

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

JUNE 1987 \$4.00

**AIDS:**  
**AND NOW**  
**FOR THE**  
**GOOD**  
**NEWS...**

**DREAM**  
**CARS:**  
**THE ULTIMATE**  
**MACHINE**

**PET**  
**OF THE**  
**YEAR**  
**PLAY-OFF**

**SAMANTHA**  
**FOX—NUDE!**

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**SAM**  
**PART 2**



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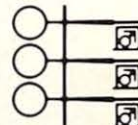
# PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/June 1987

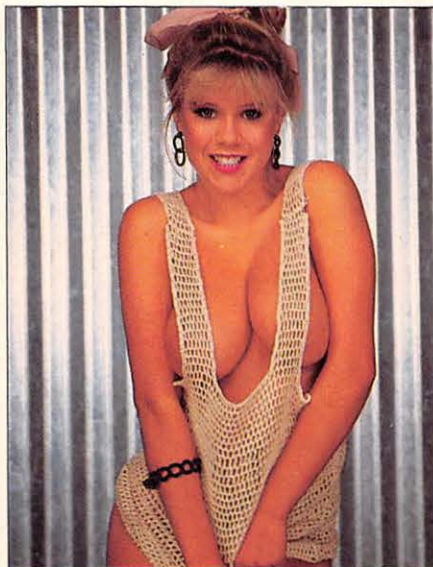
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Our cover features Samantha Fox, whose pictorial begins on page 52. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

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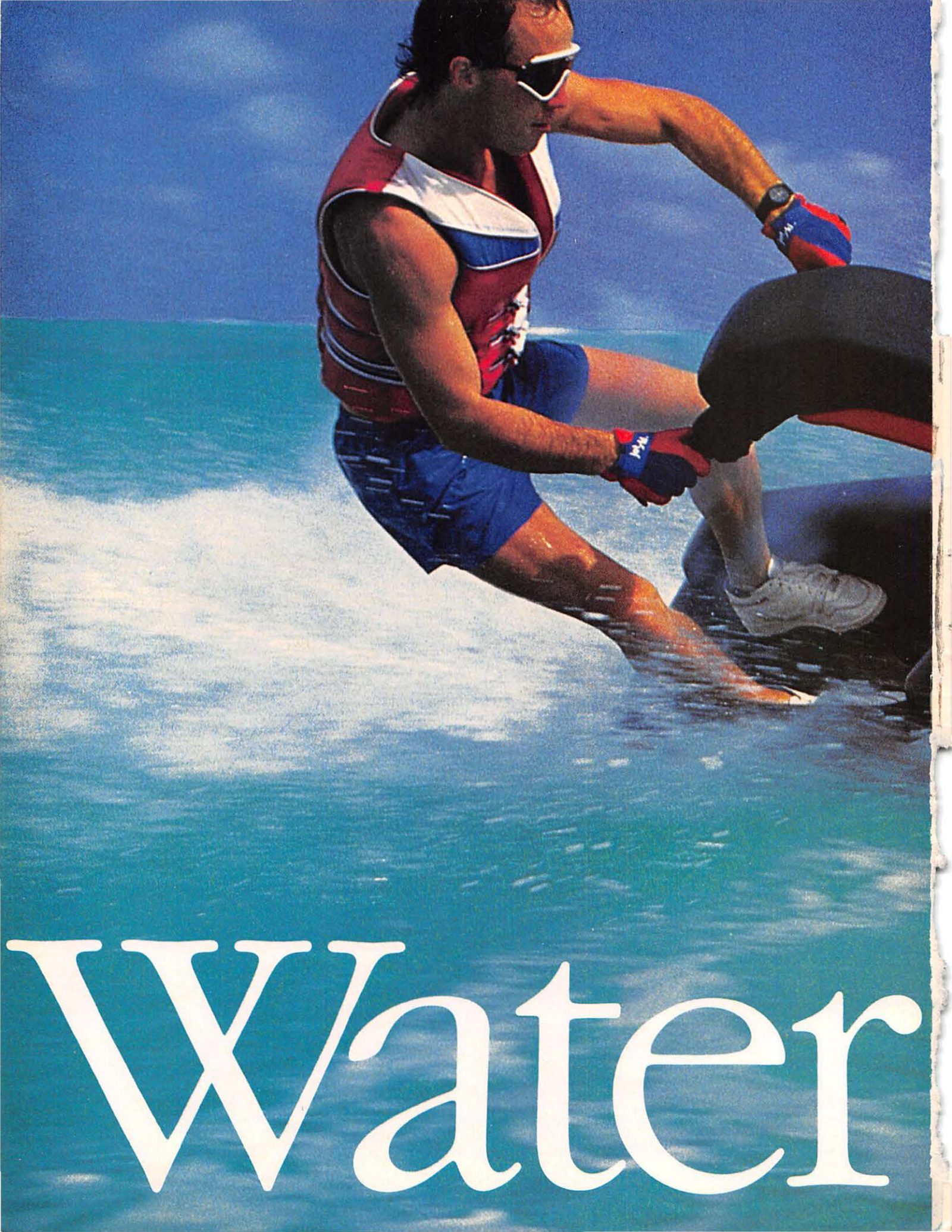


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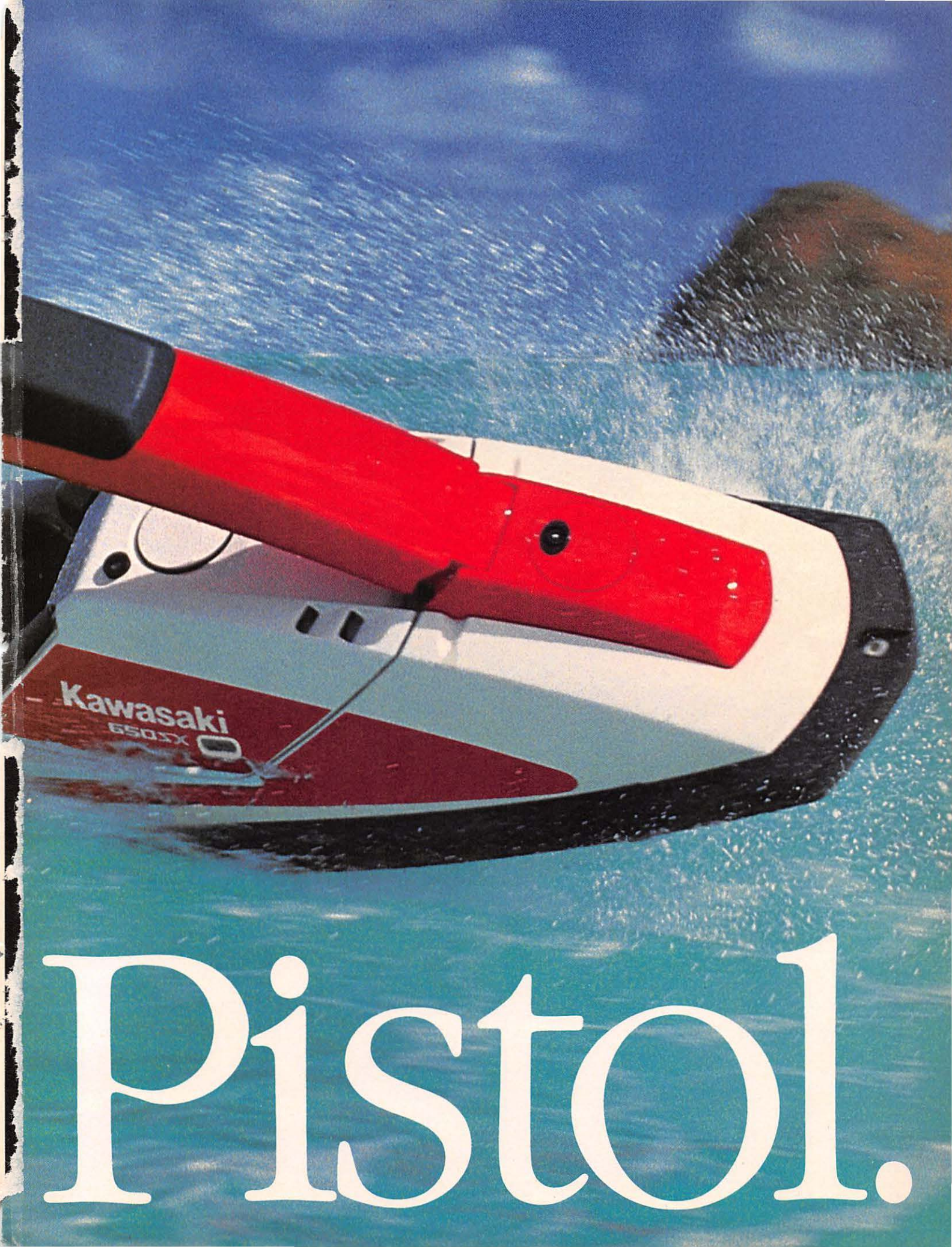
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Water





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# HOUSECALL



## TRAINING FOR TERROR

During the past ten years, political terrorism has spread like a deadly cancer, metastasizing internationally and paralyzing governments and citizens alike as they wait in fear for the next dreaded news bulletin. The exception to this inaction, it seems, has always been Israel. From its birth, surrounded and vastly outnumbered by enemies, Israel has survived in a daily sink-or-swim existence: one misstep, and it's all over. This month, we visit a Latin American training camp where Israeli experts pass on their knowledge to military and corporate clients. And, in a report from Jerusalem, our special correspondent **Craig S. Karpel** fills us in on the current state of Israel's secret services. They were once the best in the world. Now, under fire at home and abroad, Karpel finds that they still are—with some exceptions.



## DREAM MACHINES

"Although it is generally harmless to man," writes Contributing Editor **Mike Knepper**, "even superficial contact with this exotic automotive species has been known to weaken knees, knot stomachs, palpitate hearts, and deplete wallets." Mike's describing the slope-nose Porsche, the ultimate in contemporary car fashion—and his report on how these automotive fantasies become reality is certain to make you start dreaming, too. . . . **Lisa Sliwa**, national director of the Guardian Angels, has dreams of a somewhat different sort these days. Profiled by **Josh Moroz** in our "Women" column, Sliwa, a glamorous model from an upper-class background, explains why she's chosen to fight



crime and drug abuse in New York City's most dangerous neighborhoods.

## THE SECRET BATTLE AGAINST AIDS

Once again, our most powerful media institutions are disgracing themselves by reporting on an important story in a slavish, copycat manner. It wasn't, let us remind ourselves, *The New York Times* or **Sam Donaldson** who broke the Iran scandal. It was a leak (from Iran!) to an obscure Beirut publication that brought the Reagan administration to its knees. And now, an even more important life-and-death matter is being covered in an equally disgraceful fashion. When discussing AIDS these days, the code words are "condom" and "safe sex." Both of these, of course, are vitally urgent concerns, and we would all do well to educate the public. But, as **Gary Null** and **Trudy Golobic** report in this month's installment of "Medical Genocide," there are many other significant stories on AIDS research that are being ignored by the media and

the medical establishment. As we've seen all too often, thousands of lives can be lost before people realize that alternative medical practices are often more effective and less expensive than Big Medicine's solutions. **Null** and **Golobic** describe two of today's unsung medical heroes in their article this month.

## THE SON OF SAM CONSPIRACY

We all remember the horrible ".44-caliber" lovers' lane murders ten years ago—and the collective sigh of relief when **David Berkowitz**, the self-styled "Son of Sam," was arrested and convicted of the crimes. But now **Maury Terry**, a prizewinning investigative reporter, convinced that Berkowitz was actually part of a satanic cult, has gotten the case reopened. He describes his findings in a sensational new book, *The Ultimate Evil*, which we're proud to preview exclusively herewith.

## PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF!

And it's time again for you, our readers, to help us in the hardest (and happiest!) decision we have to make all year—namely, who will be crowned our new Pet of the Year. As you'll see, this choice is even more exquisitely agonizing this year because Editor and Publisher **Bob Guccione** has selected four of our most beautiful Pets ever as finalists. Frankly, we're unable to come to any firm decision on the matter . . . the final selection will have to be yours. Shakespeare said, "I will not choose what many men desire." In this case, that's *precisely* the wrong advice. Happy voting! ☺



●He started to get hard  
as he watched her, out of the corner  
of his eye, strip off  
her top and massage herself.●

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

## ICE CREAM, YOU SCREAM

My name is Maureen, and I'm taking the time to write this to help out other women who might have the same problem as myself. My dilemma was simple. I married a wonderful, secure, attractive man, whom I adore. I also adore having my pussy eaten, and unfortunately, my husband, who is not normally a picky eater, stops one step short of hair pie. No matter how I cleansed myself or how much I would suck his cock, he would simply and without further discussion refuse to slide his tongue into my love nest. I have a very good girlfriend who loves to give me excellent head, although I do not consider myself a lesbian and have never gone down on her. One day, while she was munching away between my thighs, I let it slip that Ken, my husband, had never experimented with oral sex on me. Debbie was aghast, and she told me she would help me formulate a plan to remedy the situation.

Debbie is a foxy, horny 24-year-old with an incredible chest measurement of 42C. She told me that she would see if she could seduce my husband into eating her out, and if she could, then we would know that it is not oral sex itself that Ken objects to, but me. We set it up so that Debbie would come over one day after I had left for an evening class that I attend. She tried to get me to peek through a window at the action, but I felt that I might get jealous and try to break it up if it got too steamy. Actually, I was pretty sure that Debbie would not get her pussy eaten that night. We



came to an understanding that if she did get my husband and herself too horny, they could fuck, but I didn't want to hear about it from anyone except Ken.

The following is Debbie's version of what transpired. I left for my class at 6:45 PM after kissing Ken good-night. Debbie rang the bell at about 8:30, innocently looking for me. Ken explained that I was out for the evening, but invited her in to watch a football game. Debbie, naturally, agreed to stay, and they both settled on the sofa to watch.

About halfway through the first quarter, Debbie let out an anguished moan and started to rub her left tit through her blouse and bra. Apologizing, she started to leave the room. Ken asked what was wrong and she relayed a made-up story about a breast aneurysm that could occasionally be painful. She told him that she would have to massage it for about half an hour before the pain would subside. Ken told her to relax, that he

was super-happily married, and that she could probably stay in the same room and massage it without fear of being attacked by him.

She asked if he was really under control, because she would like to remove her bra and blouse if it was safe. He told her to go ahead. His dick started to get hard as he watched her, out of the corner of his eye, strip off her top and massage herself. Debbie's nipple became erect, and she occasionally stopped to tug at it in a casual, relaxed manner. At the end of the first quarter, their conversation had resumed and Debbie decided to make a move. She told Ken that her hand was getting tired, but there was still a little pain, and asked if he could rub her breast without getting too horny. Without hesitation, Ken moved over, reached around her, and began rubbing. She protested at first, saying that he wasn't doing it correctly. Debbie explained that she could demonstrate the proper technique on his dick, and

had it out of his pants in under ten seconds.

Ken did protest at first, but one of her gentle penis pulls silenced him immediately. Before too long Debbie was sucking all eight inches of Ken's dick, and he was lying back, moaning. She casually removed her skirt and slip, leaving her vital opening still covered by panty hose and panties. Ken, who is no great master of control, was about to come and told her so, so she stopped immediately, leaving him one second short of an orgasm. She directed him to lie on the couch faceup as she lay down on top of him. First she slid her nylon-covered thighs on each side of Ken's penis, contracting her legs around it. Ken moaned that the nylon felt incredible around his dick. She wriggled down his body until her breasts were on both sides of his fully erect member, and finally moved further down for more oral activity.

By this time, Ken was facing a panty-hosed, panty-covered cunt directly in his face. Probably out of instinct more than anything else, Ken's tongue darted out and began licking the cotton crotch between Debbie's legs. In his ecstasy, Ken told her that he was very inexperienced at oral sex, but had eaten out his secretary a few times. I had to force this information out of Debbie,

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.

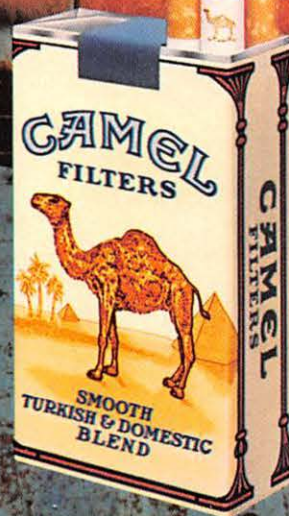


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(U.S. edition)

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JUNE

but it didn't bother me as much as I thought it would. Debbie asked him to go down on her, but he hesitated and got up from the couch. As he walked down the hall, Debbie figured that that was the end of their session.

To her surprise, Ken returned minutes later with a towel, ice cream, chocolate syrup, and bananas. He spread the towel out on the couch as he explained to her that the best way to eat cunt is in a "pussy sundae." He proceeded to make an ice-cream confection in her vagina and ate it all, thoroughly licking the "dish" clean. Debbie refused to tell me much more after that, leaving me to believe that they probably ended up fucking. But even that didn't make me jealous, probably because I was coming when she relayed the information to me. Debbie told me the entire story while she was making and eating her own pussy sundae, with me as the dish.

The next step was to somehow convince Ken to use me for a pussy sundae without letting on that I had set him up with Debbie. I let a week pass, and then put my new plan into action. When Ken came home from work, I told him that I didn't feel quite right and my pussy had been itching terribly all day. I told him that I had called a girlfriend who had recommended rubbing butter on it, and I asked him if he would like to be the one doing the rubbing. He readily agreed, and in no time I was down on the bed, his hard fingers spreading the butter all over me. After a few minutes, I told him that I was feeling a little bit better but thought that peanut butter would help more, due to its thicker consistency. He not only brought back a jar of peanut butter, he also brought a jar of strawberry jam. Ken turned me into a delicious peanut butter, jelly, and vagina sandwich. I was in total ecstasy, and since then I have experienced the joy of acting as a dish for a sundae, spaghetti, salad, and corn-on-the-cob. I'd like to advise all the other women out there with my problem that if you're not too prudish and would like to perk up your sex life, try my "recipes." Not only will your sex life improve vastly, you will also find yourself spending less time washing dishes!—Name and address withheld

## THE FRIENDLY SKIES

I had been home for a quiet Easter holiday. To be quite frank, I was as horny as I have ever been after spending four days with my parents. On Sunday I went to the airport. Upon arrival, I was informed that my flight was delayed. Being the frequent flyer that I am, I inquired as to the whereabouts of the courtesy lounge. The lounge was behind a nondescript brown door. I entered the self-serve living room, fixed a stiff Bloody Mary, and took a seat.

No sooner had I sat down than a very sensuous man, obviously alone, came in. He fixed himself a drink and struck up a conversation about late flights. I began

fantasizing about what he was like underneath his tight jeans. He must have caught me staring at his crotch, because he mentioned how lonely the weekend had been. We engaged in small talk and I found myself wondering what my mouth would feel like on his cock. He must have read my thoughts, for he got up and fixed us both a drink and came and sat next to me.

By this time I was so horny that my cunt was very wet. My stranger was also beginning to show signs of getting hard. I was shocked when he took my hand and placed it on his cock. I could feel how excited he was. In my excitement the touch of his hard dick almost made me come. He kissed me and I couldn't resist unzipping his pants. His hard cock invited my mouth. I placed my lips on his long shaft, embarrassed by the fact that at any moment someone could walk in. I ran my tongue up the length of his nine-inch rod. He must have felt my apprehension, for he led me behind the bar, where I got down on my knees.

I continued to suck, my own excitement increasing until I thought I would come without being touched. At the point we were both going to explode, he picked me off my knees and laid me over the sink. He ripped off my hose and stuffed that huge, hard cock deep into my extremely wet pussy. I climaxed within seconds of his entrance. He continued to fuck me for what seemed to be hours. By this time, the thought that anyone could walk in and find us had been forced from my mind by his prick. The excitement built and he exploded in my cunt with long spurts of hot come.

Shortly after we had finished, the ticket agent came in and informed us our flight was ready for boarding. On the way up the ramp, he invited me to his home. I went. That night made the day look uneventful. We plan future rendezvous in other airport courtesy lounges. "Come fly with me" has never had so much meaning.—Name and address withheld

## TRIPLE THREAT

I am a college student who works part-time in a local supermarket. Quite recently, I had one of the best sexual experiences of my entire life happen at the market. There are two girls who work with me that have the best asses you could ever hope to see. For the longest time I've been trying to seduce both Toni and Leigh, to no avail. One day, though, I guess fate had it that my luck would change.

Toni asked me to help her find something downstairs in the stockroom. Naturally, since she is such a fox, I agreed to help her in any way. As I followed her down the stairs, the sight of her firm, ripe swaying ass gave me a bona fide boner. While looking for the product she needed, I accidentally brushed my bulge up against her. Toni walked right over to me and started rubbing my cock with her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



# Queens Reach. A rugged place for a smooth taste to start.



**WESTERN CANADA—**  
We found an opening between two peaks, then dropped down fast to the lake. It was the bluest water we'd ever seen, the smoothest too. So smooth, a ripple would have seemed like a wave.

All around us were walls of deep, green pine and mountains capped with the whitest snow, all reaching for the sky. Pure glacial magic.

They make Windsor Canadian from pure running glacial waters. And from the rich local rye. Even the crackling mountain air plays a part. Nature at her best. That's what makes Windsor, Canada's smoothest whisky.



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One company's foray into its employees' lives can have an incalculable cost on liberty and privacy.

# JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Imagine the following scenario: You're at work in the factory. It's coffee-break time, and a fellow worker offers you a cigarette. As you reach for his pack, he grabs your arm, shows you an official-looking badge, and announces that he's a "nic"—an undercover nicotine cop—and you're fired.

A scene out of 1984 or Brazil? No, a realistic projection of what is likely to happen in workplaces throughout the country if the cigarette policy already in place at one giant corporation is adopted by others.

USG Acoustical Products, a manufacturer of building materials, has announced that the "employment status" of any worker caught smoking at any of its nine plants "may be in jeopardy." "Not so bad," you say. An employee can always wait until work is over and drop in at the local tavern for a relaxing smoke as he enjoys a couple of brews with friends. Or they can go home, make love to their spouse, and share a cigarette in the privacy of their bedroom.

Not so, say the executives at USG—who have exempted themselves and other employees at corporate headquarters in Chicago, Illinois, from the puffing prohibition. Any smoking, whether at home, on vacation, in your car, or at work may be cause for dismissal. (A spokesperson for USG explained this policy in slightly more compassionate terms: "We're handling it on a case-by-case basis.")

*Not to worry, you think. How will they ever know what I do at home, in my own living room, or while taking a stroll down a quiet country road?* Well, the Big Brothers at USG have got it all figured out. They are planning to conduct "lung tests." But not to insure compliance, they say. "We're using it to monitor 'lung health.' Everyone—smokers and nonsmokers—gets the test." Now, I don't know what a lung test entails, but I'm sure I wouldn't like it. Besides, where does a company come off probing an employee's insides?

I doubt the lung tests will work all that well, especially at the USG plants. These plants manufacture ceiling tiles and insulation products that use "mineral fiber" and "rock wool." In case you're not familiar with those natural-sounding terms, they are the industry's euphemism for fibrous substances that could endanger the health of USG employees. Many of the workers at USG plants may already have lung problems that could confound the cigarette testing.

Indeed, the danger of workers absorbing toxic substances into their lungs

probably explains why USG is the first corporation to adopt a no-smoking-even-at-home policy. Martin S. Rutstein, a professor of geology at the State University of New York at New Paltz, who applauds USG's action, puts it: "Protecting itself from litigation seems the company's major goal in setting a no-smoking policy." He explains that workers exposed to mineral and rock dusts are more likely to suffer from lung diseases. They are also likely to sue their employers and collect damages. The combination of exposure to these substances and cigarette smoking multiplies the risk of serious illness—and serious lawsuits.


The company is giving out face masks, similar to those worn by surgeons, and protective coveralls, which it will launder; but instead of spending substantial amounts of money for extra steps to reduce the workers' exposure to its dangerous chemicals, USG has opted for the cheaper remedy of breaking its employees' smoking habit through eight-week workshops and total prohibition.

But USG's foray into the lungs of its employees will not be cheaper than improving the safety of the workplace in the long run. The cost, in terms of personal liberty and privacy, is incalculable. Once a corporation is allowed to test lungs, it will not be long before it can test blood for signs of venereal disease and minds for signs of disloyalty.

I strongly favor bans on smoking in crowded public places, where, as the surgeon

general has stated, the risk to nonsmokers is considerable. But there is a world of difference between stopping one person from smoking at another person in a public place, and denying an individual the right to do what he wants in private. That difference is what separates democratic regimes of limited power from the brave new worlds of paternalistic totalitarianism. To be sure, USG is not a government. But giant corporations exercise governmentlike powers over their employees—including mandatory lung testing—and must comply with antidiscrimination laws. Moreover, governments often tend to follow corporate-employment practices, as they did with drug testing. USG's new policy is setting a dangerous precedent.

Let governments and corporations limit themselves to protecting the safety and healthfulness of the workplace, the public thoroughfare, and the crowded enclosure before it takes up the cause of prying into the private lives and lungs of Americans. Every American has the right to smoke in private, but your right to puff ends at the tip of my nose. Or to put it somewhat clinically, you have the right to *inhale* anywhere you choose, as long as you don't *exhale* on me.

USG should keep its distance from workers' private lives and their personal choices, and spend the money it has allocated for lung testing on further protecting its workers from exposure to its own hazards. 



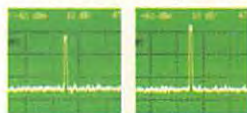


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# CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

## MICHAEL REAGAN'S "DADDY DEAREST"

Ronald Reagan, the president who has attempted to make family values a cornerstone of his social policies, may want to rush to mend fences with one of his own family members. In an outline for the autobiography he's planning to publish this November, Michael Reagan claims that the President, his adoptive parent with Jane Wyman, neglected him so much as a child that when he was seven he looked to a day-camp leader as a father figure. The man sexually molested him for almost a year, Michael and his co-author, Hollywood columnist Joe Hyams, charge in the book's outline, a copy of which has been seen by "U.S.A. Confidential."

Since the outline says that Michael never told his parents about the alleged episode, it presumably is what his literary agent, the flamboyant Scott Meredith, had in mind when he boasted that it would contain "things his father, mother, and stepmother will hear for the first time." Indeed, if you believe this latest addition to the *Mommie Dearest* genre, it would have been better for Michael, a 41-year-old businessman, if he had never been given the Reagan moniker. With his parents divorcing when he was three, says the outline, he only saw them on alternate weekends and, until he was ten, believed the black family cook was his mother. He says that the camp leader took advantage of the discovery that he had been raised effectively without a father, abusing him during daily car drives and once photographing him nude.



Michael writes that he has been terrified ever since that the shots would surface and cost his father some campaign. If so, this may explain why he has waited until the twilight of the Reagan era to publish this devastating profile of a politician who, for all his faults, is generally regarded even by his critics as kind and well-meaning. The Ronald Reagan we read about in *On the Outside Looking In*, as Michael's opus is called, is even less sympathetic than the sour, career-obsessed moralist depicted by stepsister Patti Davis, the President's daughter by the First Lady, in her 1986 autobiographical "novel."

For instance, though Michael has implied in press interviews about his much-publicized estrangement from the First Couple that the rift was over nothing more sinister than Reagan's tendency to be "busy, busy, busy," in the book he traces the split to a previously undisclosed 1983 brouhaha in which a Secret Service official accused him of being a thief. Subsequently, Michael claims, his father

called him and said he should see a psychiatrist. He recalls begging to be told what he was purported to have taken, but he says Reagan wouldn't elaborate. Finally, just before the 1984 G.O.P. convention, he and his wife Colleen met with Reagan and the First Lady at their Los Angeles hotel, says the outline.

Michael says he asked the President if he was going to take the Secret Service's word and not give him a chance to defend himself. Reagan supposedly replied, "Yes." Subsequently, the outline says, the President's son received an inventory of the "stolen" property—typified by a miniature bottle of bourbon that he had been seen carrying off an American Airlines flight. It was a gift from an attendant. An agent had convinced Maureen, Reagan's daughter by Wyman, that Michael was a kleptomaniac, says the synopsis, and she'd convinced his father. Eventually the President apologized to his son, the outline says, and for only the second time in his life said he loved him.

Michael says he has fallen out with Maureen too, because in 1983 she told him the White House wanted him to stop mentioning Jane Wyman in interviews. Stepsister Patti doesn't talk to him, either, because he once alerted her parents that she was planning to run off with a dishwasher, and he thinks that Nancy is jealous of him because he and his wife have produced the Prez's only grandchildren. The whole happy family was flying back from the 1980 Republican convention when Ronnie dandled one of these grandkids, little Cameron, on his foot. Nancy, says the outline, ordered the presidential candidate to desist.

The outline also argues that both the President and Wyman can be as stingy with material goods as their emotions. It says that their wedding gift to Maureen was a set of plastic swizzle sticks with elephant tops. "Michael Reagan is disturbed," snaps a White House insider, told about this, echoing the response when the rift with his father last made the press. The younger Reagan at the time responded that he felt no need for counseling and, in fairness, he does seem to have a handle on one weakness that the President himself has admitted—a tendency to be, well, out of it.

Campaigning for his dad in 1980, Michael says he arrived in Pennsylvania to discover his itinerary canceled. He phoned Reagan. Where was he? inquired his dad. Pennsylvania, he said. What was he up to? Campaigning, said young Mike. For whom? wondered the would-be president. No one had told him, it seems, that his son had quit his job to stump for him for four months.



## KEEPING ABREAST OF MEESE

Had Watteau only looked ahead to the aftermath of the Meese Commission, he'd have reined in his filthy artistic inclinations and covered up her tits. As it is, the painter's beautiful "Nymph et Satyre," a portion of which was used to illustrate the hardcover edition of Patrick Suskind's critically acclaimed novel *Perfume*, is having to be recropped to ensure that the book isn't bounced off the stands when it is issued in September in paperback.

"With this Meese thing," a publishing insider explains, "many of the supermarkets and chain stores where paperbacks are distributed are not likely to accept a cover that shows breasts."

The softcover edition's publisher, Pocket Books, has been making similar adjustments on the jackets of less literary opera, such as its best-selling Jude Deveraux romances. Time was when a Deveraux heroine would be depicted in full cleavage, clasped passionately to her hero. A recent novella by the author is illustrated by a female head surrounded by flowers with, on the back



flap, a picture of a man pecking her on the neck.

Innocence isn't always the answer, though. In an earlier run-in with the New Purity, *Virgins*, a Pocket Books novel about growing up Catholic by Boston University professor Caryl Rivers, was yanked by a Colorado supermarket chain because of its title. Radio ads for the book initially were refused everywhere

the publisher tried to place them. Thinking this was because the copy was jokingly written in the context of a confessional, the company reworded it, but two stations still demurred. Argues an executive at one of them, which is among New York's top-rated, "If you were the average age of our listeners, 38, and your six-year-old heard the ad and

asked you what a virgin was, what would you say? We also have one of the highest proportions of teen listeners in town, so we usually only run contraceptive ads between ten and three." He didn't tell us what he advises Mommy to reply when, while waiting to give birth at age 13, one of the station's young fans demands, "What's a [expletive deleted]?"

## GUPPIE GIFTS

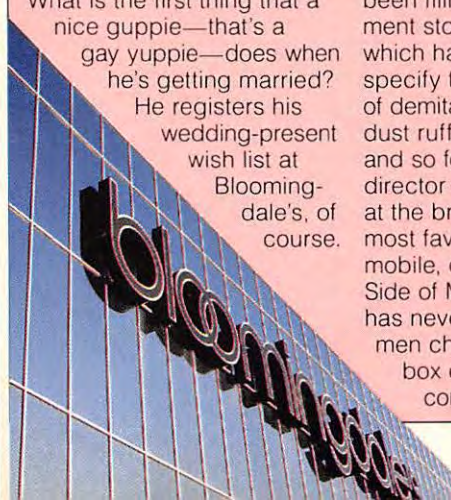
What is the first thing that a nice guppie—that's a gay yuppie—does when he's getting married? He registers his wedding-present wish list at Bloomingdale's, of course.

Gay friends inform us that quite a few of the fellas have been filling out the department store's large pink form, which has the happy couple specify the required number of demitasses, gravy boats, dust ruffles, cold-meat forks, and so forth. Anne Keating, director of the bridal registry at the branch of the store most favored by the upwardly mobile, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, insists she has never encountered two men checking the "bridal" box on the form, but concedes that "two men

could register under 'self,' " a category originally designed for people drawing up lists for such events as housewarmings.

So everything might seem hunky-dory for the growing number of guppies—lesbians as well as men—who are taking advantage of the marriage services offered by gay religious groups. Except, an American Civil Liberties Union expert points out, such marriages at present have no legal standing, so if one gay spouse kicks the bucket, his parents or siblings may

step in as the next of kin and succeed in grabbing the survivor's household belongings, down to the last demitasse. And the house too, unless the dead man had a particularly savvy lawyer draft his will. "There's a history of men dying of AIDS and wills being contested and the parents winning over the gay partner," says the expert. To counter this unreasonably discriminatory situation, the Civil Liberties Union is calling for homosexuals to have the same marital rights as everyone else.





## A FAVOR FOR THE AYATOLLAH?

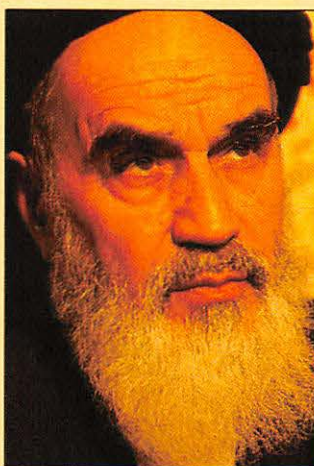
That's how Iranian exile leaders explain what until now has been dismissed as a comedy of errors involving the F.B.I. and an alleged hit man for the Tehran regime, Daoud Salahuddin.

Salahuddin had been charged with gunning down an outspoken critic of the Ayatollah in suburban Washington, Ali Akbar Tabatabai, in 1980 when, according to the F.B.I., he fled to premises owned by the Algerian embassy. Though the G-men couldn't arrest him on what technically was foreign territory, they presumably could have walled him

in. Yet somehow he managed to duck the dragnet and flee the country. "Our information is that the Carter administration took the heat off him. They didn't want to do anything that might harm the American hostages in Iran," a source close to the late shah's family told "U.S.A. Confidential."

Moreover, another Iranian exile source claims that this was the start of a chain of events that would culminate with one player in the drama, a shadowy arms dealer called Cyrus Hashemi, allegedly landing a bit part in contragate.

It was Hashemi who contracted to have Tabatabai hit on Tehran's behalf, this



source charges. He and other Iranians in the Washington area identify Hashemi, whose interests included a New York bank, as

the financial boss of the Ayatollah's U.S. terror network. Since recent published reports have identified Hashemi in a rather different role, as a middleman during the negotiations that led to the 1981 Tehran hostage release, that would seem to raise the question of whether Salahuddin's escape was a quid pro quo. Former Mideast policy aides to Jimmy Carter couldn't immediately be reached for comment. Nor could Hashemi. He died suddenly last year, after becoming an informer for federal agents who had caught him smuggling arms to Iran. Simultaneously, it's alleged, he was acting as a contragate go-between.

## AUSTRIAN DIPLOMAT'S NAZI TRAINING

A man whose records indicate that he once enthusiastically served the Nazis is now performing another kind of service—as Austria's envoy to UNESCO in Paris.

Documents in German archives show that Franz Pein, previously Austrian ambassador to Australia and Germany, not only joined the Hitler Youth after Austria became part of the Third Reich but attended a Napola—an elite training school for future Nazi functionaries—until he was nearly 18, then, in 1942, became a cadet in the Waffen SS. Unlike Austrian president Kurt Waldheim's army unit, his division had a fairly noncontroversial record, according to several war historians.

These experts also claim, however, that the documents—which were authenticated by a specialist at the Anti-Defamation League—show that Pein, while he never joined the

Nazi Party, was a well-regarded collaborator. In contrast to the Hitler Youth, which youngsters were under pressure to join, Napolas "didn't want conscripts," says Charles Sydnor, a war historian who is president of Emory and Henry College in Virginia. "They were looking for a potential for ideological reliability, and graduates of these schools were

considered convinced Nazis." In the Waffen SS, the combat arm of the SS, Pein was twice promoted. "To get into the Waffen SS before 1943, you had to be ideologically reliable, and you had to be ideologically reliable to be promoted," says Sydnor.

Pein disputes this, however, claiming that he was compelled to enlist. He referred other questions to Karl Fischer, Austria's ambassador to the U.N., who maintains that the diplomat's schooling was also compulsory. In Austria, unlike

Germany, Fischer says, the Napolas were created out of peacetime "officer training schools, where the emphasis particularly was educating youngsters from poor homes." Pein was at one of these schools, and automatically became a Napola student, says Fischer.

Retorts Professor Sydnor, "There is a general claim by the Austrians that things were different from Germany, that they were victims rather than accomplices, but it's not so. Many of them collaborated."





Lisa Sliwa of the Guardian Angels successfully combines brains, brawn, and beauty to give new meaning to the word *feminine*.

# Women

BY JOSH MOROZ



She's registered with Elite Model Management Corporation in New York City, one of the top modeling agencies in the world, and at five feet ten inches has cascading light brown hair that frames her finely chiseled features. One would expect her to live the glamorous lifestyle of other successful New York models; however, if you want to see her on her turf, you have to thread your way through a battlefield of crack dealers, porn houses, and video arcades. Her name is Lisa Sliwa, and at 29 she's national director of the Guardian Angels. Her New York City headquarters is—in the parlance of her peers—"on the Deuce," 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues. To get to the Angels' office one must pass through a massive pair of wrought-iron doors; walk down a back alley bordered by garbage cans; and up a foreboding, ill-lit stairway.

Their office had probably once belonged to a booking agent for skin flicks. Now the walls are covered with press clippings from news-

papers all over the country praising the Angels' efforts. A section of one wall is dedicated to the three Angels who've died in the line of action. Ace, who's manning the phones and simultaneously decorating his trademark red beret with sundry pins and regalia, doesn't divert his attention when he hears footsteps on the stairs. He seems to know who it is. A woman with a perfect athletic figure, worn leather jacket, and red beret walks through the door and warmly greets him. This is Lisa Sliwa's territory, and for her it's not a nine-to-five job, it's a 24-hour-a-day commitment to a social program she sees as a necessity.

Recently, Lisa wrote a book entitled *Attitude: Commonsense Defense for Women*, published by Crown. There's a built-in irony in the title. On the streets an attitude can get you hurt and maybe killed. If you "cop an attitude" you might instigate someone looking for an excuse to start a fight. But "attitude" also refers to the attitudes of men toward women, society's attitudes toward women, and the way women feel about themselves. The book is a medley of text, photographs, and diagrams explaining how to defend yourself against assault, muggings, and purse snatching by using basic martial-art maneuvers. Nowhere does Sliwa suggest that women should carry a weapon; rather, she explains how self-defense is possible using everything from an elbow or a comb to a set of house keys. "One of the things many people said

when I first wrote the book," Lisa says, "was that only young people are going to get into it, because they're the ones that have grown up with the exercise craze and the desire to commit to three hours of exercise every day."

"Of course, they were wrong," she says, chuckling. "One of the groups that has been the most responsible for the whole idea of fighting back are elderly people. Women my grandmother's age, because they had to fight and work hard all their life, are not willing to give it up to some street punk."

One might think Lisa Sliwa is a tough kid brought up in a tough neighborhood, but she's quick to explain that she "wasn't born on a subway." In fact, she was raised in Hinsdale, Illinois, an affluent suburb of Chicago. Her father is an engineer and her late mother was a registered nurse. While Lisa is very up-front about her privileged childhood—complete with fancy prom dresses and piano lessons—she also adds that her parents had very strong values that they imbued in their kids. "Listen you snot-nose brats," her father would lecture, "just because you have a half an acre around your house doesn't mean you're any better than other kids. What it does mean is that there's so much more you have to give back to your community."

Despite the humbling lectures, her parents occasionally indulged their children in trips to New York City, replete with visits to Saks and Bergdorf Goodman. But the department stores held less allure for Lisa than

the city itself—the fast-paced streets, the contrasts of extreme wealth and poverty, and the sense of so much that must have been off-limits to a kid like her.

That early infatuation lured Lisa to New York at the age of 21. Her curious nature and astute awareness, compounded with a strong desire to become street smart, led her to the active study of martial arts. At the same time, she heard about a group called the Guardian Angels—self-appointed protectors who serve as deterrents to crime on the subways and who make citizen's arrests. The more she read about the Angels, the more intrigued she became, and she decided to become a member. Naturally, the Guardian Angels were skeptical of this gorgeous woman from the suburbs who wanted to hang tough. Curtis Sliwa, the Angels' founder and leader, was especially wary, suspecting that she might be a journalist trying to infiltrate in order to get some dirt. Even after Lisa passed their grueling gang confrontation with flying colors, throwing and knocking down the lot of would-be assailants, Curtis's reaction was a blasé "Okay, let her join."

As it turned out, his apathy soon became passion, and they married. Lisa prefers not to talk about her relationship, and the conversation shifts to the women's movement. She believes the movement attracts women who tend to be "a bunch of ivory-tower intellectuals that drive around in limousines to award dinners, granting themselves awards for things that never



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Market considerations play a significant factor in wage differentials between men and women.

# MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



The grievous lament that women are denied equal pay for equal work has echoed throughout the land for what seems like a millennium: Charges of discrimination are levied at business institutions at every turn. Legislation designed to boost women's status in the workplace is proposed on every front. Yet, no one stops to look at the why and wherefore of women's lower economic position in the labor market. It is time to examine just how much is due to discrimination and how much can be attributed to individual choice on the part of women to avoid the rat race that men have little option but to endure.

Not long ago, *The New York Times* devoted almost a full page in its Sunday "Week in Review" section to a feature entitled "In Wages, Sexes May Be Forever Unequal." Casual *Times* readers who noted the statement that "serious pay inequalities between men and women persist" may have shed a tear for the oppressed working woman and gone on. Careful readers might have looked

through the rest of the paper and noticed conflicting evidence. For that very same issue presented an account of Beatrice Gotthelf, a commercial real estate developer who may soon be spoken of in the same breath as Donald Trump, Bill Zeckendorf, and other megabuilders.

Gotthelf is now general partner in a group that has been awarded one of three residential sites in Battery Park City, the multibillion-dollar development adjoining Manhattan's financial district. One of her partners is none other than the prestigious Wall Street investment house of Paine Webber; the other is the New York City construction firm of Property Resources.

So which of the two premises suggested in the *Times* is correct: that women's earning power runs a poor second to that of men, or that women these days seem to be doing quite well for themselves in the work world? The answer is both.

Gotthelf is only one example of a growing number of women who are competing successfully in the labor market, particularly in traditionally male-dominated fields. The 1980s has seen the doors open for women as never before. A woman now sits on the U.S. Supreme Court, and a woman was nominated for vice president for the first time. In 1984 women held 33 percent of all managerial and administrative positions, while in 1964 they held only 14 percent of executive jobs.

Feminists, however, insist on making broad, meaningless group comparisons

between the earning power of men as opposed to that of women. Assuming the root cause of women's lower salaries to be discrimination, they scream for legislation to rectify this "gravely unjust" situation. While it is quite true that women as a group command lower salaries than their male counterparts, a great deal of evidence suggests that market considerations provide a better explanation of pay differentials between men and women than does discrimination.


In his well-researched book *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?*, noted economist Thomas Sowell presents his view that the demands of children are a major factor regulating the career choices and salary levels of women. He points out that the annual pay differential between men and women is 75 percent for married women and only nine percent for those who never married, suggesting that the time and energy required to rear children and carry out other domestic responsibilities restrict occupational choices of women, leading to their underrepresentation in fields that require continuous full-time work and yield high monetary rewards. Common sense tells us that even if a husband and wife are both working full time, the woman is more likely to interrupt her career to undertake domestic chores in response to the needs of her husband and children.

With this in mind, many women choose from the outset jobs that will allow them to carry out household responsibilities by providing limited and flexible hours,

little travel, slow rates of obsolescence, and less need for physical strength. Sowell notes that "these jobs are likely to have their pay held down by the competition of many applicants." Thus, he maintains that to identify the concentration of women in lower-paying occupations is to confuse individual choices with externally imposed restrictions.

As far as I'm concerned, this evidence presents the best argument against preferential treatment of women on the basis of sex alone. While I do not deny that discrimination exists, it is clear that women who want to work are capable of obtaining positions and salaries commensurate with those of men.

It is high time that feminists stopped trying to compare apples and oranges and using these deceptive comparisons to justify greater legislative action aimed at boosting women's status and salary levels. It makes perfect sense to me, as it should to anyone, that men, almost all of whom are permanent fixtures in the workplace, will command greater status and higher salary levels than women who choose to drop their careers for several years to care for children or choose lower-paying jobs to accommodate their needs in terms of family responsibilities.

Do women who demand laws designed to secure higher pay and greater job opportunities for their gender really want to be coddled by legislative wet nurses, or do they want to compete fair and square in an arena where the rules of the game are the same for everyone? 



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# Bad News For Escort

Dear Customer,

From Drew Kaplan

Escort has ignored DAK's second, one-on-one Maxon versus Escort radar challenge. And frankly, I'm fighting mad. I suppose they have a right to ignore me. But after referring to my challenge as only an "advertising gambit" and calling Maxon's radar detector an off-shore, primitive, and bottom-end unit, I'd think they'd be glad to wipe us out in a head to head duel to the death. But, I'm really mad for two other reasons and I think that you may be as fascinated by them as I am.

**Mad Reason 1.** Road and Track Magazine held an independent general radar detector test in their September 86 issue.

As far as I can see, Maxon beat Passport in Uninterrupted Alert, and Passport beat Maxon in Initial alert. Now to be fair, neither of us seem to have beaten the other by even 2 seconds at 55 miles per hour. So, we didn't win or lose by much.

And, Maxon's \$99<sup>90</sup> detector was tested against the \$295 Passport, not the \$245 Escort we challenged. What's interesting is that Road and Track had nice things to say about Passport and even about Escort, which **wasn't even included** in the tests any more.

Now, if you've been following DAK's challenge, you know we've only been challenging Escort. If you've read Road and Track's tests, you'll be amazed when you read Boardroom Reports, which I've reprinted for you to the right. What's really interesting is that it's **the exact same person** in both publications.

Actually, Maxon did extremely well. Road and Track only used 'over hill' and 'around curve' tests because on straight-aways the differences weren't worth describing. (Imagine that!)

It's just as I've said in my challenge. I don't think there's much difference between Maxon's and Cincinnati's Radar detectors when it comes to sensing radar.

## THE CHALLENGE GROWS

In view of the opinions stated in the article in Boardroom Reports about the \$245 Escort, DAK hereby adds the \$295 Passport to our challenge.

**Mad Reason 2.** Did you ever hear about the cure for dandruff that was developed in the middle-ages? It was the guillotine. And frankly, I think you should be aware of Cincinnati Micro-

wave's advertising cure for the Rashid VRSS Collision Avoidance System.

The Rashid VRSS system, as described in Popular Science magazine, January 1986, sends out a radar signal on the K band ahead of your car. The good part is that it can help you avoid running into things higher than your front bumper. The bad news is that since it operates on K band, it sets off radar detectors.

Well, hats off to Cincinnati Microwave. I've tested the Passport against the Rashid unit and, as usual, they have done a splendid job. While every other detector I tested, including Maxon's, was driven crazy, theirs didn't utter a peep.

But then, my Maxon hasn't uttered any peeps lately either and let me tell you why. I was on my way to the Far East to visit Maxon, so I asked Tom, a manager at DAK, to purchase and test the Rashid.

Well, did I ever hear from him. First the unit cost \$558 plus about \$100 to install. Then buying it and finding someone to install it took almost a month.

But the real reason he was unhappy was that the recommended method of installation involved **cutting a 6 1/2" hole** in the front grill of his neat new car.

Well, much to my wife's chagrin, it's now installed in her station wagon.

After installation, it has to be set by an installer. He drives between 15 and 30 miles per hour toward a solid object. When the installer **thinks** he's reached a safe stopping distance, he adjusts the warning alarms to sound. Then in the future, when a similar distance is reached, lights will flash and an alarm will sound.

Of course, if you accelerate too quickly into a lane behind another car the same alarms can go off.

And, I haven't figured out what to do if

there's a dog in the road, dirt on the radar sensor, or how to compensate for the different stopping distances encountered on dry, wet, icy or snowy roads.

## MOST IMPORTANT PART

Speaking of advertising gambits, in **virtually every magazine I pick up**, I've been seeing Cincinnati's Bad News for Radar Detector ads spelling out the obsolescence of all other detectors.

If it's such an important feature that distinguishes them from us, there had better be some of these devices on the road, or Cincinnati Microwave's credibility may just be on the road as well.

**I will add \$10,000 to my Escort/Passport challenge** if Cincinnati Microwave can prove that there are even 1000 Rashid units on the road **anywhere** in the U.S. Oh heck, I'll add \$5000 if they can even find 500. (And, look at this.)

**NOTE:** There are several other potential collision avoidance systems on the drawing boards and each may have a DIFFERENT FINGERPRINT.

So, if you're a current Escort or Passport owner, I suggest that you find out how many Rashid units there are and what Cincinnati Microwave will do about the 'other' units **before** you pay \$\$\$ to have your current detector upgraded.

Besides, with over 3,000,000 square miles in the U.S., even 1,000 units would work out to less than one unit for every 3,000 square miles.

If a major car company successfully sells a collision avoidance system, then Maxon will be ready. But, the car companies currently can't even get consumers to pay \$200 for air bags. So, you decide. Is it significant, or an advertising gambit?

Below is the **NEW** version of the challenge. Escort, a reply please!

# A \$20,000 Challenge To Escort

**Let's cut through the Radar Detector Glut. We challenge Escort & Passport to a one on one Distance and Falsing 'duel to the death' on the highway of their choice. If they win, the \$20,000 check pictured below is theirs.**

By Drew Kaplan

We've put up our \$20,000. We challenge Escort to take on Maxon's new Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 \$99<sup>90</sup> radar detector on the road of their choice in a one on one conflict.

Even Escort says that everyone compares themselves to Escort, and they're right. They were the first in 1978 to use superheterodyne circuits and they've got a virtual stranglehold on the magazine test reports.

But, the real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between this top of the line Maxon Detector and Escort's or Passport's? And 2) Which unit is more accurate at interpreting real radar versus false signals?

So Escort, you pick the road (continental U.S. please). You pick the equipment to create the false signals. (Don't forget our \$10,000 Rashid challenge). And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your

...Next Page Please





... Challenge Continued highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results.

And oh yes, we'll have the \$20,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you beat us by more than 10 feet in either X or K band detection with the Escort, or by 2 seconds at 55mph with the Passport.

#### BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mammoth electronics prime manufacturer. They actually make all types of sophisticated electronic products for some of the biggest U.S. Electronics Companies. (No, they don't make Escort's).

Bob Thetford, the president of Maxon Systems Inc., and a friend of mine, was explaining their new RD-1 anti-falsing Dual Superheterodyne Radar detector to me. I said "You know Bob, I think Escort really has the market locked up." He said, "Our new design can beat theirs".

So, since I've never been one to be in second place, I said, "Would you bet \$20,000 that you can beat Escort?" And, as they say, the rest is history.

By the way, Bob is about 6'9" tall, so if we can't beat Escort, we can sure scare the you know what out of them. But, Bob and his engineers are deadly serious about this 'duel'. And you can bet that our \$20,000 is serious.

We ask only the following. 1) The public be invited to watch. 2) Maxon's Engineers as well as Escort's check the radar gun and monitor the test and the results.

3) The same car be used in both tests. 4) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than July 31, 1987 and 60 days notice of the time and place of the conflict. 5) If Escort can prove that there are 1,000, or even 500 Rashid units in operation, we will present them with the appropriate \$10,000 or \$5,000 check at the beginning of the conflict. And, 6) We'd like them to come with a \$20,000 check made out to DAK if we win.

#### HOW'S THIS FOR FAIR

Cincinnati Microwave will be deemed the winner and given the check if either

Escort beats Maxon by 10 feet in both uninterrupted and initial alerts, OR if Passport beats Maxon by 2 seconds at 55mph in both uninterrupted and initial alerts. So, DAK wins only if we beat both Escort and Passport.

A tie will exist only if both the \$295 Passport and \$245 Escort fail to beat Maxon's \$99<sup>90</sup> Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 Radar Detector.

#### SO, WHAT'S DUAL SUPERHETERODYNE?

Ok, so far we've set up the conflict. Now let me tell you about the new dual superheterodyne technology that lets Maxon leap ahead of the pack.

It's a technology that tests each suspected radar signal 4 separate times before it notifies you, and yet it explodes into action in just 1/4 of one second.

Just imagine the sophistication of a device that can test a signal 4 times in less than 1/4 of one second. Maxon's technology is mind boggling.

But, using it isn't. This long range detector has all the bells and whistles. It has separate audible sounds for X and K radar signals because you've only got about 1/3 the time to react with K band.

There's a 10 step LED Bar Graph Meter to accurately show the radar signal's strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter. You can see the Bar Graph Meter with your peripheral vision and keep your eyes on the road and put your foot on the brake.



So, just turn on the Power/Volume knob, clip it to your visor or put it on your dash. Then plug in its cigarette lighter cord and you're protected.

And you'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with its ridge guide wideband horn internal antenna, really ferrets out radar signals.

By the way, Escort, we'll be happy to have our test around a bend in the road or over a hill. Maxon's detector really picks up 'ambush type' radar signals.

And the key word is 'radar', not trash signals. The 4 test check system that operates in 1/4 second gives you extremely high protection from signals from other detectors, intrusion systems and garage door openers.

So, when the lights and X or K band sounds explode into action, take care, there's very likely police radar nearby. You'll have full volume control, and a City/Highway button reduces the less important X band reception in the city.

Maxon's long range detector comes complete with a visor clip, hook and loop dash board mounting, and the power cord cigarette adaptor.

It's much smaller than Escort at just 3 1/2" Wide, 4 3/4" deep and 1 1/2" high. But, it is larger than Passport. It's backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty.

Note from Drew: 1) Use of radar detectors is illegal in some states.

2) Speeding is dangerous. Use this detector to help keep you safe when you forget, not to get away with speeding.



#### CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE

Put this detector on your visor. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates. And, if you slow down, you may even save lives.

If you aren't 100% satisfied, simply return it in its original box within 30 days for a courteous refund.

To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$99<sup>90</sup> (\$4 P&H). Order No. 4407. CA res add tax.

Special Note: Now that we're challenging Passport, we've added an optional suction cup windshield mount and extra coiled power cord. (Sorry we can't afford to throw them in for free.)

They're just \$5<sup>90</sup> (\$1 P&H) Or. No. 4800. OK Escort, it's up to you. We've got \$20,000 that says you can't beat Maxon on the road. Your answer, please?

Escort and Passport are registered trademarks of Cincinnati Microwave. Rashid VRSS, and Rashid Radar Safety Brake are registered trademarks of Vehicle Radar Safety Systems, Inc.

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John Tomerlin, Road & Track

### Radar detectors Radar detectors

Today's best radar detectors aren't much bigger than a pack of cigarettes. They weigh less than eight ounces and have less than eight inches of cord. What to look for:

- **X-band and K-band sensitivity:** Both are used by the police.
- **Different alarm sounds:** Both are used for short-range radar units. Listen for intermittent beeps. Units that warn of this type of radar. Since X-band can be detected from as far as three miles, a warning buzz doesn't call for an instant reaction. The driver can gradually increase X-band as the intensity of the alarm increases. X-band is also used by many automatic garage door openers, and home burglar alarms, which makes it much more likely to generate false alarms.
- **False-alarm filtering:** Most newer models have specialized circuits that filter out many false alarms. Since many older models don't have good filtering capability, in built-up areas it's almost impossible to determine whether the ear-constant buzzing means that speed radar is being used, or that the warning sound as the radar device gets closer.
- **Easy mounting method:** Good detectors have become almost a popular with thieves as car stereo. It helps a unit is simple for the owner to remove whenever he leaves the car.
- **Bright visual display:** The best detectors have light-emitting diodes (LEDs) that glow brightly during daylight. Caution: Analog meters that need a needle on a numeric scale are less useful—and they can be dangerous, because the driver has to focus on the meter to see exactly where the needle is.

The best at any price: Cincinnati Microwave's Passport. The price is a steep \$295 for this 6 1/2-ounce unit that measures 3 1/2" high x 4 3/4" deep x 2 1/2" wide. Features: dual-tone alarm, automatic brightness adjustment of the LED proximity meter, a very sophisticated false-alarm filter, and an audible alarm buzzer that allows the driver to turn the switch off during one radar contact and have it reset automatically for the next encounter. Caution: Don't mistake Cincinnati Microwave's Escort for the Passport. The older Escort is still sold (for \$245). It was once the best available but is less technologically sophisticated. Since both units are available only directly from the factory, there's no price discounting.

Good protection for half the price: The Cobra Trapdoor offers many of the same features as the Passport for a suggested retail price of \$230. Major drawbacks: In bright sunlight it's difficult to tell if the LED lights are on. Others worth considering: E.L.E.L. Tronics Limited's Micro Eye XBR LR \$299.95 and Whis-

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The National Dairy Council does not want you to know this, but cow's milk is a poor food for adults. It's not even good for children.

# FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



*I've been told to stay away from dairy products such as milk and ice cream when I have a cold, as they are supposedly mucus-producing. Is there any truth to this? Also, I've heard that drinking lots of water will "flush out" a cold faster. Is this true?*

The National Dairy Council does not want you to know this, but cow's milk is a poor food for adults, whether or not they have colds. It's not even a good food for children. Its major constituents, after water, are saturated fat and lactose.

The high fat content alone is one good reason you should keep dairy foods to a minimum in your diet. Also, they do tend to increase mucus production. You notice it more when you have a cold. Lactose, which many adults cannot digest properly, may also cause stomach upsets.

If you just can't resist dairy, try low-fat milk and low-fat cheeses, such as farmer and hoop cheese or low-fat cottage cheese. But all these tend to taste thin and soapy.

For taste treats that allow you to keep your dairy to a smidgen, use imported Valembert or Brie, or a knob of Jarlsberg. For an innocuous "milk" that tastes okay and is excellent in cooking, try Health Valley's "Soy Moo."

In response to your question about colds, drinking lots of water, orange juice, or chicken soup for that matter, will not flush them out, shorten their duration, or curb their severity by one minute. You should be drinking eight to ten glasses of water a day anyway to prevent dehydration. Beyond that, up to 15 grams of vitamin C daily has been shown in some studies to reduce both duration and severity of colds. But this much C may cause gastrointestinal upset. The best treatment for a cold is still, simply, to minimize the symptoms and wait until it decides to vacate.

*My local pool offers classes in underwater exercises, and I wonder how this kind of workout compares with the machines at my health club. Does underwater exercise provide something unique, or is it just another fitness rip-off?*

Underwater exercises in warm water are excellent for pregnant women, especially those with lower-back pain, and for people who have disabilities of various kinds that restrict or prevent unsupported movement. The warmth and support provided by the water make otherwise painful exercising much more comfortable.

For people with arthritis or other joint or connective

tissue problems, nothing beats water exercise. The excellent book *Pain Free Arthritis* (S & J Books), by Dvera Berson, cites numerous cases in which arthritis sufferers have gratefully thrown away their walking sticks and Motrin after taking to the water.

Water also provides resistance to forceful movement in any direction, which cannot be duplicated even in today's super-tech gyms. This means that unique exercises can be devised to suit the individual, rather than stretching them in procrustean fashion to fit the machine.

Even elite athletes can use water power as an exercise alternative. We use it for injured runners; suspended in an inflated ring they "run" with no pressure on the injury.

If you're in pretty good shape, however, underwater-exercise classes offer no great advantage. But with the current emphasis on low-impact aerobics, they might catch that part of the aerobics crowd who are fed up with nagging ankle, knee, and hip aches from gravity continually trying to ram them into those no-wax dance floors.

*I am just beginning to run, and I am confused whether there is a certain breathing pattern that I should follow—do I inhale through my mouth and exhale out my nose? How do I pace my breathing, or isn't this important? Also, how does my breathing affect my workout?*

The first thing we tell a new runner is that running is a

very skilled activity. Even though we learn to run as toddlers, less than one in a thousand adults can run even passably. Breathing, stride, knee lift, torso relaxation, posture, arm action, foot strike, all have to be relearned for efficient running.

Breathing is top of the list. The first essential is rhythm. Breathing out of time with your stride fails to oxygenate the body properly. It is also a major cause of "stitch," that pain in the lower rib cage so common in beginners.

While running, the nose is an insufficient air passage. Inhale and exhale through nose and partly open mouth. A good trick to learn is to hold air briefly by pursing the lips and to puff it out in bursts in time to your steps. This increases the air pressure slightly in the lungs and improves oxygen uptake. Learn these breathing skills and you will soon be cantering effortlessly through ten-milers.

Experiment with a four-step breath, a six-step breath, an eight-step breath. (For a four-step breath, for example, inhale on your first and second footfalls and exhale on the third and fourth footfalls.) You will soon find the one most comfortable for your pace and physiology.

Once you find the right one, practice strict rhythm. It is fairly easy on flat, straight stretches, but you should also hold your breathing rhythm going uphill and downhill and on uneven surfaces. This takes several months to learn. Persevere. You will run much faster once you hit it right. **OT**



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IS WORTH  
A THOUSAND WORDS.**





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*The New Magna™*  
**HONDA**   
FOLLOW THE LEADER



●In some countries there are professional girls who only perform oral sex so that they can go to the altar as "virgins."●

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER

### CALL ME MADAM

#### LETTER OF THE MONTH

*Upon graduation from college I accepted a management position in a metropolitan area. Had I been married, I would have experienced a strong emotional strain since my job leaves relatively little time for personal commitments. I did, however, feel a prominent emotional void in my life, a void which remained despite my efforts to socialize in order to find a compatible companion. I finally sought the services of what may be euphemistically termed an escort agency. It was through the agency that I met Laura, a beautiful young woman of 23 who had a pre-school-age daughter.*

*Laura is very goal-oriented. She did not go to college but at present is trying to finance a new home and is looking toward further education in order to provide her daughter with, as she puts it, a respectable middle-class lifestyle. It took an intense amount of introspection for Laura to put up with the turmoil of her occupation as a call girl. But she figures that in about three or four years she should be able to step up to a more financially secure, more respectable occupation.*

*To put matters quite simply, each of us has taken a very strong liking to the other. There have been times when, upon my request to the agency, Laura willingly traveled far out of her way to visit me. Love-making, tenderly and intimately, is one of the many rewarding facets of the brief time*



*we spend with each other. It is with mutual reluctance that Laura moves on after we have been together.*

*Of course, I wouldn't be writing to you unless there were some difficulties. I would like to expand our relationship beyond the professional one we now have. Laura would also like to date me, but she says there's an agency policy that forbids her to date customers. In order to enforce this policy, Laura claims the agency follows its employees secretly and randomly in order to determine whether or not this rule has been violated. Since she plans on working another three to four years with the agency, there would be no chance of a personal, nonprofessional relationship until she terminates her employment. As is the nature of my job, an employee in my corporation typi-*

*cally transfers to another area within five years. I have already worked three years at my present location.*

*Because Laura means very much to me, I have determined that I can make peace with her past when the time comes. Yet I must confess my naïveté when it comes to the policies and modus operandi of escort agencies. Is her status of being spied upon common practice among escort agencies? Might customers, such as myself, be subjected to secret surveillance so that I don't approach one of "their girls" without their knowledge? Although I know that individuals may defy the norm, are there any statistics or generalizations that predict how successfully call girls can make the transition to traditionally accepted lifestyles? Finally, how well do men actually cope*

*with a woman companion's past as a call girl?*

*I perceive Laura to be a very sincere, honest girl. But I can't lose sight of the fact that she has a professional obligation to courtesy and perhaps even deception in order to maintain her customers and thus maintain her status with the agency. I also understand that Laura has to sit in judgment over me to determine whether or not I am being honest when I say that I use the agency to fill only an emotional void in my life.*

*I would appreciate your sharing of knowledge with regard to the questions I have asked and your advice for my situation.—R. G.*

As you probably know, hookers refer to their clients as "johns," and I am afraid that as far as Laura is concerned, that's all you are. I have never in my life heard of a call-girl agency spying on their girls or clients. Indeed, it would be a very risky operation, not to mention expensive (nobody works for nothing these days), and a call-girl agency is in business for one reason only—to make money.

When I was in the business, I fell in love with a very wealthy client (in fact, more than once) and I found it impossible after a while to accept his money, as I was in love with the man. However, this ex-client soon

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.



# 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.

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became jealous of my other clients and forbade me to work, which obviously caused some financial loss. I once knew a wealthy banker who looked very much like Sean Connery in his early James Bond days. He told me he was married, but the marriage was very bad and he was about to divorce his wife. He lived two hours outside of New York and thus spent the weekdays in Manhattan and returned to his family for the weekends. Though he frequently paid me at least \$500 for the night, I eventually could no longer accept his checks and settled for expensive gifts and later just for large bunches of flowers. After a while, instead of coming very late at night and staying until the following morning, he would come earlier and earlier and forbid me to be "actively involved" myself.

Since I was a specialist in certain sexual scenes, for which I knew there was nobody better than myself to treat the clients, this love affair resulted in disastrous financial losses. After a few months my lover still did not make any attempt to divorce his wife (she was superwealthy and highly respectable), and he was not about to marry me or take me away from the business. So I decided that it was time to get down-to earth, throw overboard all these sentimental feelings, and get back to business.

I think that Laura does not really rate you as sugar-daddy material and is

stringing you along to keep you (and the cash) coming.

Some men are fascinated by prostitutes. The fact of paying for sex relieves them of feelings of emotional dependence. A friend of mine, a sexologist as it happens, is in love with a hooker who operates from a houseboat on a Belgian river. She has genuine feelings for him, and does not charge him for favors. He visits her several times a week and he gets a kick out of getting for free what other men have to pay for. Many hookers settle down to a happily married life when they retire. In some Catholic countries there are professional girls who will only perform oral sex so that they can go to the altar as "virgins."

However, the life of a call girl is one of constant entertainment and variety. They get wine and dined in the best places, they receive expensive presents, and they can make a lot of money. If by a traditionally accepted lifestyle you mean sitting at home and doing the housework, not many ex-call girls will last too long at this before their eye starts roving for a more congenial companion.

#### FRUSTRATED FIANCÉ

*I imagine that you get hundreds of letters a month asking for advice, and, of course, you can only answer a few per month, but I hope you can answer mine right away, considering the circumstances. My*

*problem is that after 20 seconds of fucking, I come. I am too embarrassed to go to the doctor, and to make matters worse, I'm getting married this summer to a girl I have not yet had sex with.*

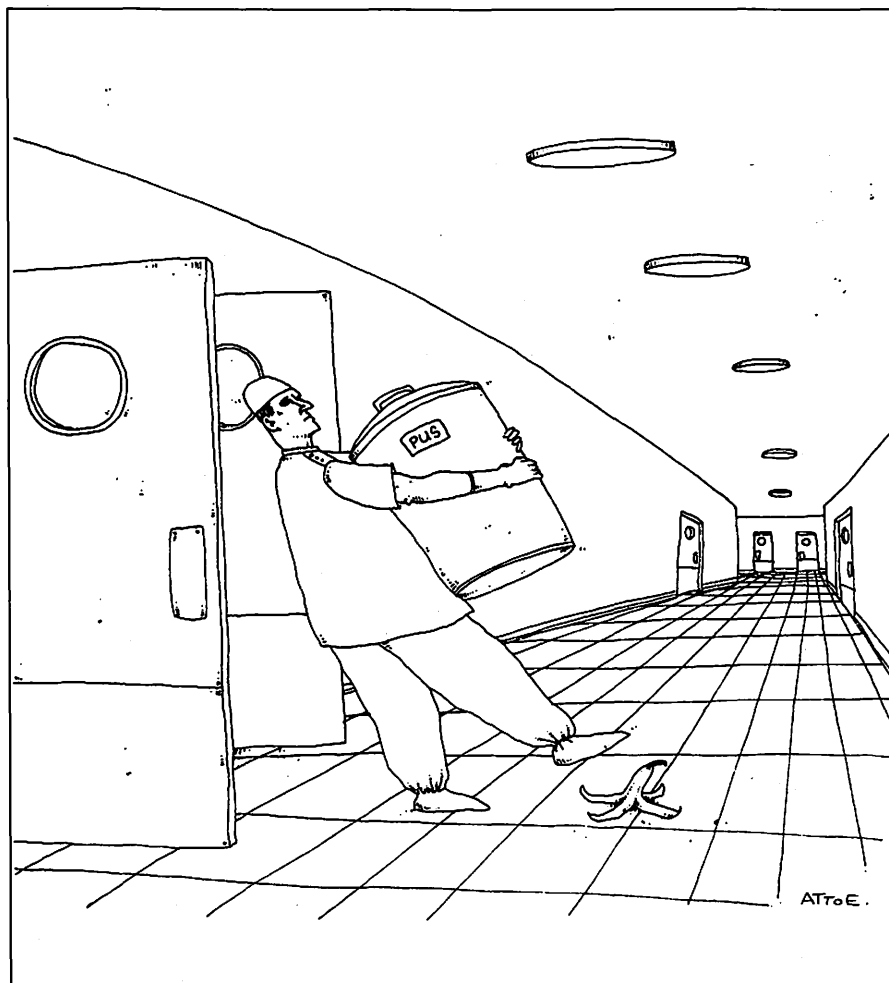
*I was a virgin till age 20. I'm 21 now. Instead of thinking of sex I've always been preoccupied with making money. But last summer I realized that girls found me physically attractive, so I started screwing them. All the girls I have been with have usually said that I turned them on with the things I did to them, and that I did them very well. That is, until I fucked them: A few strokes and I'd shoot my wad. Each time I ended up apologizing to the puzzled female.*

*Then along came this knockout blonde with a great body. We hit it off immediately, and later got engaged. Though I have yet to screw her, she tells me that she loves sex. We have agreed not to fuck till we get married, because of the fact that she had had some bad experiences. Because I love her, I can wait.*

*What I'm concerned about is my fucking problem. A marriage between a nymph and a quick-shooter makes for a short marriage. I believe that a good marriage has to include a good sex life. Is there a medicine I can take, or what? Please help me with this disorder. You'll save this marriage before it even happens. Thank you.—T.W.*

If you believe in marriage, which, as you intend to go through with it, I presume you must, it would be clever to give it a chance by starting out honestly. Discuss the various problems you have with your fiancée before you take the plunge; or are you scared she might then give you up? If your bride-to-be loves sex so much, I find it very odd that she doesn't want to find out what kind of performer you are until after the knot is tied.

As far as your "problem" is concerned, I find that the least worrisome aspect of the whole deal. You have had one year of adult sex—you are, in fact, still in first grade—and you are worried because you don't have the technique of a graduate? In my opinion, a serious premature ejaculator is a guy who either comes before he gets it in, or shoots his load on entry. If you can last 20 seconds, that amounts to anywhere from 20 to 40 strokes, depending on your rhythm and muscle tone. If you can last 30 strokes you can easily learn to last 300. Try masturbating before making love, or more often. Think about something unconnected with sex—your income-tax returns, or Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance, for instance—while you hump. Practice makes perfect. But whatever you do, you must do something. It is no use sitting on the fence hoping it will be all right on the day of your wedding. It won't, unless you start now with your fiancée and learn how your bodies function in relation to each other. Until you get out of sexual grade school, you are not ready for marriage.





# Liar's Club

"Dallas Dwayne Shaw is an honest man. Never been known to lie about anything 'cept fishin.' 'Course that's all he ever talks about. He'll tell you the only thing that didn't bite that afternoon was the George Dickel.

And as we sat there sippin' that fine whisky, those fish kept gettin' bigger and bigger and bigger.

On a summer afternoon, there ain't nothin' better. And that's no lie."

*Merle Haggard*



JUNE						
On The Duck River, Tennessee						
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				



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# Get Fox<sup>®</sup> radar protection before radar gets you.



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**F**inally. Driving is fun again, because the new Vixen III takes the guesswork out of spotting police radar. Despite competing claims, it's a simple fact: No other radar detector combines Vixen III protection with Vixen III convenience.

### **Radar can't hide from Vixen III.**

Low power X or K Band radar can't hide. Quarter-second bursts of instant-on radar can't hide. Moving radar, approaching from behind, is announced loud and clear. Even distant, hidden radar can't hide. You *know* when radar is on the road long before it knows you are.

The exceptional range and sensitivity of Vixen III are made possible by newly developed Fox analog microcircuitry. (No one else has it.) At the instant of radar contact, an oversize, six-part LED meter tells you if the radar is near or far. A variable pulse audible alarm also informs you of your distance from the radar source.

### **Vixen III cannot be fooled.**

Drivers put their trust in radar detectors. So nothing is more misleading—or annoying—than false alarms caused by non-radar signals. Vixen III filters out false alarms with the newest Random Signal Reject (RSR<sup>™</sup>) technology.

When you receive an alert, it *has* to be radar. It won't be a false alarm caused by a mobile phone, an airplane overhead, or another radar detector nearby. In a year or two, every high-end detector will probably offer the advantages of RSR. But why wait? Vixen III offers them *now*.

### **No other radar detector is this convenient and easy to use.**

To make driving even more pleasant and worry-free, Fox originated these exclusive Vixen III features...

*AutoPower* makes it unnecessary to turn off Vixen III, or disconnect its power cord, when leaving your vehicle. Vixen III shuts itself down when the ignition is turned off, then turns itself back on when your vehicle is started.



### **Vixen III. The slyest Fox of them all.**

Another exclusive, *AutoMute*, keeps long radar alerts from competing with music or conversation. The audible alarm silences itself after five seconds. (You continue to monitor radar range with the LED meter.) The alarm will remain silent—until the start of your next radar encounter.

Four full-size pushbuttons, each with its own On/Off indicator, give you instant command of all Vixen III functions. Two pushbuttons control *AutoMute* and *AutoPower*. Another lets you select Highway to extend Vixen III range on the

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Vixen III is the successor to our highly rated Vixen II<sup>™</sup>—the detector that earned *Road & Track* magazine's highest rating.

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Over one-million Fox radar detectors have been put into service since 1975. Vixen III is the culmination of a decade's leadership in microwave technology.

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Surely, Vixen III is the preferred cure for any driver's radar worries.

Maybe that is why simply announcing Vixen III generated over 2,000 advance orders from our customers.

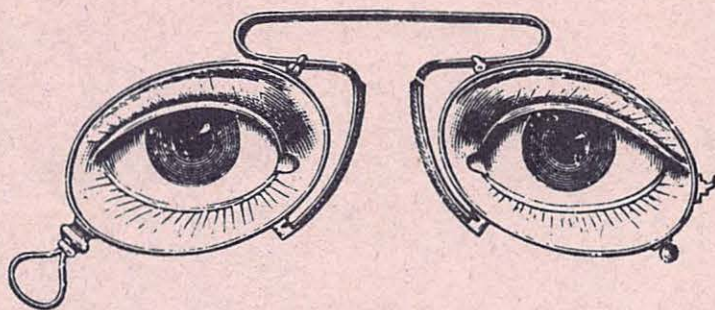
### **A phone call puts you closer to driving peace of mind.**

We can ship you a Vixen III for only \$249.95. For more information, call us toll free at 1-800-543-8000. Please ask for Department B.



Fox radar detectors employ dual conversion superheterodyne circuitry using gallium arsenide (GaAs) diodes and RSR<sup>™</sup> (Random Signal Reject) anti-falsing electronics.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

# VACATION IN NEW YORK CITY

BY EMILY PRAGER

**T**his summer, I'm taking my vacation in New York City. I've checked with my travel agent, and she says since I live here I don't have to make reservations, I just have to leave my apartment. So that's what I'm planning to do. I've made my decision.

*What to pack.* The last time I left my apartment, except to go to the deli or the stationery store, was September of 1985. I went uptown to have lunch with my *Penthouse* editor, and it was a terrifying experience. I got lost on the subway. A homeless person jumped me and stole my column. By the time I got to the restaurant, I felt like a teen recruit in the Iran-Iraq war. Coming home was no picnic, either. My taxi driver was Haitian. He spoke no English and drove like a demon. When I gave him the tip he deserved, he pulled out a voodoo doll and stuck it with a pin. I was sick for weeks after. The point is, I was not prepared. This time I do not leave the house without a compass, a psycho net, and an exorcist. I will carry a backpack if necessary.

*What to wear.* I live in Greenwich Village. It's a cool bohemian neighborhood. If I go to the deli in a corset and Hers Jockey shorts or Frye boots and a dhoti, there's no problem. I fit in. But if I want to go to the Upper East Side, that's another story entirely. Past Madison and 57th Street, if you're not sporting a mink and shoes from Italian cows, they arrest you for trespassing. On the Upper West Side, they require something hand-painted and trousers of a fullness bulimics crave. In midtown, it's dress for success, though some dress for failure—just to make waves. Down in SoHo, it's labels. If they can't see who made your clothes, they make you watch performance art and like it. On my vacation, then, I will not dress for comfort or the weather, no. Every outfit will be as meticulously planned as an arms sale to the Ayatollah. I will take no chances.

*What to do, where to go.* New York City is the cultural capital of the United States, all the

guidebooks say so. And I believe them. I believe there is a whole world of theater, art, and music just waiting for me to unbarricade the door and step out into it. I must, of course, see a Broadway show. The theater district is up in the west Forties, and I know that if I can get past the crack dealers without incident, I can spend a whole evening of mindless merriment for the same price as a weekend package to Montego Bay. Culture is not cheap. If it were, it wouldn't be culture.

Or I can go to a museum, which, they say, is a good place to meet men. Unfortunately, they're the kind of men who talk your ear off about Van Gogh and then side with Gauguin. Not my type. Or who claim that the "Mona Lisa" is really Da Vinci in drag. Or that Caravaggio was a leather queen and Fassbinder was his reincarnation. No thanks. Tell it to Shirley MacLaine.

Or I can go and hear music. But not at Madison Square Garden. Because if you do not work for a record company or have clout, you will sit so far back that the players will look like mice in a snowstorm and you'll lose interest. Getting good seats for anything in New York is not as easy as kidnapping foreigners in West Beirut. No way—not at all.

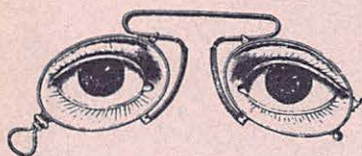
*Restaurants.* Now, I do go out to dinner in the Village. There's a diner next door to the deli where they have a blue plate special for \$4.95 that is really delicious if you like fake mashed potatoes, which I do, enormously.

In New York, the fancier the restaurant, the more indecipherable the menu. So if you don't have a clue what you're eating, it could be frog's legs—watch out. But you can drink the water. In fact, they bottle it and sell it in restaurants in L.A.

I'm looking forward to it. I need a vacation. And what better place than New York? Millions of tourists come here every year, and all I have to do is leave my apartment. I'm going to do it. I'm going to leave my typewriter and walk out the door. I'll write if I get work.







## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### SPORTS

BY JIM ROBBINS

Imagine you are camping in the remote mountains of northwestern Montana and are awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the yelping of your dog being mauled by a grizzly bear. The bear comes toward the tent. You hear its heavy breathing, its lust for blood only whetted by your dog.

Trembling but confident, you reach under your pillow and pull out—a can of

red-hot pepper.

"It's the most effective thing we have outside of a .44 magnum," says Dr. Charles Jonkel, a grizzly-bear researcher at the University of Montana in Missoula, who has been testing the spray on captive bears.

"Counter Assault," a distillation of hot red peppers propelled as an aerosol, is the latest nonlethal method of bear protection for campers and hikers. Although grizzly bears have disappeared from almost everywhere in the lower 48, in parts of Montana and Wyoming they do pose a threat to backpackers. Nine people have been killed by grizzlies and many more injured in Yellowstone and Glacier national parks since 1967.

The spray causes a burn-

ing sensation in the mucous membranes and makes it nearly impossible to breathe for several minutes. Counter Assault

is sold by Bushwacker Backpack and Supply of Missoula, Montana. A 400-gram can costs \$30, and a 100-gram can is \$13. Counter Assault is effective up to 30 feet away. A quick-draw holster is also available. "It's not a cure-all," says pepper vendor Bill Pounds, "but people realize it can buy them a few precious seconds."

Counter Assault has been put to the test only once so far. A grizzly researcher in Yellowstone got too close to his subject and was knocked to the ground. It

tried to bite him, but instead took a chunk out of his walkie-talkie. The scientist grabbed his can and sprayed. Stunned, the beast ran off.

"But what if you sprayed the bear and you just pissed him off?" poses John Gatchell, executive director of the Montana Wilderness Association and an avid hiker. "Then what do you do?" He believes red-pepper spray may give people a false sense of security. Pounds says the pepper has never had this effect on grizzlies.

Animal-rights activist Cleveland Amory, of the New York-based Fund for Animals, says if the spray doesn't cause blindness or permanent injury, he's all for it. "In fact," he says, "it sounds like something we could use on slob hunters."

### PEOPLE

BY LOUISE DEL PIANO

In these fast-paced times of ours, nobody has the inclination, it seems, to spend much time absorbing the great works of literature. The assumption that any reasonably sophisticated person has seen *Hamlet* and was swept away by *Moby Dick* makes cheating a necessity. Now John Moschitta is making it even easier to be high-brow. His Mighty Mouth Productions company is marketing an audiocassette tape called *Ten Classics in Ten Minutes*, in which works by Shakespeare, Melville, and others are condensed to just 60 seconds each.

Take, for example, Moschitta's version of the final scene of Tennessee Williams's *A*

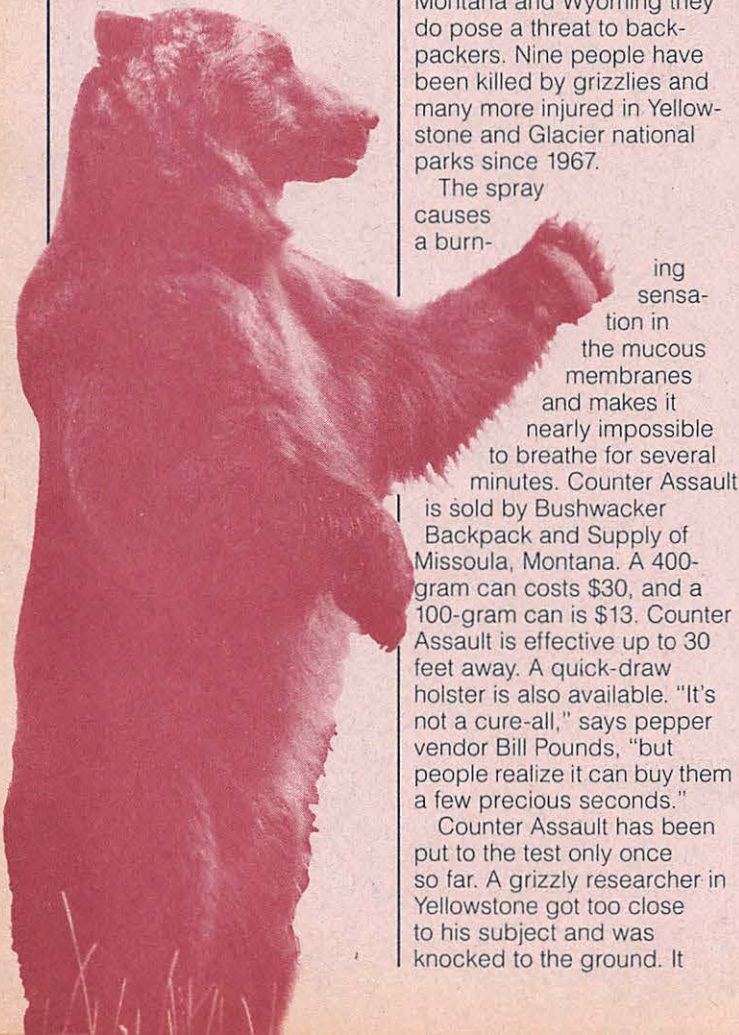


*Streetcar Named Desire*: "A few weeks later, it's still hot. The guys play more poker and Stella has a baby. The doctor appears at the door. Blanche says, 'I've always depended on the kindness of strangers.' Then they take her away, and it's not to the Caribbean!"

"I never thought fast talking would be my claim to fame," Moschitta says. "For 15 years, I was always told to shut up . . . now I'm being paid money not to!" But behind his big mouth, there's a solid, versatile actor waiting in the wings. In fact, he's appeared on an HBO special in which he played no less than 12 different characters.

Moschitta made himself known to millions as the "Fastest Talking Man" on television. His performance in a Federal Express commercial attracted so much attention, he hasn't stopped working, or earning, since. Aside from making the usual talk-show rounds, Moschitta keeps busy making in-house videos for such companies as IBM and General Electric.

Mighty Mouth Productions





is the result of a longtime ambition of Moschitta's: "to have the creative control to please an audience. Right now, when I do a job, each one is different. But my aim is to create them in *my* way . . . to make John Moschitta productions special."

While Moschitta may yearn to play in some of the Shakespeare plays he plunders on his cassette, there's no doubt that speed is his forte and his fortune. He's even a star with the under-12 set who know him as "Blurr," the world's fastest autobot, on the animated TV program "The Transformers."

Although his work may not win the affection of America's English teachers, *Ten Classics* may end up as a viable study guide, and among aspiring intellectuals, Moschitta will be a hero.

## SCENES

BY MARSHALL FINE

"If you can remember the sixties," comedian Robin Williams has said, "you weren't there."

But San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury neighborhood, the spirited mecca of those days, clings to its heritage and will wax nostalgic in July with a three-day 20th-anniversary celebration of the "Summer of Love," including a concert in Golden Gate Park to benefit organizations like the Free Clinic, which offered free medical care to the hordes of disaffected baby-boomers who converged on Haight-Ashbury that summer.

They were drawn by the promise of a youth explosion—"tune in, turn on, drop

out." Rock bands at the Fillmore, the Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park—if you were going to San Francisco, you wore flowers in your hair.

"We took everything the establishment thought of as negative—sex, long hair, marijuana—and turned it into a positive celebration," recalls Paul Kantner, a founder of the Jefferson Airplane.

Dan Hicks, a member of the Charlatans, the first "psychedelic" band, says, "It was like a sideshow every day. Every third guy on the sidewalk asked if you wanted acid, grass, or speed."

Within two years, though, "Love" Street turned mean; Haight-Ashbury plunged into heroin-barbiturate decline. "This became a ghetto," says John Meehan, the director of the Haight-Ashbury Food Program.

Since the beginning of the 1980s, the area has bounced back, gentrified by yuppies and gays. Today, head shops and the Anarchist Collective



Bookstore share the neighborhood with McDonald's and The Gap.

The area's exotic but dated reputation continues to draw weekend tour buses, whose riders walk and gawk on Haight Street or stop to have their picture taken at 710 Ashbury.

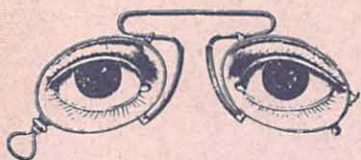
former home of the Grateful Dead.

Yet there's more to the legacy of the Summer of Love than rainbow-colored memories of incense, love beads, and tie-dyed jeans.

"We were probably the best-educated and best-taken-care-of generation in the history of the planet," Kantner says. "But we were lied to—about drugs, about the Vietnam War. We learned not to trust authority, not to believe the government, not to put our faith in faith—and to do things for ourselves."





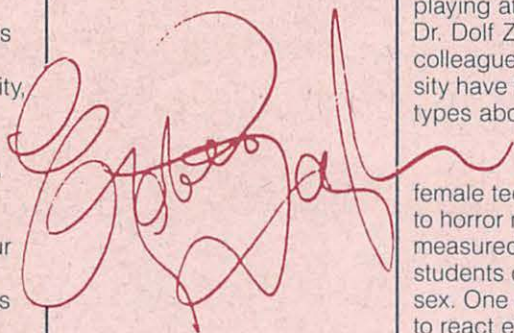


## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### SEX NEWS

BY LAUREN BANK

• It's not how you say it—but how you write it. According to Harriette Surovell, a professionally trained graphologist and author of *Lovestrokes: Handwriting Analysis for Love, Sex, and Compatability*, "Your handwriting is a blueprint of your unconscious. Each time you put pen to paper, you reveal a world of information about your inner needs and your inner life. Handwriting analysis functions like a magnifying lens. It burns into focus the secrets of your basic character, emotional makeup, sensuality, and much, much more." Surovell explains how the meaning behind the loops, angles, and slants are related to the frustrations and emotional control in our sexual natures, and analyzes famous signatures to demonstrate her point. For example, Marilyn Monroe's signature highlights her "abiding interest in sex" and that "she made a conscious effort to reach out to people despite her natural introverted inclinations. . . . While sexuality was a constant preoccupation with her, she remained sexually unfulfilled, frustrated, and confused." Elizabeth Taylor's illegible signature (above right) is "symbolic of an attitude of superiority, a sensuous yet short-term romantic nature." If you're wondering how sexy Dwight Gooden is, just look at his signature—"full of vitality and sexual energy." But watch out—that "oversized D" shows an attachment to the past and his mother." But



before you come to any conclusions about your favorite celebrity, Surovell reminds us that "celebrity sexual signatures can only be speculative. A Lovestrokes analysis may indeed be accurate, but only the celebrity, and the celebrity's partners, will ever know the accuracy of these insights."

• Freud once asked, "What do women want?" Well, today the answer is easy—good health. A recent survey in *Glamour* magazine of women aged 18 to 65 has found that worries about AIDS, herpes, and other sexually transmitted diseases were their leading concerns, with personal health and fitness close behind. Children,

careers, and relationships were at the bottom of the list. But not to worry, fear of disease has not made these women prudish—55 percent approved of premarital sex, compared with 47 percent in 1982.

• Got a light? Three guards in a Dallas jail traded cigarettes for sex in jailhouse elevators with at least eight female inmates, according to the Dallas County sheriff's department. The guards resigned rather than face disciplinary hearings.

• *The Return of the Distressed Female* may be playing at a theater near you. Dr. Dolf Zillman and his colleagues at Indiana University have found sexual stereotypes abound when people

watch scary movies. Male and female teenagers' reactions to horror movies were measured in the company of students of the opposite sex. One companion was told to react either with squeals of distress, indifference, or "mastery of anxiety" (cheering on the hero, etc.). The enjoyment of the viewers were then rated. Men enjoyed the movies the most, but they preferred the film if they were watching with a "distressed" female and liked it the least with an "anxiety-mastering" woman. The women's favorite dates for horror films were "masterful" males, as opposed to the wimpy companionship of a "distressed" male.

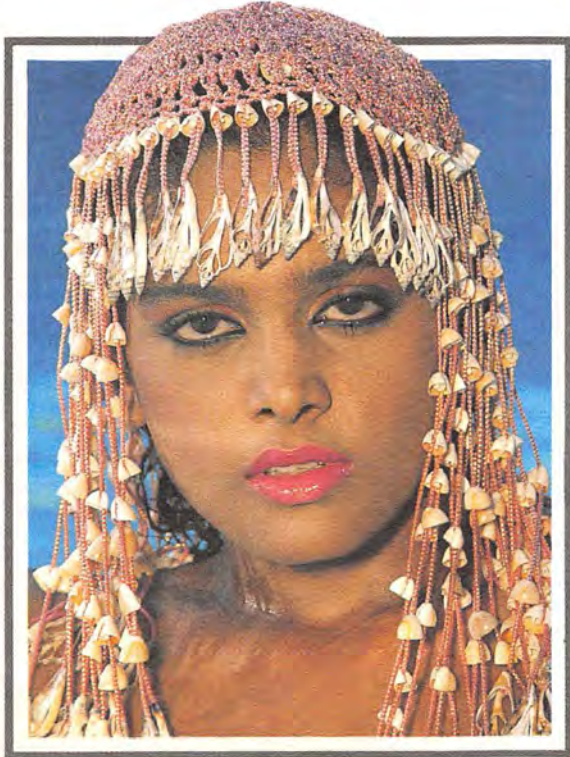
• "Not tonight dear, it gives me a headache!" If you think that doesn't sound too macho, think again. It seems having sex may actually cause headaches, according to neurologist Donald Johns

of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital. Several hundred thousand Americans are suffering from the condition, most of them men. Dr. Johns reports that while he is not sure what actually causes the migrainelike aches, he believes that the rise in blood pressure and heart rate that accompanies orgasm may be the key factor. In rare cases there may be a tear in the spinal-cord lining that leaks fluid and produces a drop in pressure around the brain after orgasm, thus causing a severe headache.

• Hay fever may spoil your romp in the hay. According to health specialist Dr. Yehuda Barsel of the Progressive Allergy Center in Colonia, New Jersey, allergies can trigger sexual disorders such as sterility, premenstrual syndrome, a low sperm count, and vaginal itching, depending on how your body reacts to the irritant. A simple blood test to determine your body's allergies can put your mind to rest.

• There seems to be no consistent pattern in condom use across the college campus. According to Charles Baffi, a Virginia Tech professor of community health, only a small percentage of male students said that they would refuse to use condoms if asked, although they felt the responsibility of asking belongs to the women. The men most likely to use condoms were those in long-term relationships. Of the men who used condoms, 55 percent said they wanted to prevent pregnancy and 25 percent wanted to prevent venereal disease. Half of the students questioned used no contraception at all. O+





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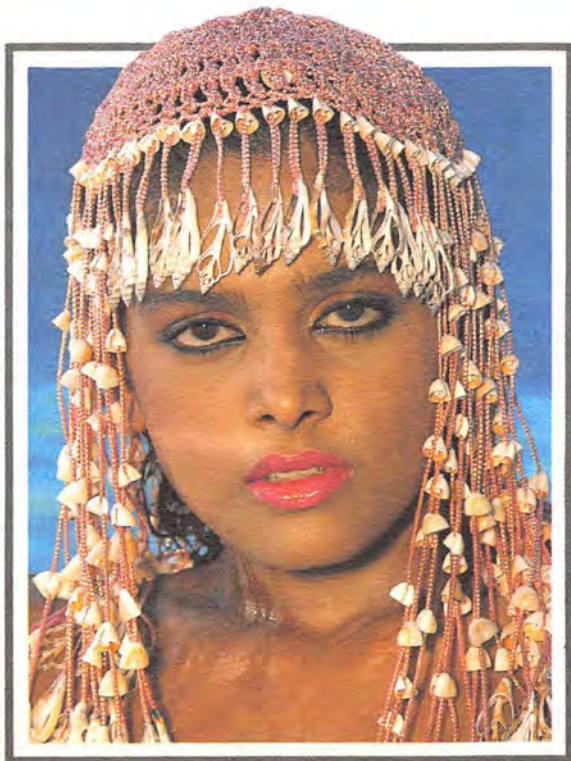


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# TRAINING AGAINST TERROR

TEXT BY ROBERT ROSENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY ROTMAN

As terrorism has spread like a political virus across the globe, veterans of Israel's elite anti-terror units have been turning their experience and reputation into a business, teaching their skills to others—and with the blessing of the Israeli Defense Ministry. Exporting Israeli security know-how brings valuable foreign currency to Israel. It is now estimated to be about a \$100-million-a-year business.

Some of these companies now operate in dozens of countries throughout Europe, North America, and Latin America, training crack troopers from armies and private security operations for governments and large corporations.

International Security and Defense Systems (I.S.D.S.) is one of those companies. Founded and headed by Leo Gleser, a 37-year-old Argentine-born Israeli who still does a month a year—or more—of reserve duty in an Israeli combat unit, I.S.D.S.

employs the philosophy, strategy, and tactics of the same Israeli Army units from which its staffers graduated. Based in Israel, I.S.D.S. offers courses in subjects as varied as escape driving, forensic medicine, terrorist ideology, and weapons handling.

The basic philosophy that underlies the strategy for all Israeli antiterror operations is that from the moment terrorists strike, the military option is the only real option. To gain time, negotiations with terrorists may take place—indeed, as part of their strategy. Israeli tacticians use negotiations for the most crucial element of all in counterterrorism—intelligence gathering. "The mission," says Gleser, "hinges on intelligence."

Intelligence means information about what's going on inside the seized airplane, for instance, who the terrorists and hostages are, and their condition. Negotiations can facilitate the release of the elderly or the ailing, the children or the women. The information provided by the released hostages can then assist the commando team in putting together

**Israeli experts are turning their defense expertise into a \$100-million-a-year international business.**



**An assault team trains for surprise entry into hijacked planes (left). Future bodyguards train to respond to an ambush attempt on a moving automobile (above).**







**Tear gas is used to surprise terrorists (top). Leo Gleser, I.S.D.S. founder, instructs a patrol in jungle mobility (above). Lethal penmanship: a pocket-size deadly weapon, this Israeli-made single-shot device fires .22-caliber bullets (above right, right).**





the rescue mission: How many terrorists are on board? What kind of explosives or weapons are they brandishing? Are they quarreling among themselves? Who is the leader? Where are they positioned inside the plane?

Intelligence can be gathered with listening devices that can be attached to a plane so that an operator can hear the terrorists' conversations, or with special cameras able to see through the windows of a plane, providing the commandos with photographs of what's actually going on inside the aircraft.

Biographical data on the terrorists is also used, since few terrorists hijack a plane without their organization broadcasting responsibility for it. In fact, commando training typically includes intense study of the various terror groups operating against their country. This knowledge helps the commandos anticipate the terrorists' behavior. Shiites are more likely to be ready to die—believing that as "martyrs in a holy war" they are going directly to heaven if killed for the cause. Leftist terrorists are more likely to try to survive a coun-











terterror assault, believing that they can turn a trial into a political forum. Right-wing terrorists are more likely to fight back, believing in the use of arms as a way of defending a national pride. These psychological considerations are as important as the technical details of the terrorists' operation.

Another important element behind the Israeli counterterror teams is ensuring the safety of both the commandos and the hostages. The most important element in the preservation of safety is the intimate knowledge each member of the squad has with every other member. The commandos are trained to work as a team, practicing the same maneuvers over and over again, during their basic training and throughout their careers as members of the squad.

Safety is also dependent on their skills with weapons and equipment. For example, a commando must be able to draw his own weapon and fire accurately at a target through crowded areas. That skill alone requires some thousands of hours of training.

Almost all the actions undertaken by the commandos in an actual mission are executed in pairs, with one soldier watching out for the back of the other. This backup system is protective and doubles the firepower.

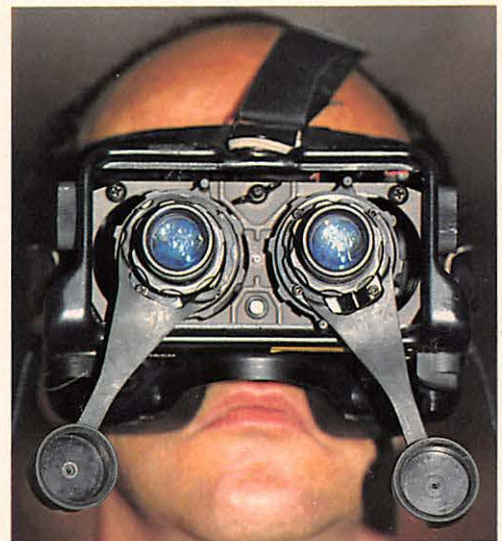
Finally, the success of the Israeli commando units depends on secrecy. The details of tactics, strategy, and equipment—all of which is constantly being upgraded—are among Israel's most closely guarded secrets.

"Israel," says Gleser, "has reason to be proud" of its security record. No El Al plane has been hijacked since the late 1960s. Ben Gurion Airport outside Tel Aviv has not had a manned terror attack since the early 1970s, when a group of Japanese suicide terrorists from the Red Army shot up the terminal, killing dozens of tourists and Israeli nationals.

Gleser does not offer his services to non-democratic countries, nor to countries that are unfriendly to Israel. As a former Argentinean, from a country where state security services have in the past conducted their own terror campaigns against thousands of citizens, he knows too well how the skills he teaches can be distorted.

Indeed, Gleser says that the emphasis in his courses is to train soldiers for "institutional loyalty." The graduates of his VIP protection

**The impact of surprise is all-important. Commandos train in jungle and urban surroundings (far left). A soldier**



**practices for instant window entry (center). Night-vision goggles magnify starlight hundreds of times, turning darkness into daylight (above).**



courses, he says, "are taught that their loyalty must be to the presidential institution, not simply to the presidential personality."

I.S.D.S. also plans security for airports and has put together a VIP protection mechanism for a soft-drink manufacturer with plants in more than 30 countries. I.S.D.S. has also helped rescue an executive kidnapped in Latin America, and provided security for one of the biggest

cash payrolls in Central America.

"Planning is what security is all about," says Gleser. To plan security for a major special event in a large city requires years of hard work. His company is at work on a proposal requested by a major European city bidding for the 1992 Olympics. For some events, like the Olympics, millions of people can descend on a relatively small area, and thousands of VIPs and hundreds of physical plants can be-

come targets for terrorists.

But the security has to be designed so that it doesn't disrupt normal activities. Transit routes; VIP security; hotel security; border control; crowd control; disaster management; energy, water, and sewage sources—all these elements and many more are the concerns of the security planners.

Another aspect of I.S.D.S. work is preparing risk studies for corporations inter-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

# HAS ISRAEL LOST ITS TOUCH?

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

*I thought the Americans will not know how to investigate this [Iranian overture] properly because their channels [with Tehran] have been cut, and maybe the Israeli intelligence can investigate it.*

—Saudi businessman Adnan Khashoggi, intermediary in U.S. arms diplomacy with Iran, as reported by ABC News, December 13, 1986

Israel is used to being charged with not cooperating with U.S. initiatives in the Mideast. Lately, however, the Jewish state has been charged with being too cooperative. Instead of the normal accusation of "intransigence," the country now finds itself hit with a rap of aiding and abetting. Nobody ever said it was easy to be an ally of the United States of America.

Meanwhile, as the media excoriates the well-intentioned, if not excessively law-abiding, bumbling of the Reagan administration as if the most important prize wasn't a moderate Iranian regime but the Pulitzer, the innermost American-Israeli story has remained untold: the secret relationship between the United States and Israeli intelligence that continues 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, regardless of the headlines.

This is a story that needs to be told, because in the search for the who-knew-what "smoking gun" it's possible to overlook the fact that weapons that really smoke are aimed at the United States and at American citizens everywhere. Last November, for instance, a London newspaper reported that Israeli intelligence had foiled a plot by Palestinian terrorists to snatch a champion speedboat, pack it with tons of explosives, and use the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier U.S.S. *John F. Kennedy* as the finish line. The report never made media waves at home because it was swamped in the race to scoop the competition on Irangate.

We need the media to defend us against internal threats to democracy. But to defend us against threats from beyond our borders, we need allies that

are at least as courageous, if not necessarily as infallible, as *The Washington Post*. What follows is a look at the courage—and the failings—of the intelligence service of one of those allies.

"Israeli intelligence officials" are cited so often as sources for juicy journalistic tidbits that one might think that Israeli intelligence spends much of its time digging up scoops for *Newsweek's* "Periscope" page. In reality, the personnel of Israel's highly secretive intelligence agencies rarely talk to the press, on or off the record—even to deny the silliest statements made in their name. A reporter with a yarn so flimsy that he hesitates even to source it to that gabby old know-it-all "a senior U.S. official" is thus tempted to put it in the mouth of a nonexistent Israeli spook. Because of the special sensitivity of the topic of this article, certain individuals quoted here will not be identified in any way. Sometimes, anonymity can be the most revealing form of attribution.

I am in a maze.

The maze is . . . somewhere in Israel.

You've heard of somewhere in Israel. All Israeli security installations are located there: "The system has been deployed at an air base somewhere in Israel," or "The exercise was held at a military training facility somewhere in Israel." Israel is a small country. Somewhere in Israel is a big place.

The maze I am in is a labyrinth of sandstone walls and gravel paths at the Center for Special Studies, established in 1985 by a private committee as a memorial to those who have died in the service of Israeli intelligence. Their names were among the country's most closely guarded secrets. Now they are chiseled in rock.

The purpose of intelligence is security. Perhaps Israel has decided that the nation that honors its secret dead may ultimately be more secure than one that considers them too secret to honor.

As I walk through the maze, I count the names engraved on its walls. From the War of Independence in 1948 there

are five dead. Until the 1956 Sinai campaign, 28. Until the 1967 war, 54. Until the 1973 war, 116. From 1974 to the present, 158. In all, 361. The maze's design reflects the unsentimental forethought that is typical of Israeli intelligence: Plenty of room has been left—for more names.

I ask Shaike Daliot and Yehuda Frankel, director and manager of the center, retired intelligence men both, who the people were to whom the names belonged. Men shot dead on rainy streets, men who did not talk, men buried under false names in enemy lands. For the most part they know nothing about the individuals for whom they have worked for years to create a memorial. But then, neither Daliot nor Frankel has the slightest idea of what the other did during decades of service.

Isn't it a paradox that the world's most secretive secret service is the only one with a monument to its agents? But at no time has the maze of Israeli intelligence been more paradoxical than it is today. On the one hand there was the brilliant intelligence coup that made possible Israel's destruction of the Syrian air-defense system in Lebanon, the fruits of which have been shared with the United States; on the other, we have the Pollard mess, which might lead one to ask whether the Israelis have lost their touch.

A few words about the Pollard fiasco.

Shortly before Jonathan Jay Pollard was sentenced in March to life in prison for having provided Israel in 1984 and '85 with classified documents about countries other than the United States, he began singing like a canary. He gave a sympathetic reporter a laundry list of the material he said he supplied Israel, and claimed he was the most important spy in Israeli history. How Pollard expected that maximizing the gravity of his offenses would minimize the length of his prison term wasn't clear. In doing so, he showed the same poor judgment as when he offered his services to the Israelis. Pollard said he felt



# FIRE *and* MAGIC



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abandoned. He believed Israel should have used diplomatic means to get him off. The reality is that *nobody* has the ability to talk the U.S. Department of Justice into springing a confessed spy. That Pollard believed that Jerusalem had the magic to get him off with a slap on the wrist is indicative of the fantasies he has about Israel that got him involved in the first place.

But Israel isn't the only ally with an agent in the United States—it's the one that got caught. One of the reasons America's friends penetrate the Pentagon is to find out who's for rent. As suppliers of information to U.S. intelligence, they need to find out how hard it is for parties unknown to buy that information from U.S. intelligence. How hard is it? About as hard as getting a dog that's had three beers to lift its leg. Pathetic Pentagon security doesn't just make spying by our allies possible—from their standpoint, it makes it necessary.

Everyone in international intelligence circles knows that no sieve leaks like the U.S. military. The Walkers and Ronald W. Pelton are the nose of the bear in our puppet, and they weren't stopped by Pentagon vigilance. If Walker's wife hadn't dropped the dime on him, if a Soviet defector hadn't fingered Pelton, they'd still be selling our blood to the Russians. (In November of 1986, John Walker, a former Navy communications expert, and his son Michael Walker, also in the Navy, were convicted of operating an espionage ring that had been selling military secrets to the Soviet Union for the past 17 years. Pelton, a technician at the National Security Agency, was found guilty of selling secrets relating to communications intelligence over a five-year period.)

Pollard stole nothing that the United States shouldn't have been willing to share with its closest regional ally. Israel's mistake was *buying* from an underling information it should have been *asking* for. Here is a sampling of intelligence reports Pollard fed the Israelis (for "certain" read "Arab"):

- "The Naval Forces of [Certain Countries]"
- "Port Facilities Study of [Certain Countries]"
- "Lines of Communication Study of [a Certain Country]"
- "Naval Mines and Mine Countermeasures"
- "The Soviet-Warsaw Pact Heliborne Jamming Threat to NATO"

The Israelis could make an especially good case for the United States sharing its naval intelligence about the Arabs. By the 1990s, the tiny Israeli Navy will face Arab fleets that will have doubled in strength, from some 100 missile boats today to about 200. This unprecedented Arab naval buildup threatens shipping to and from Israel, on which 90 percent of the country's importing and exporting depends; the Arabs may also soon be able to aim sea-skimming Soviet cruise

missiles at Israeli shore targets. And Israeli intelligence recently discovered that Syria has deployed Soviet-made shore-to-ship missiles capable of reaching vessels within Israel's coastal waters. Israel can argue that it has, as they say in the intelligence trade, a "need to know."

But what if the United States says no to particular requests? Tough petunias. That's America's right. And if the Israelis don't like it, let them say no to particular American requests. That's Israel's right.

At the time Pollard pleaded guilty last year, Major General Amnon Shahak, Israel's head of military intelligence, told a group, "Every shock to the intelligence community or part of it affects the whole community. A lot of damage has already been done."

To a significant extent, American security depends on an undamaged Israeli intelligence community—just as Israeli security depends on an undamaged U.S. intelligence community. So a piece of ad-

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Pathetic Pentagon security doesn't just make spying by our allies possible—from their standpoint, it makes it necessary.

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vice for Israel: Next time some doofus appears, stage-whispering that he wants to spy on us for you, sit him down, ask how many sugars he takes, excuse yourself for just a moment—and call the F.B.I.

We know now that the Israelis have spied on us. Have we spied on them? "By using exactly the same techniques in Israel as the Israelis use [in America]," an unidentified former U.S. official told *The New York Times* shortly after Pollard's arrest, "we learn as many secrets in Israel as they learn."

The *Times* source may have been exaggerating: There is no evidence that the United States has ever run a Pollard-type operation in Israel. But it does gather information there.

Immediately after Pollard's arrest, an Israeli official told Israeli foreign-affairs columnist Yossi Melman that there had been five attempts in 1984 and 1985 by individuals working for the United States to obtain information about research at Israeli scientific institutes. In each case it was decided not to take any action against those involved, beyond warning them against a repetition. Melman's story didn't get any play in the U.S. media. But

the American embassy in Tel Aviv cabled it to Washington, where it appears to have put a damper on those officials who wanted to use Pollard as a bludgeon with which to bash Israel.

When Israeli military exercises and operations are in progress, it's not unusual for a U.S. embassy car to be parked by a road junction, its occupant presumably making note of who and what comes by. But such intelligence collection, conducted from vehicles sporting distinctive black-on-white "corps diplomatique" license plates, is far from covert. Similarly, the U.S. Air Force Electronic Security Squadron at Iráklion on the Greek island of Crete monitors Israeli civilian and military communications without any apologies—and none are required.

Israeli intelligence isn't disturbed by this kind of snooping. "We take it into consideration," I am told. "The question for us isn't whether, but how. There's no problem for us as long as the rules of the game aren't violated." Which are? "Not to do anything ungentlemanly. Not to do things a friend wouldn't do. Not to steal."

Former Central Intelligence Agency director Richard Helms said at the time of Pollard's arrest that the game has only one rule: Don't get caught. But maybe that's why the C.I.A. has gotten caught so many times. Major General (Res.) Shlomo Gazit was head of Israeli military intelligence from 1974 to 1978. If the rule he proposed to me recently sounds like it was formulated by a goody two-shoes, remember that this is the softy who assembled the intelligence for Israel's 1976 raid on Entebbe, Uganda, to free hostages held by P.L.O. hijackers of an Air France flight: "If I see a five-dollar bill lying in the street and pick it up," he says, "I pick it up properly. If I go inside your house and pick it up out of your wallet, I pick it up improperly. During my time, neither Israel nor the U.S. picked up any five-dollar bills improperly."

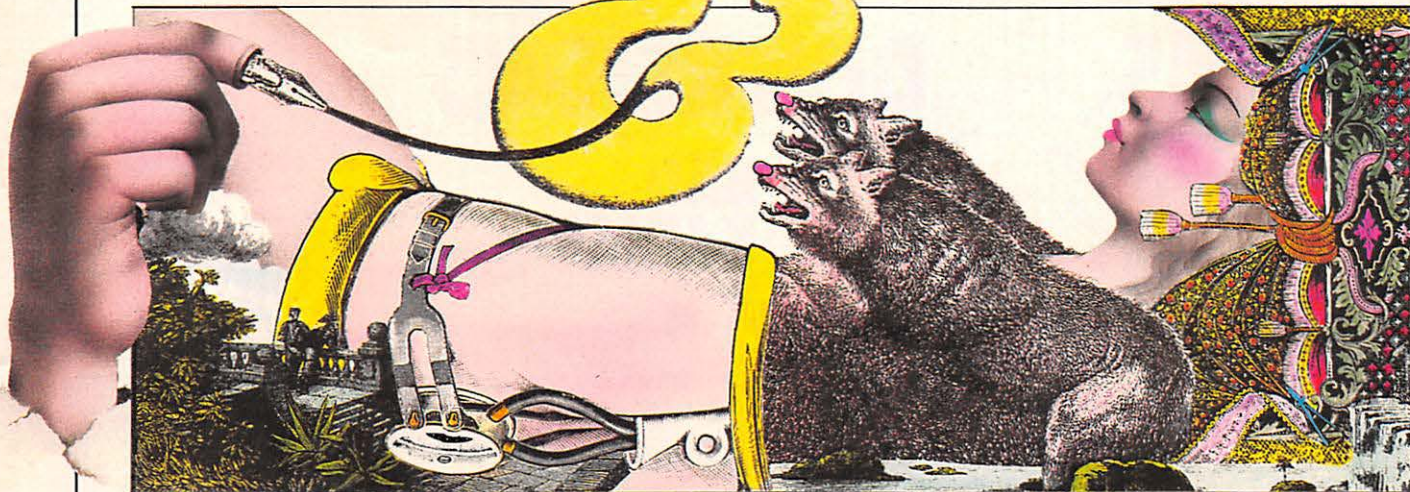
More significant, in the long run, than American-Israeli intelligence gathering on each other is American-Israeli intelligence sharing with each other.

In the 1970s, mistaking the weak reed of the shah for a regional pillar, America made Tehran the main American intelligence center for the Mideast. In the 1980s the United States has had to find ways of rebuilding its intelligence capabilities in the area. This includes an increased reliance on Israeli intelligence. (Regarding Irangate, by the way, the intelligence Israel supplied about the existence of a moderate faction within the Tehran government was not faulty. The diagnosis was accurate; it was the treatment that was ill-conceived. And—as we've seen in the sad case of former National Security Council adviser Robert McFarlane—the surgeon's hands shook.)

At the same time, Israel's economic crisis, which is forcing cuts in intelligence funding and manpower, has increased its dependence on U.S. intelligence. Fac-

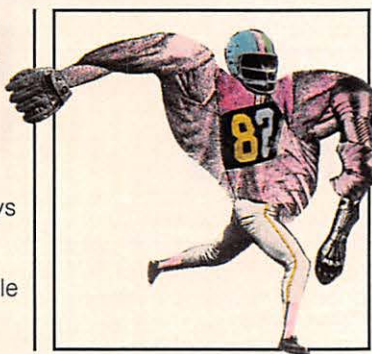


# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON

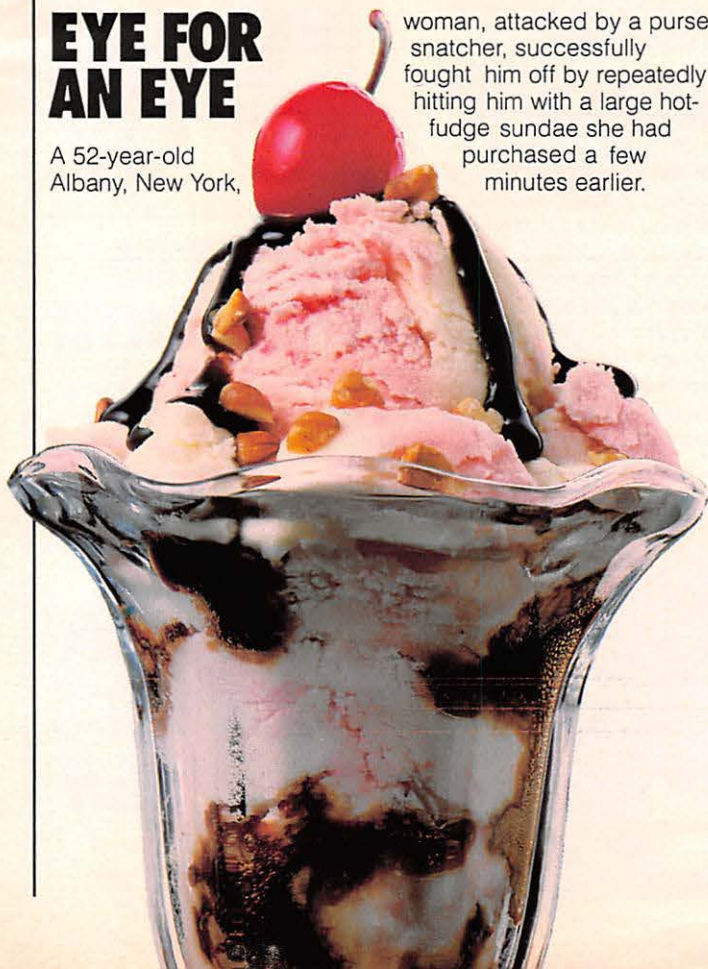
Violinist Yehudi Menuhin says his musical talents stem from the fact that his father and mother sang to him while he was a fetus inside his mother's womb.



## EYE FOR AN EYE

A 52-year-old Albany, New York,

woman, attacked by a purse snatcher, successfully fought him off by repeatedly hitting him with a large hot-fudge sundae she had purchased a few minutes earlier.



## SPORTING AMERICA

A practical joker managed to get on the "Good Morning America" television show, during which he claimed to run a "fat squad" that for \$300 a day forcibly prevented dieters from eating. The very same joker, it turned out, had appeared earlier on the show, when he claimed to be developing condominiums for fish.

## ONE FOR THE ROAD

U.S. Army officials disciplined four helicopter pilots who deviated from their flight-training schedule to drop in on a McDonald's restaurant in Bavaria for some home-style hamburgers.



## FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK...

Little Richard converted to Judaism.

## I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS

A Santa Fe, New Mexico, deputy sheriff shot and wounded a volunteer Santa Claus appearing at a prison charity benefit. The deputy said it was a nervous accident caused by the surprise escape of two inmates earlier that day.





# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD

The head of the Flat Earth Research Society said that the *Voyager* nonstop flight around the world was a hoax, since the world cannot possibly be round.



## SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED

Newly discovered historical documents reveal that Adolf Hitler was, among everything else, a tax cheat.

## FORCE MAJEURE

A golf tournament in South Africa ended when four tons of irritable hippopotamuses suddenly appeared in the middle of the fairway.



## BAD KARMA

A Harvard Medical School research project revealed that commercial airline pilots often fall asleep while flying on long overnight trips.

A nationwide opinion poll revealed that more Americans recognize Libyan dicta-

tor Muammar Qaddafi than they do Vice President George Bush.



## LAST LAUGH

Despite complaints by Arab elements, the British rock group The Cure produced a new record called "Killing an Arab"! The record company distributing the song claimed it was a purifying statement *against* violence and killing.

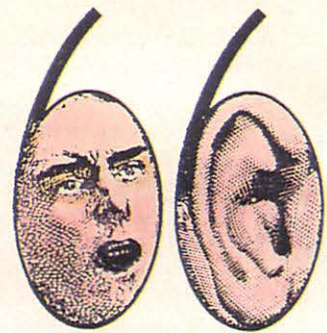
A burglar in Los Angeles broke into an elderly woman's home, terrorized her at knife point, and then rampaged through her house. At one point, he began sampling the contents of a bottle of pills while the woman said nothing about what kind of pills they were. Several hours later, the burglar woke up in police custody—having swallowed a dozen of the woman's Valium pills.

## DOUBLE SPEAK

Following the *Challenger* shuttle disaster, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was cited by the U.S. Labor Department for having the highest "workplace safety rating" among federal agencies.



Veteran TV talk-show host Joe Franklin is teaching a college course on "The Art of Conversation."



## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"You've got to worry about a man who has a dashboard statue of G. Gordon Liddy."

—Johnny Carson, on Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North







## DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A wayward parrot flew into a maximum-security wing of San Quentin Prison and taunted inmates by squawking, "I can talk, can you fly?"

## ASK A STUPID QUESTION

Asked how it was possible for President Reagan not to know about illegal money transfers to Nicaraguan rebels by members of the National Security Council, then White House chief of staff Donald Regan replied, "Does a bank president know whether a teller is fiddling with his books? No."



## WORST NEW PRODUCTS

Warner Books paid \$250,000 for an autobiography of Vanna White, the model who



## GO FOR BROKE

A Calgary, Canada, man, annoyed at the attention being paid by two strippers to his friend at a nightclub, stabbed the friend in the chest. Later, the stabber explained that he thought he would get more attention if he killed someone.

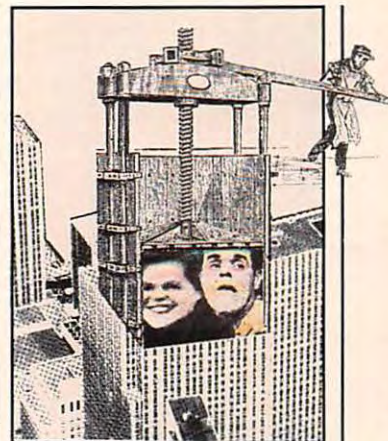
## NEW WORLD RECORDS

A New York man who weighed 853 pounds took a special diet cure in the Caribbean and reduced his weight to 427 pounds.

points her finger and turns letters on the popular TV quiz show "Wheel of Fortune." The book, *Vanna Speaks*, includes such matters as the author's fondness for a particular apple wine, her five favorite hairstyles, her recipe for lasagna, and her fear of running out of cat food.

## MODERN LIFE

A Swedish court ruled that a convicted shoplifter could deduct from her tax returns the cost of storing the stolen items and the expenses of driving to the stores that she had robbed.

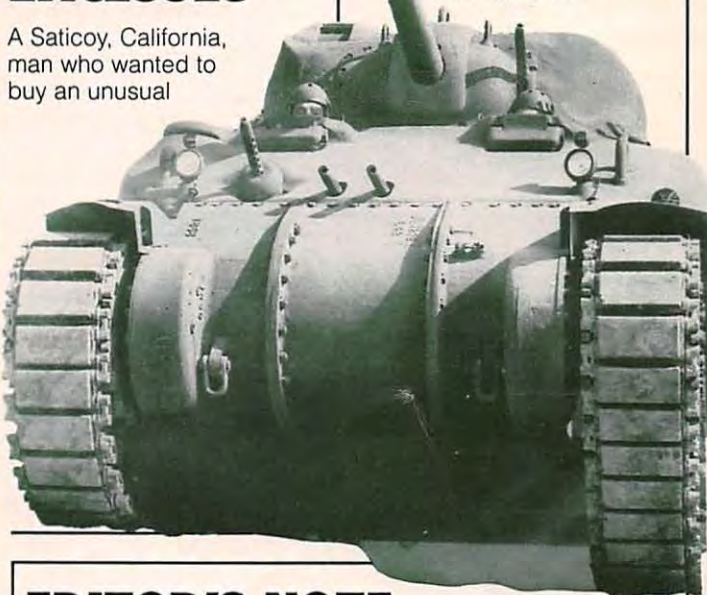


British Labour party officials in London prohibited their parliamentary candidates from using family snapshots in campaign literature on the grounds that it would prove offensive to gays.

## WRETCHED EXCESSES

A Saticoy, California, man who wanted to buy an unusual

toy for his children purchased a World War II Sherman tank in full running order.



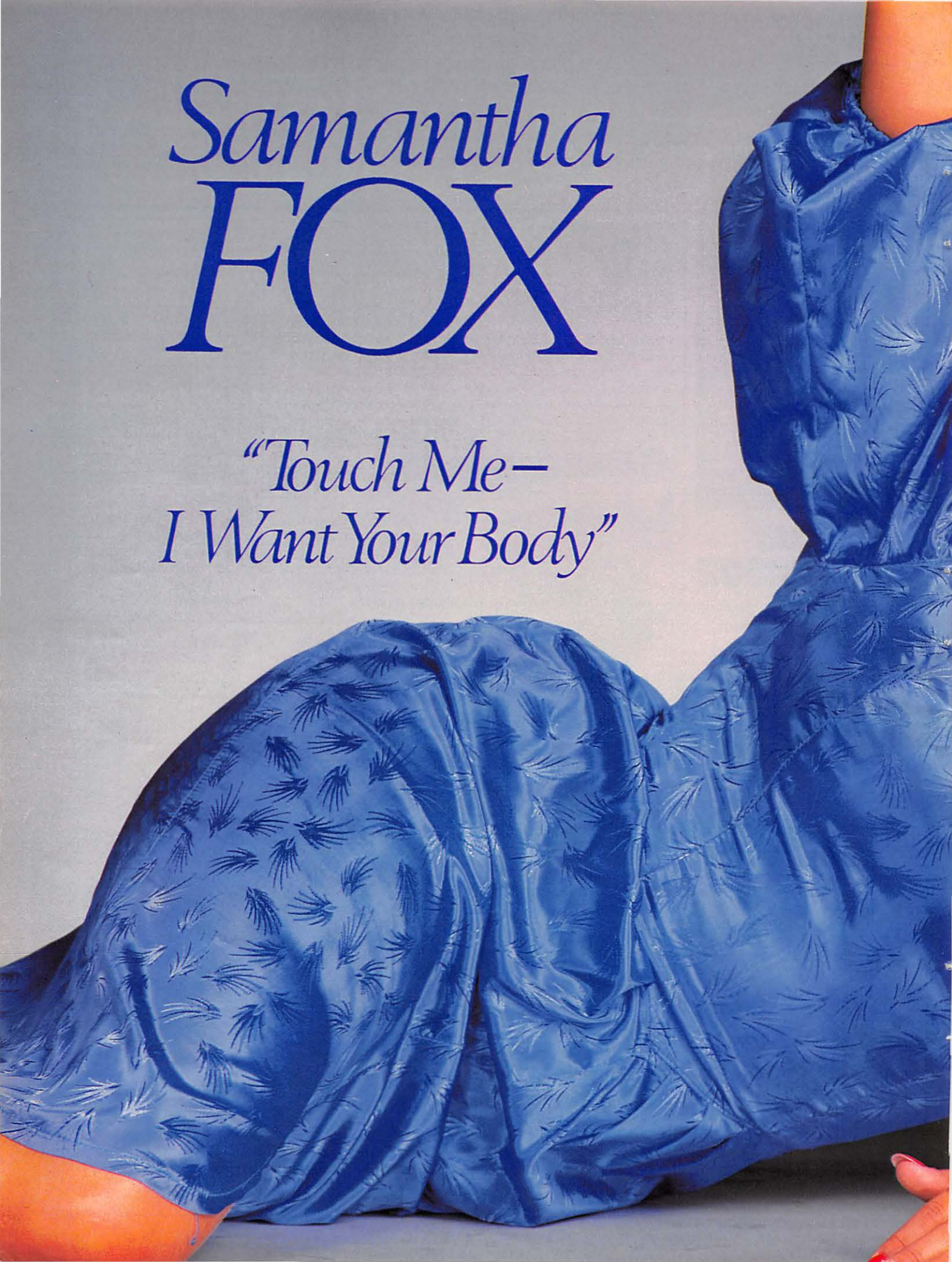
## EDITOR'S NOTE:

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.



# *Samantha* **FOX**

*"Touch Me—  
I Want Your Body"*







Samantha Fox—beautiful, British, and suddenly famous—makes no bones about it: "I know men like my body."

The 20-year-old blonde, whose RCA debut album, *Touch Me*, has recently risen high on the charts here and abroad, says, "I don't mind being looked at. It's just that people shouldn't lose sight of the fact that I'm a person too. There's something under this skin, some substance. I'm not just a dumb blonde. Don't believe the image. It's not what I'm all about."

Four years ago, her mother entered Samantha's picture in a beauty contest. She won it, and, in the process, attracted the attention of the *Sun*, the popular London tabloid whose topless Page Three girls are its enduring contribution to British journalism. At 16, Samantha became the youngest of the *Sun*'s Page Three sensations. The five-foot-one teenager, who had always felt that her diminutive size would stand in the way of a modeling career, soon found herself doing TV commercials.

Though she was at times confused with the American porn actress of the same name, Samantha's fortune lay in music. Ironically, however, the video for her hit single "Touch Me (I Want Your Body)" was censored by British television on grounds of obscenity, and she has been denounced as being little more than a sex object by other female singers, such as the English girl group Bananarama.

"All that is pure jealousy," she counters. "They're hags who aren't at all sexy. Whereas me, I'm truly beautiful and sexy."





**"I KNOW MEN  
LIKE MY BODY. I  
DON'T MIND  
BEING LOOKED AT."**

Samantha's music—the song titles include "Don't Leave Me Alone With Your Boyfriend," "Wild Kinda Love," and "He's Got Sex"—has been called "bubblegum lust" by one critic. But, as she says, "The problem with most male music critics is that they look like Elvis Costello." Criticism notwithstanding, her single "Touch Me" sold four million copies in Europe and Australia prior to its U.S. release late last year. "Critics can't get to me," she says. "I'm too clever for them."



Attributing her success to her ability to hustle—a trait, she says, that comes naturally to an East Ender—she has proven herself to be as shrewd when it comes to business as she is when it comes to sexiness. She has her own line of clothing, her own bar, and other enterprises. Her mother has quit her job and joined her daughter's Fox Company, while her father is employed as her manager.







**"I'D LOVE  
TO SING WITH  
SINATRA."**



**"BANANARAMA  
ARE HAGS  
WHO AREN'T AT  
ALL SEXY.  
WHEREAS ME,  
I'M TRULY  
BEAUTIFUL."**

*Samantha  
and Lemmy of  
Motorhead.*





**"I'M AFRAID OF  
EVERYTHING  
THAT CRAWLS  
OR SLITHERS."**





**"I'M  
NOT A SHY  
PERSON."**





Though a recent poll found her to be the second-best-known woman in Great Britain—after Margaret Thatcher—and though her flaunted sexuality has made her a worldwide sensation, Samantha's private life is spent in relative quietude.

"I live with my parents," she explains. "Generally, I go to bed at nine o'clock. I don't go out a lot. This year, I saw only two concerts. I watch soap operas in the evening." As Ed Strait of RCA says, "She's the girl next door—who happens to pose topless."

About posing nude, Samantha says, "There's nothing seedy or dirty about it. There's nothing prettier than a woman's nude body. Those lines and curves are very pleasing to the eye. Without those lines and curves, I'm not sure where I'd be now."

"English TV refused to show my

video during prime time because there was a hole in my jeans that showed my ass. That's stupid!"

She admits that, a few years ago, when the record companies were battling to sign her, her voice was not their main concern. "They didn't care if I could sing," she recalls. "They just said, 'Oh, she looks great.' The singing ability was secondary."

Asked whether she considers herself a sex symbol, Samantha shrugs. "I don't know if I am; but, in any case, I have the face."

There is no telling, in this world where overnight sensations tend to vanish with similar suddenness, whether or not Samantha Fox, ragged jeans and all, will still be the second-best-known woman in England a year from now. One thing is certain, however. Her face, and the rest of her, won't be easily forgotten. **OT**









# MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART THIRTEEN

Far from all the media  
hysterics, two doctors are quietly  
showing remarkable success  
against today's most terrifying plague.

## THE SECRET BATTLE AGAINST AIDS

BY GARY NULL WITH TRUDY GOLOBIC

**I**n America's war against AIDS, the latest news from the front is *prevention*. While the media brims over with the condom controversy (should they be advertised on TV?) and ponders how propriety and taste can be maintained in safe-sex pamphlets that candidly describe various sex practices, significant stories on AIDS research have been ignored. Away from the glare of TV camera lights and nowhere mentioned in the screeching headlines, two doctors, one in California and one in New York, continue to carry on their remarkable work with AIDS patients. In Europe, where he lived in the 1920s, Dr. Emanuel Revici pioneered safe, nontoxic methods of

PAINTING BY YOSHIHIRO USHISIMA



therapy for cancer patients. Trained in biochemistry as well as medicine, Dr. Revici now works out of his clinic, the Institute of Applied Biology, in New York City. His cancer treatment, which he has used successfully over the past 50 years, is based on the biological theory that lipids, which include fatty acids, are a vital factor in the body's immune system.

Within the last five years, Dr. Revici has set to work on AIDS. In a recently published paper, he described the theoretical basis for his AIDS treatment, which he supported with 17 case histories of AIDS patients who followed his treatment for periods of six months to five years. Presented to the National Cancer Institute, Dr. Revici's paper is unusual both in the methods he outlines and in the success rate he reports. While the medical establishment has offered a litany of failure with AIDS, only two of Dr. Revici's group of 17 case-history patients died, and one of those deaths was unrelated to the disease.

Dr. Revici has written that AIDS "produces a broad spectrum of complex medical problems. Based on my prior research [with cancer] . . . it has been possible to separate the complex problem of AIDS into individual components, each with its own pathogenesis [origination and development] and therapeutic approach." According to Revici, dividing the disease into components enables us to

conquer each facet to produce a full, healthy state within the patient.

The treatment of AIDS under Dr. Revici's program is based on a four-faceted approach to the condition: First, Dr. Revici treats the primary viral infection caused by the HIV virus (previously called HTLV-III) with injections of antiviral agents; second, he treats a preexisting immune deficiency with what he calls "refractory lipids." The third facet involves the opportunistic secondary diseases, the most common of which are Kaposi's sarcoma and pneumocystis carinii pneumonia; these are treated with the appropriate medications, which would include antibiotics, or antimicrobial or antifungal agents. The fourth phase of treatment is based on what Dr. Revici perceives as an exaggerated imbalance in the patient's immune system as a result of the secondary diseases. Dr. Revici categorizes this imbalance as either "anabolic" or "catabolic," and treats it accordingly.

Dr. Revici's theory of lipids and immunity, developed during his cancer research, is the cornerstone of his fourfold AIDS treatment program. In essence, it is based on the knowledge that an abnormally low T-helper-cell count in the blood of AIDS patients is usually accompanied by a lack of general defense lipids, which ordinarily would enable the metabolism to protect the T-helper cells. Dr. Revici prescribes injections of these

necessary lipids. The object is to enable the metabolism to aid and boost the low T-helper-cell count.

"Our finding," Dr. Revici has written, "of the existence of refractoriness [disease-fighting ability] as a specific part of the body defense . . . and its correlation with a general class of lipids [phospholipids] is an important contribution to the pathogenesis of AIDS. The nonspecific loss of defense is related to the loss of specific phospholipids described above. This, we believe, represents the missing factor in the special pathogenesis of AIDS."

The first facet of Dr. Revici's treatment—that of treating the HIV virus directly—involves his research into the antiviral properties of certain organic acids that are *naturally* present in the human body. Dr. Revici came to this discovery in his studies of the relationship of viruses with other biological formations within the organism. He discovered that "a more complex formation has its life and autonomy assured only if it can resist the noxious action exerted by inferior entities." Ranking the body's biological entities in order of the simple to the more complex, he recognized that "a natural defense exists between levels. For example, microbes defend against viruses. . . . In studying the means used by the microbes to defend against the viruses, I found that the major antiviral activity of microbes was in their nucleoproteins and fatty acids." After further experimentation with fatty acids and encouraging test results, Dr. Revici began using this form of treatment against the HIV virus itself.

The imbalance that Dr. Revici discovered in the body chemistry of AIDS patients arises, he believes, as a result of opportunistic secondary diseases. A balanced immune system should display an alternating predominance of the two antagonistic processes, anabolic and catabolic. An anabolic imbalance involves a building-up, or constructive, physiological action; while a catabolic imbalance represents a breaking-down, or destructive, action. Once the type of imbalance is discovered, it can be addressed. Dr. Revici has found that safe, nontoxic agents are highly effective for this process. To balance the catabolic imbalance, counterreacting anabolic agents such as lipid alcohols and lithium, zinc, and iron compounds are prescribed. The catabolic agents used to treat anabolic imbalance are lipid acids and sulfur, selenium, magnesium, and lipid-copper compounds.

Dr. Revici believes that most cases of Kaposi's sarcoma indicate an anabolic imbalance. Conversely, most other opportunistic secondary infections are catabolic in nature.

Faced with a medical establishment that is hostile to his work, Dr. Revici is nevertheless confident that his treatment will prove its validity against AIDS. In the





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meantime, though, lost in the commotion of the AIDS "scare," Dr. Revici, a 90-year-old doctor in New York City, is treating AIDS patients and achieving direct, positive results.

Dr. Robert Cathcart, who practices in San Francisco, California, is another physician who has achieved a good measure of success in fighting AIDS—particularly in the treatment of pneumocystis pneumonia, which kills more than 50 percent of its victims. Like Dr. Revici, Dr. Cathcart relies on safe, nontoxic treatments. His therapy is based on a form of vitamin C called ascorbate and what Dr. Cathcart calls "a free-radical scavenging effect."

Describing the sudden reversal of symptoms of infections, allergies, or inflammations upon administration of massive doses of ascorbate, Dr. Cathcart explains how free-radical scavengers work: "The free radical is a molecule which is lacking an electron in its outer shell. It is very reactive and it wants to grab on to the nearest thing. . . . The free radical will instantaneously 'glom' on to the nearest molecule, and if the two molecules are not supposed to be joined together, then that is not good." Free-radical scavengers, on the other hand, naturally and harmlessly fuse to these destructive molecules. Such substances as superoxide

dismutase, catalase, and glutathione ordinarily act as free-radical scavengers in the body. However, when inflammation and infection set in, the body is not able to maintain a proper balance of free radicals and free-radical scavengers.

It is here that ascorbate enters the picture. A powerful free-radical scavenger, ascorbate can, in Dr. Cathcart's words, "shut down that inflammatory response [symptoms of infection], almost without regard to what caused it in the first place."

In his work with ascorbate, Dr. Cathcart has discovered that a person's tolerance to the vitamin increases in direct proportion to the toxicity of his or her illness. "The trick behind treating an acute viral disease with ascorbate is to take an amount which almost, but not quite, causes diarrhea and yet reverses the symptoms," he explains. "Now, this effect is very, very quick. In other words, a small amount of ascorbate doesn't reduce the symptoms at all, a moderate amount—still nothing. It's when you go up to the high doses that suddenly the symptoms die."

For a patient with pneumocystis pneumonia, for example, Dr. Cathcart recommends about 60 grams of ascorbate dissolved in a small amount of water—at a concentration of four grams per level teaspoon. "I tell people to think of these

spoonfuls of ascorbate as spoonfuls of electrons," he says.

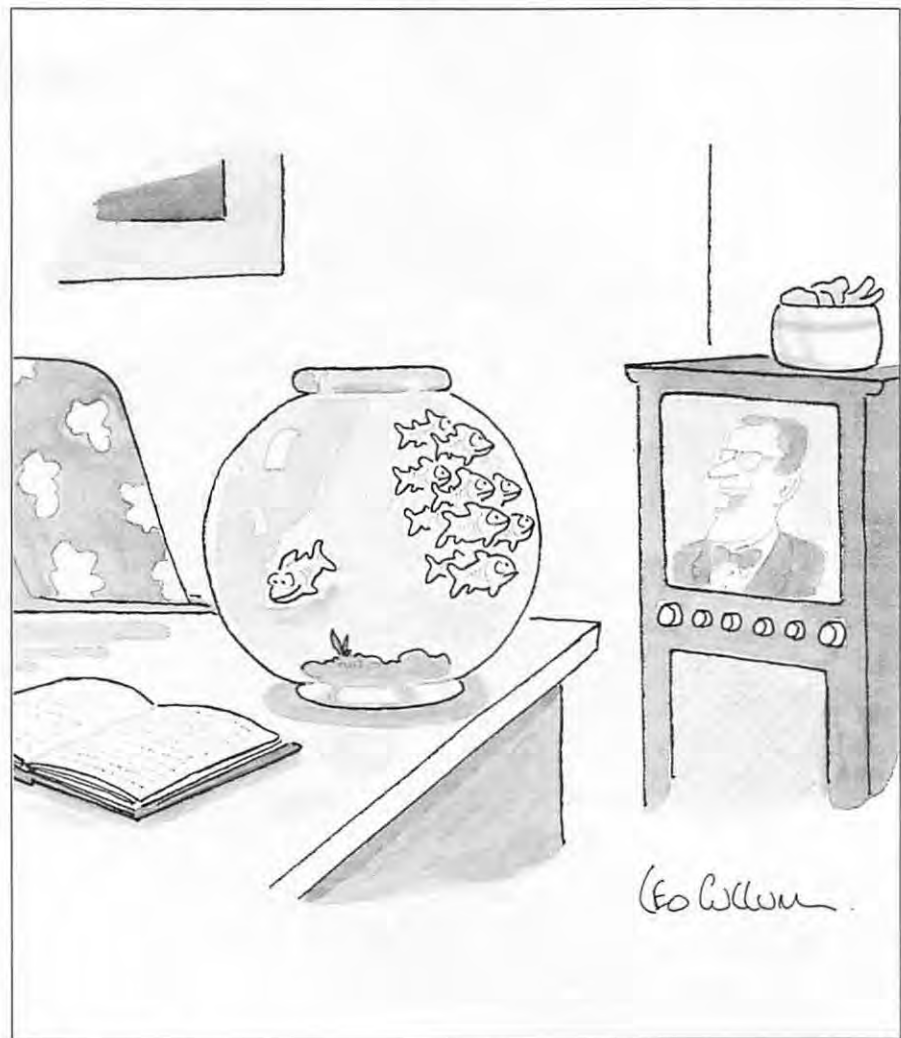
According to Dr. Cathcart, the oxidation of ascorbate into dehydroascorbate in the body is the key to ascorbate's healing power. Ascorbate and dehydroascorbate (which is mildly toxic but well tolerated by the body) form what Dr. Cathcart terms a "redox," or reducing-oxidizing, couple. The effect of ascorbate becoming dehydroascorbate is that the free radicals, which lack an electron, can be utilized safely in order to form a complete compound. When enough ascorbate is forced into the tissues to actually reduce the amount of free radicals in the area, the patient's symptoms will be relieved.

People who are ill, Dr. Cathcart says, burn up ascorbate at a very rapid rate, and extra vitamin C is needed to fulfill its ordinary metabolic functions. When the body is saturated with enough ascorbate so that it is driven deep into areas of inflammation, the white blood cells that had been previously suppressed begin to function properly again.

"We noticed that ascorbate seemed to block the allergic reactions to various drugs," Dr. Cathcart continues. "I think that one of the reasons that people have so many allergic reactions to drugs is because they take them when they are sick—hopefully—and so that when you are sick, your free radicals have overwhelmed your free-radical scavengers."

The role of ascorbate in preventing allergic reactions has a direct, dramatic application to the treatment of pneumocystis pneumonia in AIDS patients. "People don't know all the intricacies of AIDS," Dr. Cathcart says, "but it appears that there is some sort of infection which takes advantage of a weakened immune system. There is a big debate now about whether it is possible to get AIDS if you are not sick or somehow weakened in the first place. If you get infected with the [HIV] virus, this will attack the T-helper cells, and then pneumocystis pneumonia—which kills over half the victims of AIDS—will develop. This is the very worst secondary infection for AIDS patients to have. But in my hands it's the best. I'm happy to see a patient who has pneumocystis."

Pneumocystis pneumonia, Dr. Cathcart goes on to explain, is caused by a parasite, pneumocystis carinii. The orthodox treatment of pneumocystis carinii is with the drugs Septra or Bactrim, or such new drugs as pnetamidine or Fansidar. These drugs, however, are very toxic and trigger allergic reactions in pneumocystis-pneumonia patients, further complicating their condition. But if these patients are given ascorbate at the same time that they are given Septra or Bactrim, you can have your cake and eat it, too. Ascorbate seems to work synergistically with these drugs. The pneumocystis carinii is addressed and an allergic reaction is prevented.







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Another important element of Dr. Cathcart's approach to AIDS is his anti-candida diet, which he has used with success against another difficult secondary disease that strikes AIDS patients.

"Candida is a sort of generic term which refers not only to *Candida albicans*, which is the most frequent, but [to] a whole host of fungal-type infections which will take advantage of a suppressed immune system," explains Dr. Cathcart. Victims of candida, he continues, frequently develop a host of related debilities. They may manifest multiple food allergies, throat and mouth infections, and extremely painful sensitivities that have symptoms not unlike multiple sclerosis or rheumatoid arthritis. The anti-candida diet is based on the principle of denying the candida the nutrients it needs to grow. The function of a fungus in any living organism is to "mop up" dead things. It is the immune system that checks the activity of fungi to keep it from growing out of control. "If the immune system is suppressed, the fungus starts to attack. It's a sort of scorekeeper. There's an inverse relationship between how strong our immune system is and how much difficulty fungus causes us."

The conventional approach is to treat candida with antifungal drugs, such as Nizoral or Nystatin. But these drugs don't always work and often cause other difficulties. For this reason Dr. Cathcart chooses to combat candida with a dietary program. Since candida thrives on sugar and simple carbohydrates, both in the mouth and in the deepest parts of the gut, the primary phase of an anti-candida program is the elimination of all refined sugars and other simple carbohydrates from the diet. Instead, Dr. Cathcart prohibits meat and emphasizes fresh vegetables. The anti-candida diet is heavy in acidophilus, a naturally occurring substance found in garlic, onions, horseradish, and potato skins.

Dr. Cathcart believes that candida is frequently underestimated, particularly in its early stages. This, along with traditional treatments, can lead to a spiraling effect: As the disease advances and more medication is prescribed, the patient's immune system is further stressed. Dr. Cathcart contends that candida is usually fatal for AIDS patients when this vicious spiral has already commenced and the patient's immune system is simply overloaded. A healthy immune system, he believes, can fight off the disease.

Dr. Cathcart prescribes this diet for all his AIDS patients. "Regardless of whether they show any signs of it, I tell them to start behaving as though they did. . . . If the [candida] yeast breaks out, then we try to intensify the program." If it doesn't go away quickly, Dr. Cathcart prescribes large amounts of Nystatin.

Like Dr. Revici's AIDS treatment, Dr. Cathcart's counts on the patient's own willpower and discipline in following his plan. But this, he says, is not always

forthcoming. In the current climate of hysteria about AIDS, Dr. Cathcart believes that many sufferers are grasping at straws, trying one treatment and abandoning it quickly for the next. "They will start on something . . . get good results as far as the clinical suppression of the symptoms of the secondary infection, and yet, as a result of fear of the basic AIDS process, will go on to some sort of [new] program which is immune suppressive." Eventually, such patients wind up taking highly toxic medicines or undergoing chemotherapy—and the net result is that their immune system is further harmed.

The fact that one can have the HIV virus and not manifest AIDS causes a great deal of skittishness and fear among people who have tested positive and developed health problems of any kind. On the other hand, as Dr. Cathcart and Dr. Revici are showing, it is possible to have AIDS and get well.

Dr. Revici and Dr. Cathcart are both

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The AIDS hysteria  
must not be allowed to drown  
out the positive  
achievements that have been  
made outside the  
medical establishment.

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convinced that their treatment programs are working. But because they are alone, working outside the orthodox medical establishment, they have not yet been able to amass the kind of statistics by which the medical community commonly passes judgment. However, it should be pointed out that, as we have seen, statistics in the hands of the medical establishment can be used with something less than objectivity. By the same token, many of Dr. Revici's and Dr. Cathcart's patients report that they simply "feel better" as they continue the treatments, while their T-helper-cell counts do not show any improvement. At the same time, there are some remarkable success stories. We spoke with several patients who underwent successful treatments by Dr. Revici and Dr. Cathcart. Brief profiles of their illnesses and treatments demonstrate the positive results being achieved by these two doctors:

- In December 1983 a 38-year-old male came to Dr. Revici's Institute of Applied Biology complaining of diarrhea and chest infections, conditions he had had for six months. This patient had skin lesions that were tested positively as Ka-

posi's sarcoma. In February 1984 the patient began Dr. Revici's treatment, and by October 1984 most of the skin lesions had disappeared. The patient stopped the treatment for a few weeks and lesions flared up again. He began the program again, and by August 1985 all the lesions were gone. By March 1986 the patient felt completely better. The latest available laboratory tests show that his T-helper-cell count is 564; when he first came to I.A.B. it was 370.

How might this patient have fared in the hands of conventional medicine? The life expectancy of an AIDS patient with Kaposi's sarcoma is between 18 months and two years. Since most doctors treat Kaposi's sarcoma as a form of cancer, chemotherapy is often prescribed. This serves to further suppress the immune system. As a result, not only is a patient prone to a host of other diseases but also to violent flare-ups of the Kaposi's sarcoma itself.

- In July 1984 a 28-year-old male came to I.A.B. with generalized body pain, weight loss, and enlarged lymph nodes. Five months later, in November, the patient had regained his weight and was free of the symptoms. Lab tests show that in October 1985 his total T-helper-cell count was a healthy 653. In February 1984 the count was 342.

- In October 1983 Dr. Cathcart was consulted by a patient with a positive biopsy of Kaposi's sarcoma and a cluster of six lesions on his right leg. Dr. Cathcart put this patient on bowel-tolerance doses of vitamin C, and the lesions that he had had for over two years began to fade. At the same time, the patient showed a whiteness on his tongue that Dr. Cathcart diagnosed as thrush. The patient began Dr. Cathcart's anti-candida regimen to counteract it. When we spoke to him, this patient had a T-helper-cell count of 400 and three Kaposi's lesions. The disease, which normally progresses very rapidly, is being held in check by Dr. Cathcart's treatment of the patient's own immune system.

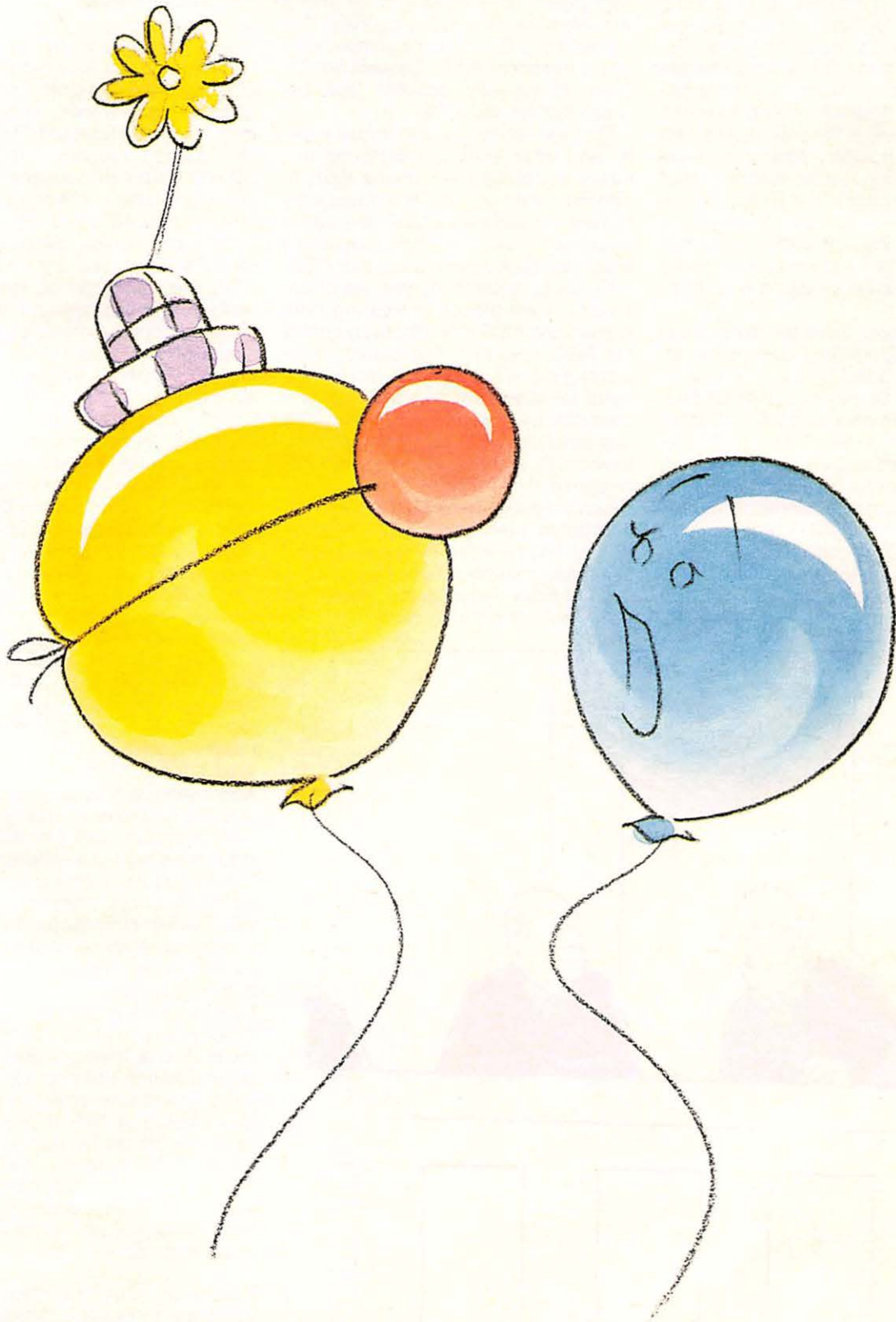
To say that AIDS is not a serious problem would be a cruel misstatement. On the other hand, it is almost certainly not the epidemic that the media is currently portraying it to be. Dr. Cathcart and Dr. Revici share the theory that a healthy immune system, without "miracle" drugs or toxic treatments, is able to defend against AIDS quite well. The hysteria must not be allowed to drown out the positive achievements that have been made outside the medical establishment.

As for the statistics, the public will have to learn to look carefully. When the National Academy of Sciences warned in the *Time* magazine article "Call to Battle" that "25 to 50 percent" of people infected by the HIV virus will eventually develop the disease, while at the same time the Centers for Disease Control reported that in 1985 there were 50 to 100 persons with HIV infection for every single case of



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AIDS, obviously we are dealing with unknown factors, and the future course of the disease may not be possible to see.

Indeed, it is quite possible that AIDS will turn out to be something entirely different than what is now suspected—and treatments for it may evolve more along the line of Dr. Cathcart's and Dr. Revici's than the medical establishment's. Recently, scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health in Maryland and the National Cancer Institute jointly discovered a small molecule in the brain that can act as a "blocking agent" against the AIDS virus, preventing it from attaching itself to the cells it invades. This molecule, now called Peptide T, is naturally present in the human body—indicating again that the tools to fight AIDS may exist in the immune system but simply have not been functioning.

In the hysteria, there are many areas that are being ignored by medical researchers. In addition to the work of Dr. Cathcart and Dr. Revici, significant findings have been discovered at the Cabrini Medical Center in New York City. Dr. Stephen Caiazza and Dr. Klaus-Uwe Dierig, both now in private practice in New York, have been studying the relationship between syphilis and AIDS. According to Dr. Caiazza, "The clinical epidemiological and laboratory parameters of AIDS and ARC [AIDS-related complex] are best explained not by a viral but by a spiro-

chetal model." (A spirochete is a microorganism to which syphilis is commonly attributed.) In other words, explains Dr. Caiazza, the underlying *primary* immunosuppressive agent in AIDS may be one of the several different kinds of very potent spirochetes—rather than a viral infection, as is widely believed. The nature of syphilis and the common methods of treatment led Dr. Caiazza and Dr. Dierig to consider possible links between syphilis and AIDS.

First, the antibiotics used to treat syphilis and other sexually transmitted diseases suppress the immune system. Second, when syphilis is inadequately treated, the disease persists, although in a dormant state. The body, thus weakened, then becomes a hothouse for AIDS.


Dr. Caiazza contends that use of *appropriate* antibiotics in treating both syphilis and AIDS may effectively control the AIDS epidemic. The correct treatment for syphilis, aqueous penicillin, prevents the disease from entering a dormant state by knocking it out of the system completely. It has to be administered intravenously and repeated several times because it is rapidly excreted. Dr. Caiazza reports clinical success with this method in treating six AIDS patients. (Benzathine penicillin, the more common treatment, does not prevent dormancy. It is used more frequently because it requires only a simple injection.)

There is an enormous reservoir in the population of undiagnosed syphilis cases and inappropriate syphilis treatments being employed. It is difficult to diagnose syphilis in AIDS patients because HIV further impairs the immune system, so the test used to diagnose syphilis no longer works. According to a recent article in *The New York Native* by Charles Ortleb, "Dr. Caiazza and his colleagues tested 20 people who had died of AIDS. All had active cases of syphilis, yet only five had ever been so diagnosed." Nonetheless, Dr. Caiazza's success in treating AIDS patients leads him to suggest that the old aqueous method of treating syphilis be employed for AIDS and ARC patients.

While the medical community scrambles after a "big cure" and big profits from AIDS, this much can be said with certainty: The strengthening of the immune system is one practical, down-to-earth step to take to prevent infection from any disease. For this, vitamins and minerals are essential. Dr. Linus Pauling has been writing for years about the importance of vitamin C for an efficient immune response. He has backed it up with exhaustive double-blind studies that have since been corroborated by Dr. Cathcart. Unfortunately for the pharmaceutical industry, vitamin C is both inexpensive and unpatentable, and Dr. Pauling and those who believe in his work are the object of derision and disdain from the medical establishment.

If you are worried about immune deficiency, it is important to bear in mind that zinc, selenium, magnesium, iron, and vitamins A, C, D, and E help maintain healthy T-cell functions, which the AIDS virus attacks. Many of these elements work synergistically and have separate, specific functions in strengthening the immune system, so it is best to take all of them in the form of a supplement.

Such factors as poor diet, mental and emotional stress, chronic illness, drug use—either of prescription, over-the-counter, or recreational drugs—and unsanitary living conditions can contribute to the weakening of the body's ability to fight off infection. While it is impossible to avoid exposure to all of these elements, it is at least possible to limit exposure, as it is also possible to improve your diet and supplement it with vitamins and minerals. If there is one clear message that should be coming out of the current AIDS scare, it is that the breakdown of our immune systems is an extraordinarily unusual occurrence, and that health—not disease—is the natural condition of our bodies.

*Editor's note: Reprints of this article are available to readers. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a check or money order for \$1.00, payable to Penthouse Int'l, to: Editorial Department, Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Expect up to two months for delivery.* 







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# ISRAEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

tors on both sides have been pressing America's and Israel's intelligence communities toward closer cooperation.

"Exchange of intelligence between Israel and America is not a once-in-a-while thing," I am told. "It involves day-to-day, person-to-person contact. United States and Israeli intelligence are not just two ends of a channel. Quite a lot of people in many fields have to meet each other regularly. The material we provide each other you don't send in the mail."

Technological developments in the 1980s have upgraded American and Israeli ability to supply each other with what the trade calls COMINT (communications intelligence)—which is gathered by intercepting and decoding communications, command and control signals—and ELINT (electronic intelligence). The Reagan administration has been increasingly willing to share PHOTOINT (photographic intelligence) from high-altitude reconnaissance flights and from Big Bird spy satellites.

Israel's PHOTOINT was recently enhanced by the introduction of an Israeli technology known as the RPV (remotely piloted vehicle), which looks like an over-size radio-controlled model airplane and

is equipped with a TV camera and transmitter. Intelligence pictures previously obtainable only by agents behind enemy lines can now be received in the comfort of a control van miles away. Using a black box known as a VS-9100, these shots can be scrambled and instantaneously relayed anywhere in the world over ordinary phone lines. In addition to being able to obtain PHOTOINT from Israeli RPVs, the United States has been able to obtain the RPVs themselves. The Marines' 1st RPV Platoon, in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, is now operating the Israeli-made Mastiff, and is about to deploy the Pioneer, manufactured in Baltimore under Israeli license.

One of America's strong suits, as far as Israel is concerned, is its HUMINT (human intelligence) gathered by and about individuals in countries that Israel may find difficult to penetrate. In turn, the HUMINT Israel provides to the United States fills in holes in an area critical to U.S. interests. In order to safeguard their HUMINT sources, neither side generally reveals them to the other.

U.S.-Israeli intelligence relations do not just consist of sharing the raw material of intelligence. Assessments and analyses are shared as well. "It's particularly important to see additional assessments of the same information," I am told. "Human judgment is fallible. By knowing what

other good intelligence communities think, you can identify your own mistakes."

Over the course of the 1980s, a trend has developed for the agencies involved to share more and more information on subjects ranging from political and military developments in the Arab and Islamic worlds to the Soviet Union to international terrorism. "There has been a steady, constant growth of intelligence cooperation," I am informed. "Whether this is because of Reagan or because of the objective requirements of the time, isn't clear."

Strikingly, cooperation between U.S. and Israeli intelligence was undisturbed even when the United States was pressuring Jerusalem to accept its terms for withdrawal from Lebanon by suspending the sale of 75 F-16s. "The sharing of information goes on as usual even when we have political disagreements," I am told. "Intelligence continues to flow back and forth without interruption."

Even the Pollard case didn't have a major impact. "You're dealing with human beings, and on the U.S. side, people were angry," I am informed. "So there was a temporary effect. The United States became more cautious in dealing with us. But both sides have looked for ways to overcome the problem so that our common interest won't be damaged. We're not yet 100 percent back to where we were before, but already now the effect is minimal."

The reason American-Israeli intelligence ties have been riding out the squalls in the countries' political relations is—necessity. The increasing audacity of international terror has sharpened the need for intelligence cooperation. While Yasir Arafat was playing media mediator during the *Achille Lauro* incident, Israeli intelligence was sharing with the United States intercepted radio communications between the hijackers and one of Arafat's closest associates, Mohammed Abbas, a.k.a. Abu al-Abbas, a.k.a. Abu Khaled.

**Abbas:** This is Abu Khaled speaking, this is Abu Khaled. This is Abu Khaled, this is Abu Khaled, this is Abu Khaled. How do you hear me?

**Port Said operator:** Listen to this message so that you can calm down. Abu Khaled asked Manolio and Majed to maintain the passengers' safety.

**Hijacker:** Roger.

**Port Said:** He will call you back the minute communication improves.

**Abbas:** Who is speaking? Is this Majed?

**Majed al-Molki:** Right, right.

**Abbas:** How are you, Majed?

**Majed:** Good, thank Allah.

**Abbas:** Listen to me well. First of all, the passengers should be treated very well. In addition, you must apologize to them and the ship's crew and to the captain, and tell them our objective was not to take control of the ship. Tell them what your main objective is. Can you hear me?



"So much for the indomitable human spirit."



*wear it well into the night.*



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**Majed:** Right, we talked to them, and we told them that our objective was not to take control of the ship. Roger?

**Hijacker:** . . . But if you call Abu Khaled for me, and get me a small sign from him for you that will prove that he is the one who sent the messages . . .

Because Palestinian organizations cooperate with terrorist groups around the world, Israel's intelligence on them has become invaluable to the West in the battle against terrorism. Threads of information collected by Israeli intelligence have revealed a far-flung terrorist network that includes not only Syria and Iran, but Yugoslavia, which has recently and surprisingly joined the Soviets as a backer of international terrorism. They've also led outward to such hot spots as Afghanistan, Nicaragua, and South Africa.

According to U.S. officials, the United States has been able to prevent many terrorist attacks on American targets using information supplied by Israeli intelligence. Further strengthening of intelligence ties in order to respond to terrorism is in the works. Exchanges are now being formalized between Israel's counterterrorist commando unit and America's "special operations forces," such as the Army's Rangers, the Air Force's Special Operations Wing, and the Navy's SEALs.

Though Israel's strongest intelligence ties are with the United States, Israeli intelligence is in touch with counterpart

agencies around the world. These relationships have become more extensive. "No intelligence service can cover everything," I am told. "You need cooperation with other communities that can help you cover your gaps. We are good in subjects ABC, you in CDE. Give us information in fields where you're good, and we'll give you."

Even the Iraqis, of all people, appear to have asked Israeli intelligence to share information with them. It's said that in February 1986, war-battered Iraq secretly approached the Egyptians and asked them to relay to the Israelis their request for intelligence on Iranian weapons systems and tactics, as well as supplies of Israeli-made armaments, and RPVs for collecting intelligence on Iranian troop deployments. Jerusalem refused to talk through an intermediary, so Iraq sent one of its deputy foreign ministers to New York to meet with Israel's U.N. ambassador, Binyamin Netanyahu. Netanyahu told him Israel would consider doing the deal in return for an end to the state of war existing between the two countries (Iraq invaded Israel in 1948 and refused to put its hand to the 1949 armistice signed by Syria, Jordan, and Egypt) and for Iraqi diplomatic recognition of Israel. Iraq offered to recognize Israel, but only after the fighting with Iran ends. That wasn't good enough for Israel, which countered by asking Iraq to

support direct talks between Jordan and Israel, and to stop supporting Palestinian terrorism. The Iraqis said they'd try to come up with a package that would satisfy the Israelis. And there the matter stands as of this writing.

Assuming that there is such a matter.

I am standing in the Elephants' Graveyard . . . somewhere in Israel.

The Elephants' Graveyard is where Soviet tanks and heavy weapons go to die. The air is warm and still, and the birds in the eucalyptus trees are serenading the fallen monsters. An area the size of a football field is ringed with giant hulking steel brutes that wanted to make us gray and obedient. Unfortunately for them, their masters sent them to countries that went to war against Israel. Israeli intelligence hauled the defeated beasts back from the battlefields of Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon to drive them, fire them, and dissect them to see what made them clank. American and European intelligence and operations officers were invited to Israel to touch killer iron they'd known previously only from photographs of May Day parades in Moscow.

And finally, once the pachyderms had given up their ivory, they were brought to the Elephants' Graveyard: an SA2 surface-to-air missile system; a GSP ferry, for floating tanks across bodies of water; the IRS, a Polish-made toxic-substance

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neutralizing vehicle; a KMM bridge, which lumbers to the bank of a river on its treads and unfolds a roadway across it; a ZSU-23-4 self-propelled antiaircraft vehicle; and a BMP-1.

The BMP-1 mechanized infantry combat vehicle is a mean machine that provides a good example of what the United States does with the information Israeli intelligence supplies on Soviet equipment. Before the Israelis captured the BMP-1, the United States relied on the M-113 armored personnel carrier, which is equipped with a .50-caliber machine gun. The M-113 was used in Vietnam to deliver foot soldiers to the battlefield. Once they arrived, they climbed out and fought in the mud. The BMP-1, the Israelis discovered, was designed not just to taxi fighters but to fight. With its heavy armor, 73-millimeter cannon, and Sagger antitank missiles, it was capable of going up against main battle tanks while the eight infantrymen within could fire their rifles through ports on the sides. Based on the analyses Israeli intelligence prepared on the BMP-1, the United States created the Bradley Fighting Vehicle it now deploys, and Britain fielded the MCV-80.

The ZSU-23-4 in the Elephants' Graveyard has a jagged hole in it that tells a story. In the Yom Kippur War, the Israelis captured a Russian T-62 tank. They were surprised to find it loaded with a peculiar type of ammunition that featured fins, ap-

parently meant to stabilize its flight. Test-firing it, they found that it was capable of killing a tank from two miles away. The Soviets had been producing a fin-stabilized round for 11 years, but the West was not familiar with it. The information supplied by Israeli intelligence about the ammunition allowed the United States and European allies to develop their own fin-stabilized ammo, which was what stopped the ZSU-23-4 in its tracks.

The 1980s have been a time of triumph and humiliation for Israeli intelligence. It enabled the Israeli Air Force to destroy Syria's air-defense system in Lebanon—but also enabled the Israeli Air Force to intercept the wrong plane.

At 2:00 P.M. on June 9, 1982, 96 Israeli Air Force jets screamed into the Bekaa Valley to take out Syria's surface-to-air missiles there. The Syrians scrambled as many warplanes as the Israelis, and the result was one of the biggest dogfights in history. At 3:50 P.M., a second wave of 92 Israeli fighter-bombers appeared as the Syrians threw everything they could get off the ground into the air. Twenty-two MiG-23s and MiG-25s were downed that afternoon, and seven were sent limping back to Syria; 14 missiles batteries were destroyed and three were badly damaged.

Israel's destruction of the Syrian air-defense system has prompted several clichés. The Israelis are supposed to have

won as a result of their superior U.S.-made weaponry and better-trained pilots, while the Syrians are supposed to have lost because of the inferiority of their Soviet-supplied technology and/or their inability to operate it. These were factors, but a decisive element was the contribution of Israeli ELINT—electronic intelligence.

To get a feel for the importance of ELINT, it helps to begin with a look at electronic warfare. Israeli fighter-bombers are equipped with the SPS-200 Airborne Self-Protection System, the fuzzbuster to end all fuzzbusters. The SPS-200 detects all the radar signals in the plane's airspace, which could be coming from hundreds of emitters, friendly and hostile, in the air and on the ground, and compares each signal against a prerecorded library of signals. It then displays the unfriendlies on a video map, ranked in order of lethality. The most threatening is highlighted by a diamond-shaped designator. When missiles approach the plane, the SPS-200 will automatically confuse their guidance systems by firing rockets containing aluminized fiberglass chaff, flares, or both. Simultaneously, it activates electronic radar blankers that will make the other guys' radar screens look like your own TV set when the national anthem is over and the announcer wishes you good night.

So it's a relatively simple matter of comparing a few hundred incoming ra-

A man in a dark suit and white shirt is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette. He is looking down at the cigarette. In the foreground, two packs of Merit cigarettes are visible: one labeled 'Merit Filter' and the other 'Merit Menthol'. The background is a warm, out-of-focus scene with people and lights, suggesting a social gathering or event.

Breakaway to flavor.





dar signals with the recordings of the friendly and unfriendly signals you've been storing in your computer, and putting a little diamond around the one that stands the best chance of killing you. ELINT is the process of obtaining those recordings.

How such recordings are obtained is Israeli intelligence's single most closely guarded secret. Israeli ELINT has enabled the United States and its European allies to reevaluate downward the Soviets' ability to defend against conventional air strikes by NATO fighter-bombers assigned the task of stopping a Warsaw Pact push into West Germany. The thought that NATO could achieve air superiority over the Warsaw Pact has to have a sobering effect on the Soviet Union—and may in part account for the conciliatory strategy being pursued by Gorbachev these days.

On the other hand, at 1:01 p.m. on February 4, 1986, a formation of Israeli warplanes surrounded a Libyan executive jet over the eastern Mediterranean and escorted it to an unscheduled landing at an Israeli air base. An Israeli military spokesman announced that the aircraft was "suspected to be carrying persons who were involved in planning an attack against Israel." On board were several officials of Syria's ruling Ba'ath party and two leaders of pro-Syrian Lebanese groups, returning from a secret meeting with Qaddafi in Tripoli. They were questioned and, that evening, allowed to continue on to Syria. The individuals Israel had been looking for were not on the plane.

On Tripoli radio the next day, terrorist George Habash, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, said he'd been scheduled to fly to Damascus on the intercepted plane, along with others sought by the Israelis, and that the plane was the same one in which they'd flown to the Libyan capital. But at the last minute, afraid that Israeli intelligence was aware of their movements, they decided not to board.

Read correctly, this incident gives good indication of the limitations of Israeli intelligence—in fact, of intelligence in general. It wasn't a simple matter of Israeli intelligence mistakenly reporting that a terrorist leader was on the jet. The decision to force the plane down was a judgment call, and not necessarily a faulty one. A plane load of killers if you score versus a day or two of bad PR if you scratch?

It's arguable that in this kind of operation, a mistake isn't when you detain an aircraft belonging to an outlaw country and it turns out not to have on it the particular perpetrators you're looking for—it's when you've been tipped that half the world's most-wanted list is in the vicinity and you *don't* try to make the collar.

In its most vital mission, Israeli intelligence in the 1980s has—so far, at least—been undebatably successful: providing

an accurate assessment of whether an enemy attack is imminent.

With Israel at least formally at peace with Egypt, and informally at peace with Jordan, the immediate threat to Israel's security is Syria. Syrian President Assad has announced a doctrine of "strategic parity," according to which Syria aims to be able to fight Israel single-handedly, without its allies of 1948, 1967, and 1973. Toward this end, Assad has conducted an unprecedented military buildup. One of Israeli intelligence's major achievements has been its swiftness and accuracy in keeping tabs on it.

No sooner have the Syrians deployed such weapons as the SA-5 long-range surface-to-air missile—able to reach Tel Aviv's Ben-Gurion Airport—and the nuclear-capable surface-to-surface SS-21, than Israeli policymakers have had on their desks comprehensive reports on them, including the vulnerability of these new weapons to Israeli countermea-

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6

The intelligence Israel  
supplied us about moderates in  
Iran was not faulty.  
The diagnosis was accurate—  
the treatment, ill-conceived.

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asures. Israeli intelligence has even been able to obtain secret information on Syrian weapons orders. For instance, it recently informed high officials that Syria has ordered four Nanuchka II missile boats from the Soviet Union. Israeli intelligence failed to anticipate only one important recent weapons deployment: the delivery of Soviet coastal-surveillance helicopters capable of detecting ships 100 miles offshore.

The condominium is new and white and well built. The apartment is spacious, and there is good art on the walls. The old intelligence man is in his library. He is not feeling terribly well—the digestion, you know; it will pass. He seems to feel better surrounded by his books, his tales of danger and betrayal and courage and rescue. His wife looks at him with concern and brings tea.

"The Pollard affair was a childish operation," he says with disdain. "It's a good thing that the unit that did it was wound up. The Mossad would never do anything like that."

"Basically nothing has changed, except that there's a new generation. Gen-

erally, intelligence is a sport for young people. The selection process today is much stricter than it used to be. Those who are accepted are much more educated. I hope they have the same motivation. There's no reason to suppose they don't.

"Certain peoples are more inclined to intelligence work than others. The Russians, because they think conspiratorially. The British, because they had to build a far-flung empire in order to survive on a small, bare island. The Jews, because they had to live by their wits.

"I think Israelis will continue to be adept at intelligence because they are skeptics. They doubt. '*Dubito, ergo cogito; cogito, ergo sum.*' Descartes: 'I doubt, therefore I think; I think, therefore I am.' We doubt, and because we doubt, we exist."

Periodically, Syria expresses its opinion of Israeli intelligence in a most unequivocal manner: hanging those it believes to be its agents in a public square. On May 14, 1985, for instance, six Syrians—including three members of the military—convicted of being intelligence agents were executed. On January 8, 1986, Haysal Fuad Hassan, 37, from the central Syrian town of Salamieh, was hanged at the entrance to Damascus for having supplied "the Zionist enemy information on Syrian security, its military and economic installations." The next day, his brother Nateh, 35, was executed for the same offense.

When the Center for Special Studies was inaugurated, the 361 names cut into its maze of sandstone walls revealing for the first time the identities of many—but not all—of the men and women of Israel's intelligence community who have died on active service, the Saudi daily paper *al-Sharq al-Awsat* was shaken.

"The things Amin Ta'abes did in the years he was in Damascus did not reach the level of the disasters and dreadful slaughter that occur today before our eyes," said the newspaper, referring to the fabled Elie Cohen, the Mossad agent who from 1962 until his capture and execution in 1965 posed as a wealthy Arab, transmitting to Tel Aviv intelligence gleaned from the highest circles in Syria. "In several Arab countries we now look at the names of those whom we see as Arabs, who stand at the head of international Arab organizations and hold important posts and are in military, economic, cultural, and propaganda frameworks. Who are these, whose plots and terrible effects and influences we see, that have Arab, Muslim, and Christian names like Amin Ta'abes, whose name was unveiled at the top of the list of the dead at the monument that has been made in memory of them in Israel? The other names inscribed there, what were the false identities they bore? Where are their bodies buried? What did they do—and what are people like them doing today?"





“We made love  
with the lights blazing,  
so all the world  
could see. I got so  
excited I nearly  
tumbled down into the  
traffic below!”

CONNIE







# WATER BABY

**B**lond-haired, blue-eyed Connie Gauthier is a bubbly Ar-ies with a distinct penchant for all things wet and wild. Born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, but bred on the California coast, our June Pet of the Month is a "confirmed exhibitionist" for whom posing for *Penthouse* is a fantasy come true. "I was a real tomboy while growing up, and I envied all my pretty friends," admitted Connie, smiling wistfully at the recollection. But now the tables have turned for this petite yet voluptuous size three. "This time, I'm in the spotlight."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER









A 21-year-old nurse's aide, Connie's enthusiasm, infectious good humor, and warm bedside manner make her inordinately popular with her patients. "Helping other people . . . especially the kind of people that really need you . . . makes you feel sort of important," she said.

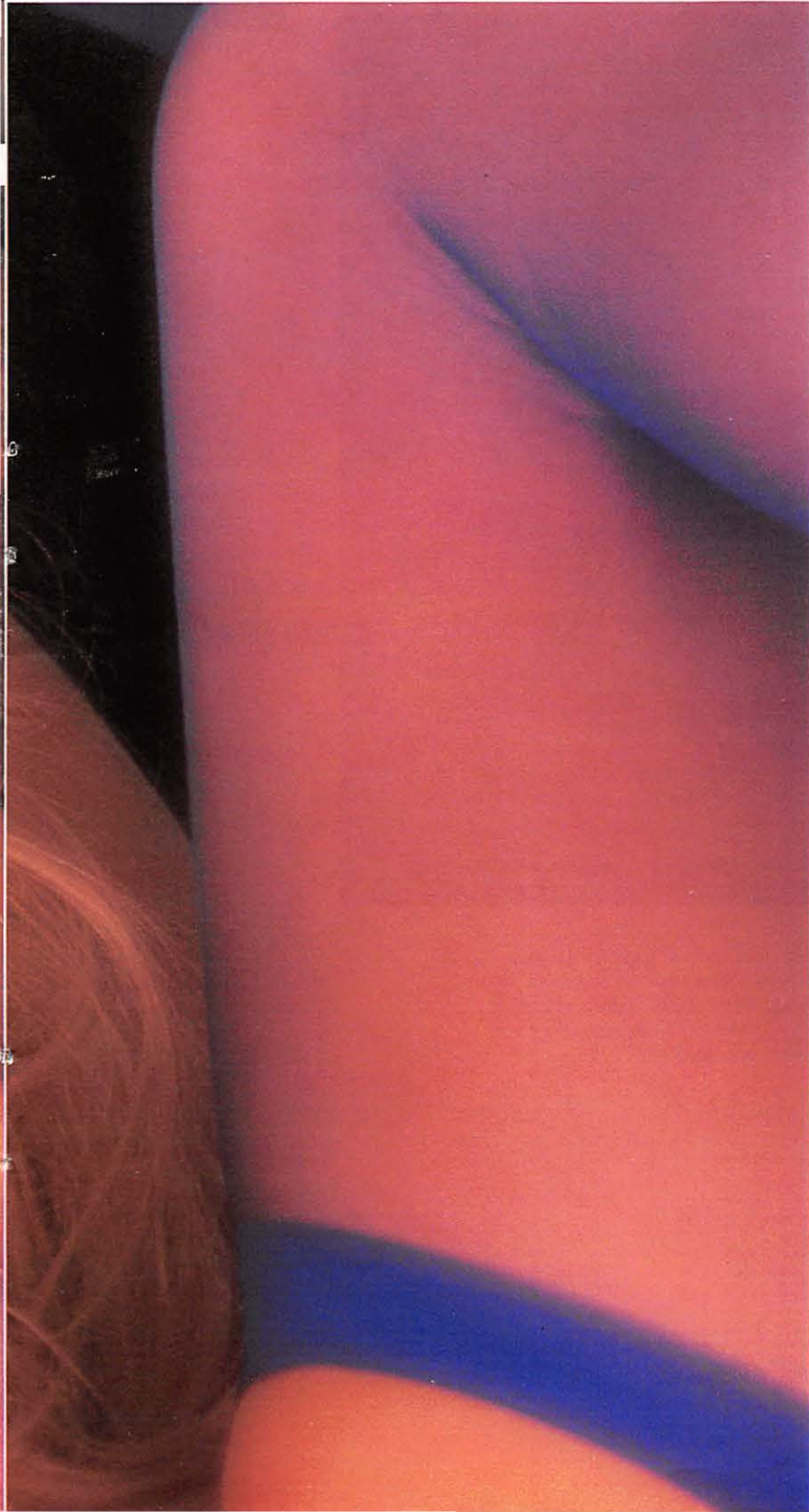






After hours, her ministrations  
are strictly self-directed.  
"I love to spend money on clothes,

especially expensive lingerie,  
which makes me feel deliciously  
wicked. My man loves it too."



Set stylists/designers: Perry and Brandon, Venice, Calif.; makeup and hair by Bobby Flint; wardrobe courtesy of Fireworks, Venice, Calif.







The lucky gentleman is a sign serviceman whose unusual occupation has led to one of Connie's more outrageous sexual escapades. "You're really not going to believe this," she said, "but it did happen, and it was completely spontaneous. . . ."













"We made love inside  
one of his neon signs at  
one o'clock in the  
morning . . . 40 feet in the  
air. The lights were

blazing, so all the world  
could see. I got so  
excited I nearly  
tumbled down into the  
traffic below!"







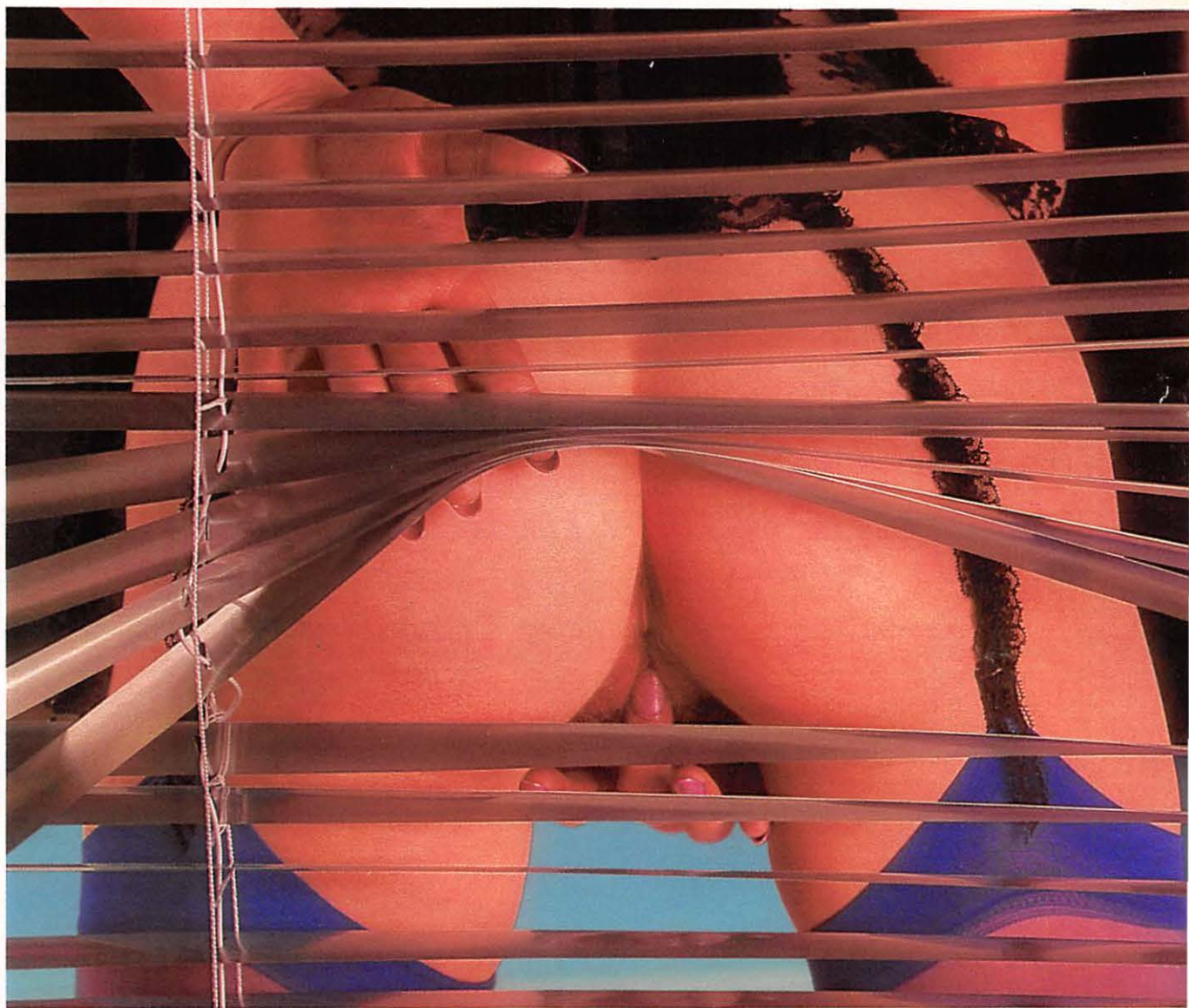


But even that can't top the time she discovered the continuous jets of water pulsating in her apartment's pool. "I stripped bare, then my boyfriend kept watch while I kept myself entertained."









This 35-22-34 spitfire admitted that she likes her sex—and her men—rough and hard. "Ultimately, I'm in control of my own fantasies, but I'm *extremely* open to suggestions," she told us. "There's practically nothing I won't try at least once!"





MISS CONNIE GAUTHIER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH









•Veterans have been turned into symbols to be invoked on national holidays and other occasions of remembered glory—and to divert attention away from present embarrassments. •

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Although the focus on the Reagan administration seems to be directed at who did what and to whom in the Iran arms controversy, there are other issues that deserve more than cursory attention. As the unreality of the projected Gramm-Rudman deficit reductions sinks in, it is becoming increasingly clear that entitlement programs such as social security, federal retirement (both military and civilian), and veterans' benefits may have become too costly. That is, there is a growing unwillingness on the part of Congress or the White House to tax today's generation of workers at levels sufficient to provide current "entitlees" with benefits based on present formulas and indexed to protect recipients from further cost-of-living increases.

If taxes are not to be raised to provide for increases, let alone to maintain entitlement programs at their present levels, what can we expect to occur with respect to veterans' programs? Here we gain some insight from the Reagan administration's fiscal year 1988 budget, which proposes \$27.7 billion in outlays—a slight increase over the current year. Today, those potentially eligible for benefits and services include 27.7 million veterans and their 51.5 million dependents and survivors, approximately one-third of the U.S. population.

The veteran population reached a peak of 28.6 million in 1980. Although this figure is declining, the cost of many programs continues to rise due to inflation and corresponding benefit increases. Also, because the veteran population is aging, there has been an increase in the utilization of health and burial benefits.

Turning these trends around



is going to be quite difficult. With extremely few exceptions, if any, the members of Congress all profess support of programs that benefit veterans and are profuse in their expressions of gratitude for the sacrifices of veterans in protecting our national security. This is the easy part. The hard part involves the choices between and among voter groups in dividing up the federal-revenue pie.

Only the naive can believe that congressional gratitude for past veteran sacrifices will be sufficient to insure, based on present criteria, the continuation of veterans' programs and benefits in the future. The reality is such that the so-called entitlements previously agreed to and provided to veterans by Congress are due to be severely curtailed, if not eliminated. For example, some of the major proposals in the Reagan administration's budget include:

- the elimination of V.A.-provided health services to those veterans with annual incomes over about \$20,000 (with no dependents), if they are not entitled to such services based on a service-related disability;
- the elimination of burial-plot benefits for some veterans not receiving compensation or pension benefits;

- the increasing of fees on housing-loan guarantees from one to 2.5 percent.

Whether these proposals will become law is a difficult and complex question. Although the Reagan administration made similar proposals in the past, these were rejected by Congress. However, this is not to say that these proposals and the one designed to gut the V.A.-provided health-services programs will be rejected by the 100th Congress. The issue, as we have argued previously, is political power—and veterans and their dependents, no matter their total numbers, lack the power to prevent the dismantling and reduction of their entitlements.

Many, if not the majority, of Vietnam veterans with annual incomes above the cutoff point and without a service-connected disability do not have, nor can they afford, a civilian medical-insurance policy that would protect them and their family from a catastrophic illness. At present, such veterans can, after a minimal payment, receive medical health care on a "space available" basis in V.A. facilities. The pending proposal eliminates this "loophole" and quite literally takes the nondisabled Vietnam veteran and places him in a state of limbo until he reaches the age of 65 and be-

comes eligible for either medicare or medicaid. Woe betide the Vietnam vet with an income above the cutoff point who falls victim to a catastrophic illness and lacks a personally provided safety net.

The real point of the foregoing is that veterans have been turned into symbols by politicians of all stripes to be invoked, used, or otherwise exploited on national holidays and other occasions of remembered glory—and to divert attention away from present embarrassments. Admittedly, as President Reagan noted in his State of the Union address, the federal deficit is "outrageous." This truism avoids an answer to the question, "Outrageous to whom?" Does it include the two-thirds of defense contractor firms who are either under indictment or investigation for fraudulent business practices; the "small" corporate farmers who receive many millions in subsidies, putatively designed to save the "family farm"; or social-security recipients, many of whom have annual incomes above the cutoff level for veterans, who are receiving in excess of one dollar for every one cent they or their spouses contributed to the program?

These persons, it should be noted, along with social-security recipients with outside income below the vet cutoff, are expected to be protected from the costs of catastrophic illness by the President's program and/or the alternative developed in the Congress. There is nothing wrong per se with this approach. It merely reflects the political reality that the elderly, and others receiving social-security benefits, make up the squeaking wheel of American politics. —William R. Corson





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10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.

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“Evidence indicating the involvement of a satanic cult was in official hands before Berkowitz entered his guilty pleas. . . . I put it there.”

## ADVISE & DISSENT

### OPINION

BY MAURY TERRY

The author is an award-winning investigative reporter whose work prompted the reopening of the Son of Sam case. His new book, *The Ultimate Evil*, an account of this and other cult murders, will be published in June by Doubleday/Dolphin.

## THE SON OF SAM CONSPIRACY

The occurrence was so routine that it was forgotten a few hours later. It was a parking ticket, and the New York City police officer who wrote it didn't realize it was destined to become the most infamous summons in the history of crime.

The car, a two-toned Ford Galaxy, was nudging a fire hydrant on a quiet residential block in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. The auto belonged to an anonymous 24-year-old postal worker from suburban Yonkers. His name was David Berkowitz, and he wouldn't be obscure for much longer. He would soon be known as Son of Sam.

The trail of blood stretched back a year. There were 13 victims, six dead and seven wounded. The final couple were shot with a .44 revolver as they embraced in their nearby car a half hour after Berkowitz's Ford was tagged; and that ticket—combined with several other factors—led to his arrest 11 days later, on August 10, 1977. Berkowitz, one of the more willing confessors of the last few decades, readily claimed sole responsibility for the Son of Sam attacks, saying that his “orders” had been issued through the barking dog of an elderly neighbor, Sam Carr.

The police and press promptly labeled Berkowitz insane, and the biggest case in New York history was just as promptly closed. A few days later, the N.Y.P.D. conducted its largest-ever promotion ceremony, and the Brooklyn district attorney prepared to accept Berkowitz's formal guilty pleas. There would be no trial, no opportunity to explore the distressing gaps in the official version of the case—no chance to determine if official New York really had Son of Sam in custody.

In fact, only one of the *Sons* of Sam was in custody.

That observation is not offered casually. Instead, it represents the bottom line of a lengthy, harrowing, and frustrating investigation I initiated the day after Berkowitz's apprehension—at a time when law enforcement and most of the media were aglow with a premature aura of success. And the inquiry, rather than being restricted to the New York area, eventually rippled outward to Texas, the Dakotas, Palo Alto, California, and deep into sun-drenched Beverly Hills.

The results have been documented and are rooted in the starkest evidence. David Berkowitz concocted his “demon dog” story. David Berkowitz did not act alone.

My analysis is shared by others. Among them is John J. Santucci, the district attorney of Queens, New York, where five Son of Sam attacks occurred. In a subsequent televised interview with me, the district attorney offered his own assessment of the uncovered evidence: “I believe that David Berkowitz did not act alone—that others did cooperate, aid, and abet him in the commission of these crimes.”

Earlier, confronted by the mounting evidence, Berkowitz himself reluctantly acknowledged the existence of a conspiracy in letters to me, and he later echoed those admissions in a court-ordered deposition. Notably, the information demonstrating the connivance of accomplices had been un-



earthed long before Berkowitz uttered a word on the subject.

So whom did David Berkowitz work with? Simply put, he was an active member of a vicious satanic cult, inarguably the most dangerous of such groups in the United States. More disturbing, it is a cult that is still active today—and it does not exist in a vacuum. Rather, based in New York and Los Angeles, the Berkowitz group is linked with other branches, or offshoots, of an organization that festers clandestinely in at least a half-dozen American cities. For a long time, police officials in various jurisdictions have wondered whether such a subterranean network existed. It indeed does.

The ominous scope of the group's criminal activities—which are supported by and interwoven with thriving narcotics, teenage-prostitution, and child-pornography enterprises—and the full story of the investigation of its continuing murders are detailed in my book *The Ultimate Evil*, which will be published in June. The reality is frightening and presents law enforcement with a formidable problem that must be resolved on more than isolated local levels.

As for David Berkowitz, he was at first a willing participant in the mayhem—mayhem that ignited well before he joined the cult's New York arm in 1975, about 15 months prior to the first Son of Sam shooting. Later, as the .44 spree intensified, he schemed to escape the group's shackles but knew that his situation was irredeemable. He had in fact killed; he was indeed guilty of some murders—but not all—and a careless lapse that resulted in a parking ticket earned him the nomination to take the fall for the cult, and to take it by himself.

It has been ten summers since the Son of Sam slayings terrorized the New York metropolitan region and fascinated a wary nation, and the case has yet to be solved—although a violent brand of “street justice” has been meted out to some conspirators in the ensuing years. Also unresolved are a steadily rising number of other open homicide investigations that are related to the umbrella cult's operations in localities as divergent as Manhattan and Minot, North Dakota.

That is the situation today, but why and how did all this happen—and was it *allowed* to happen? There is no all-encompassing answer, but in New York, at least, an excellent opportunity to damage the cult's effectiveness dissipated when authorities graciously embraced Berkowitz's contradictory 1977 confession without a whimper of protest or any follow-up investigation. Moreover, evidence indicating the involvement of a satanic cult was in official hands months before Berkowitz entered his guilty pleas. I know that, because I, along with a fellow reporter, put it there.

Ignorance of the satanic movement abounded in official circles at the time, and it would be several years before law enforcement acknowledged the evidence of what was being unearthed in the post-arrest Son of Sam investigation. But a lack of knowledge was no defense because, cult or not, information that emanated from various .44 crime scenes

strongly demonstrated early on that the Son of Sam shootings were not the work of a solitary madman. Bus drivers or satanists, accomplices were still accomplices. But the New York City Police Department had boxed itself in on the case halfway through the string of attacks. That tainted baton was passed to then Brooklyn district attorney Eugene Gold—later an admitted child molester, incidentally—and Gold ran with the “lone gunman” fabrication for as far as he could.

Nobody was prepared to admit that the biggest case in New York history was in tatters from top to bottom. Too much was at stake, not the least of which were careers, professional reputations, and the all-important “image” of law enforcement. It was imperative that an arrest be made. The case dominated headlines and television news broadcasts daily. Residents cowered in fear and the nightlife had all but disappeared in the targeted boroughs. The administration of Mayor Abraham Beame seemed impotent. His police department, even when bolstered by a task force of 300 officers assigned to the .44 case, had been thwarted for a year by Son of Sam, who was making a public mockery of the policing machine. The city was on its knees, the mayoral primary was only a month away, and Beame was lagging in the polls.

And then along came David Berkowitz.

The die was actually cast months earlier. On March 8, Son of Sam's fifth victim, a 19-year-old coed, fell dead in Forest Hills, Queens, her life ended by a .44 bullet fired into her mouth at point-blank range as she walked a quiet street.

Until that moment, the prior attacks hadn't been linked officially. There was no Son of Sam or .44-Caliber Killer. What did exist was a series of inconclusive ballistics reports and three different police artist's sketches of the assailants in earlier shootings. The Forest Hills murder would generate additional drawings—of two distinct people. For all the police knew, as many as four suspects were involved.

Yet, on March 10, the police commissioner, Michael Codd, and Mayor Beame held a milestone press conference and declared that all five attacks to that point had been carried out by a single individual, acting alone. This declaration was made without one shred of proof to support it.

The officials claimed that a ballistics match existed between a bullet from the first shooting and one from the most recent incident. Although the same gun *may* have been used in those murders, the pronouncement was more opinion than established fact. But even if it were fact, there was no evidence whatsoever to support the allied official claim—that the same revolver was also used in the other three .44 incidents, or that the same person fired the gun each time.

As Queens District Attorney Santucci later remarked, “If it was the same gun, and we don't know that, it could have been passed around among a number of people. Careful analysis of the crime scenes and the varying composites indicate that it was at least that.”

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138



# TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

ested in new locations. From economic and political stability of a country to threats of conflict that country faces—or poses to its neighbors—risk studies are based not only on field-operation skills, but also on expertise in such varied academic fields as history, political science, psychology, economics, and military strategy.

Only about ten percent of the students in one of Gleser's antiterrorist or VIP protection courses pass. Anything from slow reflexes to a volatile personality can cause a trainee to fail. In Israel, a candidate for an elite unit undergoes psychological examinations as well as testing in basic soldiering skills.

The training ranges from instruction in terrorist tactics, to the ideologies of the terrorists they will be most likely to encounter, to basic skills and use of equipment. The equipment they learn to use can be deceptively simple in concept. A specially designed lightweight rope ladder that has a grappling hook or suction cups, depending on the need, can be used for quick access to the cockpit or door of a hijacked plane. Practiced students are able to approach the plane, hang and mount the ladder, and aim their pistol into the target area in less than a minute.

Night-vision goggles, worn by marksmen who keep long-range, accurate rifles trained on a hijacked plane, magnify starlight hundreds of times, making the view almost like daylight.

During I.S.D.S training, basic skills become highly refined. The reflexes and speed of the individual soldier are critical for decision making; where and when to shoot must take place, literally, in split seconds.

It takes time to get the squad to the scene of a terrorist operation. During that time, the emphasis is on negotiations and placating the terrorists so they don't panic. Once the team is on the scene, the commander establishes routes to the plane and decides whether a camouflage operation or a different kind of assault is called for. In some cases, the assault begins with subterfuge, drawing the attention of the terrorists in one direction and moving in from another. At night, lighting can be specially arranged so that the terrorists become essentially blind to what is going on beyond a short distance from their position.

A frontal assault—charging the plane from across a tarmac, as the Egyptians did in Malta, with the result that dozens of passengers and soldiers were killed—is not the Israeli way. Rather, the Israelis emphasize using small teams that get to the plane, out of sight of the terrorists. The strategy is to strike from as many different entrances to the plane as possible. Passenger planes, for example, are

built with safety hatches and storage compartments, as well as the regular doors. Small explosive charges can be used to blow open those hatches and entryways, and if done properly—and simultaneously—the explosives will distract the terrorists.

It is important to keep in mind here that once suicide terrorists have taken a plane and begun negotiations, their assumption is that they will somehow get out of the situation alive, or go down in a fire-fight. Once under attack, Israeli commandos assume that terrorists will immediately begin to respond to the attack, rather than take the time to shoot at hostages. Any harm to hostages usually occurs during the waiting period, not during the assault itself, unless something goes drastically wrong.

While approaching the entrances to the plane, the commandos move as quietly as possible. But once the assault begins, the commandos want to create as much

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Any harm to hostages usually occurs during the waiting period, not during the assault itself, unless something goes drastically wrong.

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confusion for the terrorists as possible. Smoke grenades, tear gas, and shouts to passengers in the languages they know, are all used.

Passengers from the Entebbe rescue remember clearly the way the commandos, who burst into the lounge where the hostages were being held, all were shouting "Lie down, lie down, we're I.D.F., we're I.D.F.!" as they moved through toward the terrorists.

Right behind the first assault team comes a second team, which includes specially trained paramedics able to begin first-aid treatment under firefight conditions. That second team's purpose is to begin evacuation of the hostages through exits that have been cleared of terrorist control.

The terrorists may be expecting an assault—but they don't know when—and when it comes, the confusion of the smoke and the tear gas, the shouts and the shootings, is all routine for the commandos, while for the terrorists, worn down by the anxiety of hours or days of negotiations, the chaos created by the commando team is disorienting, putting them on the defensive, not allowing them time

to think about shooting hostages or setting off explosives. Any letup in the assault gives the terrorists time to take cover, grab a hostage as body protection, and shoot back. Ideally, the terrorists should have no time for any of that.

Experience shows that terrorists who do manage to shoot back at Israeli commandos don't have time to empty their ammunition clips, while the commandos are taught to shoot and keep shooting until the target is down.

The assault-team members all have training as sappers (bomb neutralizers), but several of them also specialize in dismantling booby-trapped suitcases or explosives wired to go off. They must begin their work while the assault is still under way, just as the medics begin dealing with the wounded as soon as they are on board.


According to these experts, a successful assault, from the moment the confusion begins until the terrorists have all been either disarmed, captured, wounded, or killed, should take no longer than 60 to 90 seconds. The longer it lasts, the more likely there will be casualties among commandos and hostages.

Gleser emphasizes that airline security begins as preventive security. All his staffers, in addition to being members of elite combat units, have extensive experience in security for international transport.

Commando assault teams are a last resort in a long line of security measures ranging from baggage searches and terminal security to an undercover air marshal. Gleser's company provides training for that kind of comprehensive security, and when taking on a course to train commandos, he does so on condition that other aspects of the airline's security are also improved.

Israeli troops haven't had to contend with a hijacked plane in recent years. In large part, say Israeli officials, this is not due to luck but rather to the effective security measures taken before the airplane takes off. But the Israeli military units continue training to this day for the possibility of a skyjacking. That kind of preparedness is what Gleser's staff tries to teach every student.

Of course, there is no guarantee that any group of soldiers, no matter how well trained, will be able to overcome a group of terrorists without incurring any casualties. Israeli troops have done it. West German troops, trained by Israelis, have done it. Others, unfortunately, have not been so successful. Twice—in 1978 and in 1985—Egyptian troops tried it, and on both occasions dozens of passengers were killed.

But even without such a guarantee, the Israeli philosophy is based on the assumption that the only appropriate response to the uncontrolled violence of terrorists is the controlled, surgically accurate violence of highly trained troops. 





# *Pet of the Year*

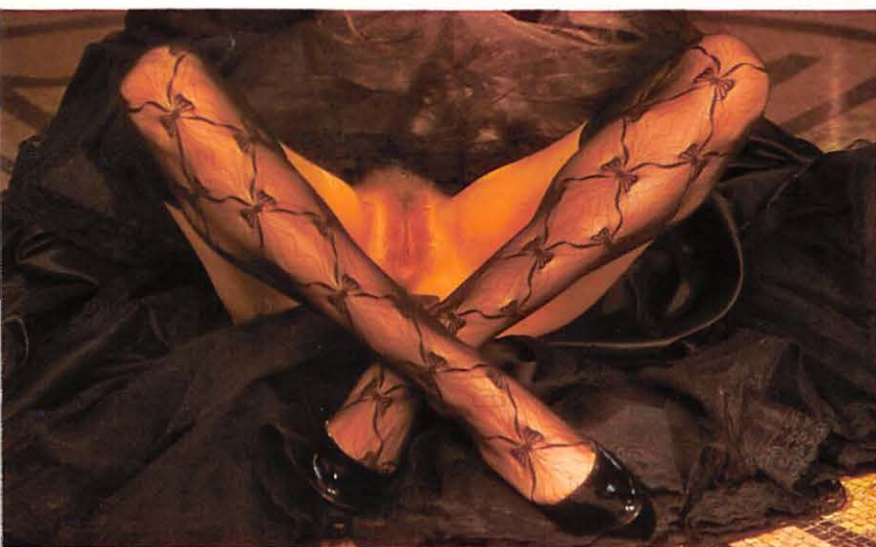
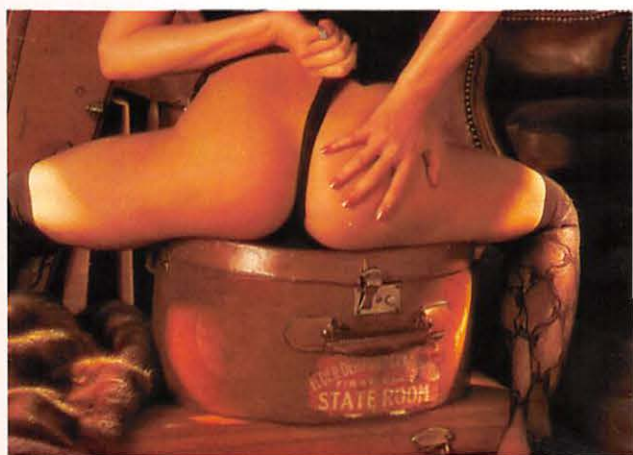
## PLAY-OFF

**P**revious winners have described the experience variously as a thrill, a turn-on, and an honor. In the following pages, you'll meet once more the quartet of stunning ladies chosen as finalists. One will take the throne at year's end, when reigning Pet of the Year, Mindy Farrar (above), steps down. A veritable

treasure trove of cash, gifts, and prizes will be hers.

Each of these ladies has a desire for the crown, and each of them deserves it. It isn't an easy choice, but you can help. Look long and well, then send your personal vote to: Pet of the Year, Penthouse International, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.





## SARAH REMINGTON-GREAVES

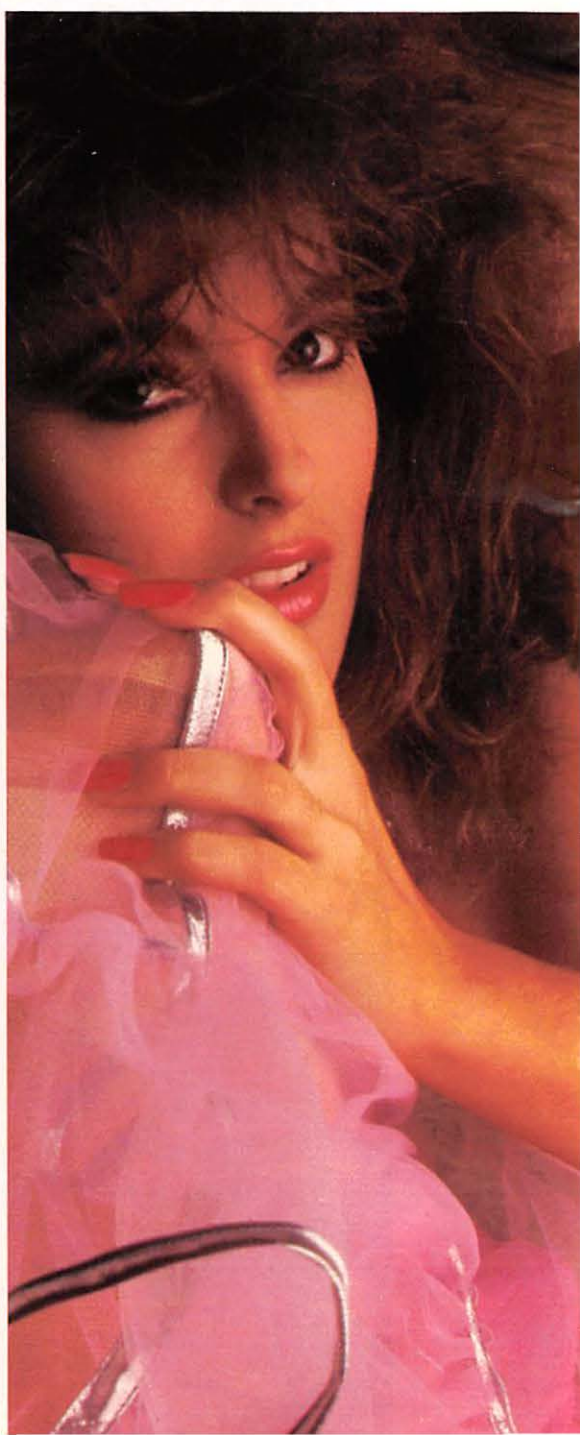
**January 1986** Born in Italy, educated in Australia, and now living in England, Sarah Remington-Greaves describes herself, somewhat mysteriously, as "a tiger lily." The mesmerizing world traveler also speaks of an endless search for "the perfect sex partner." We don't imagine she'd have too much trouble finding eager prospects.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TINA ROSSI











SUSAN NAPOLI A psy-  
chology  
February 1986 major at Northern  
Illinois University,  
auburn-haired Susan Napoli hints coyly that "my mind  
is not always filled with the purest thoughts. I love to  
let loose." This 35-22-35 charmer also professes flirt-  
ing with strange, unsuspecting men. We venture she  
knows one or two things Freud never did.

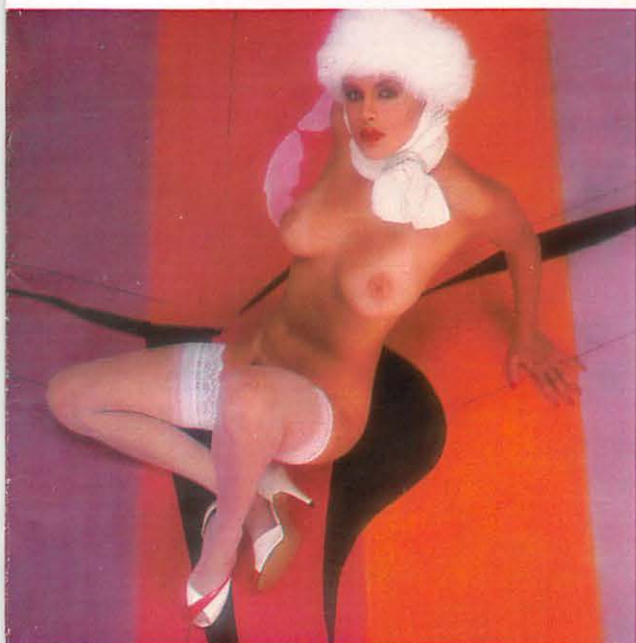
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER











**KRISTA PFLANZER** Chicago-born Krista Pflanzner, 36-23-35, a premed student, loves Italian men. A classic beauty and a romantic by nature, she fantasizes about being "on the beach making love to my boyfriend in the pouring rain, in a thunderous storm with crashing breakers all around." Name the beach; we'll be there.

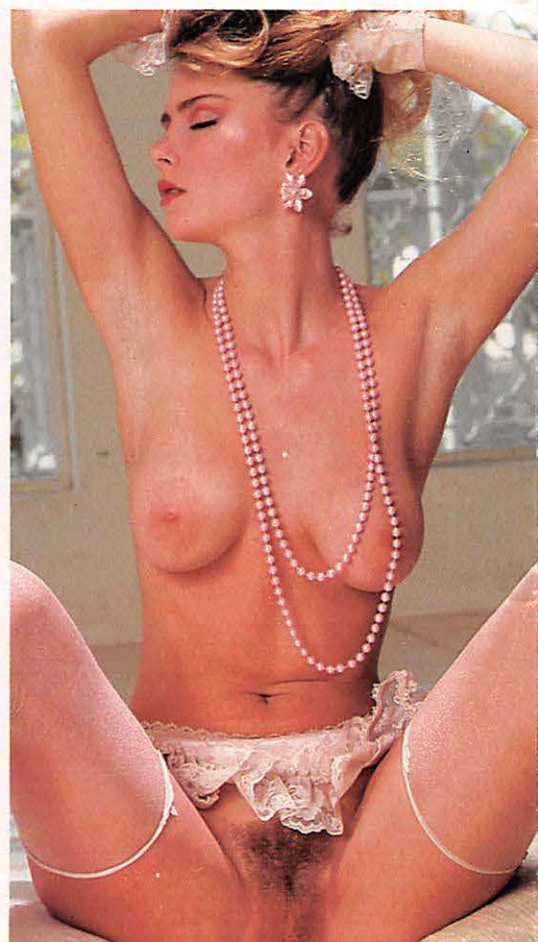
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK





**PATTY MULLEN** At five foot seven and only 110 pounds, Patty Mullen's luscious 36-23-36 curves are as startlingly uncommon as her Irish-Italian-Norwegian background. "Every time I have a sexual experience, it's remarkable," she says. "If I really want to make love to a man, I just rip off all his clothes."

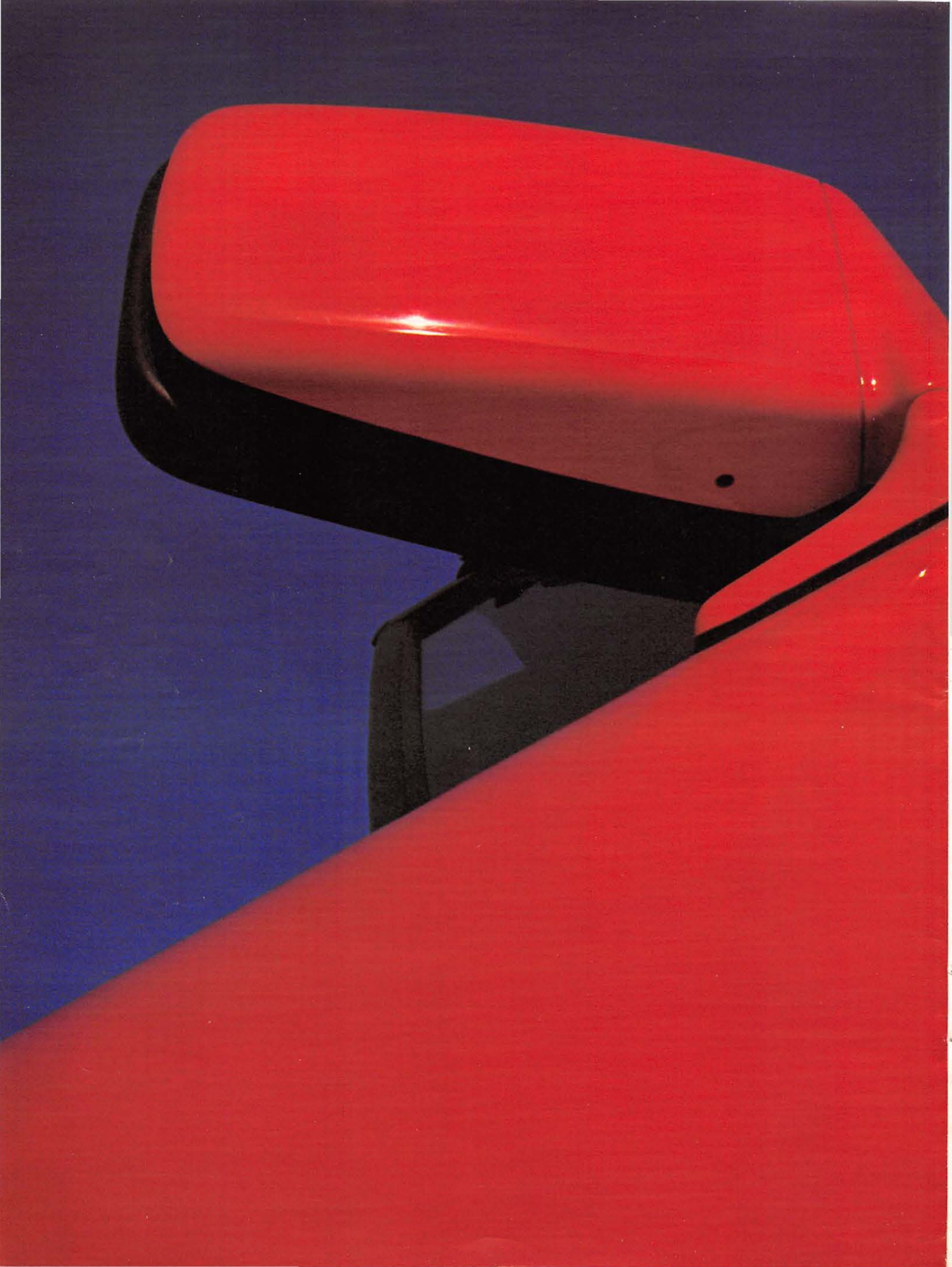
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
HANK LONDONER











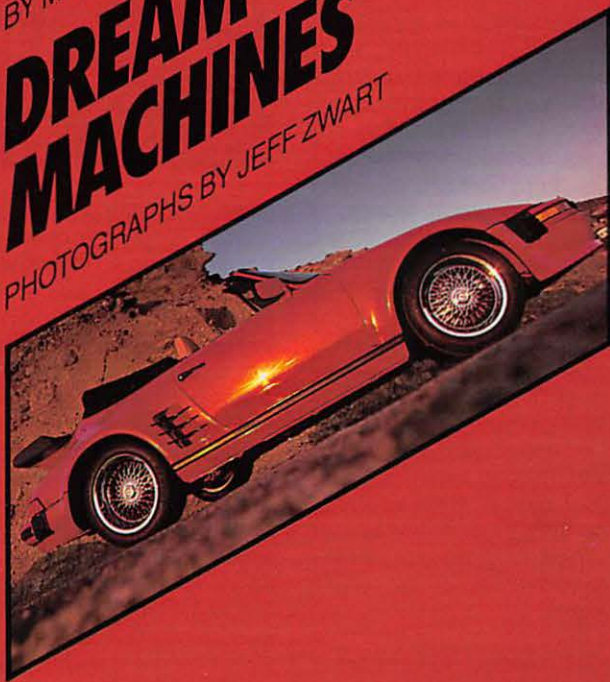
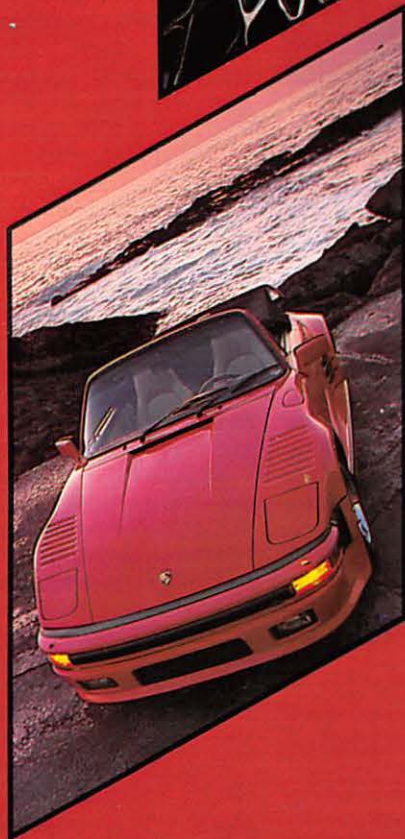


Custom designing your  
own Porsche will add a good  
20 grand to the price  
of your car...but then, who ever  
said fantasies come cheap?

BY MIKE KNEPPER

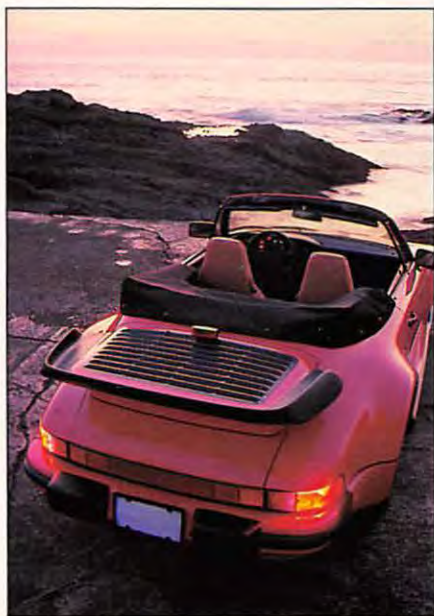
# DREAM MACHINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF ZWART





The nose is reshaped to slope steeply to the road, the fenders are sliced off level with the hood, and the headlights are converted to pop-up units.



At first, it's an unthreatening speck ascending from the horizon, but a few seconds later you look and it's riding your tail, filling your mirror, the steeply sloping nose pressed to the pavement like some terrible carnivore ready to devour its hapless prey.

It pulls closer, huge fenders bulging like muscles bunched to spring, then drops back. Apparently uninterested in skinny everyday iron, it darts to one side and, as suddenly as it appeared, is gone.

The slope-nose Porsche's territory is primarily Southern California, where it first appeared just a few years ago and where it is often seen tooling around Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Several miles to the south, in Newport Beach, it is known to frequent various watering holes—particularly at midday and early evening—along the Pacific Coast Highway. Although it is generally harmless to man, even superficial contact with this exotic automotive species has been known to weaken knees, knot stomachs, palpitate hearts, and empty wallets. A Corvette convertible is said to be, at best, only a temporary cure.

The Porsche 911 has been a head turner for years. Many years. It first appeared in 1964 and is basically unchanged 23 years later. Despite the fact that Porsche has offered up a steady stream of alternatives—914, 924, 928, and their variations—the demand for the venerable 911 just won't go away. This year it is available in four exotic styles: Coupe, Targa, Cabriolet, and get-out-of-the-way Turbo.

But in a society where too much is seldom enough, there is now the breed of 911 known collectively as the slope-nose Porsche, the ultimate expression—at least for the next 15 minutes—of the ul-



timate in contemporary automotive hip.

Even Porsche purists—the ones who learn German so they can read the owner's manual in the mother tongue and who refuse to work on Ferdinand Porsche's birthday—are not too upset about all this, because these new slope-nose 911s are actually variations on an original theme by Porsche.

The Porsche 935 was the racing version of the 911 in the late seventies and early eighties. In an effort to improve the performance and aerodynamics of the 935, Porsche and private owner-racers began modifying the familiar bodywork. The nose of the car was reshaped to slope steeply to the road. The fenders were sliced off level with the hood and the headlights converted to pop-up units. Voilà! Or the equivalent in German: the slope-nose Porsche.

It's only a matter of moments after an unprecedented race car appears before someone copies it and builds look-alikes for the street, and so it was with the slope-nose look. It took but a few moments more for a car so dramatically different in design to begin showing up on the roads in Southern California.

There are several shops offering the slope-nose treatment in and around L.A., with more showing up around the coun-

try as the trend spreads. V.I.P. Toys International, Inc., in Costa Mesa, California, ([714] 650-2902) is one of the largest and most successful. (Due to the enormous success of these massaged 911s, Porsche has jumped on the bandwagon and is now offering a limited number of factory-modified slope-nose 911 Turbos.) As the popularity of the slope-nose look has grown, V.I.P. President Terry Roark has seen his business grow from \$240,000 worth of bodywork and used Porsches in 1982 to more than \$3 million in 1986. In fact, Roark's meteoric rise to success has inspired him to open up a national chain of V.I.P. "auto boutiques," which promise to stock everything imaginable for every car model, from fiberglass-customizing kits to imported steering wheels, key chains, and clothing. To further spread the V.I.P. word, Roark recently took his company public, and if his instincts are right, not just his customers but thousands of others will soon know about V.I.P. Toys.

At present, most of V.I.P.'s customers are Porsche dealers located throughout the country, who quickly gobble up Roark's small production of ten to 12 units a month. But he is happy to do business on an individual basis. Just drive your 911 in and tell him what you want. Owners as diverse as Blake Edwards and Erick Dickerson are V.I.P. customers, and ZZ Top and Chuck Norris have been seen kicking tires in the shop.

Most shops that modify Porsches use Kevlar and fiberglass; V.I.P., however, shuns that commercial approach and fabricates by hand the bits and pieces needed out of metal. The majority of the employees are skilled metalworkers Roark scoured Southern California for—many of them with experience in hand-



# Newport



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*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.



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forming race-car bodies. Roark is quick to point out that the craftsmanship at V.I.P. Toys is "often better than what you find coming out of Germany." Despite the high-tech-aura of mystery behind Porsche conversions, Roark welcomes visitors to his shop and will gladly give an informal tour of his operation. All he asks is that you call V.I.P. in advance.

Although it takes hours of tedious handwork, the make-over is relatively simple, at least in the telling. If a car isn't the bulging, wide-stanced Turbo, it is first made "Turbo wide" with new fender flares to accommodate wider wheels and tires: eight-inch front and ten-inch rear on 16-inch rims. Rear-bumper extensions are added and the rear deck crowned with a huge "whale tail" spoiler off the Porsche-parts shelf. Boxed rocker panels that create a mini running board are welded onto the sides to increase the visual width. A new front valence panel that houses the driving lights, an oil cooler, and the new hood come next. Then, the fenders are sliced from below the headlight back to the fire wall, and the resulting space is capped with new sheet metal. Louvers are an option that may be cut into the fender. (Louvers are recommended to owners planning the occasional blast through the desert—or down to the 7-Eleven for that matter. Traveling at high speeds without louvers will cause air to build up under the fenders, forcing the nose to lift.) Pop-up rectangular headlights complete the flat slope-nose effect, and functional brake scoops in front of the rear wheels finish off the serious modifications.

Interiors can be modified to the limits of an owner's imagination and beyond—a custom-built stereo system featuring a programmable CD and a mobile telephone are just a few of the possibilities. But the typical package, Roark says, includes custom knee pads below the dashboard and a redesigned console that repositions the air-conditioning controls more conveniently and houses a selection of additional gauges. The leather upholstery is removed and contrasting color piping added, and V.I.P. carries a variety of steering wheels for the final touch.

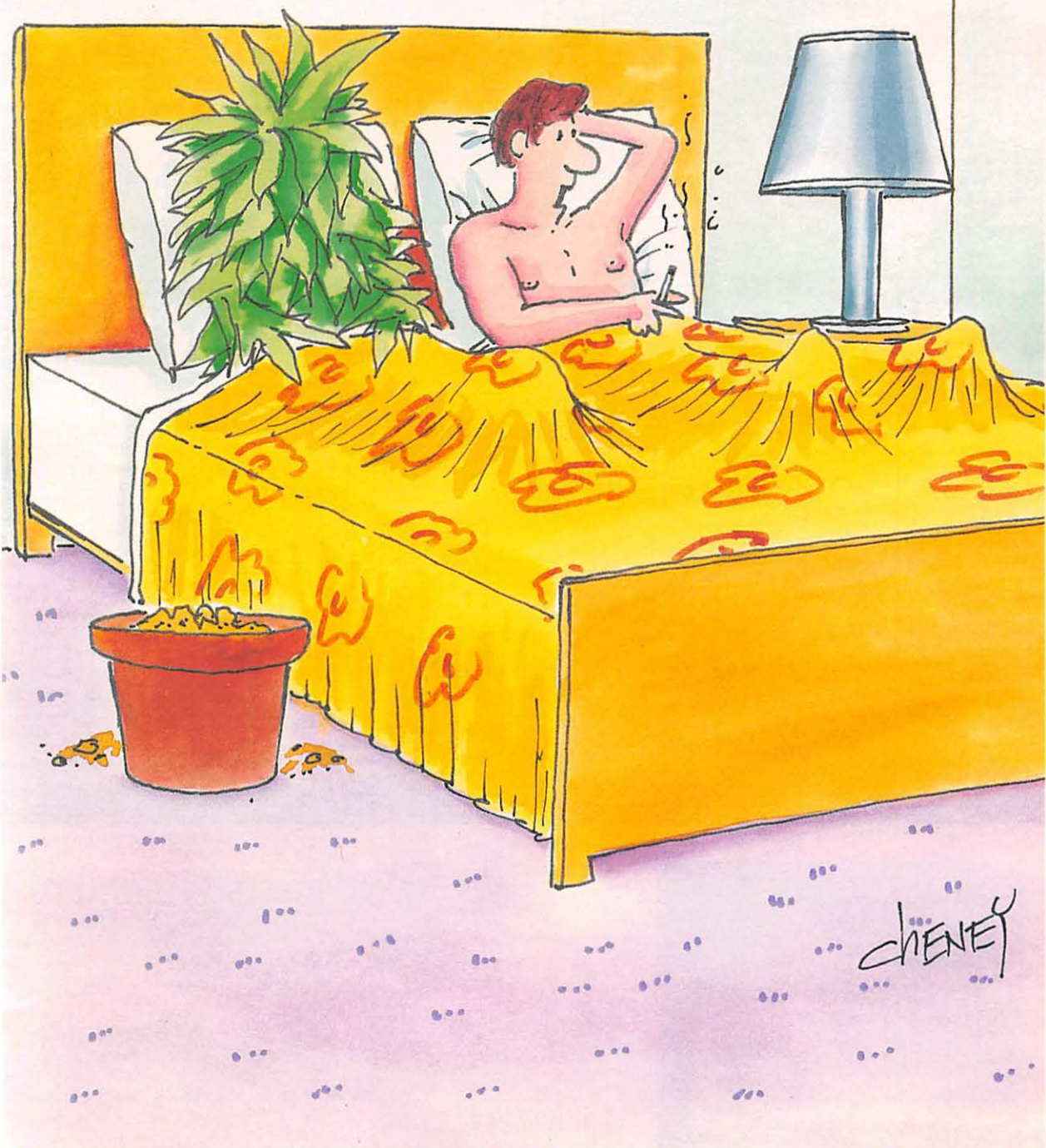
If a customer wants some go-fast "mods" on the engine or suspension to go with the new-look body, V.I.P. farms out this service to Andial Road and Racing in nearby Santa Ana, which has been responsible for some of the most successful Porsche race cars in this country.

The basic V.I.P. treatment on a Coupe, Cabriolet, or Targa runs about \$20,000. For the Turbo, which requires fewer modifications, figure \$17,500. Those prices, of course, are in addition to the cost of a new 911, which ranges from a low of \$40,425 for a Coupe to \$61,750 for the Turbo. The factory-modified version adds \$23,000 to the price of the Turbo.

Obviously, the slope-nose game is not for the faint of pocketbook. But who ever said ultra-hip comes cheap? **OT—A**

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*"What's really crazy is that my  
wife is always telling everyone I have a green thumb."*









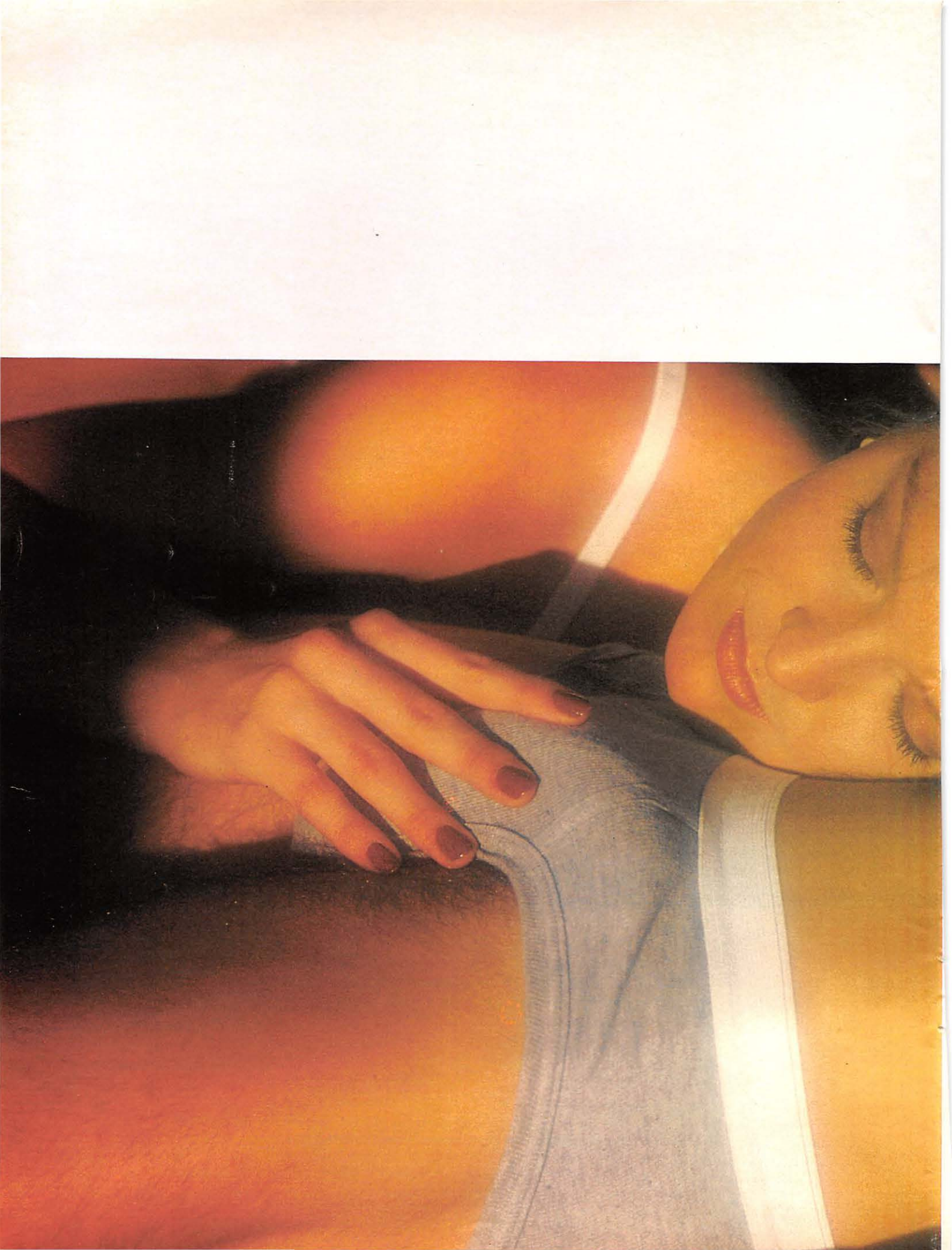
“For years, they had done the books together. Now Margot disclosed assets of another kind.”

## MICHAEL AND MARGOT

The meeting had run late. Abandoned by the others, Margot, the treasurer, and Michael, her assistant, had been left alone to tally the proxy votes. Now the tallying was done, and, amid the slowly falling dusk, something wilder had begun.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER









No longer was it treasurer  
and assistant, and  
never again would it be.  
Their lust, for now, like  
the sunlight, was spent.



But what burned between  
them was only the  
beginning . . . a new entry  
in life's sweetest  
ledger. O+





Makeup by John Maitland. Hair by Darlene DeRubeis



For years, they had done the books together. Now Margot disclosed assets of another kind.

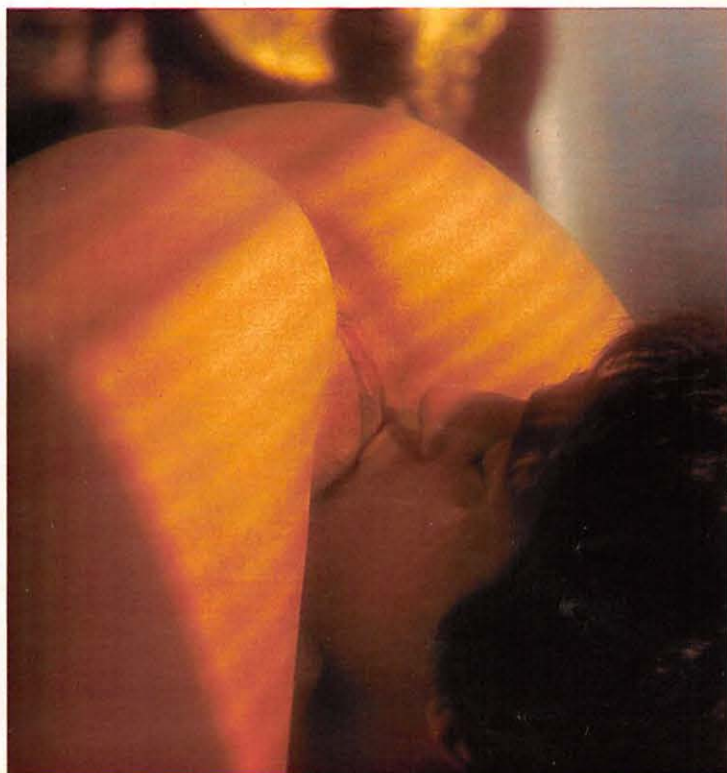






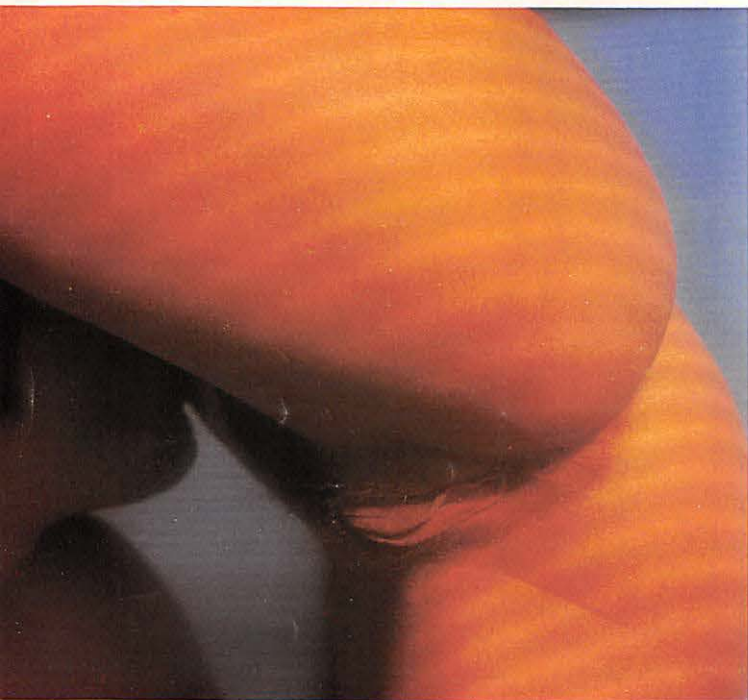
Their bodies melted  
together on the carpet,  
washed in dwindling  
light. Things not

taught at Harvard  
Business School came  
to them as  
naturally as breath.





Filling that aerie of corporate power with their sighs, Michael gave Margot what she wanted, and she rewarded him in kind.















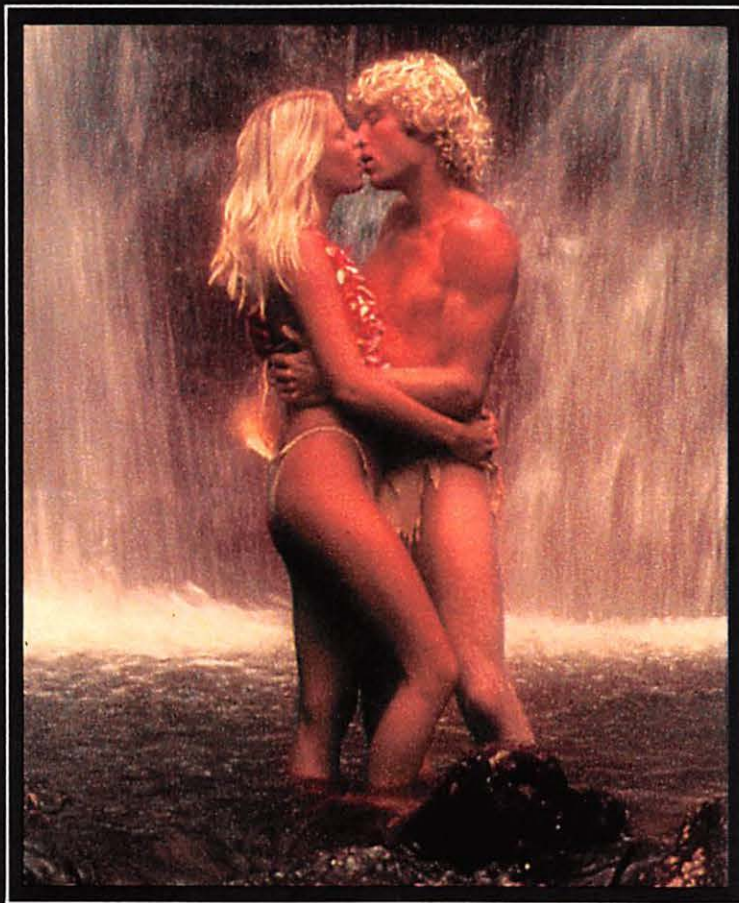
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SATIRE BY BILL LEE



Pee-wee Herman



Kermit the Frog: "Sure, I'm straight, although I am a bit kinky. I mean, after all, how many frogs dig pigs?"



E.T.: Who cares?



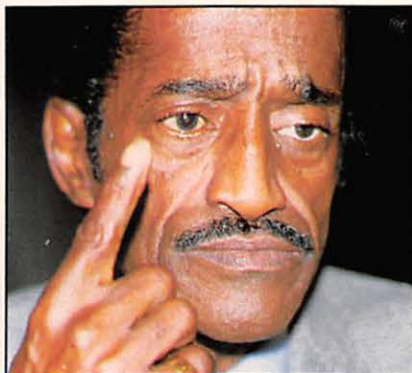
Brooke Shields: "But . . . I'm Hollywood's oldest living virgin."



Johnny Carson: "Too bad I'm not gay. I certainly would've saved a fortune in alimony payments."



Rodney Dangerfield: "I tell ya, I don't get no respect from gays. That's why I'm straight. Gays have taste."



Sammy Davis, Jr.: "I'm a one-eyed Jewish black man. I've got enough troubles without being gay."



Don King: "Hell, I'm almost as straight as my hair!"



Michael Jackson: Surprise!!!



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I am over 19 years of age and request this material.

## Women


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

were accomplished." Pausing for a moment, she continues, "I also think the problem with the Equal Rights Amendment, or the reason it was defeated, was on the basis of style rather than substance. On the one hand you have Phyllis Schlafly with her perfectly coiffed hair, who represented the way many women look around the country. On the other hand you had this motley crew of shrieking women wearing baggy pants, looking hideous. . . . I'm sure in the back of women's minds they were thinking, *If I vote for E.R.A. I may end up looking like that.*" Another failure of the women's movement "was it made a lot of women feel guilty about being feminine. Now, if I want to wear mascara, I don't see why that should have to compromise my intellectual integrity." Lisa goes on to say that the truly sad fact about the women's movement is that it failed to sustain its power. "If you talk to 15- or 16-year-old girls today and you mention feminism, they say, 'What's feminism?' Then they blush and say, 'Oh, is that a new mini-pad?'"

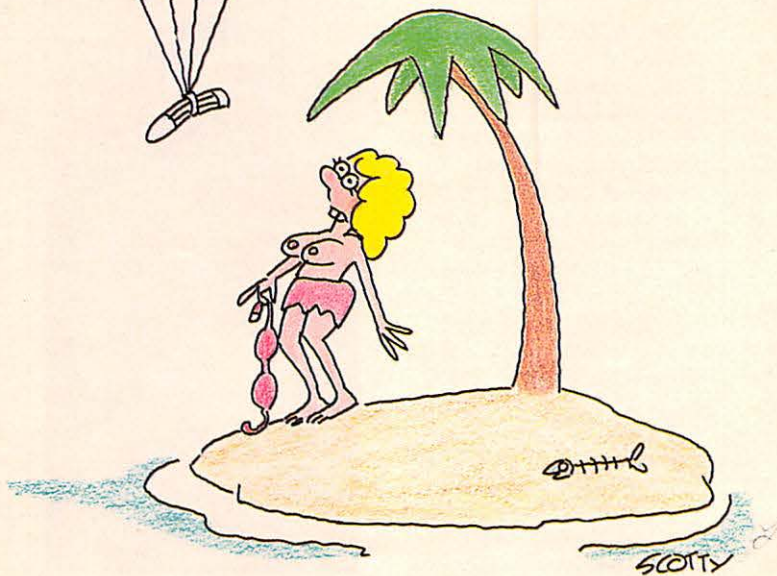
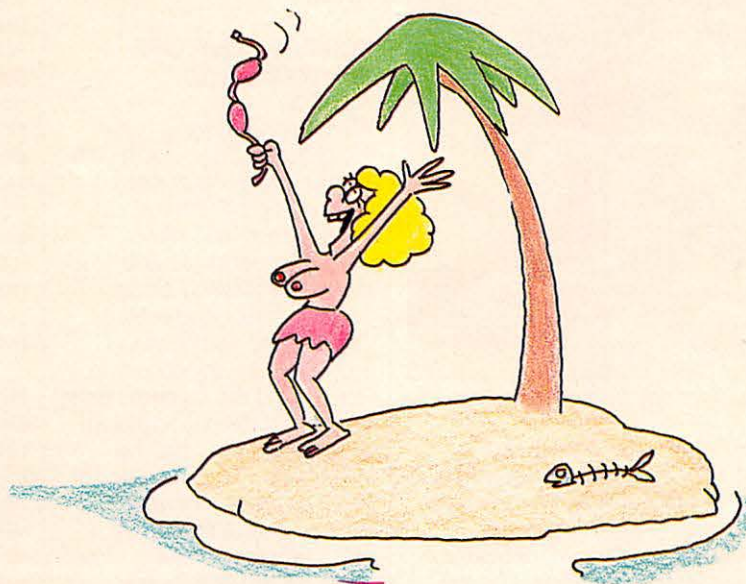
Aside from keeping the 42nd Street headquarters operating smoothly, leading self-defense seminars, and occasional modeling gigs, Lisa has another priority. At the forefront of the agenda for both Lisa and Curtis is the national drug problem. "There's a lot of rhetoric going on," she points out, "a lot of talk about a war on drugs; but all you have to do is read the newspapers to see that it's not working." She also points out that the drug problem isn't so recent. "You read a lot about crack now because it's fashionable in the media. But it has been in the inner city for several years. When it hit the suburbs, you began to hear about it on the news."

The Guardian Angels' approach is to conduct seminars and educate kids about the severe dangers of drug use, and to teach them it's not hip, rather than attacking the problem from a law-enforcement point of view. Lisa claims that "what the police do is simply displace the problem from one area to another" and strongly suggests that "we ought to think about legalization of some drugs, because it's obvious the present approach isn't working."

The Angels take their message all over the country, and in many ways Lisa's visibility helps spread their word. Her ability to articulate, her innate intelligence, her magnetic persona, have shed new light on the meaning of feminism and the image of the Guardian Angels. The message on the back of her book reads, "It's not survival of the fittest. . . . It's survival of the smartest."

Lisa Sliwa will not only survive, she'll thrive—on the subways, on the streets, or anywhere else she damn well pleases. 







Jane Bond is a nympho Barbie doll in a low-rent exercise in the criminally inane.

## X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Jane Bond Meets Thunderballs: *This spy story is a snooze.*

### THE SPY WHO CAME

*Jane Bond Meets Thunderballs*  
(Vidco) **1**

It looks like we have endless installments of the "Jane Bond" series to look, um, forward to, a prospect that excites about the same amount of delight as the fact that 007 himself is probably heading for cinematic immortality, too. Actually, Jane and James shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath together. The smut version of the spy series is strictly low-rent fakery, an exercise in the criminally inane. We've had "Dr. Yes" and "Octopussy"—in this installment Jane meets up with "Thunderballs," played by Sasha Gabor. The aptly stage-named Viper, a tattoo victim who has no business in porn, is also one of Jane's archenemies.

Bond herself is both betrayed and triumphant through sex, but the plot is so thin you don't care which.

"A nympho Barbie doll" is how Jane is described by one of her detractors, and that's about right: The role is a waste of Stacy Donovan's talents. In the end, "Dr. Yes" has turned into "Dr. Maybe" and "Agent 0069" has triumphed once again.

### BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

*Flesh Gordon*  
(Media) **1111**

*Flesh Gordon* deserves to be part of your permanent library not because it is such a searing exercise in overheated sensuality that it will fuse the heads of your VCR, but because it is one of the most expensive adult films ever produced. The lavish spectacle of this space spoof lends a surreal quality to the sex, as if Cecil B. De Mille suddenly turned dirty old man in the middle of filming one of his extravaganzas. The bloated, overproduced quality is so rare in a porn film as to be hilarious

here. The plot involves some ridiculousness about the emperor Wang and the planet Porno, and even the sex is overly lavish; but buy this one for the novelty, not for the nooky.

### RON FOR YOUR LIFE

*Girls of Double D*  
(CD) **11**

Porn stars are doing it for themselves. Candida Royalle started the trend of porn stars going behind the camera to direct, and now a whole host of studs and studettes are following along. Latest in that trend is Ron Jeremy, and you have to admit that anything getting Ron behind the camera has to be a good thing—anything to keep him from getting in front of it. Actually, *Girls of Double D* is pretty good for a novice. Although some of his technical values, especially his lighting, leave something to be desired, the pacing and camera are

fine, and the effect on the whole is quite a bit less obnoxious than Ron himself. The plot concerns that porn staple, the bored couple looking for extra action. Hubby dreams of big tits and goes off in search of them. Along the way, he encounters several zeppelin-chested humanoids—one with a clit to match her tits, an amazing penislike appendage. The sex is copious and suitably carnal, and the women (with one exception) are good-looking. Even though this is pretty much formula porn, it's still a cut above run-of-the-mill offerings.

### RAISING HELL

*Devil in Miss Jones Part IV*  
(VCA) **1111**

Introducing Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* a quarter century ago, W. C. Williams wrote, "Ladies, lift up your skirts, we are going through hell." In the hell of the Dark Brothers, who produced and directed the last two installments of the saga of Justine Jones, there are no "ladies," and "lift up your skirts" means not protect the hem from smudge but get ready for the randiest fuck of your life.

Yes, we are back in the surrealism of Lois Ayres, Jack Baker, and the Dark Brothers, the same people who burned up your Betamax last year with twisted tales of an inferno even Dante wouldn't recognize. Ayres plays Jones, who must screw her way out of hell or die trying. Baker is her sidekick and scourge, a diminutive demon who is funny and sick at the same time. Once again, the sex is hotter than hell, and the Dark Brothers turn in a controlled masterpiece.



Double D: *copious sex.*





Amber Pays the Rent: just putting in time and slime.

#### RENT STRIKE

*Amber Pays the Rent*  
(Video Team) **1**

I like a nice bald, up-front title, the type that tells you exactly what you're getting. "Amber" is Amber Lynn, of course, and she and the rest of her cronies are paying the rent here—just putting in time and slime, collecting that paycheck. The plot is as literal as the title: Four female roommates—three nymphos and one prude—pay off their bills the old-fashioned way: They go down for it. The sex is one endless loop of couplings and suckings.

If there are particularly squalid scenes, they are repeated in slow motion, four or five times, so you are sure to get the point. Troy Tanner is an I.R.S. man who comes into this household asking the immortal question, "So how do all the bills get paid if no one has any money?" The prude roommate loses her inhibitions just in time to show him. Rent party? More like a rent strike.

#### BLACKS LIKE ME

*Black Taboo II*  
(Essex) **111**

Spike Lee, the great independent director of *She's Gotta Have It*, said he made the film "because the world of black sexuality just wasn't getting addressed in mainstream Hollywood movies." Well, take a walk on the wild side, Spike. Adult film has never slighted the black performer—if only because most porn actors are culled from the lower end of the economic spectrum, where likewise many people of color are ghettoized. But the resulting biracial casts were usually tailored to the miscegenophile, those leering voyeurs who like to see a black man take a white woman, or a white man a black woman. *Black Taboo II* is a different film with a different angle. Although I missed the first installment of this epic, part two is one of the first porn tapes I've ever seen evidently aimed expressly at the black audience, and I plan on picking up

part one as soon as possible.

The cast here fucks not because biracial sex is a popular fetish, or because black on white is horny, but simply because black people screw in real life. F. M. Bradley (toned down from his former "Field Marshal Bradley" days) plays the paterfamilias. Indeed, the unabashed couplings here might turn off some of the more fainthearted. Billy Dee turns in what I think is his first fine performance as the tennis-pro brother in the family. There are typical low-rent shot-on-video touches, like a chain saw buzzing distantly during one scene. But for the novelty quality of a black tape that doesn't exploit its blackness, this one is worth a look.

#### PENTHOUSE PICK

*Divorce Court*  
(Vidco) **1111**

Finally, a smut spin-off that's worthy of the original—because the "original" is television's courtroom-transcript trash of the same name! What director Vincent Rossi has done is give us a tape that plays it totally straight—well, to the point. He succeeds in weaseling good performances out of such tired stall mates in the stable of smut as Ron Jeremy, Jerry Butler, and Siobhan Hunter. He gives us good,

sturdy shot-on-video technical values. And he gives us just the right amount of sultry, sizzling sex.

The divorce in question is that of Sheila and Jeffrey Townsend, played by Hunter and Butler. They own a singing-telegram service; he plays around and she's trying to decide if she's a dyke or not. By the time we've witnessed all the testimony, there's a similar reaction as at the end of television's "Divorce Court"—the judge ought to lock both these nuts away! This is a perfect tape for people who don't watch much porn, for couples, or for fans of television transcript dramas. **1111**



Divorce: transcript porn.

#### RATING KEY

- 1** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 11** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 111** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 1111** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



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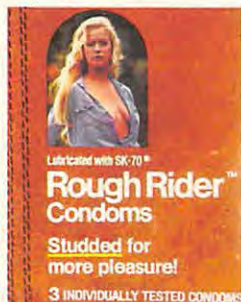
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**MONEY  
BACK  
GUARANTEE**

# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

hand. Slowly, she unzipped my pants and pulled my shorts off until my entire eight inches were exposed. She got down on her knees and placed her warm mouth around my pole. I almost exploded as she began to suck faster and faster.

Just as I was ready to get down to some real fucking, Leigh walked in on us. I started to panic until I saw that she had a big smile on her face. Leigh immediately began to undress. She walked over to Toni and me, and took my cock into her hands. What happened next was incredible! Both girls got down in front of me and began licking my shaft. It was an amazingly horny sight, especially when their tongues met as they swirled them around my balls. I shot my wad in their faces, and they licked up every drop.

After I was done, Toni turned to Leigh and started to finger-fuck her. This really turned me on. When they got to sixty-nining each other, my cock stiffened again. I grabbed Toni from behind and slid my dick into her cunt. I fucked her passionately while Leigh continued to suck and finger Toni's clit. When she came in a shuddering orgasm, I pulled out of her and slid on over to Leigh. I lay her down and climbed on top, sucking her tits and squeezing her ass as I pounded away. I fucked her into continuous orgasms, making her moan with delight. I carried on pumping until I felt my load ready to shoot out. With a final thrust, I exploded inside her. Toni knelt in front of me and licked my cock clean before she sucked all my come out of Leigh's cunt. When we were somewhat back to normal, we dressed and returned to work. —  
*Name and address withheld*

## MAKING WAVES

While out shopping at one of the many malls located conveniently near me, I wandered into a water-bed store. When I entered, I saw the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen. She was as beautiful as some of your monthly Pets. I thought of my secret fantasy of fucking her in front of the few people in the store.

This goddess of beauty made her way over to me.

"Can I help you?" she said.

You sure can, honey. I thought to myself. "Oh, yes," I answered. I asked her for a certain model of sheet cover and she went in the back to check on it. I couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous buttocks, and thought to myself that she had to have the nicest ass in the history of split flesh. Her body did not stop. My thoughts were interrupted when I noticed her standing in front of me, staring at my now-erect love tool.

"I found what you were looking for. Come back with me and I will show you," she said. I followed and before I could offer any resistance, she tore off most of



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my clothes and threw me on the bed. We kissed passionately and then she started to nibble on the head of my penis. She worked down my rod and licked my balls, and she didn't stop until I spewed my penis cream over her face and down her throat. As I was coming, I told her my fantasy of making love in public. It was easy to convince her to move our copulating to one of the water beds outside in the shop. Since it was almost closing time, I guess she figured it would be safe.

We dressed and walked casually toward one of the sensual water beds set up in the middle of the store. We lay down as if we were just a young couple testing out the bed to see if it was comfortable. I unbuttoned her shirt to reveal her large, firm breasts and rock-hard nipples. I was really turned on. I slipped off her dress and panties as she disrobed me. Our sexual act caught the attention of several customers. I lifted her up and placed her under the sheets. She whispered in my ear to fuck her with all I had. I got under the covers and slid my rod into her tight love tunnel. I was so aroused that I came almost immediately, and her climax followed several seconds after mine.

She was moaning for more. So we turned around and got into a sixty-nine position, this time without the concealment of the cover. She began to suck like there was no tomorrow. I slid my tongue around the circumference of her labia and

tongued her clit until she was about to climax. I finally dove right in and tongue-fucked her until she had four consecutive orgasms. We fucked again while standing. Our screams almost cracked all the windows in the store.

We finally got up and got dressed. She locked up the store and told me that she would call me again. She never did, but it didn't matter. My fantasy had come true.—*Name and address withheld*

## LAST FLING

One day I heard a knock on my apartment door. When I answered it and found my friend Gary's fiancée, Susan, I was a bit surprised. They were to be married in a week, and I didn't expect her to have any time for social calls. I invited her in and offered her some coffee. I was curious about her sudden visit and asked her about it.

"I came to ask you for a big favor," she answered.

"What kind of a favor?"

"You know that Gary and I have been going together for many years now." She paused to see if I was listening and then continued, "Well, Gary is the only man that I ever went out with. I never dated anyone else."

"That's marvelous. It must be true love," I remarked.

"Now that I'm ready to commit myself to him for the rest of my life, I'm wonder-

ing if I missed something by being with only one man. That's why I came to you."

"I think you are just nervous about getting married. That's why you have all these fears. If there is anything I can do to help you get over this skepticism, please just let me know."

She stared at me for a while. Then she took a deep breath and said, "I want you to make love to me."

Before I could say anything, she got up, undid her skirt, and dropped it to the floor. She wasn't wearing any underwear. As I stared at her dark, silky patch of pubic hair, she removed her blouse. She wasn't wearing any bra either. She looked at my starry-eyed face and said, "Please."

There she was, standing completely naked in front of me, inviting me to fuck her. I had to admit that she had a very nice figure. Her tits were supple, with hard nipples pointing encouragement at me. Her small, narrow waist and her long, slender legs were so tempting that my dick became rock-hard. It's not every day that such an opportunity comes one's way. I grabbed her hand and led her to the bedroom.

I kissed her, gently at first and more firmly afterward. Our lips devoured each other greedily, our tongues collided with full force, and our mouths drew all the pleasure that they possibly could. My hand caressed and cupped her soft breasts at the same time. I slowly made my way



down to her stomach and then to her cunt. Running my fingers through her pussy hair, I traced the contours of her cunt with my fingers. Her pussy was overflowing with her juices. She moaned loudly as my fingers found her clit. The smell of her womanhood on my hands filled me with a ravenous hunger, so I inclined my head and stuck my tongue right in between her cunt lips. Susan screamed with ecstasy. I covered every millimeter of her pussy with my tongue and then took hold of her clit with my lips. As my mouth sucked and my tongue lashed on it, she moaned and moaned in one never-ending sound.

After a while, I moved up and positioned myself on top of her. She quickly grabbed my cock and placed it on her cunt. Slowly I pressed it in. We both yelled from the depth of our throats as my dick went all the way in. I started pumping as she reciprocated my thrusts. We fucked each other, slowly at first and then with a fast-paced rhythm. Soon we exploded in one giant orgasm. I shot and shot until I was completely drained. She flowed and flowed until she went completely dry. That was one hell of an orgasm.

We relaxed for a while and let all the perspiration dry off. Then she moved on top of me and started paying me back for all my work. She kissed the entire length of my body and took my cock in her mouth. The warm, wet feel of her tongue was more than enough to get me

hard again. She sucked on my dick until it stood there like a flagpole. Then she positioned her cunt on top of my penis and swallowed it in. She started moving up and down, simulating a pumping action, while I fondled her wiggly tits. I couldn't believe the energy she had as she jumped up and down over my cock. She had another orgasm and then another. I waited patiently until I was ready to come for the second time. I pumped like hell. Soon my body tensed as a jet of come spurted out of my penis. As soon as my sperm hit her inside, she had another orgasm.

We fucked once more after that. I couldn't believe what a great lay she was. Her cunt was like a vacuum that had an infinite appetite for my dick. Making love to her was the best experience of my life.—*Name and address withheld*

#### GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE

I am a handyman in a small town, and I'm on call 24 hours a day for plumbing, and electrical emergencies. Recently, I received a call from the wife of one of my regular customers, who was almost in tears because her hot-water heater had burst a pipe and water was all over the place. It was 9:30 P.M. when I quickly left my place, and I arrived at her house a few minutes later.

I was met at the door by a frantic woman of about 30, dressed in a very short see-

through nightgown that didn't even begin to hide her fine body underneath.

The repair was a simple one and only took about 30 minutes. She had put on a pot of coffee and asked me to join her in a cup when the job was done. We sat across from each other at her kitchen table and chatted for a while, or rather, she talked while I listened. I was having a hard time concentrating on what she was saying, as I was looking right down the front of her nightie at her beautiful, full breasts, which were so inviting. She was giving me the old line I've heard a thousand times about how her husband was never around when she needed him, and how a woman has special needs from time to time. She gave me a look that would melt an ice cube, and saw that I was looking at her tits. She just smiled and let the nightie slip off a bit, revealing even more lovely skin. She was really a fox, with long jet-black hair, blue eyes, ivory skin, and a body that showed she took care of it.

As I sat there quietly listening to her troubles, it became clear to me that she was hot and on the make. As she was giving me a refill of coffee, she moved close, pressed her body to mine, and lingered for a few moments. When I looked up at her, she flashed me that lovely smile and asked me outright if I saw anything that I liked. Well, that was all I needed to hear. I turned in my chair and pulled the willing lady onto my lap. We kissed deeply as my hand found its way to one of those tits I had been admiring only moments before. I untied the top of the nightie and let it fall to the floor. My lips found their way to the pink nipple of one breast, while one of my hands crept up her thigh to the moist triangle of her panties.

She spread her legs farther apart, and I was able to move the panties aside and dip a finger into her hot, tight cunt. As I probed her innermost regions, she closed her eyes and let out a small moan of pleasure. Before long, as I continued working on her, she started coming, and it was all I could do to keep us from falling off the chair as she writhed and squirmed on my fingers, which were held captive between her legs.

I then stood up, holding her in my arms, and sat her down on the kitchen table. I pulled her brief panties all the way off and buried my face in her neatly trimmed bush. Cupping her little ass in my hands, I started eating her pussy like it was the last one on earth. After she came again, I figured that if I didn't fuck her pretty quick I was going to lose it. I dropped my jeans and underwear, and zeroed in on that now well-lubricated hole. I eased the head of my rock-hard dick in slowly, an inch at a time, until it was in three or four inches. I then gave her several thrusts, just to tease her a bit, before letting her have the other six or seven inches. That really drove her up the wall. She arched off the table to match my every lunge into her tight, hot box.

She was moaning loudly and begging





me to fuck her hard as she grabbed me by the ass and pulled me deep into her cunt. I felt the beginning of my own orgasm starting from deep in my groin, when suddenly she stopped and pushed me away. She then turned and leaned over the table, spilling the coffee cups to the floor in her haste. "Fuck me from behind," she pleaded, as she spread herself before me. I told her it would be my pleasure. She reached around, took my dick in her hand, and with an impatient groan impaled herself on my stiff rod. It was so good that I wished I could have fucked her all night like this, but as it was, I began to feel that familiar stirring again. She was fingering her clit, and I could tell that she was getting ready for a really big orgasm, too.

She cried out loudly and thrust herself hard into me one last time as spasm after spasm shook her body. I was totally overcome by my own release, filling her with my come as my spine turned to jelly and my knees threatened to give way. We stayed like this for several moments, with our bodies pressed together, and she turned to me and said, "That was so fine. My husband has never fucked me as good as you just did."

She excused herself to go to the bathroom while I got dressed and made out her bill. She walked me to the door, still naked, and made me promise to come back for another good fucking session. I still see her from time to time, and she has set me up with a few of her friends. I am always ready to aid a lady in distress.—Name and address withheld

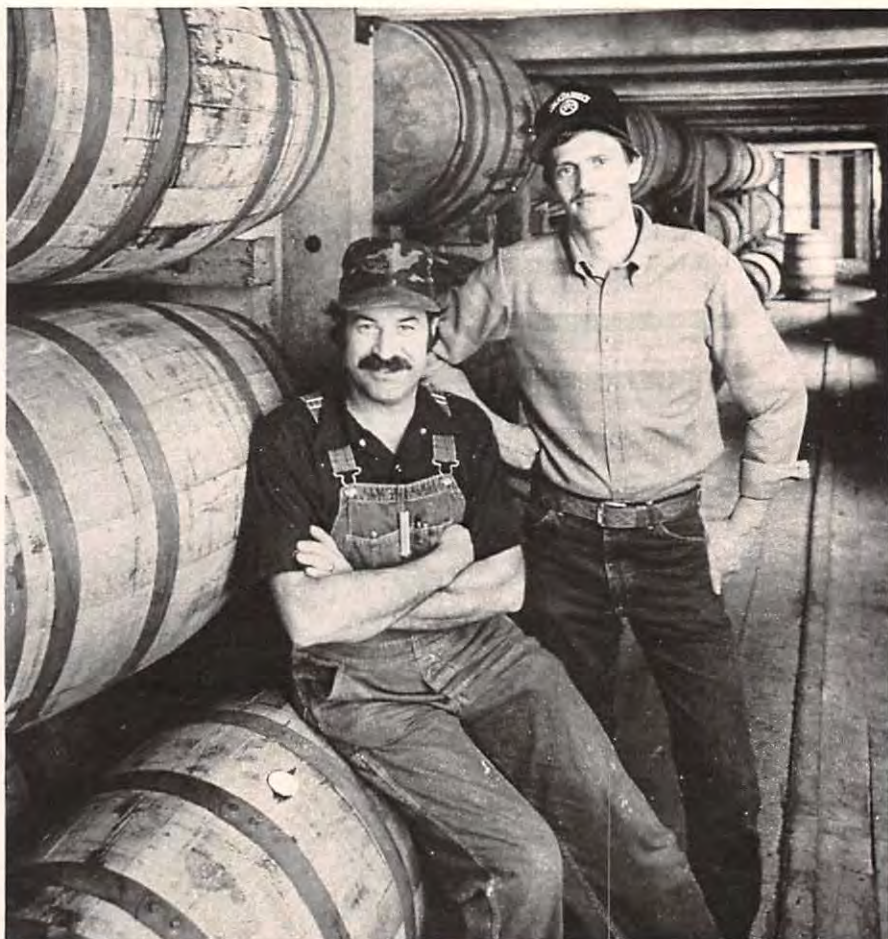
#### VOLLEYBALLS

My friend Mitch and I spend our summers traveling around the Midwest coaching at high school volleyball camps. We're both attractive, athletic guys, and it's no secret to our female colleagues on the coaching staff that we like to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh.

One night, after a long day's work in the gym, we were relaxing in our room with Pauline, one of the female staff members. Like it often does, our conversation turned to sex, as Mitch and I exchanged old "war stories" and offered Pauline pointers on how to improve her oral technique. Mitch playfully suggested to Pauline that the three of us strike up a game of "Swedish tag team." Much to my surprise, Pauline played along, admitting that it sounded fun but expressing some apprehension about doing Mitch and me at the same time.

I left the room to get some more beer, figuring the proposal had been written off as a joke. When I returned I found Mitch smiling and immediately knew that he had pressed the issue successfully in my absence. I looked over and saw Pauline giggling. My God, I thought, *this is actually going to happen!*

Now it was my turn to be apprehensive. As Pauline closed the door, my palms began to sweat. Like a seasoned



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veteran, Mitch peeled off his clothes, leaving me with no alternative but to follow suit. We sat on the bed, one on each side of Pauline, and lifted her tank top. I was pensive, waiting for Pauline to stop us at any minute; but by the time we had exposed her small, pert breasts, her resistance and my anxieties were gone. As I seized her left nipple in my mouth, Mitch did the same with the right. Pauline responded by grabbing our leaping love darts, one in each hand, and moaning her approval.

Mitch was a natural leader. "The key to a successful Swedish tag team," he said, "is good communication." On that note, I maneuvered onto my back as Pauline lowered her flickering tongue onto my flesh pop for a good round of fellatio. I communicated with her in a Morse code of throbs and thrusts, sending a message of intense pleasure. I watched as Mitch raised her hips to the proper trajectory and landed his moisture missile in her seething silo, prompting her to increase the speed and depth of her masterful mouth work.

I knew it wouldn't be long before my love pump spouted a meal of hot protein into Pauline's esophagus, but I didn't want her to begin her liquid diet just yet. She was responding well to the beefy injection that Mitch had prescribed, and now it was time for my part of the treatment. I reached out and slapped a "high five" to Mitch, signaling the big switch. As I swung around and hoisted her dripping snatch onto my tool, Mitch shouted, "Lay that pipe, brother!" We were whooping it up like kids, but after a few strokes in Pauline's pleasure pot, the mood switched to one of serious ecstasy. I was now giving her the full length of my shaft with each progressively rapid stroke, and by the look on Mitch's face I knew that Pauline was dealing him the same potent pleasure that had brought me to the brink of climax.

As I increased my velocity, I felt a pressure building that could have broken Hoover Dam. For at least three minutes my orgasm welled within, until at last, with one ferocious thrust, I spewed what felt like a gallon of man-milk into Pauline's torrid tunnel. In between mouthfuls of Mitch's cock, she squealed as the jets of jism found their way home. Knowing that it was Mitch's turn, she gave his cock one last throating, then turned to avail her receptacle for another fill-up. I watched for a while from the edge of the bed, never having had two people perform sex in my presence. The scene was so erotic that my shaft rose quickly to attention, and I moved over to receive some more of Pauline's oral art. Soon Mitch and I were both bucking away, and by the time his wad had shot in to join the earlier baked batch, Pauline was gargling on my copious load.

I'll never forget that night. Before the sun peeked through the shades, Mitch and I had irrigated Pauline's fertile canal

with six orgasms' worth of semen. She had exceeded our wildest fantasies, weathering our spermathon like a champ. We each went to a different camp after that, but all agree that when our paths crossed again we would stage a rematch.—*Name and address withheld*

#### OFFICE ETIQUETTE

I had a pleasant experience when I applied for a job with a small firm. The company was owned by a couple who were in their early forties, about 20 years my senior. When I arrived at the office, the man and woman who owned the place were busy bustling about the office, which was covered with clutter and loose papers. The man was friendly, but in a rush, and told me that his wife would interview me, as he had to leave. As he left, Regina, his wife, told me to take a seat, and explained that she had a few things to clear up before she could get to me.

As she got up and moved around the

When she arched her back, I felt a deluge of wetness as she slumped on top of me. Knowing that I still needed relief, she slid down.

crowded office, I suddenly became aroused by her. Perhaps it was her clothing that turned me on—skintight jeans, suede boots, and a very tight pink sweater that accented her large breasts, which were quite obviously not restrained by a bra. Regina was tall, about five foot eight, long-legged, and wore her blond hair pulled back away from her face. There was something sensual about the way she peeked over her glasses that was having a strange effect on me.

I was trying to cover my hard-on, but Regina noticed my squirming and fixed a stare on the lump in my trousers. "What the hell is that all about?" she demanded, standing straight up with her hands on her hips. I apologized and told her that her beauty and sensuality had just overwhelmed me. She just kept staring at me, so I thought it would be best for me to leave. As I stood up, she stopped me. "I haven't had anyone tell me that since I was single," she said, "and that was a long time ago. You're a good-looking young man. Surely you get all the women you can handle, but tell me more." I repeated how fabulous she looked, and once again apologized for becoming ex-

cited. She put a hand on my shoulder, smiled, and said, "You'll have to prove to me that you're really sorry." Regina turned, locked the office door, and took the phone off the hook.

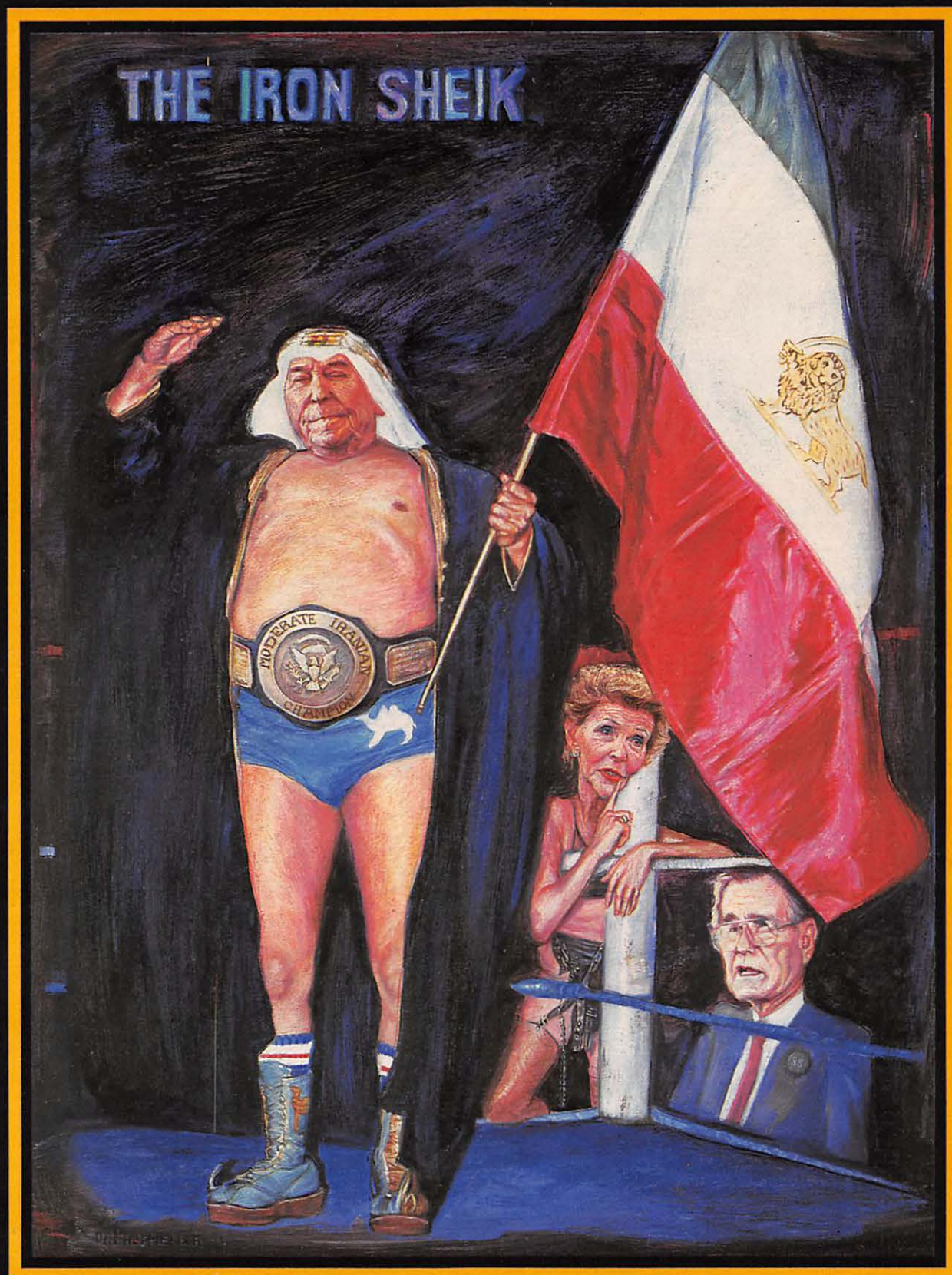
She started to rub her mound through her jeans. I was out of my mind with desire for her. She put both hands behind my neck and kissed me softly, pressing her breasts against my chest. I held her ass firmly and pulled her hard against my cock. She broke the embrace, peeled off her jeans and panties, and sat on the desk, legs spread wide. "Suck my cunt," she demanded, spreading her vaginal lips with her hands. Her cunt looked so inviting that I needed no further invitation. I slid my hands under her ass and buried my face in her cunt. She ground my head against her mound and moaned in ecstasy as she came in a torrent of juices. I tongued her clit while Regina briskly massaged her tits through her sweater. She didn't stop coming for a long, long time.

After that, she stood up and lifted her sweater to free her beautiful tits. Regina removed my trousers and took my swollen cock into her warm mouth. I had to pull out of her because I was about to come, but she pulled me back deep into her throat, and I came in a rush that almost knocked me off my feet. She closed her eyes in pleasure, letting some of my jism dribble down her chin and onto her tits. She rubbed it all over her large nipples, continuing to suck my cock and balls until I was about to explode again.

Regina got up and mounted me, and I was thrilled to find that she was very tight. She was facing me, and I could suck her sweet tits and lick her neck while she humped me wildly. The pace of our fucking increased, and I spurted into her. Regina came, too, and it was the first simultaneous orgasm I had ever had. We just sat there holding each other, Regina whispering little love words in my ear as she rubbed my shoulders. It only took a few minutes of her tender contact to get me hard again.

I gently laid her back on the carpet and climbed on her stomach. I placed my rod between her firm boobs and proceeded to fuck her mountains of sexuality. She moaned, while squeezing them tightly around my cock. I erupted again, this time all over her face. Regina seemed insatiable. She rolled me over and sucked my still-swollen dick, licking my whole body from head to toe. Finally, she couldn't take it any longer, and screamed, "Fuck me now. Fuck me hard and don't stop until I'm satisfied." I eased the head of my cock into her cunt, slowly, gently, then with more power and longer strokes. Reaching my hand up, I firmly massaged her tits. She was beginning to buck against my thrusts with more and more anticipation as her climax neared. In a fit of bliss, I came. Regina wept in pleasure as her body shuddered, squeezing her love muscles around my rapidly draining rod.





## HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 50

He still has that wonderful physique  
But the old boy is rather past his peak  
And when even hangers-on  
Must admit his mind's gone  
Then it's time to retire the Sheik.



# PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

## DO YOU HAVE EINSTEIN'S MIND?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

**D**on't worry. This isn't a math test. Or a physics quiz. It's a questionnaire designed to see if your personality traits and modes of thinking match those associated with the most creative scientists.

Obviously you need more than the right personality if you plan to explain the origins of the universe. Nevertheless, psychologists have found that the best physical scientists—those who like to poke around on the frontiers of knowledge—share a large number of personality characteristics. They are, in short, quite a lot like each other and quite different from the rest of the population.

Researchers have discovered, for instance, that scientifically minded people often can be identified at an early age. As children, they are often fascinated by complicated ideas and inventions that other children don't even notice. Einstein, for example, was mesmerized the first time he encountered a compass at the age of four.

It also turns out that many of our preconceptions about scientists are indeed true. Psychologist Anne Roe, author of a pioneering essay in this field, "Psychological Approaches to Creativity in the Sciences," found that they tend to be quiet and preoccupied to the point where they sometimes really do resemble absent-minded professors. In his book *The Mind's Best Work*, Harvard lecturer D. N. Perkins says, "Creative scientists are cold, assertive dwellers in ivory towers. The stereotypes are true."

Whether that's good or bad isn't at issue here. The point of this quiz is simply to find out if you have that combination of mental austerity and perseverance that characterizes the world's best scientists. Answer the questions quickly and honestly. Don't try to guess which are the best answers. That, after all, would be unscientific.

1. Imagine you're in college and you need to choose an elective to fill out

your schedule. You must select one of the following. Which would you take?

- (a) art history
- (b) sociology
- (c) philosophy

2. You've carried out an important assignment at work, and now it's time to report the results to your superiors. Would you prefer to:

- (a) give an oral report on your findings at a meeting
- (b) write the report and leave it on the desks of the people who need to see it

3. Do you think you'd make a good politician?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

4. Do you like to go to parties?

- (a) yes, very much
- (b) I'm not a party animal, but I can enjoy myself at a party.
- (c) No, I'm uncomfortable at parties and prefer to avoid them if I can.
- (d) I absolutely hate parties and will use almost any excuse to get out of going to them.

5. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?

- (a) It's important for me to get what I want out of life. I may sometimes seem stubborn and selfish but, on the other hand, I'm willing to go through a lot of shit to achieve what I want.
- (b) I'm not a fighter. I'm a compromiser. Sure, there are things that are important to me, but I'm usually willing to settle for less if I have to.

6. Does it bother you to have people angry with you?

- (a) Yes, very much. I can't stand that sort of tension.
- (b) Sometimes; it depends upon who's

mad at me and why.

- (c) Not really. I don't set out to antagonize people; but if they end up being angry with me, I can live with it.

- (d) Not at all. I couldn't care less if people get angry at me. That's their problem, not mine.

7. Do you usually remember to send cards or gifts to lovers, friends, and relatives on important occasions (birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, etc.)?

- (a) Yes, I rarely overlook that sort of thing.
- (b) Sometimes I remember; sometimes I forget.
- (c) I may remember such occasions; but even when I do, I don't usually send anything.
- (d) No; that sort of thing really isn't important to me.

8. How important to you is financial success?

- (a) very important
- (b) quite important
- (c) not very important, as long as I'm doing something I enjoy

9. Do you spend much time reading?

- (a) yes, quite a bit
- (b) some
- (c) not much

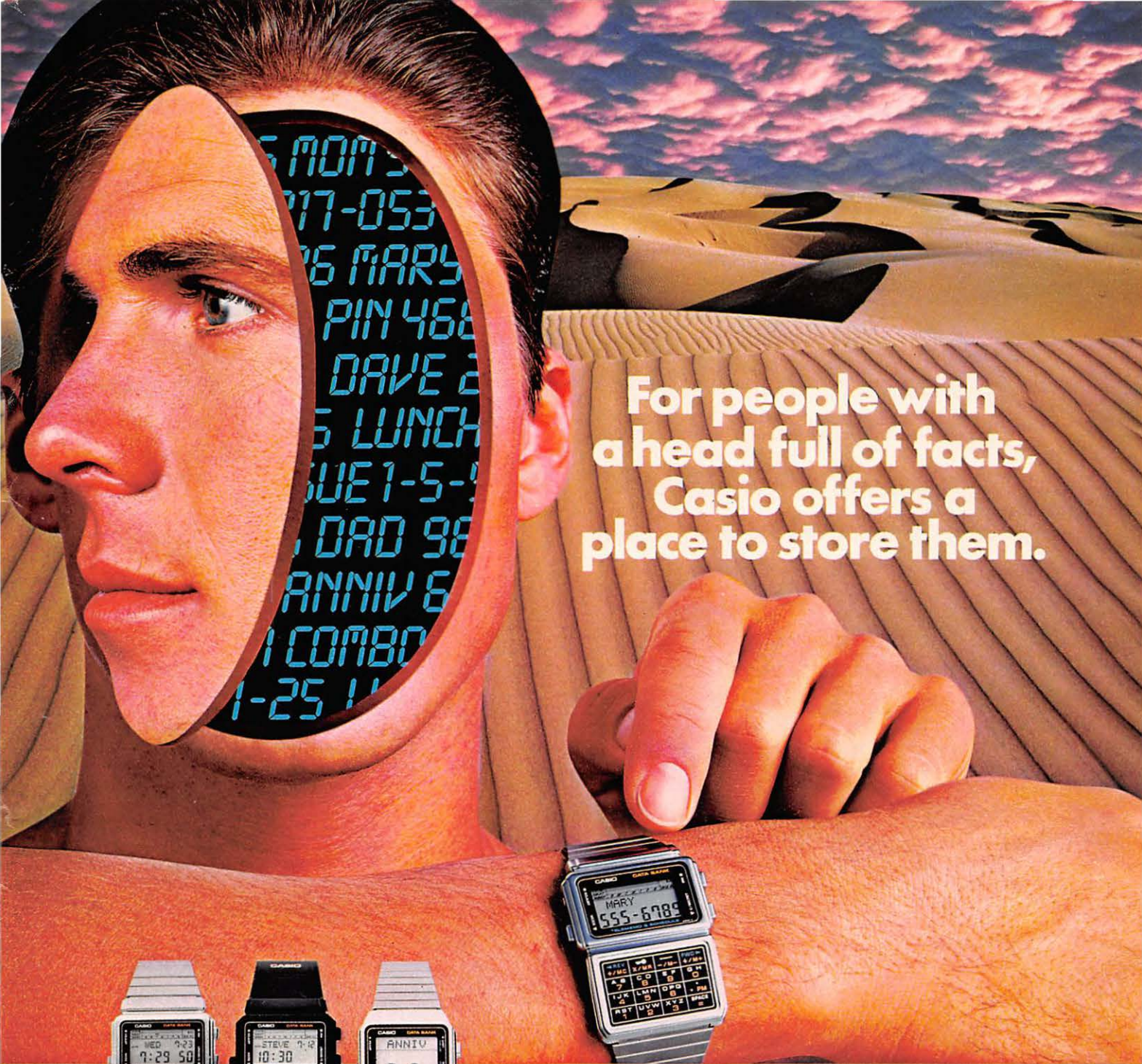
10. Do you spend much time watching television?

- (a) yes, quite a bit
- (b) some
- (c) not much

11. Do you have trouble organizing your time?

- (a) yes, very much
- (b) some
- (c) not at all
- (d) I may often seem disorganized (and often I actually am); but when something's really important to





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●It seems that many preconceptions about scientists are true.●

## PSYCHOGRAPH

me, I have no trouble at all organizing my time so I get it done.

12. As a child, did you get bored easily?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) no
13. Do you get bored easily now?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) no
14. How do you feel about this statement: "For a society to function well, it's important that people adhere to group standards and values. People who don't are not only selfish, they can also be dangerous."
  - (a) agree strongly
  - (b) agree somewhat
  - (c) disagree strongly
15. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your attitude toward your wardrobe?
  - (a) I enjoy buying and wearing stylish clothing.
  - (b) I buy clothing that's relatively conservative. That way I don't have to worry about it going out of style quickly.
  - (c) I buy clothes when I need them, and I use them until they wear out. Frankly, I don't really pay much attention to whether they're in style or not.
16. How do you feel about making snap judgments and quick decisions?
  - (a) I think first impressions are correct more often than not.
  - (b) Jumping to conclusions is rarely useful.
17. If you were forced to choose, which of the following values would you say is most important to you?
  - (a) the ability to empathize with other people
  - (b) technical skill and competence; the ability to achieve well-crafted solutions
  - (c) creativity and originality
18. Do you ever become so passionately interested in a project that you'll skip meals and stay up late into the night in order to pursue it?
  - (a) yes, often
  - (b) occasionally
  - (c) rarely or never

19. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
  - (a) The old saying "Curiosity killed the cat" is basically true. Too much curiosity usually leads one into trouble.
  - (b) Curiosity is one of the great human attributes. If our ancestors hadn't pursued their instincts for curiosity, we'd all still be in the jungle, living in trees and eating bananas.
20. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
  - (a) Life is basically simple, and the solutions to most problems would be simple if people didn't try to make them so complex.
  - (b) Life is complicated. I wish that weren't so, but it is.
  - (c) Life is complicated; that's what makes it interesting. If everything were simple, life wouldn't be half as much fun.
21. If you were going out to a movie, which of the following factors would probably have the strongest influence on which film you decided to attend?
  - (a) recommendations of friends
  - (b) good reviews
  - (c) the subject matter of the movie or the actors and/or director involved in it

### SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 105 points; the lowest, 21.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a-2, b-1, c-5  | 10. a-1, b-3, c-5  |
| 2. a-1, b-5       | 11. a-1, b-3, c-3, |
| 3. a-1, b-5       | d-5                |
| 4. a-1, b-3, c-4, | 12. a-1, b-5       |
| d-5               | 13. a-1, b-5       |
| 5. a-5, b-1       | 14. a-1, b-3, c-5  |
| 6. a-1, b-2, c-4, | 15. a-1, b-3, c-5  |
| d-5               | 16. a-1, b-5       |
| 7. a-1, b-3, c-4, | 17. a-1, b-3, c-5  |
| d-5               | 18. a-5, b-3, c-1  |
| 8. a-1, b-3, c-5  | 19. a-1, b-5       |
| 9. a-5, b-3, c-1  | 20. a-1, b-2, c-5  |
| 21. a-1, b-3, c-5 |                    |


If you scored 78 to 105 points:

Congratulations, Herr Professor, your answers indicate that your personality and your beliefs resemble those that psychologists have found among highly creative scientists. Of course, scoring in this category doesn't automatically guarantee you a shot at a Nobel Prize. However, it suggests that if you were to go into the sciences, you would probably do best in the *theoretical* areas, where the most creative and daring thinking is required. People in this category tend to be intense and preoccupied with things that interest them. They barely notice things that don't interest them. They tend to be highly assertive, but not very gregarious. Usually ideas fascinate them much more than people do. They are independent-minded and like to find ways in which to bring seemingly contradictory concepts together. Also, says Harvard's Dr. Perkins, such people are "very open to experience, highly observant, and prone to see things in unusual ways."

49 to 77 points:

You may not be the next Einstein but, who knows, maybe you'll be the next Carl Sagan. You share some of the characteristics found among creative scientists, but you also may have a more humane touch than people who scored in the category above. They're ivory-tower types; you're not. If you were to go into the sciences, your answers suggest that you might excel in technical matters. Those are the areas that often require a more practical outlook and an ability to work well with others. People in the category above think the great thoughts, but it's people in this category who put them to use.

21 to 48 points:

You exhibit relatively few characteristics associated with high creativity in the physical sciences. This *doesn't* mean you aren't creative at all. It just indicates you may not have the very specific type of creativity required of scientists. If you are determined to seek a career in science, the social sciences—anthropology, sociology, psychology—might be a better bet than the "hard" sciences, such as physics or chemistry. Your answers suggest that you might be very creative when it comes to dealing with people rather than ideas. You may not invent the world's best computers, but you may make a fortune selling them. 





## THE INTRUDER 700

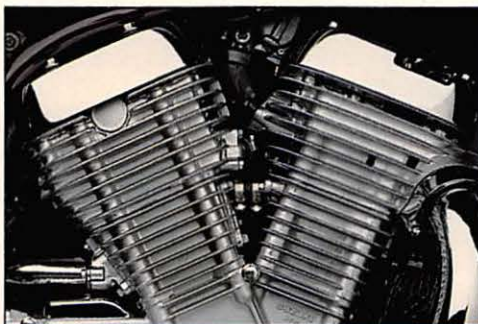
# Identical twins.

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And when you ask the "V" twins about their V-Twins, they say the identical thing: "somebody finally did it right."

When it came down to wheels, Vic chose the eye-grabbing wire spokes and of course, Van picked the mag-type wheels.

They didn't surprise anyone in their choice of color. A deep, rich maroon finish caught Van's eye. But the midnight blue lacquer finish looked good to Vic.

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## ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

But in March 1977 none of that mattered to the mayor and the N.Y.P.D.'s top brass. They created the .44-Caliber Killer, who would shortly be known as Son of Sam. And, sources close to Berkowitz report, no one was more surprised at the developments than the cult itself.

"They [the group] never intended that there would be only one .44 killer," a Berkowitz intimate says. "It had been different people doing it, including Berkowitz. But once the cops said one man and one gun, they went along with it—and it was more than one gun, too."

But New York's top authorities had committed themselves, and by making a judgment call and labeling it "fact" they painted themselves into a tight corner—a massive hunt for *one* killer. When the time came, Berkowitz was well prepared for his arrest. He had been briefed by his mentors on what to say, and he had even read a book by a psychiatrist who would be assigned to examine him.

"All Berkowitz did was tell them all what they wanted to hear," another informant states. "The cops and them would have believed anything because they *wanted* to. The group knew that, and so did Berkowitz. He was crazy, all right—like a fox."

The identities of the informants quoted here are known by the Queens District Attorney's Office, and their allegations have been supported by documentation.

In the aftermath of the arrest, and before Berkowitz pleaded guilty, I linked another individual to the killings and subsequently established that he belonged to a satanic cult. The man died violently—he was murdered—three months before Berkowitz's day in court. And the savagery didn't stop there. Regrettably, it was the official pronouncement to the public that blustery March day in 1977 that set the stage for all that was to follow.

The N.Y.P.D. hierarchy responsible for the original Son of Sam investigation has, almost to a man, either retired or resigned from the department. There immediately came a new mayor to City Hall, and a new district attorney was elected thereafter in Brooklyn. In the Bronx, where a district attorney waffled on the case, the operative words are *status quo*. In Queens, where the .44 case stays reopened, District Attorney John Santucci remains hopeful that a break will materialize. Unlike most of his peers, he didn't ignore the mounting evidence of conspiracy. Santucci may yet grasp the breakthrough he seeks, because significant new information has been unearthed in the investigation.

If the tide finally turns, it may be possible—with the cooperation of other jurisdictions in the country—to break the back of an insidious menace that rose up years before the Son of Sam killings began and still lurks in the netherworld of American society. **OT**

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# XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

## LAY IT ON THE LINE

I am 22 and have recently married. I have been reading your column for about two years now; yet I have a question that I've been dying to find answered in your column. It seems that no one else must have this problem.

My husband and I love each other very much and try to please each other as much as possible. He is only 21 and great in bed. The problem is that we have no foreplay except if I go down on him. He really enjoys that, so I love to do it for him.

He has had a bad experience with cunnilingus with some other women and has absolutely no interest in trying it with me. This I don't really mind—yet I do miss it sometimes! As far as any touching, he seems to have no interest in that either.

I do enjoy sex with him and could do it anytime. I just wish he would touch me. How could I tell him this without hurting his feelings? Whenever I bring it into the conversation, he seems to feel inadequate in bed. I realize we are both young and have a lot of great sex ahead of us. But I'm getting sick of doing all the work.

I would never go anywhere else for the affection. But if this doesn't change soon, I don't think I'll have as much interest in our lovemaking. Any suggestions?—T. K.

I sometimes wonder if the people who write to me ever read what they have written. You say that your husband is "great in bed," and also that you "try to please each other." You then go on to describe his lovemaking technique, which is zilch. No foreplay, no touching, no sucking, no interest, and if you comment on it, he feels inadequate. Why? Because he is inadequate. He sounds like the worst lover in history. I am curious to know how one can have a bad experience with cunnilingus.

Tell your husband the truth about himself. I suggest you stop playing the shrink and take your live-in wimp to a marriage counselor or sexologist, and find out what is wrong with him, apart from being a lazy, spoiled brat. Tell him if he won't suck, he sucks. And if he won't shape up, he can ship out. There are hundreds (if not millions) of men out there panting to meet a lady like you.

## BELLY ACHING

I am writing you because I have what might be called a fetish. I love to look at all parts of a woman—breasts, legs, hips, ass, and the rest. I find them all beautiful. But my favorite part is a woman's navel. Nothing in the world turns me on more than a smooth, gently rounded tummy with a big deep-set belly button. The navel is what makes bikinis, hip-huggers, belly-dancer costumes, and any belly-baring clothing sexy.

I have also found that in some women the navel is an erogenous zone, and

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stimulating it can turn them on. I like relaxing on the beach with a bikini'd girlfriend stretched out next to me on her back. I start by giving her a slow, tender tummy rub. Then I ask her if anybody has ever told her she has a cute belly button. She usually laughs and says no. I tell her she does, and from that point on I can generally do what I want.

I like to start by sticking my fingertip in her navel and wiggling it playfully to find out if she's ticklish. Then, after a short interval, I insert my fingertip again and start trailing it slowly and gently around the inside. Sometimes I'll give her a sneaky little tickle, or sometimes I'll press her navel into the pit of her belly and bounce my fingertip gently up and down a couple of times. In either case, I take my finger away, wait a few minutes, and then start over again.

I've found that it works better when I do something the woman doesn't expect. One time, when I had done these things to a girl who had an “inny” like a crater, I put a piece of ice about the size and shape of a large Spanish olive in her navel and told her it was a jewel. She loved it. Most of the time, once a girl lets me get to her navel, it isn't long before she's letting me get anywhere else I want.

I've found the navel useful to begin foreplay. When the woman and I are both naked, I make her spread-eagle herself on her back and tell her not to move a muscle or make a sound no matter what I do to her. I get on top of her, take a breast in each hand, stick my tongue in her belly button, and start Frenching it without mercy. The girl is quivering all over in seconds and trying not to giggle or move. The longest any woman I've been with has been able to hold out was five and a half minutes.

The reason I think this might be a fetish is because the navel has been pretty much neglected as a sex object. I have seen little or no literature on the subject and have yet to see a movie that deals with it. I did see a belly-button contest once, put on by a college fraternity to raise money. Each contestant came to the platform in low-cut hip-huggers and displayed her navel to the judges and the onlookers. The prize was a silver ornament in the shape of a leaf that was designed to be worn in the navel. I'd have given anything to be the announcer, because he got to present the award by sticking it in the winner! But that's been about all the “publicity” I've seen the belly button receive. Still, I love belly buttons and always will. So, Xaviera, what do you make of this?—Q. T.

I would have argued with you on the fetishism angle of navel worship, but a little research among recent and not so recent issues of *Penthouse* and other magazines featuring the female body shows that you are right. There is a definite take-it-or-leave-it attitude about this delectable decoration. Out of all the color

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spreads I looked at, from two to 25 percent showed a navel, and hardly a one featured the belly button as a sexual attribute. This is very odd, considering that this beautiful belly embellishment was once so necessary to all the painters of the past who always depicted Adam and Eve (who by definition were created and not born) as having navels, with their sexual equipment usually covered by a fig leaf. I have always wondered how they kept this garnish in place before the invention of Super Glue.

A friend of mine, a psychiatrist-sexologist, had a case of a childless couple who had both been virgins when they married. It appeared that the man had been fucking his wife's navel for eight years. With a few simple instructions from the shrink, this husband soon learned to navigate his way to the treasure cave without a map, a compass, or even a native guide. The couple still do not have any children, but their sex life is now so great that they don't miss them anymore.

The incidence of the navel as an erogenous zone seems to vary a great deal, but this also applies to other parts of the body, particularly the male nipple. Very few men are excited by attention to their teats, and surprisingly only about 50 percent of women are driven wild by attention to their breasts. In my opinion, however, the sensitivity of erogenous zones can be developed through TLC to the ex-

tent that one famous lady is reported as saying, "It doesn't matter where you touch me; my whole body is an erogenous zone."

Another neglected and delightful built-in accessory is the ear, especially the bottom part, which has other uses apart from supporting fancy jewelry. Nibbled with the teeth, titillated with the tongue, the earlobe is a sensitivity center second to none and can be utilized in foreplay with far-reaching results. It is also more readily available in the winter when other, more obvious areas are concealed beneath layers of thermal clothing. If you are a southerner, this aspect may have escaped your attention. The colder climates impose certain sexual restrictions.

So we cannot therefore really label you a fetishist, but you deserve a lot of credit as a discoverer, or maybe a rediscoverer, of the erotic and aesthetic value of the final weld on nature's production line.

#### GENDER BENDER

*God's greatest dirty trick on man (and woman) is the imbalance He created in their sexual needs. It's my observation that, in general, men want sex more often than women. My wife and I share this imbalance.*

*Her body wants to come once every four to seven days. Mine wants to come every day. And if I go 48 hours without it, I find myself lying awake at nights, irrita-*

*ble and simply climbing the walls. So I masturbate a lot. But if the body needs sex like it needs to eat, then masturbation is like junk food. One can only eat so much of it before you crave steak and potatoes. Truly great sex is like lobster and wine; it's a very special occasion.*

*In our five years of living together (three of those married), we've progressed in stages. At first there was passion and we fucked endlessly. Then came satisfaction when my wife learned to come and we tried new things. (I believe I am the only lover my wife has ever had.) Now we've reached complacency.*

*I take great care to fill her needs. I know exactly how to make her climax. She likes extended foreplay and caressing. Then I masturbate her with my finger and kiss her until she comes. She can only (or only wants to) come this one way. She doesn't want any variety in spite of my suggestion for change. After she's peaked, she fills my needs very well. The quality is good, but the frequency is inadequate. Therein lies the catch.*

*I have grown to somewhat resent that she is totally satisfied and comes whenever she wants (because I'm always too horny to refuse her), but I am not satisfied. I feel a little abused. The situation is the worst when she works the night shift. When she's hot she wakes me at 3 A.M., and we come. In the morning, I'm not even sure it happened. I remember just enough*

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to make me really excited. But she's satisfied and not interested for another week.

Recently, I made a conscious decision to have my first "fling." On a California business trip I looked up an old girlfriend and convinced her to leave her lover for three days. We fucked seemingly continually, three or four times a day. We did things I'd never done before and it was wonderful. My desires and expectations were more than fulfilled.

The next few months were rocky, but time has softened these anxieties. We're back to the "norm." But my memory of that brief, though intense, satisfaction still lingers in my mind.

I realize what I would probably enjoy most is joining a few national swingers' clubs and passionately fucking those women who share my desires whenever I travel. But I'm afraid to. I know my wife would think this perverse. She'd be hurt and jealous. Beyond that, I fear that sooner or later I'd catch VD and bring it home. Although my wife might grudgingly accept sex with others, she'd be livid with anger if I gave her the clap. I think it would unnecessarily precipitate the downfall of our marriage. I don't want that. I love my wife, enjoy her company, and want to stay with her. I just seem to need more sex.

Do you have any suggestions for this dilemma?—J. C.

I do agree with you that men seem to want more sex than women, and it is certainly true that there are great differences in libido levels. One aspect of this problem that you have not considered is the emotional difference between men and women. Women in general need to be seduced and not feel used. Women like to play hard-to-get. The average woman with a healthy sex drive does not really need an orgasm more often than once every two days.

Curiously enough, I once had the same problem as your wife. I have a higher sex drive than her, as I need a satisfying orgasm at least once a day, but I had a lover who was a real satyr. Whatever I was doing, wherever I was, day or night, he was there with an enormous erection. At first it was wonderful, but even lobster and wine gets boring if you have it five times a day. If I refused him, he would first pout and then sadly jerk off in front of me, hoping that he could turn me on. After a while he realized he was not getting through to me with this technique. Being not only intelligent but also crafty, he changed his tactics. When I wanted my orgasm, he, with masterly self-control, feigned impotence.


I tried everything in the book, and I made up a few things on the spur of the moment—and of course his self-control vanished. His alter ego raised its pretty head and the Leaning Tower of Pisa was once more resurrected.

I knew all the time he was playing a game with me, but my instinct drove me

on. Finally, we settled down to a satisfactory arrangement. For what we called my orgasm, he would suck my nipples, nibble the back of my neck, suck my pussy, and do, in fact, whatever I wanted him to until I came—and, of course, he always came, too. In return, I would take care of his needs. If I didn't feel like fucking, I would help him masturbate between my tits, or suck him to orgasm. If he wanted it more than three times a day he was on his own, and had to take himself in hand.

To do these things for the man you love is not at all like, say, vacuuming the carpet, but I would point out to your wife that if the carpet needs vacuum cleaning daily, then it's her job to do it. On your side, I think you could probably make sex more exciting. It is all very well to make suggestions, but you must make them sound interesting, otherwise it is just like a boring lesson at school.

If none of these suggestions work, then you can try some extramarital screwing around, if you can overcome your fear of sexually transmitted diseases. Consider, however, that even the common cold can be described as an STD. Remember also that a brief encounter is always going to have that caviar-and-champagne quality, because the lady in question doesn't have to live with you day and night. So it's all new and exciting. But it is unfair to make comparisons, so keep it secret.

If all else fails, you can always try cold showers. 

## CREDITS

Page 9 left, Jeffrey Roiman; page 9 top left, Jeff Zwart; page 9 top right, AP/Wide World; page 9 center, Bob Guccione; page 9 bottom, Yoshihiro Ushisima; page 10, Jean Swiggett; page 17, Movie Still Archives; page 18 top, Jean-Antoine Walleau, "Jupiter et Antiope," Louvre; page 18 bottom, Patrick Donehue/Photo Researchers; page 19 top, Alan Keler/Sigma; page 19 bottom, The Bettmann Archive; page 35, Hiroyuki Matsomoto/Black Star; page 36 left, Animals Animals; page 36 right, The Marshall Group; page 37 top, Chester Simpson/Artist's Publications; page 37 bottom, Victor Englebert/Photo Researchers; page 38, Gary Bernstein/Sigma; page 49 bottom left, Guy Powers; page 49 top right, David Redfern/Retna; page 50 top left, Jeffery Vock/Visions; page 50 bottom left, Animals Animals; page 51 top left, Zig Leszczynski/Animals Animals; page 51 bottom left, Wide World; page 51 bottom right, Wide World; page 60, Yoshihiro Ushisima; page 94, R. Petry; page 123 clockwise from top left, Scott Weinek/Retna; Joyce Rudolph/Orion Pictures; Movie Still Archives; Orban/Sigma; Sigma; Yvonne Gunter/Sigma; Jean Daniel Lorréux/Sigma; Sennet/Gamma-Liaison; page 123 center, Peter Borsari/Camera 5; page 143, Robert Maier GDT/Animals Animals; page 144 top, Joel Axelrad/Retna; page 144 bottom, The Bettmann Archive; page 145 left, Geoffrey Nilsen; page 145 right, AP/Wide World; page 162 top to bottom, Peter Turner, Louis Du-Buisson, Dan Morrill, Bill Lee, Roland Neveu/Gamma-Liaison

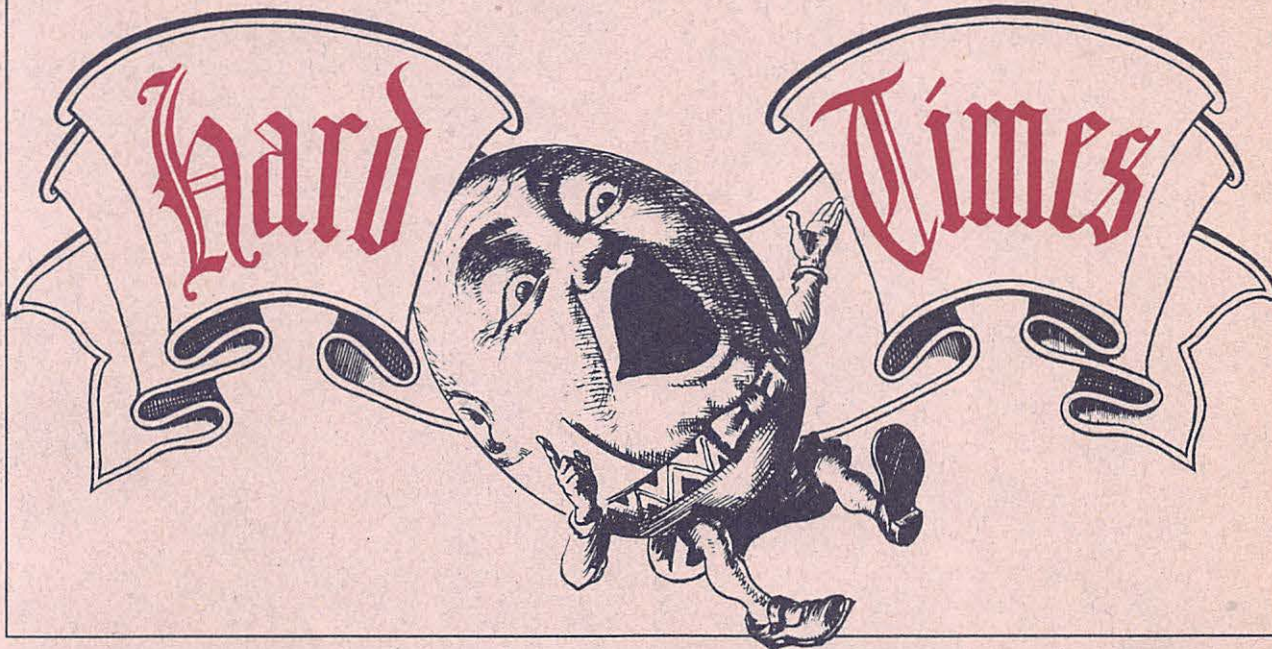
## CAMERA CREDITS

Connie Gauthier, June's Pet of the Month, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. She can be seen on page 75. Earl Miller created this month's love set, on page 112, with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. We would also like to thank Alexandre Benaroch for the use of his jewelry in our April 1987 Pet of the Month pictorial.



**EXTRA**

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,  
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culled from the nation's press

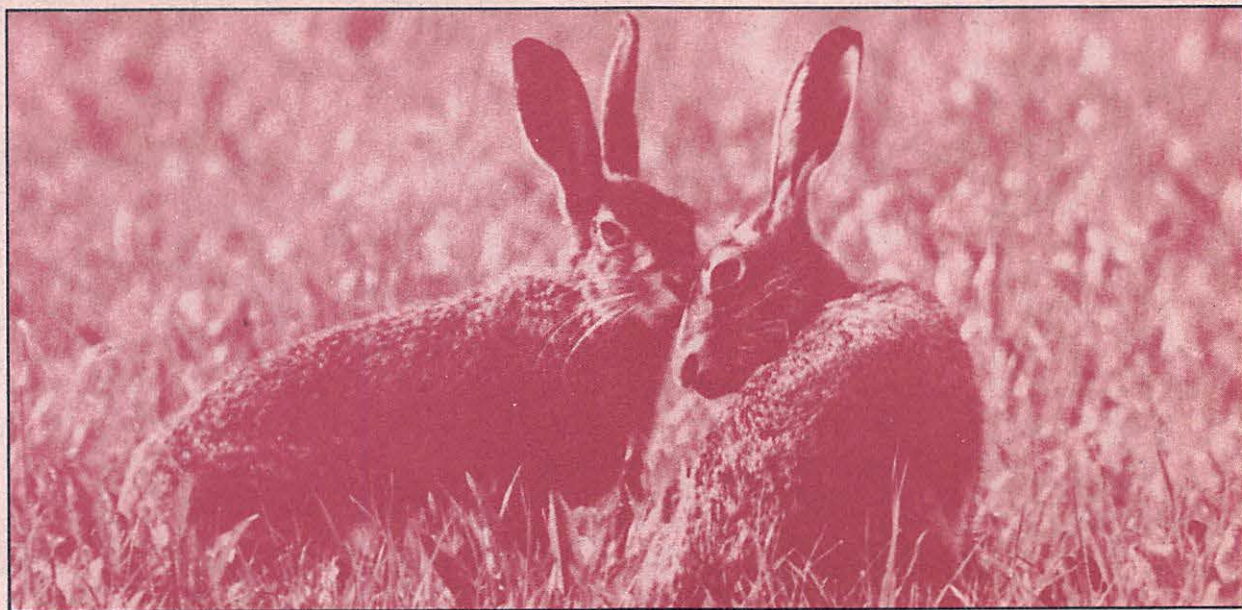
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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 6, NO. 5

# KILLER RABBITS



For farmer Paul Bodine of Alberta, Canada, it was like a scene from a Monty Python movie. He was fortunate to escape with his life when he was attacked by a pack of 40-pound vicious rabbits. "They were some kind of mutated beasts," Bodine remembers. "They were giant rabbits, the size of dogs, and they bit and teared into me with their teeth." The besieged Mr. Bodine had the presence of mind to escape the giant rabbits by climbing a tree to safety. For more than an hour, the lethal lagomorphs sat under the tree waiting for Bodine to descend until they finally gave up on their quarry and left. Was Bodine

imagining the experience? Not according to Andre Genet, who was part of an expedition investigating the incident: "Large packs of gigantic rabbits were roaming freely through the dense forest, destroying and devouring everything in sight." Scientist Dr. Jeremiah Doremus speculated on an explanation for the homicidal hares: "The rabbits are a mutated life-form. They have grown to a tremendous size; have taken on a violent, destructive personality; and most remarkably, have become flesh eaters." (*Sun*)

*Luckily, they didn't harm a hare on his head.—Editor*





## Elvis Sighted on Flying Saucer

The King is back. All around the world hundreds of people have spotted Elvis Presley staring out the window of a hovering UFO, according to UFO expert Victor Blair. "We've ruled out a hoax," Blair says. "Too many people from many parts of the world

have reported seeing Elvis in a spaceship of this description." This will come as no surprise to Presley's close friends and legion of fans. Romaine Gunter, a psychic investigator examining the reported sightings, says that in his later years Elvis "became

very interested in extraterrestrial beings and once expressed his desire to build a UFO landing station. Maybe he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams." Elvis fans have even more to celebrate, since witnesses have also heard music coming from the

spaceship. And the music is better than ever. According to Blair, "The music sounds like rock, but there's a difference. It seems to have a celestial quality to it." (Sun)

*Looks like we won't have to wait too long for Liberace's next album.—Editor*

## MOM IS NOW DAD

Lovely Rosalba Anderini of Perugia, Italy, was the loving mother of two children, but she felt that something was very wrong. "I was a boy trapped in a girl's body. Even as a child, I preferred boys' games to playing with dolls." Today Rosalba is Gabriele after successfully going through Italy's first sex-change operation for a woman. Gabriele's girlfriend of four years, a 28-year-old psychologist named Laura, explained why she fell in love with a transsexual: "The only real men are transsexuals, because they're also women." (National Examiner)

*But do they eat quiche?—Editor*

## ROBOT SUICIDE

It was a dark day at the Budd Company in North Baltimore, Maryland, when Florence, a glue-squirting robot, took her own life. Florence picked up a bottle of a powerful solvent and, pouring it into her chest, melted her wiring. There have been no explanations as to what may have prompted Florence's tragic action, but back at the Budd Company it's business as usual. Florence has been replaced by Ruth, a robot who is reportedly a teetotaler. (Metropolitan Forum—submitted by Paul P. Hughes, Minneapolis, Minn.)

*It won't be the same at the office Christmas party.—Editor*



## Devil's Advocate

Satan may finally have his day in court. Last October Ralph P. Forbes of London, Arkansas, filed a lawsuit asking the court to enjoin Arkansas public schools from observing the rites of Satan—i.e., children wearing costumes to school on Halloween. Forbes, a former member of the American Nazi Party, described Halloween as "the devil's holiday." Attorney John Wesley Hall, Jr., heard about the suit and volunteered to represent Satan *pro bono publico*. Hall's argument is that the case alleges a conflict between Jesus and his client that cannot be litigated in federal court under the provisions of the First Amendment. (San Jose Mercury News—submitted by C. A. Como, Campbell, Calif.)

*He's one hell of a lawyer!—Editor*



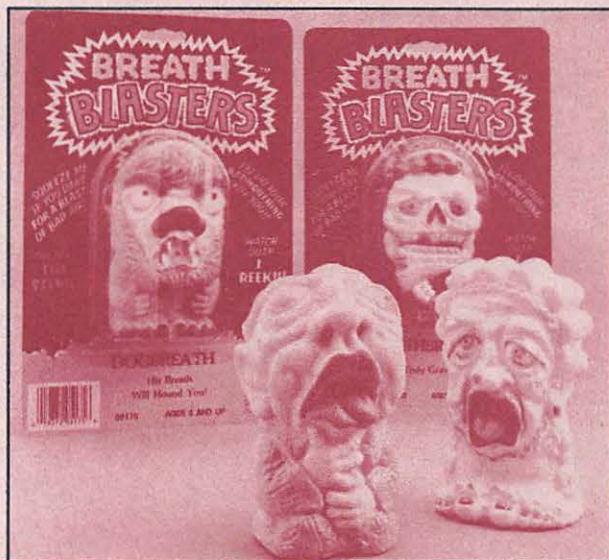
# Wedding Cake Bomb

Miriam and Hassan Balem appeared to be ideal newlyweds as they posed for pictures while cutting their wedding cake. But before the slices could be served, Hassan excused himself to go to the bathroom. Once inside the stall, he activated a remote-control device, exploding a bomb he had earlier planted in the cake, killing Miriam and six guests. Hassan was wreak-

ing revenge on his bride after learning that the future Mrs. Balem had cuckolded him. "She thought I didn't know about her affair," Hassan explained, "but I knew. And I knew everybody else knew. I played along and waited for the right moment—when she had her happiest moment as a bride." (*Examiner*)  
That put the icing on the cake.—Editor

# TOYS ARE US

The ever-vigilant Americans for Democratic Action released its annual best-worst toy list, and one of the leaders in the "worst" categories was a line of toys called Breath Blasters, whose heroes include Victor Vomit, Death Breath, Morning Mouth, George Garbage Mouth, Mackerel Mouth, and Dog Breath. Ann Brown, chairwoman of A.D.A.'s consumer-affairs commission, described the dolls: "Believe me, the toys do exactly what their names imply. They smell awful." Our favorite Breath Blaster, Rude Ralph, has a head with one blood-shot eye, and burps, gags, and makes other nice noises. (*Chicago Tribune*—submitted by John Kalas, Baltimore, Md.)  
Will the movie be called Maggots in Toyland?—Editor



# WHOOOPS!

Mexican actress Lucita Perez decided to have a face-lift operation and entered a local hospital. Unfortunately, there was a slight surgical error, and when Lucita awoke, she had been transformed into a "he." "I know hospitals sometimes get things bungled up," said her mother, "but this one really takes the cake." Surgeon Geraldo Mendoza, who is being sued for \$35 million by Lucita, tried to put things in perspective when he explained his error to her mother. "I tried to calm Senora Perez down by telling her she had not really lost a daughter but gained a son. But she wouldn't listen to reason." (*Sun*)  
Some people simply can't understand medical logic.—Editor



# Don't Bite

Demonstrating an oral facility worthy of Linda Lovelace, Princess Diana demonstrates how to use a spirometer, which measures the strength and capacity of the lungs, during a

visit to London's Brompton Hospital. (*Milwaukee Sentinel*—submitted by Bill Stangl, Kewaskum, Wis.)  
We'd say Prince Charles is a very lucky man.—Editor

# COSMIC CALL GIRL

Merry Lynn Noble was an unhappy hooker looking for a way out of her sinful life. She was in Denver when one night she traveled by astral projection to her parents' farm in Montana. She was sitting in a car with her mother and father when "instantaneously, a blinding white light engulfed the vehicle," she recalled. "We all knew it was a UFO. My parents went into a state of suspended animation, and I was lifted out of my body." It was a born-again experience for Merry, as her body was purified by the white light. "I didn't want to go back to my body, and said, 'God, Thy will be done.'" Alien voices then told her that they would help her transform her life. Today, life is beautiful for Merry. She is married and has written a book called *Sex, God, and UFOs*. She is looking for a publisher. (*Examiner*)

We'll have to pass on that one.—Editor

# EDITOR'S NOTE:

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# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

When we recovered, I gave her a deep soul kiss, and sadly explained that I couldn't take the job because I'd rather remember her as a lover than as a boss. Luckily, she wouldn't take no for an answer. I've been with the company for ten years now, and the time has been well spent, especially when Regina and I have to work overtime, "balancing the books."—Name and address withheld

## POPULAR MECHANICS

Frank and I run a small garage just outside of L.A. It was a Friday night and business was slow, so we decided to close a little early and chill at a nearby club. Just as we were about to lock up the garage, a tow truck hauling a badass red Corvette pulled up. When it pulled to a stop, a def, fly girl got out of the car. She had fire-red hair, tight red pants, and a thin white silk blouse with at least half-inch nipples trying to bust through. She said her car just blew up on her, and she wondered how long it would take us to fix it, if we could. After a short discussion, Frank and I decided that it would take at least two hours to work on it and that since we were about to chill for the night, it would have to wait. She looked at us with seductive emerald eyes and said that she

would do anything for us if we would fix her car, because she had to be in L.A. the next day for an interview. With a scheming laugh, Frank and I said that we would look it over.

As I helped unhitch the car and get it into the garage bay, Frank went in the back to get some tools. Looking under the hood, I kept thinking how nice it would be to get her out of those tight leather pants and onto my pleasure pump. I began to wonder where she went and why Frank hadn't brought back any tools. I decided to get the tools myself. Frank knew damn well that I didn't want to stay here any longer than necessary. When I got to the back, Frank was getting his own tool cleaned. She was deep-throating all ten and one-half inches of Frank's manhood as her nipples pointed out provocatively in her excitement.

I thought that since Frank and I had been partners for five years, I should share in this business venture. Reaching around, I molded my hands around her firm breasts and erect nipples, rolling them between my fingers as she pushed harder against my hands. I removed her pants to reveal her trimmed cunt, sending juices down her long, slender legs. Sliding underneath her, I slowly licked and nibbled my way to her steaming love hole, hearing Frank groan as he got ready to explode in her mouth. Still licking Frank's half-limp cock, she moaned breathlessly

as I licked and nibbled on her clitoris and massaged her ass with my hands. Moments later, she exploded onto my face with what had to be a gallon of juices as I lapped heartily at her box. She asked desperately for someone to fuck her. Sliding further up, I sat her down on the tip of my 11-inch cock. With lustful desire she inched her way down and squeezed my love muscle on every stroke until all 11 inches were buried inside of her. When she arched her back, I felt a deluge of wetness as she slumped on top of me. Knowing that I still needed relief, she slid down to my hard cock and licked her juices off. I exploded deep into her mouth, and she let some come dribble from her lips. Meanwhile, Frank was ready again and entered her from behind. He slowly stroked her to another orgasm as he shot another load inside of her.

After everyone had their turn, we all showered and drove her to L.A., where we got her address and phone number to reach her when her car was ready. That was a week ago, and Frank and I are delivering her car to her tonight. She said that she has a few friends for us to meet. Needless to say, that will be another story.—Name and address withheld

## GIVE AND TAKE

It was a Monday night, and there were four of us on duty at the Coast Guard emergency desk. Our sole duty was to



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- ☐ TANYA FOX
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- ☐ BREEZY LANE
- ☐ CARA LOTT
- ☐ LACY LUV
- ☐ PURPLE PASSION
- ☐ NINA HARTLEY
- ☐ STACEY DONOVAN
- ☐ CHRISTY CANYON

**GROUP D**

- ☐ KELI RICHARDS
- ☐ GINA VALENTINO
- ☐ TAMARA LONGLEY
- ☐ LISA DELEUW
- ☐ BECKY SAVAGE
- ☐ TIFFANY CLARK
- ☐ PENNY MORGAN
- ☐ BARBARA DARE
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respond to any general utility call on the base, but it had been a beautiful, clear winter day and we were prepared for a boring evening. The station consisted of a front office and two rooms, one for males and one for females, equipped with cots for overnight shifts.

At 24, I was the oldest of the crew on call—Jack, the senior watch-stander, was 23, and Drew and Sarah were 22. Sarah had always been a favorite of mine. She was a tall five foot nine, with a long, lithe figure and thick blond hair. She's a very open person, one of the guys really, and can discuss almost anything without so much as a blush. In fact, she was a lot less uptight than Drew and Jack, who seemed to believe that many subjects were best discussed in the privacy of one's own home.

This particular night, Jack was called out on a major repair call at eight o'clock. After he left, the desk was quiet and I was getting bored with TV, so I pulled out the latest issue of *Penthouse* and began to peruse it. I must have laughed out loud at something because Sarah asked me, "What's so funny over there?" She came over to me and leaned over my shoulder as I read aloud an amusing letter from "Forum." Suddenly I became aware of an "arising problem" between my legs, and the feeling of Sarah's chest pressing into my back was aggravating my condition. At first I was embarrassed, but then fig-

ured, what the hell, Sarah was open about sex, and this wouldn't be the first time she'd seen a hard-on.

As luck would have it, at that moment Jack called in and asked Drew to come and assist him. The commotion of getting the equipment ready for Drew's departure unfortunately distracted Sarah from what I hoped might be a fantasy come true. When Drew had left, I looked up to see if Sarah would join me again, but found, to my disappointment, that she had retreated into the bathroom.

I was pleasantly surprised when Sarah came out of the bathroom and asked me where we were before we were so rudely interrupted. She came back behind me and continued to read over my shoulder. This time Sarah made no effort to conceal the fact that she was staring right at my crotch. I stole a peek over my shoulder and found myself looking right down the front of Sarah's shirt. She had unbuttoned it and removed her bra while she was in the bathroom. I couldn't read any further as I gazed at the most beautifully firm, rounded breasts I had ever seen. Her nipples were at full attention, and I knew that I had to have her right then.

I turned around and looked right into her blue eyes. It was so natural the way we came together. We moved into the back room, locked the door, and began kissing passionately. As our excitement rose, I sat Sarah down on the cot and

removed her shirt while she worked on my pants. I knew we could have been caught at any time, but I refused to hurry, and I had to convince Sarah to slow down and enjoy the experience to the fullest. When we had undressed each other, I lay her down on her back and began kissing her neck and nibbling on her ears as I caressed her breasts with my hands.

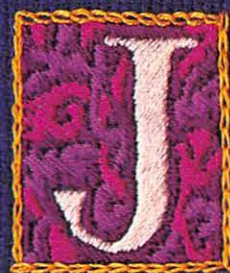
Sarah wasn't one to just sit back and take and not give, so she began by lightly massaging my rock-hard member while returning my kisses. I moved down her shoulders, working my tongue over the curves of her breasts until finally taking a nipple into my mouth. I could tell this was driving her crazy, as she took a firmer grip on my shaft and began directing me toward her love mitten.

But I had other things on my mind, and I lay by her side so that we could enjoy each other's taste. I probed her with my tongue, concentrating on her clitoris, while Sarah worked at the other end, eagerly sucking and caressing my tool. The joys of giving and receiving were too much and we both had earth-shattering orgasms. The sights and sounds of our simultaneous orgasms just turned both of us on even more, and we were immediately ready for some serious lovemaking. I placed her legs over my shoulders and entered her, slowly taking time to completely immerse myself in the intense feelings of her wetness. I then began a slow, deliberate thrusting, starting at the very outer lips. I kept this up for some time until the moans and gyrations from Sarah's hips told me that I couldn't hold back any longer. I picked up speed until we were slamming full force into each other, sweat pouring down our faces. Sarah's back arched and her body stiffened suddenly. This caused me to go over the edge, and I came with an urgency I had never before experienced. I continued pumping, and Sarah let out a moan of orgasmic pleasure as her entire body began shaking with convulsions. This lasted for what seemed like forever before we collapsed into each other's arms, exhausted and fulfilled.

With the realization that Jack and Drew would return at any moment, we dressed, gave each other one last kiss, and walked back to the front office. It completely shook us up to find that Drew had been sitting there, for how long we had no idea. I asked him how long he'd been back and was answered by an ear-splitting grin. He never mentioned it again, and Sarah and I have been seeing each other on a regular basis ever since. We always volunteer for the overnight shift.—Name and address withheld

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ack and Jill  
went up the hill  
to fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down  
and broke his Crown Royal  
and now Jill is dating  
some guy from L.A.



*Crown Royal*



# Sweet Chastity

VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN IS ANXIOUS TO PURSUE HIS TREASURE HUNT, BUT HIS ENTOURAGE, SUCCUMBING RAPIDLY TO THE LOTUS-EATING LIFE AT THE VILLA MARGOLIS, ARE NOT DRIVEN BY THE SAME DEMONS.....

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, VINCENT?

NOTHING—JUST SOME TRIVIAL INVITATION.

I HOPE WE NEVER GO BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA—I LIKE BEING ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

INVITATION—FROM WHOM?

IT'S OF NO IMPORTANCE. IT'S FROM ARISTOTLE PARNASSUS—WE DON'T WANT TO GO THERE.

WE'VE GOT NO TIME FOR SOCIALIZING—WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

AN INVITATION FROM ARISTOTLE PARNASSUS? LET ME SEE THAT!

by RON EMBLETON  
and BOB GUCCIONE









MY GOD! AND THEY  
CALL ME MAD!

I DON'T SEE MAGGIE OR  
RONNY HERE. DOES  
THAT MEAN THERE'S A  
MORE IMPORTANT PARTY  
SOMEWHERE ELSE?

RELAX AND ENJOY  
YOURSELF. I DON'T  
SUPPOSE THEY'LL START  
WORLD WAR III  
WITHOUT US!

I'VE BEEN YOUR  
DEVOTED ADMIRER  
FOR MANY YEARS,  
MS. CHASTITY!

YOU'RE VERY  
KIND, MR.  
PARNASSUS.

OH-ARISTOTLE,  
PLEASE!

OH, YES-THIS IS  
MY KIND OF  
ACTION! WATCH  
A REAL SWINGER  
SCORE!

ARE YOU FROM  
RENTACROWD,  
TOO?

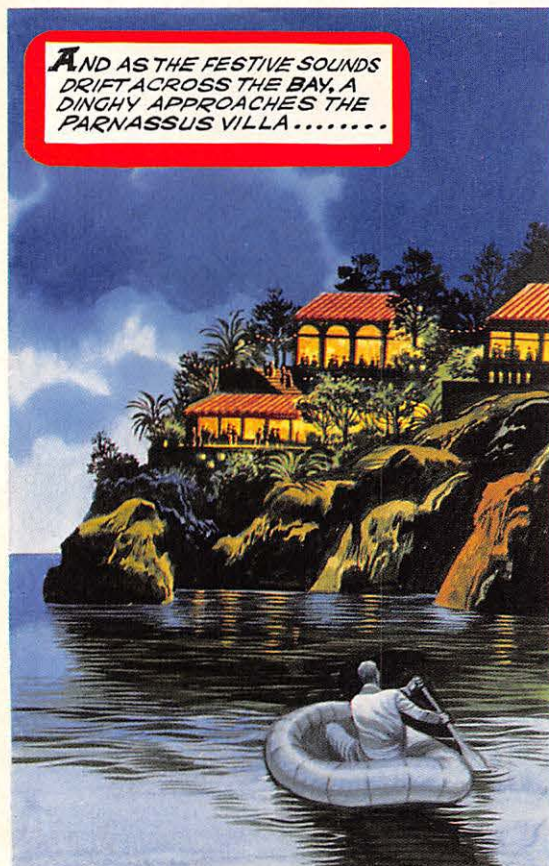
WHATEVER HAPPENED  
TO THE OLD GANG?

EX-KING  
UMBERTO  
OF BUCOVINA?  
PRINCESS  
EUGENIA  
OF BOSNIA  
AND OLD  
EX-DUKE  
FERDY  
WHATSIT?

THAT'S NOT WHERE  
IT'S AT ANYMORE!  
THEY'RE ALL  
INSIDER TRADERS,  
ASSET STRIPPERS,  
CURRENCY  
SPECULATORS,  
AND TIME-SHARE  
PROPERTY  
DEVELOPERS NOW!

CAN YA LIVE ON  
THIS STUFF MATE?

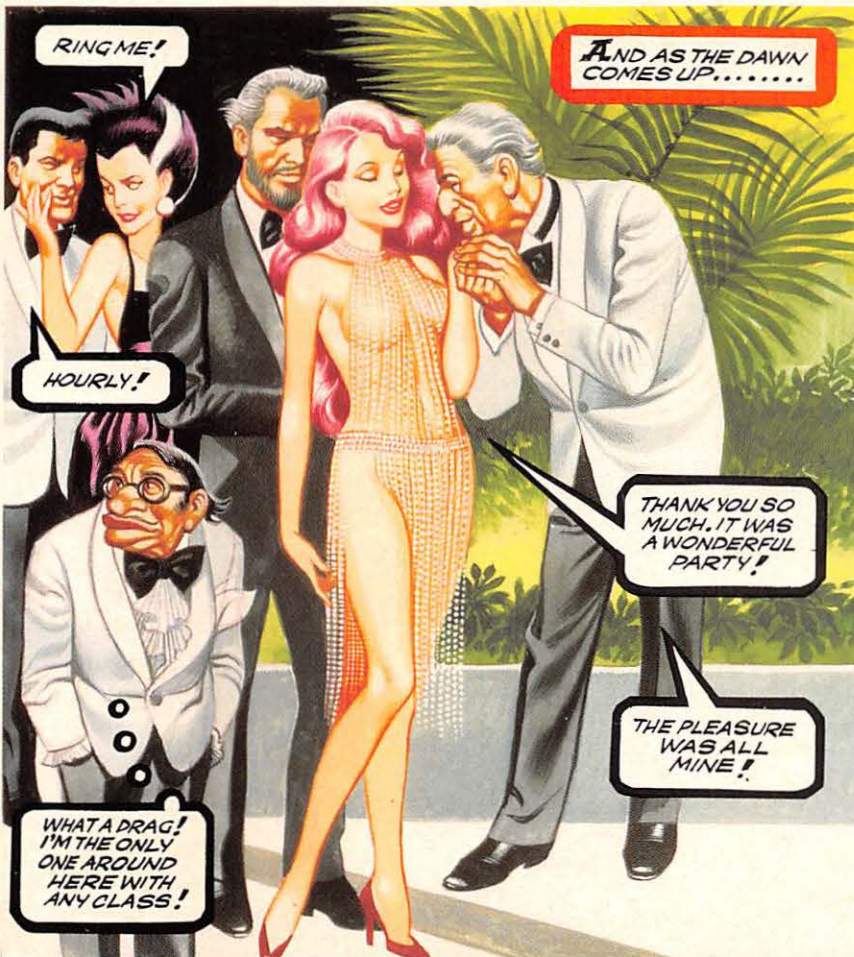














# GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

$$X = \frac{\left(\frac{a}{b}\right) + (c+d+e)}{[(f+g+h)-(i \times j)] - k} \times [(l+m)-n] - \left[\left(\frac{o+p}{q}\right) + \left(\frac{r-s}{(t-u)-v}\right)\right]$$

$$\left[(w \times x \times y) + z\right] - (A \times B) + \left[\left(\frac{C \times D \times E}{F}\right) \times \left(\frac{G}{H}\right) - J\right] + \left[\frac{(K \times L) + M}{(N/O) - (R-S)}\right]$$

Uh, oh. You expected an easy ace by taking the "Introduction to Sports and Games" class. You thought the final would have questions like, "Exercise is good for your health. True or false?" or "Which ball is *not* a sphere: tennis ball, bowling ball, football?"

But Coach Barnard has pulled a fast one. The alums must have got to him with the old "academics first, athletics second" argument. So Coach has written the final exam there on the blackboard, disguised as a complicated mathematical formula.

Just plug in the numbers and solve for X. Simple as one, two . . .

## SPORTS FORMULA

a. Strikes in a perfect bowling game. b. Points for a touchdown. c. Number of starting pieces per side in checkers. d. Number of starting pieces per side in chess. e. Number of starting pieces per side in backgammon. f. Squares on a bingo card. g. Number of possible first moves in chess. h. Cards in a poker hand. i. Starters in the Indianapolis 500. j. Number of the yellow ball in billiards. k. Number of the blue ball in billiards. l. Weight of a bowling ball, in pounds. m. Weight of a shot-put ball, in pounds. n. Weight of the hammer in the hammer throw, a men's track-and-field event. o. Pentagons on a soccer ball. p. Par on a 451-yard golf hole. q. Number of steps in the usual bowling approach. r. Length of an Olympic pool, in meters. s. The total number of spots on two dice. t. Amount of money you'll make on a \$2 bet if the odds are 6-1. u. Holes on a golf course. v. Birdie on a par 3 hole. w. Players on a basketball team. x. Players on a hockey team. y. Players on a water-polo team. z. Players on a baseball

team. A. Players on a Canadian football team. B. Players on an Australian Rules football team. C. Number of seconds a bronco rider tries to stay aboard. D. The \_\_\_-second lane in basketball. E. The \_\_\_-minute warning in football. F. The \_\_\_-second shot clock in N.B.A. basketball. G. The \_\_\_-minute halves in college basketball. H. The \_\_\_-minute quarters in pro basketball. I. Time-outs per side per half in football. J. Minutes per round in boxing. K. Goals in a hat trick. L. The number of major-league baseball teams named after birds. M. Point value of a "ringer" in horseshoes. N. Width of a football field in feet. O. Height of a basketball hoop in feet. P. Distance from the foul line to the headpin in bowling, in feet. Q. Whole number of feet between the pitcher's rubber and home plate in baseball. R. Height of high hurdles, in inches. S. Height of low hurdles, in inches.

## SPORTS LINGO

For jocks who have an English minor, Coach Barnard has compiled a glossary of sporting words. All you have to do is identify which term applies to which sport.

- |                 |                              |
|-----------------|------------------------------|
| 1. gi           | a. archery                   |
| 2. chum         | b. Australian Rules football |
| 3. clinch       | c. baseball                  |
| 4. Daffy        | d. basketball                |
| 5. ding         | e. billiards                 |
| 6. floo-floo    | f. boating                   |
| 7. fetch        | g. bowling                   |
| 8. fifi-hook    | h. boxing                    |
| 9. flyaway      | i. cricket                   |
| 10. Brooklyn    | j. court tennis              |
| 11. give tongue | k. curling                   |
| 12. house       | l. fishing                   |
| 13. jam         |                              |

- |                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 14. kitchen            | m. football          |
| 15. keyhole            | n. fox hunting       |
| 16. massé              | o. freestyle skiing  |
| 17. Last Chance Rule   | p. golf              |
| 18. mogul              | q. gymnastics        |
| 19. Naismith's formula | r. hiking            |
| 20. ruck               | s. hockey            |
| 21. penthouse          | t. judo              |
| 22. scrum              | u. karate            |
| 23. rat tail           | v. mountain climbing |
| 24. nunchaku           | w. Roller Derby      |
| 25. slurve             | x. rowing            |
| 26. sticky wicket      | y. rugby             |
| 27. slot               | z. sailing           |
| 28. waggle             | A. shuffleboard      |
| 29. wash               | B. skating           |
| 30. whizzer            | C. skiing            |
| 31. Zamboni            | D. surfing           |
|                        | E. wrestling         |

## Answers:

### SPORTS FORMULA

a. 12. b. 6. c. 12. d. 16. e. 15. f. 25. g. 20. h. 5. i. 33. j. 1. k. 2. l. 16. m. 16. n. 16. o. 12. p. 4. q. 4. r. 50. s. 42. t. 24. u. 18. v. 2. w. 5. x. 6. y. 7. z. 9. A. 12. B. 18. C. 8. D. 3. E. 2. F. 24. G. 20. H. 12. I. 3. J. 3. K. 3. L. 3. M. 3. N. 160. O. 10. P. 60. Q. 60. R. 42. S. 30. X = 4.2.

### SPORTS LINGO

1-t. The gi is the two-piece cotton garment worn in judo and sometimes in karate.



2-l. Chum is live bait thrown into the water to attract fish.



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# GAMES

3-h. You know, of course, that the clinch is illegal in boxing.

4-o. In freestyle skiing, a jump with the legs separated and straight—one in front and one in back, with the skis nearly vertical—is called a Daffy.



5-D. A small dent in a surfboard is known as a ding.

6-a. A floo-floo is an arrow with feathers arranged to cause it to fly straight for only a short distance and then to slow down suddenly. Designed for bird hunting, floo-floos are often retrievable.

7-z. Fetch is the distance a sailboat will travel by its own momentum when headed into the wind.

8-v. A fifi-hook is used for hanging a rope ladder to a piton in mountain climbing.

9-q. A backward-somersaulting dismount off the horizontal bar or the rings in gymnastics is called a flyaway.



10-g. The side of the pins opposite your bowling arm is the Brooklyn side.

11-n. In fox hunting, a hound that barks when he has found the scent of the quarry is said to "give tongue."

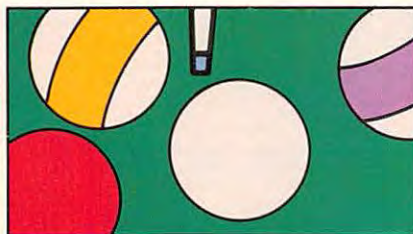
12-k. In curling, the target area toward which the stones are delivered is the house.

13-w. In Roller Derby, the 60-second period when players try to lap members of the opposing team to score points is called a jam.

14-A. The kitchen is the back row of a shuffleboard. Landing a disk there reduces a player's score by ten points.

15-d. The area at each end of a basketball court, marked by the free-throw lane and the restraining circle, is known as the keyhole. Before the 1950s, when the lane was only six feet wide, the area looked even more like a keyhole than it does today.

16-e. A massé shot in billiards is made by striking the cue ball vertically on one side to drive it around one ball to hit another.



17-f. The Last Chance Rule, a provision of the boating Rules of the Road, sanctions taking whatever action necessary, including violating the rules themselves, in order to avoid a collision between boats.

18-C. A mogul is a bump on a ski slope.

19-r. Hikers use Naismith's formula to estimate the time a hike may take: Allow one hour for every three miles by the map, plus an additional hour for every 2,000 feet climbed.

20-b. In Australian Rules football, the ruck is the group of three players who are allowed to follow the play all over the field.

21-j. In court tennis, the penthouse is the sloping roof that runs around three sides of the court. (We didn't know that, either.)

22-y. A scrum is the "face-off" position in rugby.

23-B. Rat tail is the name skaters give to the short scratch mark made on the ice as a skater pushes off from one foot to glide backward on the other foot.

24-u. The nunchaku is a karate weapon consisting of two hardwood sticks joined together by a short length of cord or chain.



25-c. A slurve is a baseball pitch that curves more than a slider but that travels faster than a curve.

26-i. In cricket, a sticky wicket is a playing field that has been rained on, resulting in a tacky surface that makes play difficult for batsmen.

27-m. The slot is the gap between an end and a tackle in an offensive football line.

28-p. A golfer waggles the club head back and forth over the ball before beginning his backswing. It is used to release tension.

29-x. In rowing, a wash is an illegal move in front of another shell so that the other crew is forced to row in one's wake.

30-E. A whizzer is an armlock in wrestling.

31-s. A Zamboni is the four-wheeled machine that comes out between periods in a hockey game to resurface the ice.



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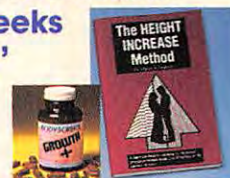
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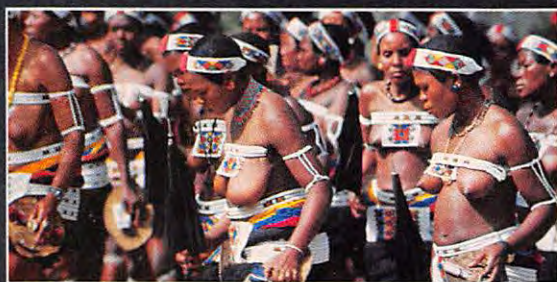


# COMING IN THE JULY PENTHOUSE



## THE ARMAGEDDON NETWORK

It used to be that the lone prophet with his sign "Repent! The end of the world is near!" was simply a character in comic strips. But these days, unbelievably, some of our leading religious and political personalities fervently subscribe to the notion of Armageddon. In brief, this means that mankind will not know true happiness until some terrible apocalypse erupts in which unbelievers are slaughtered by the Antichrist, while believers are "raptured out"—zapped straight to heaven. Joseph Cuomo, who achieved national prominence when he debated Jerry Falwell, exposes the danger of having a president of the United States who believes that the world must end in flames before true Christians can be saved.



## SOUTH AFRICA'S CONFUSING COVER-UP

Everyone knows about South Africa's rigid and puritanical apartheid separation of races, and almost everyone is determined to do something about it. But so far neither protest marches, boycotts, nor riots have shaken white-minority rule there. Next month, reporter Louis du Buisson visits a different battlefield in that beleaguered land—a public shower in Durban where the arrest of a young Zulu woman for bathing topless shook the nation. Black women's breasts and white women's nipples, it seems, are more threatening to many of South Africa's Boer masters than U.N. resolutions or even wars of liberation.



## HEARTLAND HEROES

"Hear about the farmer who got put in jail for child abuse?" goes the bitter joke spreading like prairie fire in the Midwest. "He gave his son the farm." But no one's laughing. The family farm, a great and noble American institution, is being destroyed, and the good, solid citizens of our heartland have been abandoned to face ruin. Next month, we'll publish an extraordinary article by Peter Manso, in which he recounts the time he spent with one farm family who, surrounded by violence and despair, are truly among today's American heroes.



## LAST RESORTS

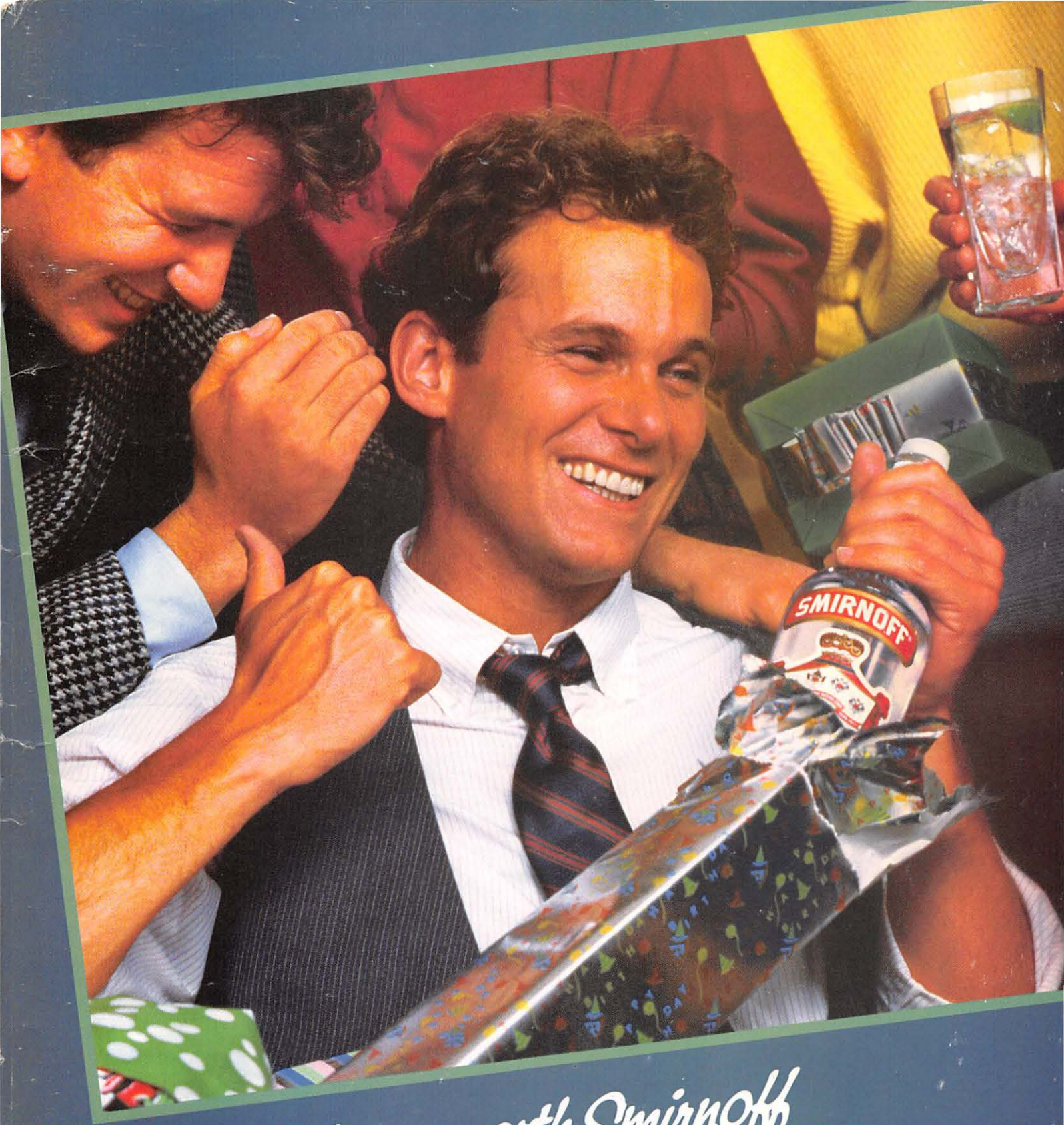
In this issue, on page 35, Emily Prager tells us how she's going to spend her summer vacation. Next month, our globe-trotting humor editor, Bill Lee, offers several international alternatives—for those travelers with the budget, and guts, to try them. As he vividly demonstrates, times have changed. "Beirut was once the Paris of the Middle East. Today, Paris is the Beirut of Europe." Therefore, an up-to-date guide for adventurous American families is called for and provided herewith . . . along with, as Lee puts it, "some unique suggestions as to how to spend your bumper vacation."



## VIETNAM VETS TAKE HOLLYWOOD

Oliver Stone's film *Platoon* is proof that, more than a decade after the fall of Saigon, Vietnam veterans have finally broken through Hollywood's defenses. Next month, Gustav Hasford reviews this long, agonizing war to capture our hearts and minds. Hasford, who served in Vietnam, wrote a novel that is the basis for Stanley Kubrick's new film, *Full Metal Jacket*. As an author and as a veteran he has been repulsed by the film industry's policy of "reviling the veteran" in order to make millions churning out *Rambo*-like trash. But for the veterans—and for all of us—the truth must be told. And that truth is: "We weren't Rambo, betrayed by C.I.A. spooks. It was a fair fight and we lost."





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