shouldn't. When Dave took me into his arms for a long sexy kiss, I knew this was going to be great fun. We were in separate bedrooms, but the doors were open to the bedroom across the hall.

"Dave wasted no time in reaching up under my sweater and fondling my 36Ds. I could feel my nipples burning through the lace of my bra. I reached down and unbuckled his belt, fumbling with the zipper until I finally felt the thick shaft of his cock in my hand. He took off my sweater and skirt as I undressed him. He stood back to admire the pink lace of the expensive French bikinis and garter belt John had insisted I buy. (John knew that I love pink lingerie even though he prefers black.) I couldn't stand to look at Dave's stiff cock without touching it, but I tore my eyes away long enough to slip into bed. I wanted his cock and I was fascinated by his body. I wasn't Miss Goody-Two-Shoes tonight.

"The thoughts running through my head and his sensuous touch made me hotter

and hornier than I had been since I was a teenager. I could fuck Dave without caring how he felt in the morning. I could be a hot little slut, let him have my body in all the ways he wanted, and not feel guilty—just enjoy it.

"I could hear Cindy moaning across the hall. My husband was in bed with another woman and, instead of being jealous, I was even more turned on. We were sexual partners, sexual equals. We were not cheating or making love, we were enjoying hard-core sex together.

"In bed, Dave unsnapped my bra, and I loved the look in his eyes as my firm tits swung free. He rolled over on his back and I climbed on top of him, moving my hips so that the crotch of my wet panties rubbed against his cock while he kneaded my more-than-a-handful breasts. My nipples were hard as rose-colored nails when I gently moved his hands away and started playing with my bust for him. I lifted one to my mouth and circled the nipple with my tongue. I slid down and wrapped my tits around his aching cock, tit-fucking him and licking the head each time it came up between my boobs. Moving even lower, I circled his balls with my tongue, licking his shaft until I wrapped my lips around his cock and sucked him deep into my throat. Just before he was ready to come, I would stop and lick his balls, bringing him to the brink of orgasm several times before sucking his cock deep into my throat, feeling the waves of come pulse into my mouth. He looked blissfully satisfied, but I knew there was going to be more to come. I could wait for another hard-on, and if I could help it, it wouldn't take long.

"We lay back, lit a cigarette, and talked while Dave buried his hand in my slippery snatch, fingering my clit. My legs were spread wide across the bed and I felt gloriously wanton. I'd never had 'casual sex' before and I decided to make the most of it now.

"As Dave sucked on my tits and massaged my clit, I could hear Cindy and John hard at it in the next room. With each pounding stroke Cindy gasped begged to be fucked more.

"After a few minutes of listening to them, Dave literally ripped my pants off and buried his face in my wet pussy. I wanted to be fucked so bad, I was screaming for him to put it in my pussy: 'Please, Dave, please fuck me, I need it so bad.' I lifted my hips high off the bed as I listened to Cindy getting John's shaft jammed up her cunt. I was lost in ecstasy hearing Cindy cry that she was coming. When Dave finally mounted me and thrust his hard cock into my dripping pussy, I had never felt anything so wonderful. He pounded his cock into me as my orgasms came in waves.

"We went on most of the night screwing every way imaginable. Before the night was over, Cindy and John had joined us in bed for a grand finale.

"On the drive home, I knew this wouldn't

be the last time or the last couple. I had expected to feel guilty and remorseful if I ever screwed anyone but John; instead, I felt wonderful about myself and my new attitude about sex. I couldn't wait to get John home in bed. Our sex life skyrocketed, and every time either of us thought about sex for the next week we were in bed screwing—and talking about the next time.

"In the two years that we have been swinging, the thing that amazes me most is how *average* swingers are. I always thought of them as weird couples on the 'Donohue' show, dressed in leopard-skin tights and dangling earrings. None of our neighbors or coworkers would suspect that John and I spend an occasional weekend mate swapping. We just do not look the 'type,' if there is a type. Most swingers are just average couples who go to work, come home, mow the grass, visit Grandma on Sunday, and shop at the mall. When I ran into Susie, one of our swinging friends, at the supermarket with her two kids, we nodded to each other, and I thought to myself, 'Nobody would believe that this lady puts on her red spiked heels and struts around my living room in baby-doll pajamas while I perform fellatio on her husband.' I truly love swinging. It has given me such a feeling of sexual freedom, and John and I would never think of cheating on each other. We have a great marriage and a great sex life. Why cheat when you can play fair? It's great!"

John managed to convince Carolyn to meet their first couple at home, but the availability of a bedroom too close by intimates some women. Meeting in a public place doesn't necessarily mean that the most you can hope for is that your wife might consent to meet them again at another time and in another place. Although she might not admit it to herself, or to you, once she has decided to meet them, she has decided to fuck them. Unless you are unfortunate enough to meet a couple that won first prize in the "Beauford County Attila the Hun His-and-Her Look-Alike Contest," your wife is planning to get laid.

Steve spent months convincing his wife Lisa to meet another couple. Jeff had been trying to convince Fawn that they should at least give it a try. After phone conversations with several couples, Steve and Jeff finally got their wives together at a local bar for pizza and beer. None of them had had any experience with swinging.

Lisa talked about what happened that night: "Steve had talked to me about swinging and I thought it was a pretty dumb idea. I just couldn't get into it. Sure, it was fun to talk about and play games in bed. It was a real turn-on to think about, or talk to some anonymous guy on the phone about, but doing it? You've never met a more reluctant swinger.

"Looking back, sometimes I wish I had not gotten married so young or come from

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such a conservative family. It would have been fun to be a little more promiscuous, but my parents were very strict. I never had the opportunity to fool around much, and I was 'safely' married right out of high school. Steve was a little older, and I guess he knew what we were missing. At least he knew what he was missing. When he begged me to at least meet another couple, I agreed to go out for pizza and beer, nothing more. We waited half an hour for Jeff and Fawn to show up. Every time a couple walked through the door I kept thinking, 'This is crazy.' I made a big joke out of it. One really weird couple walked toward our table and I thought, 'Oh, no.' When they walked on by I started to laugh and get into the crazy mystery of wondering who the swingers would be. A nice-looking couple finally walked over and introduced themselves. Much to my relief, they looked as normal as we did.

"We had a good time talking and joking. Nobody mentioned swinging, yet there was a certain electricity between us. I knew that Jeff was looking at me as a sex partner and I wondered what he thought. By the end of the evening my curiosity was killing me!

"I knew what Steve was thinking. He would fuck a snake if somebody held it for him. Sometimes I think he would fuck a rock pile if he thought there was a snake in it! Fawn looked like the innocent creature she was named after, slender and delicate, with beautiful brown eyes, silky brown hair, and long legs. Even I won-

dered what she would look like with her clothes off. What would it be like, the four of us screwing?

"Before I knew it, the bar was closing and we had had a great time together. None of us wanted it to end, yet we were all new at this. Jeff bought two six-packs when we left, and as we walked toward our separate cars, I felt strangely disappointed.

"It was January, and we sat in the parking lot warming up the car and waiting for the frost to clear from the windshield when I heard a tap on the window. Jeff asked Steve if he would step outside for a minute. Steve came back and said Jeff wanted to know if we were interested in heading toward the mountains and sharing the beer. He knew some great parking places. Steve looked at me and said, 'They're willing to try if you are.'

"I was willing. I cannot explain why, but I wanted to do it. I crawled in the front seat of Jeff's station wagon and Steve got in the back with Fawn. I felt a sudden carefree liberation from the rules I grew up with. It felt right. I knew we were going out to park and fuck, and I didn't have to play any silly 'don't do that!' games like I had every time I had been parking up until now. Jeff turned on the radio, popped the top of a beer, took a drink, handed it to me, and we headed for the woods.

"Steve and Fawn were necking in the backseat, and Jeff had one hand on the wheel and one between my legs as we sat thigh-to-thigh on the front seat.


"After a few miles, he looked over admiringly at the cleavage created by my push-up bra, smiled, and said, 'Take it off.' I rubbed the bulge in his jeans with my left hand as I slowly unbuttoned the white silk blouse.

"While he drove, I unhooked his belt, unzipped his pants, and wrapped my fingers around a thick, throbbing cock. He put his arm around me to caress however much tit he could one-handed. I knew that Steve would be loving Fawn's much smaller, firmer bust, and a glance in the rearview mirror confirmed my guess that he was engaged in his favorite play, nibbling on her nipples. I cannot explain my feelings except to say that I felt totally free when Jeff wanted me to take off my bra; there was no hesitation. I enjoyed showing off my beautiful big tits to him.

"By the time he pulled the car onto a secluded road and shut off the engine, I was ready. I wanted him now. It took about 30 seconds for us to get undressed—enough for me to lay back on the seat and guide his cock into my hot, wet pussy. As he drove his hard tool into me, I felt the contractions of my orgasm milk the come from his throbbing member. It was perfect. We both lay there, awed by the feeling of a furious fuck. As my head was clearing and the crest of the wave began to subside, I could hear Fawn moaning in the backseat and the sounds of sucking and uncontrolled foreplay. The tingling between my legs started again, and as I wiggled my ass I could feel Jeff getting hard again. He rocked against me and this time it was a slow deliberate fuck, fueled by the erotic sounds of Fawn and Steve grinding and groaning to their own climax.

"We have gone out with Jeff and Fawn a few times since, and we have become friends with other couples. We are planning to rent a log cabin in January and spend a weekend with four couples.

"Steve and I don't swing all the time, just when the mood strikes us. We have so much fun together. I wouldn't want to give it all up for the 'straight life' again. A weekend swinging improves our sex life for weeks afterward. I wish I could tell all my girlfriends to wake up and figure out the smart way to spice up their marriages. I'm really grateful to Steve for being open-minded and sharing the fun that his buddies have to prowl around for and get on the side. I know where Steve is getting his and I'm getting mine. We both get it on the side—beside each other."

Swinging might not be for everyone, but it is almost always preferable to a one-sided sexual relationship within a marriage. Give it some serious thought, consideration, and discussion. Mary Jane might surprise you. And there are plenty of other women who have already decided that they love swinging. They are ready to make all your fantasies come true. They are just waiting to meet you, and Mary Jane. 



"It seems like every man in this city is either gay, married, or has a penis that doesn't fit comfortably in my mouth."



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

"Like it? I love it!" I responded.

She said, "Now that you've seen mine,
how about returning the favor?"

I said, "Are you serious?"

Both of them nodded affirmation. In
mock embarrassment, I slowly pro-
ceeded to undress. My cock was rock-
hard and standing at attention by the time
I finished. They both looked at my nine-
inch cock and then looked at each other
and commented on its size. Jody then
moved over and grabbed it and ran her
fingers over it and my balls. Alice said,
"Well, go ahead." Jody then put my dick
in her mouth and ran her tongue around
my head. Alice was getting hot, and she
stood up and stripped. She started pull-
ing at her huge nipples and fingering her
cunt. Jody worked on. I knew I was going
to lose it. When I came, Jody took every
drop and swallowed it completely.
Watching Alice get off quickly got me hard
again.

Jody said, "Now return the favor by
fucking me."

I couldn't believe my ears. I rummaged
through a drawer and got a rubber. Alice
put it on for me, and then I invaded Jody's
juicy depths. As we fucked missionary-
style, Alice kept feeling my dick go in and
out. I tried hard to hold on. When I came,
I thought that I had busted the rubber
wide open. Luckily, I hadn't. I pulled out
and rolled over. To my utter surprise, Al-
ice started to take the rubber off. When
she got it off, she held it up and squeezed
my come out into her mouth! She swal-
lowed every bit of it.

She looked at me and said, "Your come
tastes great. Now taste mine!"

She pulled me to her pink, wet cunt.
Her clit was ready for action. As I sucked
it, her juices ran all over my face. Jody
was licking my balls. Alice started shak-
ing, and she wrapped her legs tightly
around my head and let out a scream.
She was spent. As I tried to catch my
breath, Jody said, "You're not finished."
She pushed me down and planted her
sopping pussy squarely on my face.
Trying not to drown, I rammed my tongue
up her cunt and over her clit. When she
came, she ground her cunt all over my
face. With that, we were all exhausted. In
a kind gesture, the girls licked their come
off my face and gave it back to me in long
kisses.

I slept with them that night and the next.
We had a wonderful weekend of sex, but
my team lost the game. A small price to
pay for my greatest sexual adventure
ever!—Name and address withheld

UP ON THE ROOF

My wife and I are both very handy with
carpentry tools, and we do maintenance
on our home as a hobby. We were shin-
gling the roof recently, and I became very
horny when she bent over in my direc-

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tion. Her shapely ass was begging for breath from under the fabric of her jeans. She was on her knees, driving in a nail.

I watched with lascivious anticipation as my luscious wife drove in two more nails. She adjusted her position, and the view was even better. Her tight work T-shirt was riding up on the small of her back. My wife turned to look at me, and she could see by my look that I had been fantasizing. She knew I wanted her then, but she also wanted to finish her work. She made it clear that she wanted me to finish mine as well.

As we worked for another ten minutes, my cock rose and went soft at least three times, but I knew this would heighten the enjoyment to come and that it would prolong the time of orgasm. It would also make my orgasm so intense that I would feel as if all my inner organs were being massaged by a goddess's hands.

Without a word, but with a smile turned up at one corner and a devilish look from me, which I'd been practicing, my wife descended the ladder as I followed. She walked into the laundry room adjacent to the entryway, stripped off her clothes, put them in the washer, and leaned back on an ironing board resting upright against the wall. She commanded, "Press me!"

I stripped off my clothes in a hurry, finding an eight-inch love muscle turning purple at the head. We were ready. I entered her swiftly as she moaned and I gasped. I clutched her body tightly as she sank her fingernails into my back. She bucked with her first orgasm shortly thereafter, as the ironing board fell to the floor. I placed her on the now-horizontal board, continuing to bang her with intense passion. She screamed with pleasure as I let out a low moan: I was coming. Apparently feeling my come shoot inside her was enough for her to climax again. This time my ass was the recipient of her fingernails.

My cock was starting to become limp, but I was determined to keep pumping until I had another hard-on. I soon did, and the feeling I had on my way to a second orgasm was unreal! I wailed and I fell, weak in the knees, as I climaxed a second time. My wife was approaching her third orgasm at this point. We were covered with sweat, laid out upon an ironing board!

After my wife came again and settled down, we retreated to our bedroom for another half hour of slower-paced love-making. Then we climbed back up to the roof, collecting our tools for the evening. "It's looking really nice," a neighbor said. I couldn't help agreeing.—*Name and address withheld*

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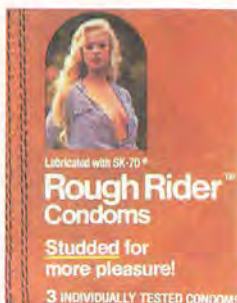
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New Maledicta:
Winners of *Penthouse* Competition No. 7

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

This competition, announced last December, was inspired by *Maledicta*, "The International Journal of Verbal Aggression," a language journal we swear by. Readers submitted one entry only in each of three categories suggested by *Maledicta* articles:

1. **Renominology.** People everywhere make fun of nearby towns, colleges, or other institutions by twisting the name into an insult. Examples: *Filthydelphia*, *Cincinnati*, *Useless News* and *World Distort*.

2. **Genital Pet Names.** These are those special, personal, endearing appellations that people give to their own or their lover's genitals. One man called



Hit TV series "St. Elsewhere" 's namesake.

his girlfriend's genitals *Tomorrow* (because she never came); another called his own member *South* (it will rise again).

3. **Stink-Pinks.** These are dirty riddles with rhyming answers. A third-arm inspector would be a pecker checker.

GRAND PRIZE

The following submission won the Grand Prize, an Emerson Video Cassette Recorder, as the best entry in all categories:

The Norris Division of the National Hockey League is so terrible on defense that it should be known as the *Porous Division*, and the five teams comprising it as the *Chicago Slackhaws*, *Detroit Dead Wings*, *Minnesota No Stars*, *St. Lose-It Blues*, and *Toronto Make-Believes*.

—C. Smith, Mississauga, Ontario

RENOMINOLOGY

\$100: The Omaha Weird Harold (*World Herald*)

—D. G. Burri, Bella Vista, Ark.

\$25: Frig 'em Young University (Brigham Young)

—Tony Reeder, Silver Spring, Md.

\$25: Soft Like Titty, Utah (Salt Lake City)

—Steven Hartley, Tucson, Ariz.

\$25: Needless-Markup (the luxury department store Neiman-Marcus)

—Mark Nevelow, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Cities:

The following were submitted by more than one reader:

Whorlando, Florida; *Dupuke*, Iowa; *Garbage Grove*, California (Garden Grove); New Jersey, the *Garbage State*.

California towns came in for special abuse: *San Canned Crisco*, California; *AIDS* (A. Koch, Erie, Pa.); *Redildo Beach* (Redondo Beach; Ed Holzer, Culver City, Calif.); *Manhandlin' Bitch* (Manhattan Beach; Karen Robles, Culver City, Calif.).

Of course, the rest of the country wasn't left out:

Poke-an'-Tell-All, Idaho

—Kevin Miller, Pocatello, Idaho

Putzburch, Pennsylvania

—Paul J. Palko, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Albaturkey, New Mexico

—Paul Kavanaugh, Phoenix, Ariz.

Sore Excuse, New York

—W. N. Shearly, Syracuse, N.Y.

Stupidville, Ohio (Steubenville)

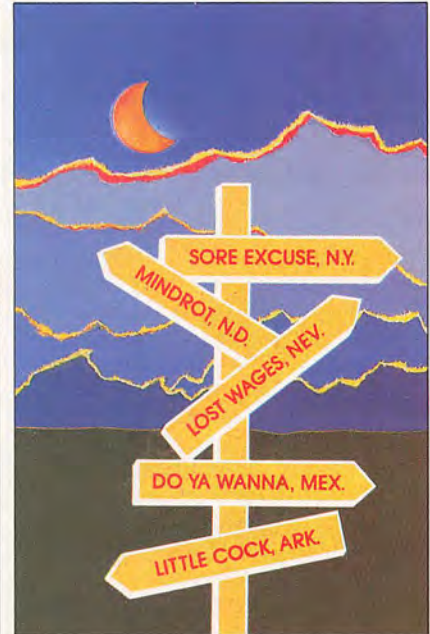
—Jim Ryan, Moundsville, W.Va.

Mindrot, North Dakota (Minot)

—Doug Hahn,
Mountain Home, Idaho

Callgirly, Alberta (Calgary)

—Colin Potter, Vancouver,
British Columbia



Renominology: What's in a name?

Guadalhorror, Mexico (Guadalajara)

—C. Doyle, Burke, Va.

Do ya wanna, Mexico (Tijuana)

—James Freiberg,
Union City, Calif.

Livingstoned, New Jersey (Livingston)

—Irwin Fox, Hillside, N.J.

Others included: *Sleazville*, Alabama (Leesville); *Ass to Beulah*, Ohio (Ash-tabula); *Charlatansville*, Virginia (Charlottesville); *Hopeless Jungle*, New York (Hopewell Junction).

Colleges and Universities:

Crayola U. (Loyola)

—Bruce Campbell, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dreck Tech (Drexel)

—Marvin Schumer, New York, N.Y.

Cretin U. (Creighton)

—S. Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

Texas S & M (A & M)

—Alan Zakopyko, Bismarck, N.Dak.

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XBT-4 ONE, TWO, THREE Nicola, John Holmes, Colleen	XGT-104 GROUP SEX Three plus more's not a crowd	XCP-11 FANTASY FEVER Mona Jenks, Lee Moore, Sue Dunn
XBT-5 ONLY THREESOMES Jamie Gillis, Valeria, Sally Parks	XVT-500 COUSIN BETTY The best of Super Sluts	XCP-13 DIRTY SUSAN 3 lusty ladies, 2 hunks, & Susan
XBT-6 FOURSOMES Superstar cast of seventeen	XVT-501 EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE Office girls with other girls & execs	XCP-14 FRAT HOUSE FROLICS Rena Vane, Eric Edwards, Ronda Morey
XBT-7 WOMEN WHO OPEN UP Suzy Nero, four friends	XVT-502 MOTHERS WISHES Les action, plus a man, more!	XCP-16 ONE LAST FLING Veronica Adams, Jamie Gillis, Donna Geiger
XBT-8 BLACK ON WHITE REVUE Four interracial, one all-white	XVT-503 THE CLINIC Sex cures are nurse's specialty	XLP-1 THE FRENCH BUTLER High society sex from France
XBT-9 GIRLS WHO TAKE IT ALL Features five beautiful, young vixens	XVT-504 FASHION FANTASY Beautiful models close the sale	From Europe XLP-2 THE MOVIE STAR Kinky screen queen goes wild
XBT-10 FEATURING JOHN HOLMES Bi-girls, more girls, and Big, bad John	XVT-505 SNOW BALLING 4 couples in winter woods	From France XLP-3 VISIONS OF FAUST Bizarre fantasies of a luscious redhead
XGT-101 HOT STUFF SPECIAL Toys, identical twins, Obscene caller	XVT-506 COMING OF ANGIE Tara Jane, Cody Sue, Kim Evans	XLP-4 THE PARIS CONNECTION Carnal thriller with the Girls of Paris

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XAT-104 SEXY RUNAWAYS Soap star Wade Nichols, Jeanie Sanders	XAT-110 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL Ginger Lynn, Jerry Butler, Raven	XAT-116 EDUCATING NINA Juliet Anderson, Nina Hartley, Lili Marlene
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—D. G. David, Charleston, S.C.

Other:

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Indianhapless Colts

—Judd Richland, Washington, D.C.

it's a finicky pussy.

—Art Robles, Culver City, Calif.

Male:

Repeats: **Moses** (he parts the red seas); **Mighty Mouse** (coming to save the day); **Führer** (*Cochtung!* Watch this rise and fall. . . .); **Phoenix** (rises reborn from its own ashes); **Everready**, and **The Nookie Monster**.

Veni ("I came," as in *veni, vidi, vici*)

—Abe Dacher, Flushing, N.Y.

Spelunker (loves exploring caves)

—Arnie Koch, Bemus Point, N.Y.

Paycheck (don't give up until it's totally spent)

—Allan Smith, North York, Ontario

Insomnia (it stays up all night)

—Tom Adams, Spartanburg, S.C.

Female:

Repeats: **Wendy** (hot 'n' juicy; asks, "Where's the beef?"); **Calvin** (like jeans, it's a tight fit); **Penis Fly Trap**.

Carolina (nothing could be finer than to be in . . .)

—Terry Keating, APO, Seattle, Wash.

Spice Rack (Rosemary keeps cumin, thyme after thyme)

—Jim Michel,

West Springfield, Mass.

Garden of Eatin'

—Paul S. Gendrolis,

APO, New York, N.Y.

SPECIAL STINK-PINK QUIZ (See answers below.)

1. Gay comedian
2. Grab-ass with a wooden hand
3. I'm leaving my erection to science.

4. One who gives potato head
5. Senate Select Committee to Study Small-Breasted Women

UAW: Usually Avoiding Work (United Auto Workers)

—A. Koch, E. M. Maxon, Erie, Pa.

Dow Comical Co. (Chemical)

—K. Staff, Plymouth, Mass.

The Madonna movie, "Desperately Seeking Stardom"

—Greg Smagola,
Broadview Heights, Ohio

GENITAL PET NAMES

\$100: I call mine **Iceman** (it cometh), and my lady's **Success** (because nothing sucks seed like . . .).

—E. Anderson, Washington, D.C.

\$25: My girlfriend nicknamed my penis **Rooster**, because he always rises before the crack of dawn. "I never know what your cock-a-dude'll do," she says.

—Ronald J. Robinson,
Anchorage, Alaska

\$25: I call my husband's penis and testicles **Sly and the Family Stones**.

—Karen Robles, Culver City, Calif.

\$25: My wife calls hers **Morris** because

I call my boyfriend's privates **Inflation**, because they're always going up.

—Paulette Duca, Downingtown, Pa.

My name is **Robin**, and my prick is affectionately known as **Batman**.

—Robin Tucker, Portland, Maine

Diamond (he's forever, he's a girl's best friend, and he's the hardest substance known)

—Clay Addington, Clearwater, Fla.

Admiral Byrd (he has explored some of the most frigid areas of the world)

—Charles Mason, Jr.,
Princeton, Ill.

Moby (a whale of a dick)

—Bob Cornett, Dwarf, Ky.

Jerry Mathers (I leave it to beaver)

—Ski Bassham,
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Peter O'Tool

—Kim Ragsdale, Cason, Tex.

Pop's Sickle

—David Brooks, Elyria, Ohio

STINK-PINKS

\$100: Clue: Snobbish bungler

Answer: Stuck-up fuck-up

—Arnie Koch, Bemus Point, N.Y.

\$25: Clue: Chastity belt

Answer: Snatch latch

—Allan Smith, North York, Ontario

\$25: Clue: Happy Hooker's kitchenware

Answer: Hollander's colanders

—S. Doyle, Chelsea, Mass.

\$25: Clue: Dyke actress

Answer: Lesbian thespian

—Roberto Santiago, New York, N.Y.

Answers:

1. Fag wag (John Sousa, North Chelmsford, Mass.)
2. Spruce goose (Jim Michel, West Springfield, Mass.)
3. Boner doner (Charles Mason, Jr., Princeton, Ill.)
4. Tater fellater (Tony Reeder, Silver Spring, Md.)
5. The Itty-Bitty Titty Committee (Ric Vege, Pascagoula, Miss.)



SEE RADAR IN A NEW LIGHT.



Green LED - There's radar in the area.



Yellow LED - Radar is near. Proceed with caution.



Red LED - You are in clocking range.

FOX TAKES RADAR OUT OF THE DARK WITH THE SUPERFOX VIXEN II.

Now you can see much more than red when you look at a radar detector.

When you look at the Vixen II LED, you'll see just how close you really are to radar.

Green tells you there's radar in the area.

Yellow warns you that you are much closer and should proceed with caution.

And red is the range that's accompanied by one continuous audio alarm.

It combines both sight and sound into the most advanced alert system in radar today. No

tiny numbered meters to read. No bouncing needles. No more guessing.

WHAT ROAD & TRACK SAW, IT "HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

ROAD & TRACK Magazine's April '85 issue looked at the 10 most widely distributed radar detectors. They tested for overall Sensitivity, Sensitivity Around A Corner, Sensitivity Cresting A Hill, the Maximum Audible signal, and Leakage and Leakage Reception (picking up non-radar signals as radar). It was a tough road test that not everyone passed and that only a few were considered good enough to be "highly recommended" by the editors of ROAD & TRACK.

The SuperFox Vixen II was one of the few.

WE'RE AS SENSITIVE TO RADAR AS YOU ARE.

Fox has been pioneering the research and development of radar detectors for almost a decade. The Vixen II incorporates the most advanced technology in radar today, both in finding radar and in communicating its findings to the driver.

A dual conversion super-heterodyne receiver gives the Vixen II many times the range of any radar signal. No matter what the band, pulse or continuous. What's more, the Vixen II goes beyond line of sight range. It can see around corners and over hills to pick out weak reflected signals.

CITY, HIGHWAY, OR PRESET.

The Vixen II is sensitive to all your driving needs. So we offer you a choice of City/Highway or Preset.

For most driving, a special "Preset" position will yield the best results. Around town, you may want to turn the squelch control to "City," to eliminate annoying false alarms from non-microwave signals, for example.

On the open road, turn it to "Highway." Or choose any point in-between. With the Vixen II, you're in control.

IT'S LIGHT ON VISORS, TOO.

Our sensitivity even extends to installation. The mounting system of the Vixen II adapts to any size or shape dash. Or if you prefer, clips quickly to any visor.

When you reach your destination, you can simply unplug the cord and put your Vixen II safely away.

A VIXEN II IS AS NEAR AS YOUR PHONE.

With Fox, it's easy to get your hands on a radar detector before you buy. Call for the name of the Fox dealer nearest you. Call toll-free, 1-800-543-7892. In Ohio, 1-800-621-2513. And in Canada, 1-800-663-0295.



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WRECKING THE CONSTITUTION

"If Attorney General Edwin Meese III and President Reagan get their way, in some states you won't be able to buy *Penthouse*; school prayer will be mandatory; blacks, women, and Jews will lose many of their constitutional rights; and the courthouse door will be shut against people trying to challenge public and private abuses." This nightmare is the considered opinion of Dr. Herman Schwartz, professor of law at American University in Washington, D.C., and one of this country's leading constitutional scholars. In this important article, he shows how Mr. Meese has shocked even staunch conservatives by declaring war on the basic freedoms that define our way of life.



THE BIG MAN

For years, saxophonist Clarence Clemons has been the mainstay of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band. His powerful playing and his charismatic stage personality, combined, of course, with the Boss's magic, made Springsteen's four-hour marathons the greatest rock 'n' roll shows in history. But now—for just a short while, he says—Clemons is stepping out of Springsteen's shadow. In a candid profile by Allan Sonnenschein, you'll get to know the "Big Man" as his friends and family do. Discussing everything from race relations to life on the road with a rock 'n' roll band, Clemons shows why he's determined to be a man who "makes a difference."



HAVING SEX WITH STARS

For years, beautiful Carole Mallory has been one of America's top cover girls—as well as staking out a career as an international model and actress. But in many people's opinions, including her own, she achieved equal renown for wild sexcapades involving some of today's most famous men. In this frantically funny and totally frank memoir, she explicitly explains how improving one's oral skills (in every manner) and learning how to manipulate the gossip columns can bring a girl to the pinnacle of her chosen profession. And—best of all—you don't have to be a movie star to appreciate her advice!



THE WILD WEST LIVES!

You don't need to go to the movies or watch "Bonanza" reruns to experience the romance of the American cowboy. Photographer Brian Wolff and reporter Judith Oringer lived on canned provisions, slept under the stars, and rode for days on horseback to capture the reality of an authentic cattle drive . . . in many ways unchanged since the days of *Shane* and *The Big Country*. Now that westerns are having a "comeback" in books and on screen, Wolff's breathtaking photographs are proof that the real thing has never gone away.



A REAL SPY SCANDAL

Believe it or not, after all the recent spy scandals, we're actually making life easier for agents to steal our nation's most vital secrets. *New York Times* editor and columnist Tom Wicker examines the implications of recent administration actions in strong-arming government employees and beefing up provisions of the Espionage Act. Like many Reagan actions, they give the impression of tough and decisive moves—but in reality, Wicker shows, by wasting its time pursuing whistle-blowers and people who talk to reporters, the government is probably allowing real spies to operate with impunity.

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100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.
Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MISS DALLAS RODDY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

