

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

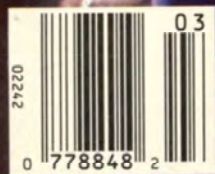
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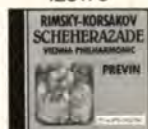
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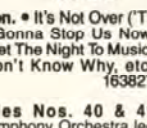
Brahms, Symphony No. 1. • Vienna Phil./Bernstein. DG DIGITAL 125224



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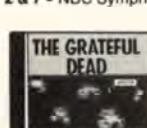
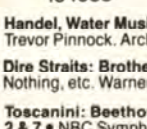
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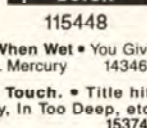
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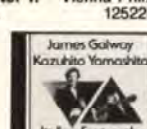
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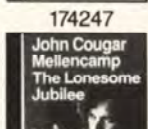
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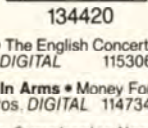
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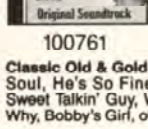
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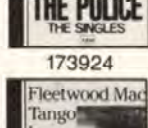
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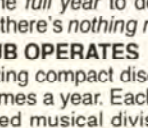
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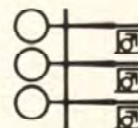
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Our cover features Toni, who was photographed by Donald H. Milne with a Nikon camera, Nikkor 85 and 105 lenses, Kodachrome 64 film, and Broncolour lighting. Her pictorial begins on page 121.

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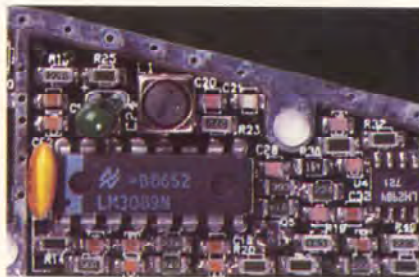
were left defenseless. But now there's a choice: drive uninformed with yesterday's radar detector or travel prepared to receive X, K and Ka Band police radar with the EXPRESS 3.

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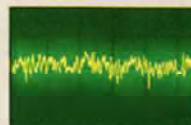


**The new standard in
radar detection.**

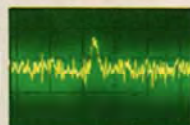
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HOUSECALL



HIS FIRST TIME

"He was 14 and she was the girl upstairs, 25, sexy, and inspiring adolescent daydreams..." It sounds like every red-blooded American teenager's fantasy come true. And, according to **John Pietropaolo** of West Babylon, Long Island, his daydreams did, indeed, become reality as he learned "all about sex" on a furry blanket on her living-room floor. What makes this story newsworthy, however, is that the "girl upstairs" happened to be **Jessica Hahn**. And, writes reporter **Art Harris** in this exclusive *Penthouse* article, John's sex education has also been brought to the attention of the Suffolk County police, who are investigating it as a possible criminal violation of state consent laws against underage sexual encounters. In our January issue, former madam **Roxanne Dacus** charged that Jessica had been a prostitute. It would be ironic indeed if Hahn finally came afoul of the law for giving it away.



SOUTH AFRICA— AFTER THE FALL

Very few foreign stories are as crucial to the United States as the tragedy presently unfolding in South Africa. Today the white minority government seems to be more powerful and entrenched than ever, while the black majority, led by the outlawed African National Congress, is determined to overthrow their oppressors by violence if necessary. **Louis du Buisson's** investigative article cuts through the lies spread both by the revolutionaries and their enemies by doing something very few have attempted: listening and reporting what the A.N.C. actually tells its followers. . . . And, in a companion report, **Larry**



Kickham details the ways in which many American Evangelicals have made a "shameful connection" with the oppressive Botha regime in South Africa. He shows how such "men of God" as **Jerry Falwell**, **Jimmy Swaggart**, and **Pat Robertson** "support Pretoria in the name of national security."

MILITARY MALPRACTICE


In this month's installment of his ongoing "Medical Genocide" series, investigative reporter **Gary Null** reviews the terrifying secret war conducted by the military and the C.I.A. against our own citizens. From chemical tests on unwitting servicemen to bacteriological open-air tests carried out over populated areas of the United States, our government has made a deadly habit of using thousands—if not millions—of innocent Americans as guinea pigs.

UNDERCOVER

In an excerpt from her explosive new novel,

Undercover (to be published by Bantam Books), **Soledad Santiago** takes us under the sleaze and grime of the nightmare world of Manhattan's pimps and whores and drug addicts. Toni Conroy is a rookie cop who's bent on revenge for the destruction of her family, working undercover as a prostitute to get the evidence to convict a major dealer. While Toni's personal story is compelling, what makes this excerpt truly unforgettable is Santiago's acid-etched portrait of the terrifying, doomed victims who inhabit this all-too-real hell on earth.

BEAT IT!

Not everything is doom and gloom this month—despite the wintry blasts of the dying season. Our resident artist par excellence, **Ori Hofmekler**, offers a typically biting and insightful portrait of perennial presidential candidate **Jesse Jackson** reincarnated as his namesake Michael. . . . **Michael Jackson** himself makes an appearance in **Sharon Churcher's** "U.S.A. Confidential," along with such luminaries as **Ron Reagan, Jr.**, Senator **Pat Moynihan**, and **David Rockefeller**. . . . And Games Editor **Gerard Van der Leun** offers a tongue-in-cheek quiz on corporate logos and those manufacturers' disclaimers in small type that we all ignore. No one, of course, needs a test on this month's Pets, whose beauteous virtues are impossible to ignore (not that one would dream of doing so!). They remind us that even under winter's snows, the lovely seeds of spring are growing and waiting to bloom. 



"Someone whose opinion I respect has been
advising me to use condoms.
He's the Surgeon General of the United States."

"To quote the man directly: 'The best protection against infection right now,
barring abstinence, is use of a condom.'

Now, it's not like I haven't heard this anywhere else.

These days, unless you never read the papers, watch TV, or talk to your friends,
you're definitely going to hear something about sexually transmitted diseases.

How serious they are. How anyone can get them. How condoms can help protect
you. Sometimes you wonder how much is real danger. And how much is just panic.
But when the Surgeon General says something about health, I'd give it more weight.

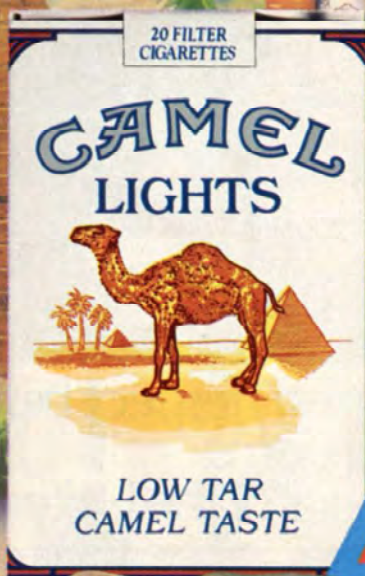
And act on it. Especially in this case. After all, I've got absolutely nothing to lose
if I follow his advice. And maybe a terrible lot to lose, if I don't."

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•She knelt down and engulfed me in her mouth. As I came into her, she smiled slightly and never took her eyes off mine.•

PENTHOUSE FORUM

PLEASURE BOAT

When I first was invited to lecture at a scientific conference in the Caribbean, I assumed that it would be just another boring research meeting. But since the location was desirable, I agreed to go, and hoped to enjoy the scenery. It turned out to be better than I anticipated. During the welcoming dinner, I spotted a gorgeous blond woman from California. She had an innocent but seductive face, long soft hair, beautifully rounded hips, and stunning breasts that could not be hidden. Diane was not only gorgeous, she was intelligent and witty, and had a soft and gentle manner. We hit it off immediately, and had several conversations, starting with scientific matters and then becoming more personal. Diane often held my gaze just slightly longer than normal. By the end of the second day, we had loosened up a lot. Seeing her in a skimpy, tight bathing suit hardened more than my resolve. This was enhanced that afternoon as she left the lecture room; she moved past me and deliberately brushed her breasts across my arm, raising her eyebrows slightly.

I knew it was only a matter of time before the electricity produced sparks, but the way it happened was better than any fantasy. Our hosts had graciously arranged a boat cruise after dinner. We already had enjoyed a good wine, which was later complemented by a few rum punches. On the boat, more punch was available, along with calypso music and a beautiful tropical breeze. The music was hypnotic. Diane



looked absolutely smashing in a tight wraparound dress of silky slippery material that clung to every outline of her body, especially her breasts and nipples. After a rum punch, I looked around for Diane, but couldn't find her. I wandered past the stairway to the upper deck and saw her standing by the railing. She gently took my hand and led me past a very narrow walk around a storage area, leading to a small open part of the starboard deck measuring about four by eight feet, completely out of sight of the rest of the boat. She started sensuously dancing to the music with her eyes closed.

Then came the shock of my life. She reached up to her

dress, unsnapped it, and slowly opened it. Diane was stark naked beneath her dress, except for her high heels. She tossed her dress on the bench by the wall, leaned forward, and started to gently and passionately kiss me. Her tongue and lips were fluid. She rubbed her breasts, then replaced her hands with mine. She slid her fingers over her clit and into her pussy while still moving sexily to the music. I quickly removed my clothes and we continued the wild tongue kissing. Diane took my cock in both hands, slid it tightly against the outside of her pussy, and started moving back and forth, bringing us both to a frenzy of excitement. She came with a pro-

longed shuddering orgasm, and finished by sliding her fingers into her dripping pussy and rubbing her wetness over my cock and balls.

She knelt down by the railing, engulfed my cock in her warm, sensuous mouth, and proceeded to use her tongue, lips, and mouth to devour it. She licked her own wetness off of my shaft, and then slid her fingers back into her pussy to make it slippery again. I tried to last but just couldn't, so I let my come explode into Diane's mouth. Just as I started coming, she moved her mouth back a little, ran her tongue back and forth underneath the head of my cock, and slid one hand around my cock and one hand around my balls. I looked down at her and found her eyes looking straight into mine. As my come shot across her tongue and into her open mouth, she smiled slightly and never took her eyes off mine. She slowly squeezed the remaining come from my cock and let it drip into her mouth from her fingers.

We held each other in the cool breeze, reveling in the beautiful exchange we had just experienced. I expected her to put her dress back on and rejoin the party, but instead she again started to slowly tongue kiss me. The sensation was explosive. I couldn't believe that she was getting me hard again so soon after I had come. But again I managed to rise to the occasion. She led me

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MARCH

over to the bench, moved it out a bit, and had me lie down on my back with one leg on either side. After making sure I was fully hard by using the magic of her mouth, she straddled the bench and lowered her pussy onto my cock. She was wonderfully warm and tight, a sensual contrast to the cool evening breeze. At first she moved up and down, letting my cock almost slip out and then sliding tightly back down over it. I could see her beautifully pointed breasts in the moonlight and started massaging them as her nipples slowly stiffened. Diane leaned over and started tongue kissing me again. Her forward movement resulted in her clit rubbing tightly against me with my cock totally buried inside of her. Instead of letting her move up and down, I grabbed her firm ass with both hands, tightened the contact between her clit and my pelvis, and moved back and forth. She came with a wild climax and kissed me with such passion that I could hardly breathe.

Somehow I managed to keep from coming. After a few minutes of lying quietly in each other's arms, she slowly slid her pussy off of my cock. Diane then alternated between sexily eating my cock and slipping it back into her warm, dripping pussy. She licked my balls until I thought I would explode and then licked up along the underside of my cock with her tongue. She engulfed the head of my cock and varied the pressure from very tight to loose and slippery. Just as I felt I was going to come, she tightened her grip on the base of my dick, calmed my excitement, and then started back up again by tightening her pussy around me. During one of these "cooling off" periods, she moved her pussy up to my mouth and lowered herself onto my tongue and lips. I ate her until she came, and then continued to lightly lick her clit while sliding my fingers into her pussy. That, plus my tongue and lips on her clit, was more than Diane could take, and again she came with a wild orgasm that shook her entire body.

Finally, after she had come so many times we both lost track, I sat up on the bench with Diane sitting on my cock facing me. I could feel it deeply buried in her pussy and her clit tight against me. Instead of moving my cock in and out of her, I remained tightly inside of her. She tightened her pussy around my cock and then relaxed it, repeating this in rhythm to the music. We continued our deep kissing, and I played with her nipples. The combination of her soft, supple breasts, passionate kissing, and tightening pussy overwhelmed me. I came inside of her in a tremendous orgasm without moving my cock at all. We held each other closely for another ten minutes, and then got dressed. When we rejoined the party, it was one hour and 20 minutes later, and the boat was returning to the dock. This magnificent evening was the start of a beautiful friendship. Before we left the island, Diane and I had an op-

portunity to spend a wild afternoon by an isolated beach with more varieties of passionate lovemaking. I'll be glad to provide the details if you're interested.—
Name and address withheld

WORLD AFFAIRS: PART IV

If you missed the first three parts of my letter, let me fill you in. I'm a 70-year-old black man, and a trip around the world, culminating in Israel, led me to the first sex I'd had in six years—and the best sex of my entire life. After about a week's stay in an Israeli hospital, brought about by my strenuous yet enjoyable activity, I left for a nearby kibbutz to complete my recovery.

It was a beautiful place, situated in a valley with a mountainous backdrop. My nurse, Dahlia, accompanied me on long walks, explaining how this and many other kibbutzim were started and how they operate. One day we were walking in the field about 11 A.M. when I felt the urge to urinate, and Dahlia directed me toward a nearby bush. As I was relieving myself, I noticed her watching me, her eyes fixed on my cock, and laughing!

When I later asked her what was so funny, she told me the incident reminded her of a time when she was 18, just a few years ago, and the kibbutz had been visited by some male American volunteers. One day, she had been standing not far from where we were then, when one of them, also 18, asked her where he could urinate. He asked Dahlia if she had ever seen a penis before. She told him no, and had never imagined one would be that big. He called her over and said, "You can touch it; it won't bite."

"I hesitated," she explained, "but the sight of it seemed to stir something within me, I don't know what. I went over, and he took my hand and put it on his cock. I shuddered, then he said, 'Stroke it and watch it grow.' It got very big and hard. Then he told me to kiss the side of it and see that it wouldn't hurt me. I did that, and then he said, 'Do you want to taste something good? Take it in your mouth.' I did, and after about two minutes of rubbing it and sucking it, he gave forth a heavy drench of liquid, which I later learned was semen.

"Since then, I have done it many times and enjoy it very much." Then, glancing down at my crotch, she added, "I've never seen an uncircumcised penis before. Could I kiss it and play with it?" I quickly glanced around to make sure we were alone. An issue of *Penthouse* I had taken from the hospital and been reading at night had made me very horny. She took my swollen ten inches in hand, and looked at it so intently, I felt like I was on exhibition. When it was fully erect, she drew it into her mouth with such delight that I was overcome by her desire. She swallowed every last drop of come that I had in me, and we walked back together to the kibbutz.

A few days later, Dahlia and I went to

Haifa for my examination. After I was finished, I found her reading *Penthouse* in the waiting room, holding it wide open as she gazed at the pictures. She closed it and smiled, then suggested we take a ride on the Israeli underground to the top of Mount Carmel. As we walked, I noticed that most of the women were braless. I asked Dahlia about it, for it seemed to be universal at the kibbutz. She said that Haifa is a very hot and humid city, and that women are not inhibited and dress comfortably. In fact, she pointed out as we reached the subway, if you walk behind or in front of them when they're in the sun, you could practically see their pubic hairs.

With pushing and shoving, we found ourselves in the last car, with Dahlia against the door and me facing her. I was holding on to the metal pipe above the door, arching my back to keep myself from being pushed into her. Out of nowhere, a woman appeared and wedged herself between us. She couldn't reach the pipe, and she kept rocking between us as the train slowly lurched onward. Dahlia started a conversation with her in Hebrew that I wasn't able to understand, then suddenly took the woman's hands and put them on my pants belt so she could steady herself.

Dahlia opened my bottom shirt buttons and, smiling at me, took the woman's hand, placed it on my bare stomach, and rubbed it around. She continued her conversation with her, placing her friend's hand on the outside of my pants and pushing it up and down. I couldn't even turn around to see if anyone was looking. I found myself getting aroused. Dahlia then pulled my pants forward, leaving a wide space between the material and my body. She placed the woman's hand on my cock, which was getting stiffer by the minute. She tugged my pants down a little, and my dick sprang out at attention. Dahlia pushed the woman's head forward, and the woman started to lick my swollen pole. I stood there dumbfounded as she continued to alternate between sucking my cock and licking my stomach. I told Dahlia to make her stop, as I knew I couldn't contain myself for long. She looked at her and said *todah*, which means thank you. The woman got off at the next station. But it seems that *Penthouse* had given Dahlia more ideas than one! I'll tell you more next month.—Name and address withheld

JAM SESSION

I'd like to relate an experience my two roommates and I had last week. All three of us are still trying to catch our breath from the eventful evening I am about to tell you about. Steve, Malcolm, and I attend a music college up here in Canada. Having just finished a jazz-band rehearsal late on Thursday afternoon, we were packing up our instruments when Steve noticed a couple of dancers rehearsing in a nearby studio. Always being

the types to know a good show when we see one, we went over to "appreciate" their art. It is not uncommon for musicians to be seen hanging around dance studios, so the two girls didn't really seem to notice our presence.

I noticed that Malcolm and Steve were just as much in awe of these two beauties as I was. Both girls were blond and very slender, with long legs and perky breasts. The slightly taller one was wearing pink tights and a black leotard. The other girl was wearing sweat pants and a short, tight tank top that bounced enjoyably as she leaped around. Needless to say, both girls were in excellent condition and had flat stomachs and tight buns.

As they finished their routine, the taller one noticed us in the doorway. Malcolm,

who is always the more adventurous of us, said, "Excellent routine, ladies. Perhaps you'd like some musical accompaniment some time?"

"You're a guitarist, aren't you?" asked the tall one, wiping the sweat from her brow, obviously having noticed him before. "I'm Sheryl, and this is Cindy," she added before Malcolm could reply. The conversation revolved around music and the arts, and I'm sure the other guys had difficulty keeping their eyes off Sheryl's wet chest. Steve took the plunge by inviting the two over to our house for a couple of drinks. I felt my cock stirring as Cindy accepted the invitation.

Steve, Malcolm, and I waited impatiently in silence as the girls changed, and soon we had loaded up the car and were



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heading the short distance home. In the car, Malcolm and Sheryl were in the front, and Cindy was nestled comfortably between Steve and myself in the back.

Once home, Steve fixed drinks while Malcolm brought out some Thai weed. I found myself happily enough on the love seat with my arm around Cindy, facing Sheryl and Malcolm on the couch. We passed a couple of joints around and this, along with the drinks, soon had us laughing and chatting like old school chums.

"What instrument do you play?" Cindy asked me. But before I could tell her that I play bass, Steve interjected, "Hopefully, someone else will play his instrument tonight!" The ice was broken.

I pulled Cindy's mouth to mine, and we engaged in a passionate kiss. Her hand wandered to the bulge in my jeans, and she began massaging my crotch. I reached out for her small but firm breasts, but she was already kissing her way down my chest toward finer treasures. I watched in disbelief as she undid my jeans right there in front of my two best friends. I half-expected the others to be staring at us, but when I looked up, I saw Sheryl straddling Malcolm's legs with her skirt bunched up around her waist—she wasn't wearing any panties! But where was Steve?

He was behind Cindy, rubbing her pussy through her tight jeans. I watched in ecstasy as she pulled my cock out from my unbuttoned fly and wrapped one hand around it. She began pumping with one hand and licking the head with her tongue. Her other hand pulled back the foreskin, and her red lips encircled the large swollen purple helmet.

By now, Malcolm had Sheryl lying back on the couch, and was having a feast. I watched as she held his head of hair in her hands and pushed her pelvis against his face. The combination of seeing two people in such ecstasy and the sensation of Cindy's head bobbing in my lap began to make me feel dizzy. I knew I was going to come soon, but I wanted it to last much longer. It took all of my concentration to push Cindy's head back and pull out of her mouth.

This gave Steve the time he needed to pull Cindy's sweater off, letting her boobs dangle free (she wasn't wearing a bra). I stood up and ripped my clothes off as Cindy unbuttoned her jeans, leaving only her drenched panties on. We engaged in another long passionate kiss, and I felt my cock getting squeezed against her tummy. Steve and I then pulled the love seat down into a futon and Cindy lay back on it.

"I want you," she breathed, and I lay down on top of her, my cock pushing her panties into her slit. She reached down and pulled the crotch of her panties to one side. "Eat me," she pleaded. I knew she was mine, and wanting to withhold my own orgasm, I readily obliged. I slid down her legs until I was level with the object of my desire. I pulled her panties

back up and began rubbing her through the fabric. She moaned and squirmed in pleasure. I looked up to see her guiding Steve's hand to her soft tits. After a few minutes of intense oral sex, Cindy was bucking against my face. Steve had, during this time, shoved his cock into her mouth and was pumping for all he was worth. Cindy was very wet, and I rubbed her clit between my fingers while I plunged my tongue deep within her pussy. At this time, I noticed that Sheryl was literally screaming from the other side of the room.

"Stick it up inside me! Fuck me! Hard. Malcolm! Fuck my cunt!"

Cindy was bucking furiously in orgasmic delight, and Steve was grunting as he let it go in her mouth. Now it was my turn! I let Cindy recover for a bit while Steve fell asleep next to the futon. I turned and watched Malcolm ramming his rod into Sheryl's hole. She was still on top of him, facing away, so I got a perfect view

I slid down her legs until
I was level with the
object of my desire, and I
began to rub her.
She moaned and squirmed
with pleasure.

of him thrusting deep into her love box. She was bouncing up and down, yelling, "Oh, Malcolm! Fuck me hard! Stick it up me! Oh, honey! Inside, baby! Deeper! Deeper! Fuck me!" Malcolm grabbed Sheryl's waist and held her tight as he shot his hot come up inside her. He arched his back and brought the two of them off the couch, yelling in ecstasy.

Now I turned back to Cindy, who was just recovering from her intense orgasm. Steve's come was dribbling out of her mouth, and she wiped it off with the back of her arm. She sat up and noticed my own massive erection. "Ooh, baby," she said, "all that and you're still hard and horny!" I asked her to get down on all fours and she eagerly did so. I got behind her on my knees and rubbed the top of my shaft on the wet fur between her legs. She told me she was ready, and I slowly slid the head of my dick inside her warm, damp hole. It was a tight fit and she let out a small moan, but I took it easy and soon she had me to the hilt.

I pulled out slowly and pushed in again, increasing the tempo gradually (*accele-rando poco a poco*). She would push back on me as I pushed in, and started

feeling me sliding in and out with one of her hands. She traced a fingernail along the bottom of my shaft and tickled my balls. I noticed her lovely dancer's legs were curling up behind me, and her ankles brushed my butt. The rhythm was increasing, and I found that she seemed to like me to push up as well. With her ass high in the air, I began to pump furiously. "Talk to me like Sheryl," I gasped. I could barely speak, but I wanted that extra stimulus.

"Do it, baby!" she begged. "I want it all!" I fucked her hard for all I was worth. "Aah, yes! Yes! Come inside me, baby!" I did.

Cindy banged against me like an animal while I pumped blob after blob deep inside her. I shuddered in an utterly intense orgasm. I collapsed backward and fell out of her.

When I woke up, the girls had gone, and Steve and Malcolm were leaving for school. "Hurry up, shithead!" Steve called. "There's some dancers waiting after jazz band, and they're bringing a friend!" But that's another story.—*Name and address withheld*

TICKLED PINK

Tina and I had been steady lovers for about two years, and I had always been faithful to her. Sometimes this was trying, though, because her roommate, Beth, had made her intentions clear since the beginning of my relationship with Tina. Tina knew this, and it was always a sore point between them. Tina confronted Beth with this, and Beth claimed that she had turned me down, that if she really wanted me, she could get me in a minute. Beth was a beautiful girl with long blond hair, great tits, and blue eyes that could look right through you. Tina was no slouch, though, and satisfied me in every way except one.

I have always had a fetish for tickling beautiful girls but, alas, good old Tina was not ticklish. When she had mentioned how extremely ticklish her roommate was, it made Beth even harder to resist. Last July the girls threw me a surprise party I'll never forget. It changed my life. We all had a great time, and Beth told Tina that she was going to have me that night. Tina told me about this and wanted desperately to get even. It was then that she devised a plan that she called my "birthday present."

I went back to the party, and Beth really came on strong. She rubbed up against me and "accidentally" brushed my cock with her hand while Tina pretended to glare at her from across the room. She told me she would do anything for me. When I asked, "Anything?" she just smiled and nodded. I told her that I really hated to deceive Tina, but that I had a special weakness for "games." She said, "Well, okay, as long as you don't—" I quickly interrupted, "Remember, you said anything." She thought about it for a minute and said, "Okay, you've got a deal." She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152



Cummings

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BY SHARON CHURCHER

MICHAEL JACKSON NOT THRILLED BY PLASTIC SURGEON

Michael Jackson's lawyers have ordered one of the top plastic surgeons in New York to stop trying to make the singer look bad.

In an interview with a Big Apple tabloid, which was picked up for the edification of a much larger audience by *Life*, the doc, Howard Bellin, had not only guesstimated that the rocker had laid out "easily \$40,000 to \$50,000" on rearranging his face, but gibed that if the object was to make him look natural, the effort clearly was unsatisfactory. Quoth Bellin, "I believe he's had three rhinoplasties"—nose jobs—that were "very badly done." Also, the specialist guessed, "two operations on his chin... a chemical face peel, cheek-bone implants, his upper lip thinned, and a fat suction from his cheek." Plus a "bad" eye job: "The white of his eye is showing," opined the surgeon. "That's not the way it should look."

"Preposterous," growled the star's press agent, Lee Solters. He assured us that Michael had had just two cosmetic ops—"a nose job and a cleft put in his chin"—and "we defy anyone to prove otherwise." Elaborated Alan Mintz, of Michael's Los Angeles law firm, "We've written Bellin a letter, telling him to desist."

The doctor, who based his analysis on photos of Michael taken between 1979 and 1987, conceded that he is "intimidated" by these rumblings. "If they sued, they couldn't win," he maintained. "but I'd still have my legal fees. I'm not interested in saying too much more about Michael Jackson."



JUST SAY NUN

The banana industry wasn't alone in flying into a snit when presidential son Ron Reagan, Jr., cohosted a PBS television program on

AIDS prevention in which the fruit was fitted with a condom. One of Washington's most prestigious Catholic institutions, Providence Hospital, is staging a fund-raising gala this March, and

organizers had the nifty notion of trying to persuade the First Son to emcee. They even got as far as having the event's well-connected chairman, Robin Weir—who happens to be Nancy Reagan's hairdresser—contact the young TV star's representative at the William Morris agency, to ascertain his "availability."

But then, a source at the hospital says, the nuns who administer the institution read a syndicated column in the Catholic press that provided a shocking taste of what might transpire on their podium. Describing the banana episode in some detail,

columnist James Breig castigated "Ron's salute to the condom" for "misinformation, hysteria, and dangerous ideas." The nuns had a fit, says our source, and Ron was nixed. But how to disinvite the President's son?

"It's a very sticky situation," conceded gala coordinator Diane Scar, arguing, however, that no invitation was really issued. "Several names were under consideration and Ron Reagan was never officially approached," she said. "A personal friend of the Reagans, Robin Weir, went to his agent without going through official hospital channels."





CONFIDENTIAL



UNVEILING A HOAX

One of the most horrifying episodes in *Veil*, Bob Woodward's exposé of the C.I.A., concerns an Englishman who allegedly mounted a covert operation to assassinate Lebanese extremist Sheikh Fadlallah. Woodward identified the assassin, whose botched bombing killed 80 innocent people and missed the sheikh, only as an ex-commando in Britain's Special Air Services (S.A.S.). But certain intelligence aces in Washington swear they know who the Englishman is.

"He's Major Michael Travis," one luminary of the spook drinking circuit gloated, providing us with the military hero's London phone listing. Travis heatedly confirmed the saga. "I was in charge of

the hit. I'm talking because I'm still owed a lot of money by the C.I.A.," he snarled. We'd advise the agency not to pay: That phone listing really belongs to Michael "Rocky" Ryan, Britain's most compelling hoaxer. Besides convincing his nation's press that he was a "dog of war" who'd been offered money to kill the shah, Rocky flimflammed the South African media into reporting that the C.I.A. asked him to organize a coup in the Seychelles. ABC-TV interviewed him about his efforts at recruiting "Finnish" mercenaries for the agency. "We ran two and a half hours of videotape on him," former ABC reporter Terri Taylor says. In the end, the segment wasn't aired. "I thought he might have been lying, but I didn't know for sure that I'd been had until I read an article in a British magazine," Taylor confesses. The article mentioned that Rocky once successfully floated a rumor that he'd been asked to waste the pope.

Rocky readily admitted that Travis was a figment of his lurid imagination. He'd planted the bait, he claimed, by phoning the U.S. embassy in London in the guise of a snitch. "I told them the Englishman in *Veil* was Travis and gave them my phone number." Swearing that he was now telling the truth, Rocky proceeded to brag to us that he'd snookered Woodward too! In 1985, when

the Lebanon bombing was in the news, he'd called reporters at Woodward's paper, *The Washington Post*, and, he said, fed them the Travis whopper. "I also gave them the stories Woodward has in his book about Qaddafi being a transvestite and King Fahd of Saudi Arabia being an alcoholic. I made that all up too," he concluded triumphantly.

Peter Hillmore, a journalist on the London *Observer*, does recall Rocky telling him "a long time ago that he was working on the *Post*. He [Rocky] contacted Karen DeYoung, their London bureau chief. But I know who Woodward thinks the Englishman is, and it isn't any Major Travis."

DeYoung, for her part, recalls speaking to a "Travis" who purported to be an S.A.S. veteran, but he was pitching a yarn, she says, about Irangate, not Lebanon. She memoed the *Post's* national desk that "I didn't think this guy was for real. There was nothing in the memo that would have enabled Woodward to contact him," she adds. The national desk did have DeYoung make another call to "Travis." "He ranted on and I hung up on him," she says. "This really is the ultimate con he's now trying to pull."

Told of Rocky's stories, Woodward's only comment was to laugh and say, "No 'Travis' ever got to me."

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T COME TO DINNER

When it comes to pleasing political fat cats, the White House seems to be putting greed before even our best foreign friends. Visiting Washington last November, Israeli President Chaim Herzog was allotted 14 seats at a state dinner to distribute to VIP's in his government. But with major G.O.P. contributors clamoring to break bread at the event, Herzog "was asked if he could give back some of his seats," a source close to the visiting president told us. Herzog did not oblige, but still enjoyed the soiree less than he'd expected: One of his oldest American pals and allies, New York Senator Daniel "Pat" Moynihan, was not invited. Extraordinarily "graceless" behavior, scowled a fellow Moynihan Democrat, considering that Herzog paid tribute to the senator in a speech to a joint session of Congress.



DEATHLESS VIDEOS

An American woman married to a stand-up comic is one of the first takers for a new service: "We'll video your divorce, funeral, or deathbed scene—provided you're going about it with integrity," says Julian Hoxter, of the

English firm Brisblag Productions. The American is splitting from her husband and "wants a witty piece," confides Hoxter. "A lot of people feel divorce is not a sad time. It's two partners going on to new lives."

Why should folk who're going on to a new life in the

sky consent to having their departures recorded? For the sake of the relatives, says Hoxter. "We got the idea when people would come up to us at weddings and ask us to get a few minutes of Great Aunt so-and-so because she wasn't going to be around much longer."



DAVID ROCKEFELLER'S PLEA

Psst! Can you spare \$8,000 for David Rockefeller? That's the sum needed by the Americas Society to restore the entrance portico of its

Park Avenue, New York, mansion headquarters, wails an appeal in a preservationist catalog. The society is among the city's "remarkable" places, many of which "exist through the tenacity of community groups and limited staffs struggling to maintain

them," the catalog says. What it does not say is that Rockefeller, identified by *Forbes* magazine as one of the 400 richest men in this America, is the society's founder and chairman.

Nor does the ad divulge that society official Leslie Van Derzee, whose name is signed to the solicitation, is paid \$72,000 a year by the tax-exempt group. Van Derzee, sniffing that our inquiries were "silly and surprising," refused to provide us with any statistics about the society beyond its income—\$2.1 million in 1987. I.R.S. and New York State records, however, show that part of its revenue is derived from a \$2.1 million investment portfolio and that the organization pursues its mission of "educating Americans about all facets of our Western Hemisphere neighbors" with the aid of several comfortably salaried employ-

ees besides Van Derzee. These include a public-affairs director (\$71,562) and a Canadian-affairs maven (\$46,000). All told, this group, which exists through the kindness of taxpayers, lavished nearly \$930,000 last year on staff expenses.

Asked if some of this boodle couldn't be used to patch the portico, Van Derzee said that "it can only be used for operations." No such stricture, legal or otherwise, is spelled out in society literature mailed to a reporter. To the contrary, I.R.S. filings record that the society laid out \$157,000 on "major building maintenance" last year.

It is, of course, coincidental that Poor David's old bank, the Chase, reputedly made a chunk of its moola in Latin America, a region that is the focus of—to quote a society brochure—"one of the centerpiece programs" of this remarkable institution.

A HOOD IDEA FOR FIRE SAFETY

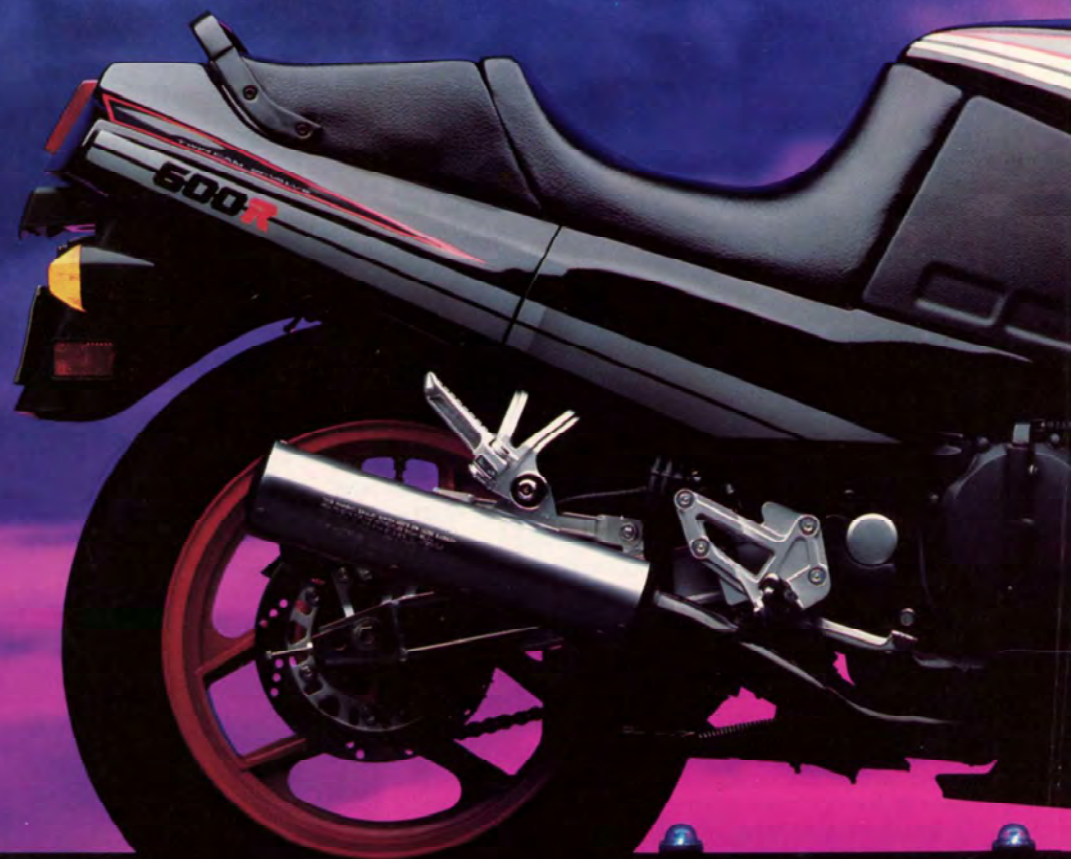
If you should happen to get trapped in a deadly hotel or aircraft fire, a smoke hood may be your key to survival. So say proponents of these smoke-filtering, oxygen-providing, transparent headgear that resemble something out of *Star Wars*.

Pioneered by such manufacturers as Du Pont, the hoods are "effective and inexpensive," according to one accident investigator, Edward Trimble. Yet with the Federal Aviation Administration claiming that "the time spent putting the hoods on is better spent trying to escape," the matter has been turned over for study by nothing less than a four-nation working group (the United States, Canada, Britain, and

France). A bid to put the hoods on sale, at about \$48 apiece, in stores at London's Heathrow Airport, the hub of many international flights, was nixed by British bureaucrats on the grounds that it could be "distressing" for passengers who hadn't bought them to be hoodless while others waltzed out of a disabled plane. As such quibbling continues, Du Pont marketing-programs manager Arthur Tefteau says that if the F.A.A. doesn't opt to make hoods mandatory on commercial carriers, his firm is "contemplating marketing them for corporate aircraft." So even if you don't survive, your boss will.



REVENGE ON



There's an old Japanese proverb that says, "Don't get mad, get even." And as you are about to see, we at Kawasaki have just gone those words of wisdom one better.

This, as if you couldn't tell, is the radically redesigned 1988 Ninja® 600.

You can see that the aerodynamics (already the slipperiest around) have been made even slicker. So here are a few little performance touches you can't see.

The engine is the ultra reliable, liquid cooled, 16-valve in-line four that made the Ninja the Ninja. Except that we've bumped the power up by 13% to make it the strongest production 600 ever built.

The all-new steel and aluminum double cradle frame helped us lop an incredible 33 pounds off last year's model. Handling is quicker than ever because of a tighter wheel-base, sharper steering geometry and the

THE NINJA.



adjustable Electric Suspension Control System.

Easy tuning UNI-TRAK® rear suspension, powerful Balanced Actuation Caliper disc brakes and even new custom designed wheels and tires all contribute to road feel beyond your greatest imagination. And all these improvements, remember, are to a bike that was already hot enough to be chosen by the California Superbike School 8 years running.

In a nutshell, it's the quickest, best handling

600 we've ever produced. And we can sum it up in one word.

Sweet. As in our other favorite proverb—revenge is sweet.

Kawasaki
Let the good times roll.

Remember riding safe is riding smart. Always wear helmet, eye protection and proper apparel. Passengers, too. Ride defensively. Obey the basic speed law. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. Call 1-800-447-4700 for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation beginner or expert course near you. Specifications subject to change without notice. Availability may be limited.



If a prospective employer
asks about your personal life, you
don't have to answer
—but you may not get the job.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



As baby boomers assume positions of leadership in American government and corporate life, we're seeing evidence today that their pasts in the freewheeling sixties and early seventies may come back to haunt them and possibly thwart their very contemporary ambition. Remember Douglas Ginsburg, President Reagan's second choice—after Robert Bork and before Anthony Kennedy—to replace retired Supreme Court justice Lewis Powell? After a handful of former friends and colleagues who disapproved of his political views told reporters that Ginsburg had smoked a joint or two in his time, he was pressured by the administration to bow out.

The Ginsburg withdrawal was immediately followed by pious confessions from two presidential candidates (Bruce Babbitt and Albert Gore) and one senator and one representative, who all felt compelled to confess—lest they too be snitched on—to having “experimented” with pot. No one ever seems to acknowledge enjoying

it, getting high on it, or using it currently or recently; the antiseptic image of scientists in their lab coats intended to suggest that the results of their experiments were an unconditional rejection of the filthy weed and a profound lesson.

But many baby boomers now in public life or aspiring to high office probably did not simply experiment with an occasional joint. Twenty years ago, drugs were a central part of the recreational and social life of American youth, just as alcohol is a central part of the leisure lives of many who now condemn even occasional drug use. The same is true of “illegal” sex, namely sex outside of marriage, cohabitation, and adultery. Baby boomers did not “experiment” with premarital sex; it was a deliberate lifestyle.

The time of reckoning is upon those baby boomers and others whose past decisions are now condemned by the current establishment. They are being called on to make public pronouncements about what they believed was their private life. Applicants for a wide variety of jobs—both in the private and public sector—are being asked to detail their past peccadilloes. Although the focus is most specifically on past drug use, let us not forget that Judge Ginsburg was faulted for not answering fully the broad question asked by the White House: “Is there *anything* in your background that might embarrass us?” Does such a question invite disclosure of sexual conduct, traffic violations, or a messy divorce?

We are experiencing a change both in the rules of private action and the limits of public candor. The slogans of the mid-sixties and seventies—“If it feels good, do it” and “Let it all hang out”—are no longer appropriate guides to life for those who aspire to positions of responsibility in the “establishment.”

We are also experiencing the kind of transitional trauma that accompanies any change in social mores. That trauma is being exacerbated by a bit of generational revenge, as those who missed out on the baby boomers’ fun seem determined to exact a heavy price from their younger—and sometimes older—colleagues for what they consider a breach of morals.


In other words, the revenge of the nerds.

But changing mores and postures do not erase the impact of past experiences on one’s personality and general outlook. Those baby boomers who publicly apologize for the sins of their past are still very much influenced by lifestyles they enjoyed in their youth. They are likely to be less judgmental of others, more suspicious of governmental intrusion into private spheres, more permissive in bringing up their own children, less tolerant of hypocrisy, and more accepting of diversity in lifestyles.

The practical question currently being faced by baby-boomer job applicants is how to respond to questions about their past. Some, of course, simply lie—either because they believe that it is expected, or that it is none of the employer’s busi-

ness. This is a risky course in the public sector since it is a federal crime to lie to a government agency—even without being under oath. Following the Ginsburg revelation, the F.B.I. threatened to prosecute anyone who falsely denied knowing about Ginsburg’s marijuana use.

If you are asked about a friend’s history by the F.B.I., you are generally under no obligation to answer, but you are legally prohibited from answering falsely. Of course, by refusing to answer, you may not be helping your friend, since the F.B.I. agent is likely to assume that you are trying to hide some damaging information. The same is true if you are asked questions about your own personal life by a prospective employer. You are generally not obligated to answer, but your assertion of that right may doom your job prospect. If the question is an improper one—concerning sexual preference or marital status in some jurisdictions, for example—you may have legal recourse if your refusal to answer is held against you.

If all baby boomers, and other kindred spirits, were to engage in a concerted refusal to answer any questions about their private lives, there would be little the establishment could do. But the harmonious Age of Aquarius is apparently over, and a new era of “dog eat dog” and “every person for him or herself” seems to be upon us. Remember that the people who snitched on Douglas Ginsburg were, after all, fellow baby boomers who had shared a joint with him! 



DISCOVER



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79083 100093

In the days of Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe, the notion of a lady private eye was all but unthinkable. Now things are changing.

women

BY NICK TOSCHES



Back when Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett breathed—or, rather, typed—life into Philip Marlowe and Sam Spade, the notion of a lady private eye was all but unthinkable, in fact and in fiction. The real-life world of private investigation may have been considerably less fraught with *noir* melodrama than its pulp counterpart, but its maleness was quite as firmly established. There were dicks, there were dames, and that was that.

Now things have changed—not because of “Moonlighting” or any other such silliness, but because of women such as Donna Daiute and Jessie Franklin.

According to the Associated Licensed Detectives of New York State, there are today 857 licensed private eyes in New York. Of that number, almost 20 percent are women, up from barely one percent a decade ago. Daiute and Franklin, who now run their own agency, are two of those women.

The business of investigation is a cliquish and competitive one. Often, there is a

great deal of rivalry between police detectives and private detectives, and among private detectives themselves. factions exist. Perhaps the only thing that held investigators in common, until not long ago, was that—at least in public—they all wore pants.

“It’s funny,” Daiute told *Penthouse*. “Now that we’ve been accepted, our male colleagues in the business often come to us for help. There’s this image of them being tough guys. But they come to us to go into neighborhoods they’re afraid to go into. We go into those neighborhoods, and we get the work done. We don’t pull out our guns or try to intimidate people, like it’s us against them. We just go in there and do it.”

Daiute is now in her thirties. Franklin is in her forties. They met in 1983, working for Pinkerton’s, the world’s biggest and oldest detective agency. Franklin, from Birmingham, Alabama, had, with no formal training, worked her way up from the bottom. Daiute had studied law and forensic psychology in her hometown of Boston. After pondering a career in police work, she was inspired by her idol, a local investigator named Barbara Zani, to become a private eye. By the time Daiute came to Pinkerton’s in New York, Franklin had risen to the rank of senior manager. While Franklin tends to be soft-spoken and modest about her career, Daiute is quick to point out the magnitude of her partner’s achievement. “Jessie,” she proudly says, “was the first black woman in the 130-year

history of this most important of detective agencies to rise to that level.”

After working together for two years, Daiute and Franklin decided to form their own agency. Playing down the fact that they were women, they called their agency Charlton Bradhurst & Associates, Inc., and their business cards bore their initials rather than their full names.

Their success has certainly been impressive. With no advertising except word of mouth—not even a listing in the yellow pages—they have handled well over a hundred cases in the two years since they opened their doors. And they have solved every one of them.


The cases they have grappled with have not been of the mundane sort. As Franklin told *Penthouse*, “What attracted me to private investigation was that it presented something different to do practically every single day.” Eschewing divorce cases and the other kinds of sticky, tedious work on which many detectives thrive, Franklin and Daiute have kept their sense of adventure alive.

Daiute recalls one case in which a man with a history of heart trouble died in a motor-vehicle accident. It was believed that he had suffered a heart attack at the wheel; because of his condition, his insurance policy was not payable. Through eyewitness accounts and medical inquiries, Daiute and Franklin were able to prove that the victim had in fact been attempting suicide by veering into the oncoming traffic. He had broken several ribs and been knocked out,

but was alive—at least, that is, until the emergency medical team arrived. Finding nitroglycerin tablets in his pocket, the paramedics assumed he had suffered a coronary and proceeded to administer C.P.R. The pressure exerted on his chest drove his splintered ribs into his lungs, and ultimately, he suffocated in his own blood, killed by lifesaving C.P.R. In the end, the insurer paid.

Franklin recalls the case of a 17-year-old boy who was accused, by his mother, of a heinous crime. Franklin and Daiute, working for the court, discovered that the whole household—multiple fathers, assorted crack-head hookers, and dear old mom—was a nest of sleaze. Eventually, they established that the boy was soon to receive a \$25,000 settlement from a previous accident case, and that it was Mom’s desire to have him put away so that she could glom the loot.

Both are proud of their part in effecting the acquittal last September of Karen Straw, the battered Queens housewife who was tried for stabbing her husband to death the previous December.

Daiute and Franklin have found that their sex has helped more than hindered them. People, they say, are more likely to open up to a woman than to a man. But then again, they sometimes face small problems that their male colleagues don’t have. Franklin carries a .38 detective special; Daiute, a Walther automatic. “When we go shopping for clothes,” Daiute says, “we have to stick with styles that can hide our guns.” 

CHANCES ARE YOU WEREN'T AN EXPERT WHEN YOU FIRST PICKED OUT YOUR CONDOM.



A little red-faced perhaps, but you went ahead and chose it.

You called it a rubber (or worse). And no teenage wallet was complete without one.

But you've changed a lot since then, and so has the condom.

The Today™ condom is just what it says it is. A condom for today.

It's contoured, for comfort.

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And it's available either non-lubricated, or with a standard or spermicidal lubricant.

Your old condom was fine, believe us.

But that was then. And this is Today.

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Common sense is one thing
that seems to be lacking in our reaction
to AIDS. It's not about sex.
It's not about privacy. It's about dying.

KORDA ZONE

BY MICHAEL KORDA



AIDS is a terrible and tragic disease—but we should be wary of the notion that it represents some apocalyptic day of judgment.

First of all, it helps to put the tragedy in perspective. Within living memory, some 20 million people died in the great influenza epidemic that followed the First World War. Numbers, of course, are not an absolute measure of suffering, but it is important to bear in mind that our grandparents lived through an epidemic that dwarfed even the great plagues of the Middle Ages.

Nature does not necessarily wish us well. We have grown used to thinking that there is a cure for almost everything except cancer, but in fact, human life remains, as it always has been, threatened by innumerable dangers, not all of them curable.

We have also come to think of science and medicine as omnipotent, but that is not the case. Most of the great scourges have not been "cured" but merely *controlled*, by strict measures of public safety. Few countries

today will accept a traveler who cannot show proof of inoculation against smallpox, and the traveler to Africa or Asia is advised to be inoculated against typhus, typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, and polio as well. Science has not "beaten" the epidemic diseases—government regulation and improved sanitation have merely made it more difficult to transmit them across frontiers.

Nor is AIDS the first killer disease to involve sexual intercourse. The human memory for bad news is short, but in the Victorian Age, incurable syphilis was widespread, partly as a result of the rampant prostitution that accompanied the growth of the great industrial cities. In its day, syphilis was a dreadful killer; its victims were numbered in the millions and spread through every level of society. Winston Churchill's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, the brightest star in the British political firmament, died mad, paralyzed, reduced to a raving, trembling lunatic by syphilis. Oscar Wilde had syphilis, and so did Victoria's favorite grandson. It is only very recently that we have begun to assume that sexual intercourse with strangers, or promiscuity, is without danger—indeed the major reason for that assumption is simply that science *did* eventually find a cure for syphilis in the German invention of Salvarsan, at that time hailed as a miracle drug.

It is worth noting, however, that the French dramatically reduced the syphilis rate by the simple expedient of issuing prostitutes with health

cards that had to be stamped at regular intervals by a doctor, long before Salvarsan was invented. When there is no miracle cure, sensible regulation is often the best we can do. Few Americans over the age of 40 have forgotten the era before Salk invented an effective polio vaccine. At the first outbreak of polio, swimming pools were closed down, schools often shut, and children kept at home as much as possible. It was not as good as a vaccine, but it saved some lives. Common sense usually does.

But common sense is one thing that seems to be lacking in the reaction to AIDS. Some gays have resisted the idea of testing, even to the point of arguing against the traditional premarital blood test for syphilis, as an invasion of privacy—but AIDS is *not* a sexual issue or a privacy issue, it's a disease. Conservatives and religious fundamentalists persist in treating AIDS as a *moral* issue, but it isn't that either—it's a public health issue.

Of course, the public reaction to AIDS is made more intense—and controversial—by the fact that the promiscuous gay lifestyle of the late sixties and seventies unwittingly provided an ideal climate for the virus to be transmitted. Because its original victims, in this country, were homosexuals, AIDS ran counter to our puritanical belief system, which ignores minority issues until they become *majority* issues, by which time, in this case, it may be too late. From the beginning, AIDS has been clouded with murky and

irreverent moral judgments from those who assume they are not at risk. Whether the celebrities who flock to AIDS benefits and demand instant government action to find a "cure" will continue to do so once the bulk of its victims are either hemophiliacs infected by tainted blood or the much larger population of intravenous-drug users, many of them black and Hispanic, and their helpless families, remains to be seen. The death of Rock Hudson made front-page news, but the thousands—or hundreds of thousands—of ghetto drug addicts who die will be lucky to make the back pages, in the form of yet another depressing poverty statistic.

Much of the present publicity surrounding AIDS seems so glamorous, to put it mildly, as to be out of place. Not long ago, I saw Morgan Fairchild on television showing film clips she had made for teenagers on the dangers of AIDS. In one sequence, Morgan is chatting on the tennis court with four beautiful California teenage girls, one of whom says that maybe one of the "benefits" of AIDS will be that boys and girls will now talk to each other more openly about sex and their feelings. The others nod wisely—though they don't look convinced. But these are exactly the people who *aren't* statistically threatened by AIDS. *Their* problem can be solved by condoms and a discriminating choice of sex partners. The less photographic problems of the doomed drug addicts and their families were not shown or even mentioned.

READ ALL ABOUT THEM IN

FOUR WHEELER

The '53 CJ-3A Willys Jeep above (lower left) is no ordinary hand-me-down. Besides being beautifully preserved, it's fitted with new roll bars, seat covers, dash gauges, sound system and custom bumper with built-in toolbox and ice chest. The brakes and steering system have been updated, and it's powered by a Chevy 327 V-8 with TRW flat-top pistons that delivers 250 horses.

Five years ago, a 17-year-old reader of FOUR WHEELER turned a dream into reality when he bought a '76 Ford F-100—stock. As you can see above (top left) a lot has changed. The original grille is out—replaced by a chromed



tubular unit with square headlights. The finish is a five-tone Deepnight Blue Centari enamel. Inside, the stock bench seat has been modified with velour-covered bucket inserts, and a LeVan sunroof adds to the creature comforts of the cab. The engine, tranny, exhaust and suspension systems have all been modified, too.

Talk about transformations! The '77 AMC Pacer above (top right) has completely altered from a plain-Jane car into a custom 4x4 pickup. A Jeep SR-5 five-speed gearbox replaced the stock tranny. The transfer case—a New Power 219—features its own limited-slip differential, a durable viscous coupling and a 2.62:1 low-range gear. Combined with the low axle ratio (4.09:1), the gearing of the Pacer makes it a real climber!

Three great 4x4s. One source: FOUR WHEELER, today's No. 1 magazine for 4WD enthusiasts. If you want to



see what others have done—what you can do—to make your rig bigger, better, safer, more powerful, more beautiful and maintenance-free... it's the magazine for you!

There's never been a better time to discover FOUR WHEELER than right now, during this no-risk introductory offer. It brings you the next 12 issues for only \$14.87. That's a saving of \$15.13 off the newsstand price.

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HJPH

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“I don't think I ever
met a heterosexual man who is not
turned on by the idea
of making love to two women.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am writing to you because, being a faithful reader of your column, I trust your thoughtful advice. I am a 26-year-old male who is engaged to a very sexy and sweet girl, who is 24 years old. I love her very much, and we have a wonderful and satisfying sex life. She has a lovely petite body with a deliciously exquisite pussy, which I always yearn to make love to. But her extra special feature is her brown eyes, which could mesmerize both men and women alike.

About six months ago, on a very hot summer night, we decided to take in a show at a nearby drive-in movie theater that specialized in X-rated films. She had never seen a porn flick, and I was afraid that she might be turned off by it.

Much to my surprise, she began to get turned on as the action-packed love scenes got hotter and hotter. Sensing her excitement, I leaned over and massaged her well-lubricated pussy, rubbing her clit with slow, firm strokes. She was climbing the walls in no time!

She reached over to reciprocate and pumped my throbbing cock, which was hard enough to cut a diamond. While this was going on in our private little world, the action on the screen took a new twist. One woman was lying at an incline on a weight board while being eaten by another beautiful woman. The lovely reciprocator was at the same time hungrily sucking some stud's seven-inch cock.



The action was extra hot—and my girl was also getting into the whole scene. I increased the pressure of my hand on her pussy and whispered in her ear that I would love to see the luscious blonde up on the screen eat her pussy just as well. My girlfriend began to thrash around and exclaimed to me, “Yes! I want her to do it, lick my pussy, suck it all!” Her whole body shuddered as she climaxed. She continued to jerk my cock, and I came, shooting all over the front seat.

I have to admit that I was completely surprised at her reaction. She had never before expressed any physical attraction to other women, and I was really thrilled to see her get so turned on by the thought. Since that night, I've set my sights on making her fantasy become a reality.

Once I rented a sexy movie, and we watched it together nude so that we could get it on if we wanted to. Toward the end of the film, my girlfriend got up and asked me to rewind the tape to what she thought was the sexiest part. I thought she meant one of the heterosexual scenes, but she insisted on watching a well-built fox rubbing oil all over herself and masturbating at the same time. I entered my girlfriend from behind so that we could watch the highly intense scene while making love. That night turned out to be one of the hottest that we ever had. Later I asked her again about making it with another female—possibly making a threesome—but she insisted that she was satisfied with our sex life. She also said that bringing in another person might be dangerous, especially if she were a stranger.

expressing concern that we might contract something from this person.

Although she is adamant about the whole thing—she insists on keeping it her special fantasy—I would love to take part in it for real and make love to two women at the same time. Xaviera, do you have any suggestions?—L. J.

I don't think I ever met a heterosexual man who is not turned on by the idea of making love to two women, but when you examine the idea with your scientific mind, what can you do to two women at the same time? You have one cock, one tongue, and two hands, which are not enough to pleasure two mouths, two pussies, four breasts, and any amount of unexpected erogenous zones that you haven't discovered yet. So the turn-on is watching what these girls do to each other, which may well leave you out in the cold. Think about it; maybe it's better to keep the second lady in the cathode-ray tube.

Another problem is that when you make love with your fiancée, you achieve a special level of intimacy. The moment you introduce an outsider into this tight little family circle it becomes a social occasion, a party scene that calls for conventional asides and has its own complicated con-

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.



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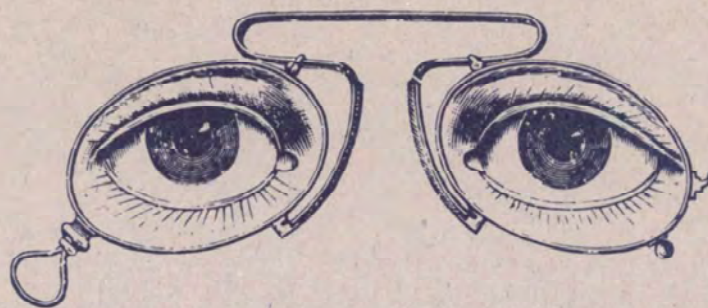
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE BUTT REPORT

BY EMILY PRAGER

Hollywood has gone into male nudity—at least from behind. This season we have been treated to the hind-quarters of three major hetero Hollywood stars, and lest you think that the women of America just accept these things blithely, we borrowed Shere Hite's sampling techniques and took a poll. Herewith, *The Would-You-Kick-Him-Out-of-Bed Male Movie Star Buttocks Report*.

1. Michael Douglas in *Fatal Attraction*. Rating (out of 10): 3. The women in our sample expressed a keen disappointment and even a sense of betrayal in their first acquaintance with Douglas's body. Eighty percent reported feeling scornful that, though he bared his behind, he refused to remove his shirt. Patrice B., a corporate lawyer, represented all when she answered, "Here they are shooting Glenn Close with her tits hanging to her knees, and Douglas won't show us his rubber tire!" Diane M., computer salesperson, concurred: "I found his screen lovemaking frantic and weasely, his ass pudgy and nondescript, and then when he kept his shirt on . . . I mean, I paid six bucks to see this movie; the least the guy could have done was some sit-ups!"

Prior to our sample, it was thought that women did not notice men's bodies, only their money and power. Not so, according to our respondents, 90 percent of whom confessed to being attracted to Douglas before he removed his clothes and really turned off after. Of his behind, they said, "limp, droopy—a dead end." The same group roundly asserted they would "kick him out of bed, shirt or no shirt," with Adele P., interior-design consultant, summing it up: "It's all in his behind—the arrogance, the insistence on false sensitivity. You can't tell his ass from his ego."

2. Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon*. Rating: 5. Eighty-five percent of our sample reported waiting "years" to see Gibson nude, and indicated some resentment that there was no sex scene in the movie accompanying this event, only wanton vi-

olence. "They didn't think we could take it—fuckers!" wrote Beryl C., dental assistant. Though 80 percent insisted they found his face "to die from," "drop-your-knickers time," their opinion of his posterior was decidedly less enthusiastic. "He's a midget," opined Mary B., artist. "Legs like Toulouse-Lautrec." School psychologist Vicki T. added, "Too much weight training in the upper body. From the neck down he could be gay." "Nice round ass, no question about it," said writer Cynthia H., "but without the tailored clothes we're talking simian, you know? He could swing from one of my arms." Eighty-five percent responded they "would not kick him out of bed," but that they had been "hoodwinked" by *The Year of Living Dangerously* and would like to have a few words with the cameraman.

3. Dennis Quaid in *The Big Easy*. Rating: 12. One hundred percent of our sample responded to Quaid's nude body with what can only be described as bestial lust. The answers on our questionnaires were strangely fragmented phrases such as "I can't even . . .," "please, don't," and "Jesus!" Of Quaid's sex scene with Ellen Barkin in which he utters the line "You just got lucky," 95 percent of women reported sitting in Super Glue. Of Quaid's behind, Francine S., business manager, ex-

pressed the prevailing sentiment: "The thing about Quaid from behind is it makes you think about Quaid from the front—get me?" Gully W., editor, pointed out, "If the size of his nose is any indication. . . ." Lynn P., teacher, spoke for 100 percent of our sample, explaining, "Not only would I not kick him out of bed, I'd probably keep him there."

The popular myth that women are not easily aroused through visuals has, according to our sample, been debunked by Quaid's posterior. So vociferous was the response that we added a small quiz entitled "Compare the Body of the Man You Love to Dennis Quaid's." Given a possible three answers in a multiple-choice format, 95 percent of women checked off the third, responding identically, "Don't make me laugh."





VIEW FROM THE TOP

LOONY BIN

BY JACKIE D'AMICO

• In an advertisement for Baltimore's annual city fair, held under the Jones Fall Expressway, it seems that the artist commissioned to design the artwork had a little fun with his drawing. If one looks closely at the carousel in the picture, it's apparent that two of its figures are engaged in an "intimate act." The agency that ran the ad, Schnably, Evans & McLaughlin, stated that in the original drawing the woman was a lion. But Lester Kinsolving, a Baltimore radio talk-show host, stated, "It's the first lion I've ever seen that has obvious bosoms!"

• Those lovely people at the National Coalition on Television Violence (N.C.T.V.) have come up with yet an-

other gem. This time their target is Wee Win Toys of Houston, Texas. Wee Win has lost favor with the N.C.T.V. because of its Samson and Delilah play set. According to them, "Samson was a hate-filled killer and visitor of prostitutes," once caught 300

foxes and tied them up and torched them, and slept regularly with Delilah! The rogue! The N.C.T.V. is aghast at how this toy company is promoting "extreme hate-filled violence and callous sexuality." Oh, come on! We're sure that the play set doesn't come with a manual on how to tie foxes' tails together, knock down huge pillars, and fight 1,000 Philistines with a donkey's jawbone.

• The N.C.T.V. might think that the Bible's Old Testament is "bad" for youngsters, but the late Franco Brun of Toronto, Canada, thought it was good—for his digestion. Brun died of asphyxiation while trying to swallow an 874-page pocket Bible. He was attempting to purge himself of the devil, but he literally choked on the words of the Lord.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELZA

"Love wore a halo back before the war," sings the narrator of a bouncing country dance tune on Nanci Griffith's new album, "when the men loved the women and the women knew what men were for!" It's an exuberant celebration of an effortless love between a woman hotelkeeper on the Jersey shore in the forties and the sailor who makes "her eyes light up like the heavens on the Fourth of July." She runs numbers on the side ("runs 'em clean"), while he gets rich working scams with the Seabees in the Philippines. After the war they marry, raise a daughter who they send to Vassar, sell the hotel to the song's narra-

tor, and retire to the Florida Keys to fish away their lives in carefree harmony.

of similar fears and longings: she portrays the same struggles and dreams, and winds up, as does Springsteen, investing an



The new owner hangs their picture in the hotel's honeymoon suite: icons from a lost age (one that seems so innocent and easy in retrospect) and role models for all the searching souls who inhabit Nanci Griffith's *Little Love Affairs* (MCA-42102).

Griffith has delivered a "state of the heart" collection of songs about men and women and the politics of love in the postfeminist world of the late eighties, an album that unintentionally serves as a fine companion to Bruce Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love*. (He should cover "Love Wore a Halo"!.) Griffith's songs are inhabited by the same hardworking blue-collar types, the honest everyday folks who find it difficult making meaningful connections as they finally emerge from a prolonged adolescence to face the emotional responsibilities of adulthood. These tracks reverberate with the echoes

almost mystical faith in the power of love to see her characters through the economic and social dilemmas of their lives.

Griffith's first four albums were on Philo/Rounder, the independent folk-country-blues label; in 1987 she entered the major leagues when MCA released *Lone Star State of Mind*, one of the year's best country-folk albums. (Griffith calls her music "folk-a-billy," a style firmly entrenched in the rural acoustic sounds of her Texas youth and influenced by the likes of Loretta Lynn, Carolyn Hester, John Stewart, and the Everly Brothers.) *Little Love Affairs* is her strongest work to date; like its predecessors, it is comprised of both her own compositions and a few well-chosen songs by kindred spirits. If there's any justice in the marketplace, it should finally elevate her from cult



other gem. This time their target is Wee Win Toys of Houston, Texas. Wee Win has lost favor with the N.C.T.V. because of its Samson and Delilah play set. According to them, "Samson was a hate-filled killer and visitor of prostitutes," once caught 300

status to household name.

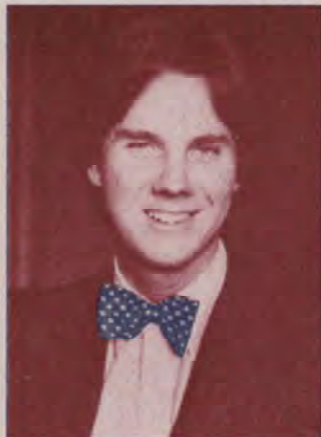
What makes Griffith's work so special is the short-story sensibility of her style, the deep-rooted, atmospheric details she uses to layer and texture these songs, the precise writing and crystal-clear vocalizing. It is no surprise that among her non-musical influences are writers Carson McCullers and Larry McMurtry. She's reworking "Love Wore a Halo" into a novel—it *demands* to be one—and so many of these songs evoke entire lives in the space of a few succinct lines, as does the best fiction. There is an almost cinematic sense of place and nature: Seasons change here, time passes. And in the autobiographical "So Long Ago," Griffith manages to conjure up the milieu of her Austin youth simply by growling the words "Congress Avenue" in a tone that speaks volumes.

Little Love Affairs is a strong statement of affirmation, a record that makes you want to get up and dance with your honey or place a long-distance phone call to someone you thought you'd forgotten. In the haunting Celtic-flavored title track, Nanci Griffith delivers a gentle, sober message. How does love grow, asks the song, in this topsy-turvy world of confusion and conflict, this battleground of emotional skirmish? "It's simple," Griffith softly declares, "it comes and grows on its own"; all we have to do is give it a home. It's probably the hardest thing a man and woman need to learn. *Little Love Affairs* provides some valuable guidance and support for those of us trying.

PEOPLE

BY PATRICE BALDWIN

Tim White has a secret to share: "Most rock journalists," he confides, "can't dance." But Tim's moves on the dance floor are really besides the point because, as *Penthouse* readers have learned, he's one of the best writers around when it comes to communicating the raw essence of



today's music.

These days, despite his continuing journalistic work (his profile of Michael Jackson, for example, appeared in our January issue, and his lavish picture book *Rock Stars* is currently being reissued by Stewart, Tabori & Chang in a new edition), Tim's chief preoccupation is his nationwide syndicated radio show—and no wonder.

Armed with a degree in creative writing and his trademark white bucks, White began his career as a sports clerk for the Associated Press. At that time, Muhammad Ali was trying to win back his title from George Foreman, and his entourage had declared a press em-

bargo. But, says White, "Talking to Ali was my perception of the coolest thing I could do to become a full-fledged writer." To make a long story short, White got the interview where other, more experienced writers had failed, and saw his two-part article run on the front page of every sports section in the country.

"The morning Ali won his title, I was coming out of the subway, and I saw *Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy* at a newsstand," White told us. "I thought, well, Ali just won, this is the biggest story in the country right now, and all my life I'd wanted to write for *Rolling Stone*, but I felt I wasn't ready yet. But maybe I could write for *Crawdaddy*." *Crawdaddy* immediately assigned White a cover story on Ali, and, not knowing that he was at the beginning of his career, appointed him managing editor.

From there, White moved on to fulfill his dream of working for *Rolling Stone*, writing over 20 cover stories for them before leaving to author *To Catch a Fire* (now in its sixth edition, published by Henry Holt & Co.), the Bob Marley biography that many music fans consider the definitive text about the late reggae master, and which *Penthouse* excerpted. Although Tim's career had been sterling—he had, for example, never been turned down for an interview—he wasn't content to rest on his laurels: "I always want to top myself, to do something I've never

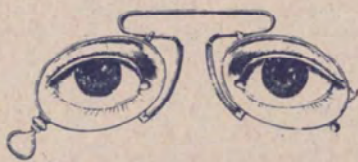
done." So he started a radio show, syndicated by the Westwood One Network on over 200 stations nationwide, called "Tim White's Rock Stars." "The philosophy of the show is that just getting someone in the studio is not good enough,"

Tim explains. "From the start, we got people to give us either unreleased or live material."

Whether in books, articles, or on the radio, White's compelling concern for his audience is apparent. "The whole thing is that the listeners see the human process. The sole point of writing about or talking to people of ac-

complishment is to remove the distance between the audience and the performer. First of all, you want to give the reader or listener special information, and second of all, you want to eliminate the distance between the star and the fan, because everybody is really ordinary. People can't see the drama and promise in their own lives if they don't see it in people they admire."

Imagine being at an exclusive John Cougar Mellencamp gig, replete with interviews with John and even his grandmother. Picture being privy to Billy Joel's original versions of hits like "The Longest Time" and "Uptown Girl." Fancy being the only person in America to get a radio interview with U2. That's what Tim's radio show is like. And it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY

• Meryl Streep lights up the life in Hector Babenco's *Ironweed* (***). Based on the Pulitzer prize-winning novel by William Kennedy, *Ironweed* is the story of bums in the Depression—the bonds



Douglas (right) gives great thief in Oliver Stone's *Wall Street*.

between them and those they unraveled or lost. Streep, as a lady on the lam, is luminous. Every gesture shimmers, from settling her sick body into a chair to belting out a tune in a bar. "My pal," she sings to her man, and remembers the way they were. Her pal is the uncanny Jack Nicholson, a lost soul and crafty loser. Babenco infuses their grim tale with hot flashes of fantasy better suited to a García Márquez novel: Nicholson is pursued by ghosts who glow in the dark.

• Oliver Stone is developing a reputation for the fly's-eye view, first of Vietnam (in *Platoon*) and now of crooked cash in *Wall Street* (***). Sharp, glittery, and fast, *Wall Street* careens through New York and supposedly shows

you how Major Money moves. Don't call your broker—just let yourself go with this most glamorous take on the pleasures of piracy. Michael Douglas, as the senior shark, pounds out a possessed performance and generally gives great thief. The film glistens like a thousand computers at the bottom of the



Hudson. With Charlie Sheen and Daryl Hannah.

• William Hurt gives an uncanny, luminous performance as—of all things—a twinkie airhead news commentator in James L. Brooks's clever, sparkling *Broadcast News* (***). Holly Hunter, as the skinny dynamo newswoman, is funny and funky—an Audrey Hepburn update. Albert Brooks is the nicest Jewish boy ever to become an ace reporter. James Brooks (*Terms of Endearment*)—who wrote, directed, and produced the film—scripts dialogue that crackles like a wire report. So far, it's unbeatably upbeat... but where's the beef? *Broadcast News* is an exposé without a cause, clamoring for intellectual standards in TV

broadcasting, which is little more than entertainment, anyway. So forget this movie's message and enjoy the billiard-ball banter.

• Steven Spielberg has once again turned a grueling saga into a boy-and-his-dog story. His new *Empire of the Sun* (**), based on the novel by J. G. Ballard, is about a boy interned by the Japanese in China during WWII. Young Jim (Christian Bale) is fascinated by fighter planes, and as they gleam through the sky, the film quickly becomes "E.T. Comes to Our Concentration Camp." In the book, the kid likes planes because people die in them—but that's too weird for Spielberg's home-sweet-home tastes. Bale is beatific and spunky—a tough combo. John Malkovich plays the con man who befriends Bale coolly—a subtle, elegant performance.

• In his directorial debut, Danny DeVito ("Taxi," *Tin Men*) plays a mama's-boy nebbish who wants his teacher (Billy Crystal, of "You look mahvelous" fame) to *Throw Momma From the Train* (***). In exchange, DeVito offers to off Crystal's ex—an idea he got from watching Hitchcock's thriller *Strangers on a Train*. This offbeat comedy has slapstick for the cartoon set, macabre patter for "The Addams Family" fans, and a glorious parade of visual jokes. DeVito's direction is as keen and lovably oddball as his performance. Crystal is deadpan funny, and Anne Ramsey plays the comically brutal character of Momma with a mean sense of farce.

• The much-awaited *Walker* (*), directed by Alex Cox



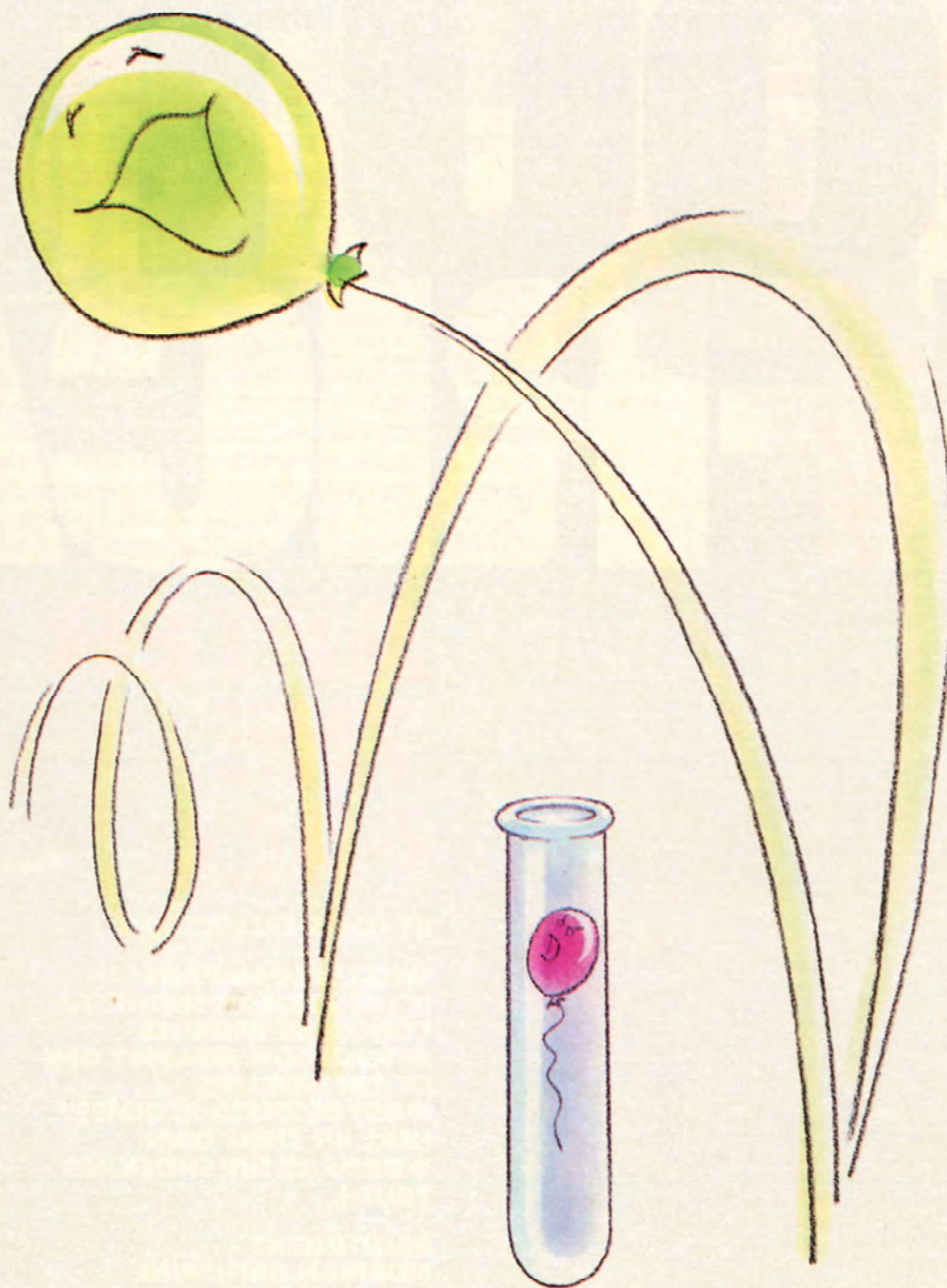
Momma: gloriously macabre.

(*Repo Man*, *Sid and Nancy*), is a political satire that only nine-year-old boys could love. Guts, gore, horror-comic humor, and intelligence with Ed Harris.

• In his last film, the late John Huston, after 50 years of action flicks, gave us a quiet and thoughtful adaptation of James Joyce's *The Dead* (**½). Eerie, elegant. With Angelica Huston and Donal McCann. **O+**

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Forgive me if I don't share your enthusiasm!"

SOUTH AFRICA

AFTER THE FALL

BY LOUIS DU BUISSON

**WHAT WILL HAPPEN
IF THE AFRICAN NATIONAL
CONGRESS WINS ITS
REVOLUTION AGAINST ONE
OF THE WORLD'S
MOST DESPISED REGIMES?
HERE, IN THEIR OWN
WORDS, IS THE SHOCKING
TRUTH.**

**PAINTING BY
NORMAN CATHERINE**



On a September morning in 1985, the elephants at the Mfuwe Game Lodge near the Zambian capital of Lusaka witnessed a most unusual occurrence. They saw the arrival of Kenneth Kaunda, president of Zambia and elder statesman of African politics. Then came Oliver Tambo, president of the African National Congress, the exiled South African guerrilla movement, with six of his colleagues. And, lo and behold, there arrived some of the fattest cats of South African finance, including the fattest of them all, Gavin Relly, chairman of the mighty Anglo American Corporation, which has an annual cash turnover larger than most African countries' budgets.

It was not a chance meeting. The South African businessmen had requested it. They were there because it had dawned on them that their future may be in the hands of the A.N.C., and they were worried about their businesses and their families. There was no way they could talk to the A.N.C. on South African soil. The organization had been banned for decades, and Tambo and his men would have been arrested the moment they had set foot on their home soil. So the businessmen had defied their government—and white public opinion—to meet the guerrilla leaders and look the A.N.C. in the face.

The face they saw surprised them. These were not terrorists, as they had been led to believe, but people with whom they could reason.

Strangely enough, the guerrillas were smartly dressed in Western suits and ties, while the ambassadors of the rand came in their *Out of Africa* fashions—safari suits, leather boots, and hats from Fifth Avenue. President Kaunda broke the ice. The things men have in common were made by God, he said. Those that divide us were made by men and could be unmade by men. He recalled that in the old days, when Zambia moved toward independence, most white politicians rejected him as a "black mamba" (a poisonous snake found in southern Africa). But long before the politicians realized that they would have to negotiate with him, he had had visits from Relly's predecessor, Harry Oppenheimer. History was repeating itself.

Relly outlined his group's thoughts and fears: Moral issues aside, some reforms had been made in South Africa and more would be forthcoming. But reform was expensive, and there could be no reform without economic growth. There should be recognition of the reforms that had been made. And the violence had to stop. There was no point in destroying what blacks and whites had built up together.

A.N.C. leader Oliver Tambo responded by telling them that South Africa belonged to all South Africans. History and, some say, God have ordained it so. People should see the man, not the color of his skin. The A.N.C. felt so strongly about this that they would die for it.

He revealed the depth of his bitterness by relating how, on the day in 1948 when the Afrikaners came to power, a white man had spat in his face. He said he still had the silk handkerchief he used to wipe it off. It was an awkward moment for the meeting. Then, referring to the divisive nature of South African society, he jocularly drew attention to the seating arrangement—a long table across which the businessmen and the exiles faced each other. There followed a brief spell of musical chairs, sans music, while the oversight was rectified. Another awkward moment.

For the rest of the day, with a short break for lunch, they knocked the ball around the court. The businessmen tried hard to sell President P. W. Botha's reform program. They said they regarded him as sincere when he said that he was ready to share power with blacks. Their major concerns were how much bloodshed there would be before this happened, and

There is a burning need for female recruits. We need them to hide our weapons inside white residential areas. Domestic servants have a very important role.

what would be left of the country when it was over.

The A.N.C. leaders said they would not wait for Botha's reforms; they had lost patience long ago. They had tried the peaceful way for half a century, to the extent that they had won a Nobel prize for it, and it got them nowhere. In the end they saw no alternative to violent confrontation.

Tambo told them that he personally hated violence. When he found an insect in his bath, he would carefully remove it and set it free. He did not hunt because he hated killing. And A.N.C. executive member Mac Maharaj told them that even the A.N.C. found it frightening to see six-year-olds who were prepared to die. He thought there was a lesson in this.

Besides, said the A.N.C., it did not initiate the violence. Pretoria did. "P. W. Botha is the violent one," said Chris Hani, commissar of *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (the Spear of the Nation), the military wing of the A.N.C. "He is the instrument of institutionalized violence. Ask the people in the townships—all they see are tanks, guns, police..." The A.N.C. would consider negotiation politics only if Botha

stopped his violence, lifted the state of emergency, freed Nelson Mandela and other political prisoners, and removed the troops from the townships. Then they would think about it.

The businessmen raised another sensitive issue: the influence of Communists within the A.N.C. They were concerned about the alliance between the A.N.C. and the South African Communist Party (S.A.C.P.) and the number of Communists in the A.N.C. executive.

Tambo admitted that they had been allies for many years. It was an alliance born of necessity, but he said that the A.N.C. was the dominant organization. S.A.C.P. members within the A.N.C. subscribed to the Freedom Charter, the A.N.C.'s constitution, which could not be seen as a Communist document.

In the sixties, said Tambo, they had asked the United States for help. They received none. The West wanted nothing to do with them. But the Russians helped them, and they did so without ever trying to convert them to socialism.

But would the A.N.C., if it came to power, go on a spree and nationalize all private enterprise? No, they said. They would nationalize "monopoly capital," but some private capital would exist. The details had not been worked out, but the media, for instance, would have to come under state control. They said that the wealth of South Africa was controlled by three companies. Their directors made decisions that affected the whole country. This would not be allowed to continue, not while so many people were poor and undernourished. There would have to be a redistribution of wealth.

Tony Bloom, chairman of the Premier Group, one of the three companies referred to, said that nationalization would kill initiative, as it had in other parts of Africa. Governments, he said, should not be allowed to run industries because, quite frankly, they tended to make a terrible job of it.

The black leaders said they saw a role for big business. Businessmen should press for the release of political prisoners, for example, and they should polish up their act on the labor front. The police and the Army and other "institutions of repression" were being used to settle industrial disputes and to suppress the workers' movement. Moreover, big business was heavily involved in Armscor, the state-run arms giant.

The businessmen explained that they—and the unions—were going through a "learning curve." Things would improve, but the A.N.C. should keep its fingers out of the unions and allow them to work things out with management.

Too late, said the A.N.C. They already had their fingers in the unions.

When the meeting was over, Bloom jotted down a few personal impressions that provide some telling insights into the Mfuwe get-together and the mentality of the two sides: "I was surprised (almost

overwhelmed) by the cordiality of the meeting. A more attractive and congenial group would be hard to imagine. There was a total lack of aggression, animosity, or hostility. It was almost like a reunion. In fact, sometimes I worry that we got on a little bit too well!

"I was struck by the absence of traditional Marxist-Leninist jargon and dogma [among the A.N.C.]. Their concepts would quite easily have fitted into a socialist rather than a Marxist framework. It was difficult to view the group as hard-line Marxists, bloodthirsty terrorists interested in reducing South Africa to anarchy and seizing power, with a hatred for whites.

"Without in any way wishing to be seduced or hypnotized by the occasion, I believe that they are people with whom serious negotiation can be undertaken. All of the delegates were clearly highly intelligent, intellectual, and highly articulate. In fact, the caliber of the leadership is streets ahead of much of the black leadership that one finds in South Africa.

"Finally, nothing was said by any of our group which could have been construed as unpatriotic or disloyal in any way whatsoever."

The Mfuwe meeting was a precedent setter. Since then, the road to the A.N.C.'s door has been trodden by numerous businessmen, politicians, scholars, clergymen, and observers—an ongoing indicator that power is no longer centered exclusively in Pretoria.

They have all returned with the message that the A.N.C. is friendly and reasonable. But there is another side to the A.N.C., one that South African businessmen and the Western world seldom see.

Every evening around 1700 G.M.T. (Greenwich mean time), a unique radio station takes to the African airwaves. Broadcast from Addis Ababa—and lately from several other African capitals—its powerful shortwave message is beamed at listeners thousands of miles to the south, across several international boundaries. It is called Radio Freedom and it is the mouthpiece of the A.N.C. It speaks to the disenfranchised millions of South Africa.

No one can tell how many ears it reaches. The South African authorities are said to have gone to elaborate lengths to block the signal. But in cities, townships, and rural areas, people have been tuning in to the message from Addis for years.

Analysis of the broadcasts made by Radio Freedom over the past two years reveals another face of the A.N.C., one that they have concealed from their high-powered South African visitors. While it is certainly not the rabble-rousing band of Marxist terrorists of popular white South African perception, Radio Freedom is far more aggressive and militant, addressing itself to the people in the streets, and its language is characterized by the

HOW U.S. EVANGELICALS BLESS APARTHEID

BY LARRY KICKHAM

"People abroad don't understand our problems here," said the deacon of Johannesburg's largest American-style Pentecostal church. We were sipping tea in the living room of his comfortable suburban home in an immaculate white enclave of the city. Through a window I saw the deacon's garden boy, a black man in his forties, cleaning out the swimming pool with a net fixed on a long pole. A new Mercedes was parked in the driveway.

"Unlike your country," he went on, "the blacks here are not a minority. One person, one vote just isn't practical in the South African situation. There is no political solution to this demand."

Nevertheless, the deacon, a prosperous businessman, did not seem apprehensive about the bonfire to come. "Someday, we will be recognized as a model for race relations all over the world," he said with eerie fervor. "God is the only solution for South Africa."

But whose God? President Botha's or Bishop Tutu's? The God of apartheid or the God of liberation? In a giant step backward for Good Samaritanism, the Big Three of American evangelism—Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, and presidential candidate Pat Robertson—have chosen Botha's idol. Although all have officially deplored the miseries of South African segregation, they support the Pretoria regime in the sacred name of national security.

As Pastor Falwell portrayed the crisis in a Moral Majority Express Gram: "Communist terrorists are openly threatening to kill me and my family because of my campaign to prevent the Soviet Union from taking over the vital minerals, strategic sea lanes, and naval bases of South Africa. . . . Please send your \$100, \$50, or \$25 gift now. . . ."

Since the only alternative to Botha, in the geopolitical theology of the right, is a Communist bloodbath, Falwell urges mere prayers instead of protest against apartheid.

As a practiced renderer unto Caesar, however, Falwell polluted the national debate over economic sanctions and disinvestment in the summer of 1985, when he called Bishop Tutu "a phony" and appealed to fellow Americans to prop up the all-white government by buying Krugerrands. This solidarity was the result of an authoritative five-and-a-half-day fact-finding tour of the troubled country. Falwell, a former segregationist himself, dared to claim that he met not a single black soul in South Africa who wanted to squeeze reform out of

Pretoria by applying financial pressure. Since he hung out with members of the ruling party, perhaps his contacts were as limited as his stay.

Despite the moral isolation of the Botha regime, American evangelists—from hard-boiled fundamentalists to tongues-talking Pentecostals—have made communion with the white cause in South Africa. The fruits of this shameful connection were apparent when I visited the country for five weeks last spring.

Jimmy Swaggart is the most popular American evangelist in South Africa. He has a large office and spiritual supermarket in Johannesburg, where his tapes, records, books, and pamphlets are for sale to the faithful. Blacks and whites alike love Brother Swaggart's music. Since his fantastic apocalypticism serves the interest of the regime, he gets plenty of exposure on the state-controlled television.

For instance, the South African Broadcasting Company aired a tape of a scary Swaggart sermon just as the government announced a state of emergency in June of 1986. Blacks whom I interviewed viewed Swaggart's ravings as political propaganda. "The conflict that is coming is not just for a tiny portion of the globe," he preached. "It is for the entire planet, and that includes South Africa. And to be honest with you, you are a prime target, because there are few countries on the entire continent of Africa that hold up the Bible and Jesus Christ."

Swaggart described the land of apartheid as a fundamentalist paradise where teachers could pray and read scripture in their classrooms and where abortion is outlawed. Their nation was reviled around the world because it was so godly. "They hate Israel," he said, "for the same reason they don't like South Africa." But he assured his audience that if they believed in Jesus, they would soon be raptured into heaven. They would escape the terrible tribulation period when "the heavyweight champion of all the ages is going to come back" and destroy Russia.

Swaggart has actually put down roots in South Africa by helping to fund a new Assembly of God bible college outside Capetown. Only after the American Pentecostal who runs the school signed a statement denouncing the anti-apartheid World Council of Churches (considered a Communist front by Botha's people and by our own Religious Right) did the government grant a multiracial

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Marxisms and Leninisms that the businessmen did not hear during the Mfuwe meeting.

Radio Freedom is a blueprint for a "people's revolution," and in its daily forays into South African airspace, it has systematically laid down the guidelines of the A.N.C.'s strategy, stripped of the subtleties and innuendo of diplomatic parlance and political posturing.

The major recurring themes revolve around "broadening the struggle," taking the revolution out of the townships and into the white areas, arming the masses, purging the country of "collaborators," and establishing "organs of people's power" to replace the collapsing "stooge" administrations.

Few South African whites are even aware of the existence of Radio Freedom, but for those who care to tune in, there is chilling confirmation of their worst nightmares. "The majority of whites have learned of the bitter confrontation only through their television screens while comfortably sipping drinks in their cozy homes," Radio Freedom warns. "It is now time for the white urban areas also to be on fire. They must be in flames. They must feel the war. We are saying, comrades, go and attack white personnel in the white areas so that we should deepen the sense of insecurity of that regime. White families must also wear black. They must also mourn."

In sharp contrast, there are frequent appeals to whites to join "the struggle." Or else, "Together, black and white, we will destroy the might of apartheid, and as equals we will build our country for the benefit of all its citizens. Our struggle is not between black and white, but between the oppressed and the oppressor. We are not embarking on a racial war. We are going to the closed white suburbs to attack the symbols of oppression."

"Police and soldiers must be killed even when they are in their homes, in or out of uniform. These angels of death must be made to pay for their crimes. Let us show no mercy, because they themselves have none."

Radio Freedom stresses that it is not A.N.C. policy to kill civilians, although very few whites in South Africa can be regarded as such. "We are finding it very difficult to differentiate between civilian targets and enemy personnel, because the South African regime has mobilized the white community into paramilitary units, and they are given combat training. Even women are trained to use firearms. The privileged white community is armed to the teeth. These weapons are meant to mow down our people."

Underlying the A.N.C. message is the idea that a state of war exists in South Africa. They speak of the Pretoria regime as "the enemy," of their own people as "combatants," of A.N.C. guerrillas on trial or held in detention as "prisoners of war," and of those sentenced to death as "judicially executed" in direct contravention

of the Geneva convention.

President P. W. Botha is often compared to Adolf Hitler, and the Afrikaners to the Nazis. The Western Bloc is accused of complicity in war crimes in South Africa. The whole country is regarded as an "operational area" in a "people's war": "We must manufacture traditional weapons to be used against the enemy, to disarm the oppressor and arm ourselves with their weapons. Ambushes must be prepared for policemen and soldiers with the aim of capturing their weapons. This might even involve eliminating an informer or spy in order to get his weapon."

"The white community is a militarized community. Every shopkeeper, every dealer, every farmer, has weapons in his house. The people must grab those weapons and use them against the enemy. They must also manufacture homemade bombs and petrol bombs with material which can be locally obtained."

"If you are working in a factory which

They must remember
that the white community is a
deadly community.
These weapons must be re-
moved from the
wrong hands and placed
in the right hands!

produces weapons, vehicles, trucks which are used by the enemy, you must ensure that there are frequent breakdowns in the machines you operate. You can clog some of them by using sugar or sand.

"We call on the workers to reduce the economy of apartheid to ruins. We call on those of our people who are working on Boer farms to attack the economy of the enemy."

"Let us sabotage everything that belongs to our places of employment, be it delivery vans, machines, or even office equipment. Lines of communication must be sabotaged, like telephone lines and trains, power stations, and power lines. Railway lines and bridges must be destroyed. Goods trains must be derailed."

Another major target is the educational system. "The closure of schools signals yet another victory," says Radio Freedom. "We must now rise in unison and destroy Botha's educational system. If need be, let Botha close all the black schools in the country."

Outwardly the A.N.C. disapproves of targeting individuals for assassination, and it has pointedly denied the existence

of a "hit list," but Radio Freedom regularly exhorts its listeners to "deal with" or to "eliminate enemy agents and collaborators." No names are mentioned, but obliquely the targets are made clear. "Those collaborators who are serving in the community councils must be dealt with. Informers, policemen, secret police, and Army personnel working against our people must be eliminated. The puppets in the tricameral parliament and the Bantustans must be disposed of."

Interestingly, Radio Freedom tries to avoid reference to the "necklace" method of execution, in which a victim is burned alive, and when they do it is by way of slap-of-the-wrist rebuke. But they have overtly approved of the results. In 1985, for instance, a black councillor, Ben Kinikini, and his two sons were gruesomely burned to death in the Eastern Cape. He was one of many community councillors who died in a rash of attacks against local governments.

"In many areas these structures have completely disappeared," commented Radio Freedom. "Councillors have either resigned or have been forced to taste the fruit of their mercenary stubbornness. Either these stooges resign, or they face the same fate as Kinikini did."

Oliver Tambo himself has used Radio Freedom to exhort the masses to "hammer more nails into the coffin of the so-called tricameral parliament. Let those who continued to serve Pretoria withdraw from these bodies or be made to feel the wrath of the people."

There can be no doubt as to which person, in the eyes of Radio Freedom, heads the list of "collaborators": Mangosuthu Buthelezi, chief minister of the KwaZulu Bantustan and leader of the six million Zulus, South Africa's most populous ethnic group.

Buthelezi is target No. 1. Hardly a week goes by without him being singled out for attack. He has received every derogatory label in the A.N.C. glossary—bootlicker, traitor, African quisling, yes-man, belly crawler, Botha's puppet. Significantly, Radio Freedom has called Buthelezi—and not President Botha—"the major political foe of the A.N.C. inside South Africa."

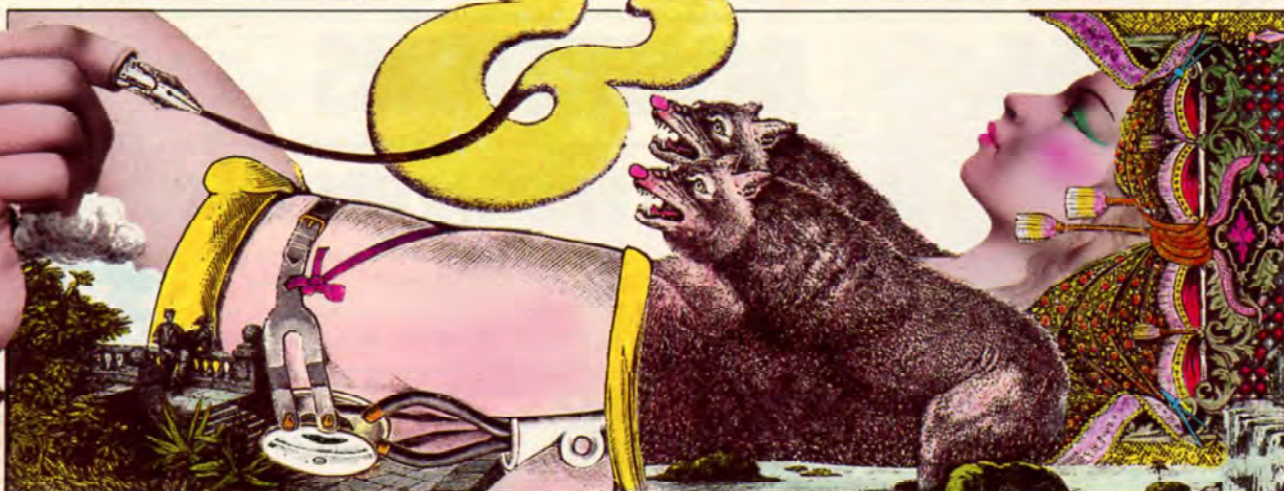
"Buthelezi has demonstrated very clearly that his role is counterrevolutionary. His consistent opposition to the people's call for sanctions against the Pretoria regime is a further indication of his treacherous activities against the people," says Radio Freedom.

"The puppet Buthelezi is being groomed by the West and the South African racists to become a Savimbi [named after Jonas Savimbi, the leader of the Western-backed Angolan rebel movement Unita] in a future free South Africa. The onus is on the people to neutralize this snake which is poisoning the people. It needs to be hit on the head."

Once these "puppets" have been "eliminated," explains Radio Freedom,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



CLASS ACT

Following an unsuccessful attempt by the state of New Jersey to claim Liberty Island—on which the Statue of Liberty is located—New York City Mayor Edward Koch claimed that the statue faces New York while “showing another side of her personality” to New Jersey, which faces the statue’s rear.

SPORTING AMERICA

A federal judge in Denver, in dismissing a slander suit filed by a sports agent against a football coach, ruled that the coach’s characterization of the agent as a “sleaze bag” who “slimed up from the bayou” is protected under the First Amendment.

ALL’S WELL THAT REVERENDS WELL

Evangelist and presidential candidate Pat Robertson, who has condemned sex before marriage, was revealed to have married his wife when she was five months’ pregnant.

WE WERE ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS

Instructed to remove any “threat to the President’s life,” security officers at Topeka Airport shot and killed two dogs mating near a runway.

Officials defended the killing, claiming that the dogs might have run onto the tarmac, interfering with the landing of Air Force One.



WRETCHED EXCESS

A Kentucky truck driver, denied permission to move from one movie to another at a ten-screen theater, left his tractor trailer in the theater’s lobby.



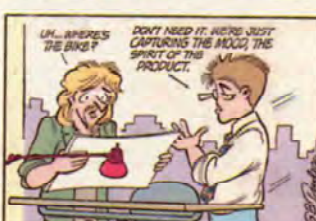
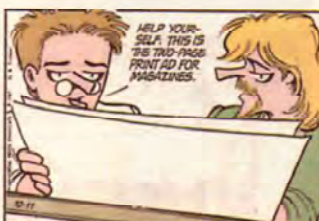
NEW WORLD RECORDS

Don Fleming of Vermont won the World Pumpkin Confederation Weigh-Off with a 604-pound entry that required eight men to lift.

DOONESBURY



BY GARRY TRUDEAU



THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

Several newspapers around the country refused to run

a Doonesbury comic strip that showed several people

discreetly nude in a parody of a bicycle ad.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THE CICCIOLINA FOLLIES (CONT.)

Italian porn star and parliament member Cicciolina was invited to Israel to perform a nude nightclub act that includes the use of a boa constrictor and a violin. She was later chased by outraged Orthodox Jews when she left the club and attempted to visit Jerusalem's Western Wall, Judaism's holiest site.

MEMO TO DR. BLOOM

High schools in Orange County, California, now offer surfing classes for credit.



BEST NEW PRODUCT

A Japanese inventor claims to have perfected the world's first odorless garlic.



PREMATURE EJACULATION

St. Louis Cardinals Manager Whitey Herzog claimed that President Reagan called to congratulate him for win-

ning the World Series following the Cardinals' fifth-game victory—unaware that the Series is seven games.

SIC TRANSIT

Fawn Hall, who won fame as the former secretary to Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, was served with a summons in a Washington, D.C., subway station for eating a banana. It is illegal to eat in Washington's Metro subway system.

Former Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver held a garage sale of personal artifacts, during which a sign he had autographed sold for 22 cents.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"My ex-wives were all good housekeepers. When I left, they kept the house."

—ex-boxing champion Willie Pep, on his five former wives



PREMENSTRUAL STRESS

A Virginia high school physical-education teacher was denied a pay raise and placed on probation after writing to the school paper what he described as a "joke" response to allegations of sexism in the school's athletic department. The response said, in part, "... I like girls. and the many things they

can accomplish. My two females at home are a 16-year-old, whom I permit to chauffeur my son to and from his many activities, and my wife, who is an adequate cook and housekeeper. My wife also does light yard work, enabling me to play golf and pursue many other masculine activities."

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A 78-year-old Bakersfield, California, woman fought off a rapist by spitting tobacco juice into his eyes.

MODERN LIFE

A Connecticut legislator was censured for referring to homosexuals as "lollipops."

AMERICAN FUN COUPLES

New York's Bess Myerson and Carl Capasso.



LAST LAUGH

Poet Joseph Brodsky, sentenced to a Siberian labor camp as "useless" to society and later exiled from his Soviet homeland, won the Nobel prize for literature.

CALLING DR. KILDARE

Despite the Hippocratic oath, 27 percent of doctors surveyed nationwide by the San Francisco Department of Health believe it is not unethical to refuse to treat an AIDS victim.

OUR PROBLEM-BESET ENTERTAINMENT STARS

A chapter in Bill Cosby's latest book deals with his dis-

UH-HUH

After allowing a black African guerrilla group to delete two lines from his movie *Cry Freedom*, director Richard Attenborough said he did not consider the deletions to constitute censorship by the group.

HIGHS AND LOWS

A prominent Greek business leader, invited to have lunch with President Reagan, was discovered to be the subject of a seven-year-old arrest warrant in this country involving charges of fraud and conspiracy.

WE KNOW WE KNOW

William Roper, director of the Health Care Financing Administration, which administers the government's medicare system, said, "Death is the ultimate negative patient-health outcome."

KNOCK ON WOOD

President Reagan told the West German foreign minister that he thinks Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev really believes in God.



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Butch Patrick, the child actor who played Eddie Munster in the long-running television series "The Munsters," is now 30 years old and heads a rock group called Eddie and the Monsters.



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.



LIFE AT THE TOP

After winning a new car in a tennis tournament, top women's player Martina Navratilova said, "The car was an incentive for me, because I have one in Fort Worth and I needed one in Aspen."



SUZY

Brought back due to a multitude of requests from readers intrigued by her beauty revealed in our September 1987 issue, Suzy shares more of her own sweet mystery. She has now moved to Los Angeles, where she is pursuing a career in acting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOOR





Combined
with her
stunning good
looks is
the business
savvy she
learned while
working in
a stockbroker's
office.





Suzy enjoys the indoor life. She listens to music, reads scripts, and after a long day of auditions, delights in just being home.







She's still waiting to
meet that special man who will be
able to appreciate and
understand her secrets and loveliness.









FICTION

She had only been a cop for six months, but already New York's nightmare world of pimps and whores and drug addicts had claimed her.

UNDERCOVER

BY SOLEDAD SANTIAGO

The street was empty. I was alone. My spikes clicked on the pavement and echoed in the hollow night. Sunny was the key. If I could find the blond hooker called Sunny, I knew she would lead me to the man they called Cobra. And in the nightmare drug world of New York City, Cobra was as big as you

could get. So, after six months of being a cop, I was going undercover for the first time. I had waited for the scene at Robert's Place to mellow out before coming uptown. Now it was after 11, it was early enough for me to blend into the action and late enough so that I would not be

particularly noticed.

As I opened the door, the jukebox embraced me with Latin funk. There were tables along the wall, and the bar was deep in people. I decided to walk all the way to the back as if I knew the place. First I would go to the ladies' room, check myself out, and then elbow

PAINTING BY SHIMON OKSHEYN



up to the bar as if I had been there a hundred times before and were waiting for someone. I got a few looks as I passed the bar.

"Looking for someone, sugar?" a stranger asked.

I checked my watch to delay answering, and as I did I realized that the wall across from me was a mirror, because the young woman standing opposite me in skintight jeans, spike heels, and a tank top was me. My eyes wandered the room, which seemed to be L-shaped. Mirrors covered the walls and several square pillars. I couldn't distinguish real people from reflected people.

"The ladies' room is downstairs behind you," the guy in front of me said. He must have been reacting to the expression on my face, which said I was looking for something. I turned on my heels and wiggled quickly down the stairs to the bathroom.

There were no windows in the underground bathroom. The walls inside the stalls were painted a hellish red enamel, and the acidic smell of stale urine nipped my nostrils worse than the cold in winter. I opened the door to the stall nearest the wall. Music vibrated loudly through the floorboards.

I heard the door open. Someone staggered into the stall next to me and sat down. I flushed, got up, put myself back together, and exited the stall. Four songs had passed upstairs. I heard another toilet flush, and a buxom young woman dressed just like me came out of the other stall.

"Seen Sunny tonight?" I asked, as if the girl and I had been best of friends for years.

She dabbed her lipstick on a paper towel and shook her head. "Where've you been, girl? Sunny ain't hung out here since last summer. She's on the corner now," she said as she pointed upstairs. "She hates these barracudas."

"So do I," I said. "Where's she hanging, Lenox? Or by the park?" I mentioned two well-known hooker spots in that part of Harlem.

She shook her head. "I don't know. She could be anywhere. Last time I saw her she was working the tunnel traffic."

She pulled back from the mirror, tilted her weight onto her right hip, and cocked her head quizzically, stopping to look at me for the first time. By the way her head tottered on her shoulders, I knew that she was stoned. "Why you askin' so many questions?" she slurred.

I leaned up to the mirror, as if my lips were the most important thing in the world. "Hey, don't get smart with me," I snarled. "You started talking about the bitch. Her and I happen to go way back, so I got sucked in."

She tottered a little, then pointed a finger at me. "You brung her up, not me."

After that I went back upstairs. I didn't even bother to go to the bar for a drink. I just cut out and hopped a cab to the

diner on 43rd and 11th, a few blocks from the Lincoln Tunnel. The diner lit up half the block and was centrally located to about half a dozen hooker corners. I had decided to give myself a coffee break before trying to find Sunny. As I sipped my soda at the almost empty counter, I turned to stare out the window, which ran the whole length of the diner and even went around the corners.

The diner's neon glare contrasted with the darkness outside. Eleventh Avenue is so close to the Hudson that it's like a highway, and cars go faster than anywhere inside the city. There are no stoops, no people, few stores—just warehouses, parking lots, and motels for out-of-towners who come and go by car. I sat there wondering how I was going to find Sunny without getting myself raped or killed. I wasn't afraid of the streets, because I had grown up on them. But this was different. It was not a neighborhood. There were no rules here. Here everything was anon-

On the bed, a
molten mass bucked and
rose. Three naked
women were intertwined,
hands, breasts,
tongues, in secret places.

ymous, especially sex and death. I finished my soda and stepped out into the night before giving my fears any more time to grow.

I walked down 11th Avenue from 43rd to 38th Street. There were clusters of hookers on almost every corner. They came in all sizes, shapes, and colors. Most were young, very young. Many had beautiful parts. If a girl had beautiful legs, she would wear shorts and high heels. If she had a great ass, she'd wear skintight jeans. If her tits were something special, she'd wear a tight T-shirt or a blouse halfway open. And if her face was striking, she would push her hair back and expose the bone structure. Whatever was salable was displayed. What went on inside these women was a sad mystery.

Pimps in Cadillacs guarded the female merchandise. They wore flashy, wide-lapelled suits, often white, often with a matching wide-brimmed hat. Most of the pimps were black. Every time I saw a blond hooker, I'd stop for a few minutes and try to blend in. But it wasn't working. Even though I was dressed like one of them, they knew I wasn't. In the Academy we had learned that hookers could smell

cops but that they rarely messed with them.

To a hooker an undercover cop was bad for business but not really dangerous, because the undercovers were after the johns. If word got out that an undercover was on the scene, the johns wouldn't come around. A car stopped for me. There were three other girls on the corner, one was blond and the reason I had stopped there.

"How much?" asked the driver as he leaned out the window.

My heart jumped into my throat. "A hundred," I said quickly.

"For a blowjob?" He looked incredulous. "You gotta be kiddin'."

"I'm not." He screeched off into the tunnel.

"Whattaya writing a book or something?" the blonde asked me.

"What do you mean?" I said, but I was really dying to ask her her name. "I'm Toni," I added.

"When you first got here, we thought you was undercover, but if you was you wouldda nailed that guy. So what are you doin' here?"

"I'm just trying to make a few bucks like everybody else," I said. "What's your name?"

She ignored my question.

"You look scared," she said, even though she was several years younger than I. Another car stopped. One of the other girls got in.

"So why'd you tell the guy so much money? You got something special in your throat?" She laughed. "Or don't you know the rates?"

I didn't have to come up with an answer, because just then a Caddy came sliding across the avenue and stopped in front of us. The window rolled down and the head of a black man in a yellow suit appeared. He locked eyes with the little hooker and showed her his teeth. "Is this bitch payin' you to stand here gabbin'?"

Her eyes opened wide with fright. She rubbed a spot on her upper arm where a bruise was turning from blue to purple. "I ain't doin' nothin, Jack." Then she turned back to me. "I was just tellin' her to get the fuck off this corner."

She moved a step closer and yelled into my nose as if it were a microphone. Her face was contorted in rage, but a sharp fear hid in her eyes. As much to spare her as myself, I backed off. The pimp raised an arrogant eyebrow that dispatched me down the avenue.

That night I went home early, but in those next few weeks the world of pimps and whores and the cure claimed me. The slide started easily enough that next Saturday. It was just before dawn when I joined the gathering community of working girls at the mouth of the Lincoln Tunnel. The girls kept disappearing into cars, and that camouflaged the fact that I was just standing there bullshitting. It was still dark. The descending cars were pre-



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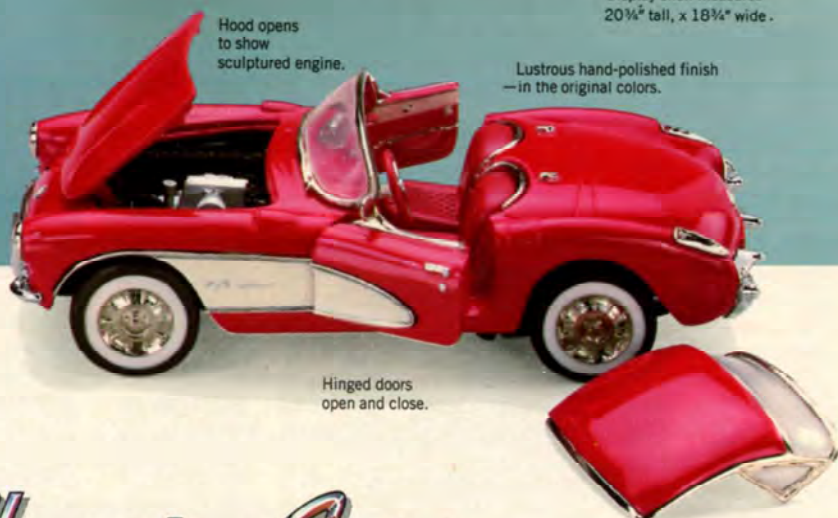
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ceded by their headlights. Traffic was slow in the silence of the ending night. Across from me a brief negotiation took place. A girl climbed into a car. I heard the sharp metallic slam of the door shutting. Tires echoed on the damp cement. I looked back into that tile tunnel and imagined the filthy river above. Trucks from Jersey climbed out of the tunnel into the city, which was belching to life.

The girls drifted to the front of Edison Park at 42nd and 11th Avenue. It was a moist night, and we could smell the rotting river as it pushed up from the shore less than half a mile away. There were four of us—me in my short white shorts, a young-looking Latina, a white girl in a halter top and the shortest miniskirt I had ever seen. Every time she moved, her pink underwear flashed. Then there was an African beauty in a white jersey that clung to her shapely body with every move. I had been around every night that week and hadn't brought the man or cut into anybody's business, so the girls were letting me hang. One of the girls had a small portable radio, another had some bad smoke. Reefer was the only drug I had ever tried, so when the joint was passed to me I didn't hesitate.

A bottle of spiced rum was making its way from hand to hand. For me, it had been a lousy week on the job. No good collars, lots of bullshit arrests, and lots of paper shoving—an old lady shoplifting for food, a teenager trying to lift a leather jacket to wear on the block, a domestic dispute when a city marshal put a family of nine on the street. No progress in my search for Sunny. So that night I wasn't feeling very good about myself.

But the smoke made the little radio sound sweet. The cheap rum lit a furnace in the pit of my stomach that warmed my limbs, and I began to chill out. We were listening to a swinging samba. The Latina took me in her arms, and we just started to dance when a truck came to the mouth of the parking lot. The driver looked down on us. "Twenty bucks," he said.

My laughter died. "He's all yours."

He shook his head and said, "I'm talking to you."

"Catch you later," my laughing partner said.

I reached for the bottle one more time, just to stretch the moment. But I knew I was about to climb into that truck and drive off with this asshole. I took a long swig, then caught him in the corner of my eye. He looked about 35, thick, chunky, muscular, red-haired, and ruddy. He didn't look like a guy who really needed to buy it.

The truck cab was high off the ground. I put a foot on the running board, and he grabbed my hand. I was in. He hit the gas and we slid up 42nd Street, across 11th Avenue toward Times Square and the strip.

"I've never seen you on that corner before."

"You need glasses."

I was sweating, sweating his next move. How was I going to get away from him? Maybe traffic on the strip would be slow. I'd hop out of the truck and keep stepping. But when we got there, the street was wide open. He pulled through at 30 miles per hour.

Neon flashed all around us. Red, white, blue, orange, aqua. At the corner of Broadway he pulled into a corner parking lot and backed his truck against the back wall. Then he killed the lights and cut the engine. Everything was quiet. He looked at me blankly.

"The back of the truck is okay," he said.

"Not for me. Look, this is a scene I don't dig. Let me out."

He raised an eyebrow slightly. His upper lip twitched, and his eyes were agate cold. "I call the shots, I'm paying so I call the shots."

"You haven't paid me yet. Let me out. Just let me out."

He stroked the lower half of the steer-

I watched as he
inserted the needle into my
arm. A thin sliver of
blood rose in the dropper,
and he squeezed the
syringe. Blood
dripped onto my thigh.

ing wheel then ran his finger over the horn in the center. He slouched back in the seat and plunged a hand into a pocket and extracted a wad of bills. He peeled off a 20 and a ten. "Here." He shoved the bills into my halter. "That's twice what you usually get. Now climb into the back. I ain't got all night."

I sat there cursing myself for not packing.

I poked my head through the curtain. The back of the truck was empty. It had floorboards like a room, but nothing I could use as an equalizer. His hand was on my ass. He shoved me over the seat. I complied and scrambled quickly to my knees. He was right with me. I jumped to my feet. The truck was big enough for me to stand in, but he was too tall. He hunched in half, and that was my moment. I offered a quick, hard kick to the groin. He went down on his knees. I kicked him in the stomach a couple of times and tried to scramble back over the seat. He grabbed my calf and pulled me down.

"You stupid bitch." He tried pinning my arm behind me to bring me to my knees. I took an ear between my teeth and bit,

bit till my teeth went all the way through. It took a few seconds for the pain to hit home. Then he bucked like a steer and his grip on my arm loosened. I kicked his gut, and the air shot out of him in a long, deep groan. I scrambled over the seat, opened the door on his side, and fled down the avenue in the direction of the players and the hustlers and the cops who spelled safety.

After that, I started packing my .22. I bought a bellyband that fit snugly around my tummy and kept my piece right over my pelvis. Hanging in the streets was like a tour of duty—you never knew what you'd find. Some days it was more dangerous to be packing than to be unarmed. It was impossible to plan ahead, so I played the odds. Some days I packed. Some days I didn't.

About a week later, I was packing when I shouldn't have been. I tagged along to a hooker's birthday party. Her name was Tiny. We had become friendly on the corner. She was half Irish and half Puerto Rican. Although she hadn't told me herself, the grapevine had it that Tiny once ran with Sunny. So I was into staying close to Tiny. I had dropped a hint that Sunny was my cousin.

This particular Saturday one of the girls had rented a room at the Motor Inn on Tenth Avenue and 42nd Street. One by one, we straggled in, all six of us. Tiny; myself; a washed-out white girl named Laura; China, the brunette I had danced with the week before; and two other Latinas I didn't know. Everybody was carrying a paper bag of something. I had two six-packs, Heinekens, not the cheap stuff.

Tiny had her blaster and some tapes. She wore a leather mini, a studded T-shirt, and a leather bracelet with spikes. Her short hair was orange and purple.

"How old?" I said, pulling the beer from its cheap paper hull.

"Nineteen."

"Like Sunny," I said.

Tiny studied her reflection in the mirror. She played with her purple sideburns. They were short and sleek. Her little mouth was heart-shaped, her wide ass high, her skin café au lait. "You're obsessed with Sunny," she said. "Are you in love with her?"

I cracked a can of beer. It fizzled onto my thigh. Tiny grabbed the can from my hand and brought it to her lips. She threw her head back and took a swig.

The beer frothed on my thigh. She reached down and wiped the foam with deft fingers. "That shit is ugly," she said. "It looks like scum."

"What you got against scum?" one of the girls asked as she unfolded a packet of cocaine. "Scum paid for this, and this is a party."

Everybody laughed.

"Mercedes, you know Sunny's cousin Toni?" Tiny formally introduced me to the small Dominican hooker.

Mercedes laughed. "How you doin'?"



"So . . . how was I?"

"So-so," I said.

Mercedes tenderly emptied the packet of coke onto a hand mirror. With a razor blade she made some lines and offered the birthday girl a straw. Tiny leaned over the mirror. She sucked the coke in fast and hard like a pro. No hesitation. She hit another line. When she looked up, the room came to a standstill. Everybody waited for her reaction. What would the pecking order be? Who would get the next line? She picked me.

Since I had never done coke, I got nervous. But tonight it was join or be left out. So I did like Tiny had done and didn't fumble at all. The effect of the coke was fast. I was suddenly very up, certain that Tiny would give me the lead I hungered for.

Tiny took the mirror in her hand and one by one the girls snorted a line, then a second.

The white girl, Laura, spoke in a plaintive wail. "I'm sick of this street shit. I wanna have my own steady clients."

"You must be kidding! You're not call-girl material. You can't be a dope fiend and keep a schedule. You're on the corner for a reason. You're a dope fiend first and a hooker second. Shit, you're not even a professional hooker."

The room laughed. The would-be call girl retreated to a corner.

"Sunny was call-girl material. Sunny had a snapper." Tiny cracked another beer can. The air-conditioning unit whirled like a DC-10, and the room was icy. I was frozen in a spectator's reverie until Sunny's name hit the air.

"What's a snapper?" I asked.

The girls looked at me dumbly. "You don't know?" Tiny asked.

I knew I'd better know, so I covered up with humor. "It's some kind of fish." The room laughed dirty. I had gotten away with something. Sounded like I fit.

"Sunny's pussy used to work overtime. She could make herself come by contracting her muscles. She could make the johns howl."

"She had *mucha labia*," China said. "*choca loca* . . . Me, I don't feel anything unless I'm in love."

"In love!" everyone groaned.

"I have to feel it in my heart." She tapped on her chest and offered a smile that concealed a secret.

Conversations were slowing and slurring. Somebody turned the air-conditioning off. I nodded out. Musk filled the empty air and slid down the back of my throat. Raspy breathing and an orchestra of deep sighs played around my ears. I opened my eyes.

On the bed a molten mass bucked and rose. Three naked women were inter-

twined, hands, breasts, tongues, in secret places. I killed the overhead and sat back down.

Inside my head, I turned a merry somersault. My fuzzy lips went numb, my skin dissolved; I was soft, a soft yearning cloud.

Tiny leaned over me. "C'mon and gap those legs, I'll take you the rest of the way."

I touched the piece over my pelvis—that drew the line for me. I gave Tiny a half-smile. "I'm on the rag," I lied, and watched her turn away.

A gossamer veil fell over my eyes as Tiny gave me a wink and spread China's creamy thighs.

"All right," somebody whispered loudly, like a wind from the window. "Show her that you know what no man knows."

China bucked up from the bed. Tiny grabbed her ass, cupping the cheeks in both hands. China rocked the cradle of her hips from side to side and shuddered.

They caught a rhythm that entwined them as together they climbed a long invisible ladder. When they reached the top, China dissolved in a wrenching scream.

Then Tiny turned to me. "See that—that's power."

But I was beginning to crash; my pulse fluttered in my throat like something that was dying. I stood on shaky legs. "Look, I gotta go out there and find my cousin."

Tiny shrugged. "You're missing out on a party."

Three days later, I still had gotten nowhere. On the corner of 42nd Street and 11th Avenue, the girls were still hard at work. I joined a crowd.

"Anything happening?" I asked.

"I gots mine," a brunette pulled a wad of bills from her cleavage.

"Stop showing off, bitch." A young blond madonna's laugh chimed like a high bell. "We know who's gettin' most of that when you leave here." She nodded her head in the direction of a maroon Cadillac across the avenue.

"What makes you so tough?" the brunette questioned. Her voice was deep and gravelly. "You think you can keep it all. But one of these days one of these johns is gonna show you different."

"Not me, baby. I'm freelance now and I'll be freelance tomorrow. I like my independence."

I took the opening to jump in and say, "I'm freelance, too. Can I hang out?"

"Oh yeah, how long you been in bidness? Ten minutes?" Everybody laughed.

"I'm from the Lower East Side, and my old man just got locked up. I'm sick but I can't hustle in my own neighborhood cuz my father'll find out."

Just then the light turned red and four cars stopped. The girls went up to the cars offering their wares. One unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her beautiful breasts. Only the blond madonna and I stayed rooted to our spots. She was



wearing tight jeans with a denim jacket and nothing underneath.

"Get any money yet?" she asked.

"Yeah, I got bucks."

"I know a guy on Thirty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue. We could put our money together, cop, get off, and then come back."

We walked across Ninth Avenue making small talk. Her name was Sheri. She was from Plainfield, New Jersey, and she loved skag.

"How did you get started?"

"In school," she said matter-of-factly.

The cop man lived over a meat market that took up most of the block. We entered through a door in the side of the building that also led to the back of the market.

As soon as we stepped in, the smell of blood and raw meat enveloped us. We climbed the flight of stairs to his door. It had three locks, a police insignia, and a sign that read BEWARE OF DOG. She knocked loud and hard and yelled, "Joe! Joe, it's me, Sheri. Open up."

Inside I heard some barking, yapping, and growling. Then the locks opened one by one. A sleepy-eyed, thin, long-haired old dope fiend in boxer shorts stood in the dark threshold.

"Who's she?"

Sheri shifted the weight of her pretty body onto one leg. "Don't worry about her. She's nobody. We know each other from the old neighborhood."

He opened the door a little wider and I followed Sheri in. It was a big unfurnished space that looked like it might once have been a warehouse. There were two rooms connected by a large window frame with no glass in it. In the far corner a mattress lay on the floor.

Dogs in all shapes and sizes filled the room. Several started sniffing and licking me.

"What's your friend's name?" Joe asked, staring at my crotch, which one of his dogs was sniffing.

"Ask her yourself. She's got a mouth."

"Toni," I offered, and felt my face twitch.

"Gimme what you got," Sheri said. I pulled some money out of my back pocket.

She took it and smiled happily at Joe.

"I got twenty-eight bucks. Gimme three dimes."

She handed Joe the money.

I was thinking that I should just get up, walk out the door, and forget the whole thing. Joe disappeared behind a black curtain and came back carrying several glassine bags, a bottle cap, and a small black box shaped like a coffin. A skull and crossbones were delicately etched into the wood.

"Let's go into the bathroom," Sheri said, grabbing the bags from his hand. "I don't want these dogs making me spill this shit."

Joe led the way. We followed. Sheri gave my hand a happy little squeeze.

"This shit is nice," she whispered. "You'll see. Soon you're gonna feel good."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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ARTICLE

A 14-year-old boy's
affair with Jessica Hahn.

"My First Time"



He was 14 and she was the girl upstairs, 25, sexy, and inspiring adolescent daydreams. She wore tight jeans, low-cut blouses, and, come summer, often sunned herself in the backyard in skimpy attire. Now 17, John Pietropaolo will never forget the older woman he fondly called "Aunt Jess"—Jessica Hahn.

For three years, she was the sultry neighbor who lived one flight up from his family in a \$425-a-month apartment in seedy West Babylon, Long Island—until moving out last summer to stalk fame, fortune, and fun purveying her highly disputed saga of wide-eyed innocence, rape, and plundered virginity at the hands of Rev. Jim Bakker.

To hear John tell it, she was a temptress, a tease. At the same

BY ART HARRIS



time, she treated him like a kid brother. She brought candy to his hospital bed after he was beaten up in an alley by an older boy. She bought him an expensive drum set for his 14th birthday, then offered him a gift most young boys only fantasize about, he says. It was Aunt Jess who unwrapped his innocence at 14, he says, ministering the rites of manhood on a furry blanket on the floor of her living room—the same woman who accused Jim Bakker of stealing her virginity five years earlier in a Florida hotel.

"She was my first time," says Pietropaolo, a tenth-grader at West Babylon High. "She taught me all about sex." Yet unlike Hahn's public protests over her episode with Bakker, the teenager has no regrets.

"Hey," he says, "it was fun."

According to law-enforcement sources, the alleged February 24, 1985, sexcapade with Hahn is under investigation by Suffolk County police as a possible criminal violation of sodomy laws and state consent laws against underage sexual encounters, a felony with a four-year prison term attached. Whether the teenager may have had "fun" coming of age with Aunt Jess matters not, says one officer familiar with the case.

"If what he says is true, even if there was no force involved," sex with a minor under 17 violates consent laws, adds the officer. And under the law, a 14-year-old, boy or girl, isn't considered mature enough to be able to give consent to a sex act

with an adult.

Jessica Hahn's P.R. representative, when reached by phone, said, "She absolutely denied any of these allegations." He said that Jessica felt it was another example of her enemies' attempt to discredit her. But John Pietropaolo says, "What I'm trying to bring out is that she's not so innocent. I don't want money. I just want the truth to come out."

"He does not come across as a liar," says the officer. "We're trying to corroborate it. If it's real, it's worth chasing."

"It's everybody's gut feeling the kid is telling the truth," confides one Suffolk County prosecutor familiar with the case, "but you don't convict someone on gut feeling. We need corroboration."

Whether Hahn will ever be indicted, much less do time, is anybody's guess. Sources say police were still gathering evidence for review by the Suffolk County District Attorney's Office when this story went to press in late December, and they were said to be eager to chat with another mother, also a former Hahn confidante, who said in an interview that her son once related how Jessica came on to him with "heavy flirting" at the same tender age.

"I had a feeling she was going after my son," said the mother, who asked not to be identified. "So I grabbed her in church the next day and said, 'If you go near my son, I'll break your arm.'"

And to further complicate things, police must factor in the outraged parent, widow Barbara Pietropaolo, 44, once a close

Hahn friend who remains loyal to Jessica's ex-boss and nemesis, Pastor Gene Profeta. Last October, Hahn testified against Profeta to a New York grand jury investigating charges of criminal tax fraud over misuse of funds at his church, sources say.

Firing back from his pulpit in Massapequa, New York, the flamboyant, pistol-packing preacher who drives a fancy Lincoln and wears a mink coat, branded Hahn a harlot and recently urged followers with any dirt on her to come forth and tell all, investigators say.

"This is as crazy as the 'madam' bullshit," says Jessica's lawyer, Dominic Barbara. "It's all coming from the church. They're fanatics."

But church vengeance isn't the reason Barbara Pietropaolo gives for coming forward. She says she no longer attends Profeta's church, but remains an admirer of the preacher, who inspired her to pick up her life and go on after her husband died in 1981, and who interceded on her behalf in a minor shoplifting incident.

She says it's her anger as a mother—maternal vengeance—not other loyalties, that fuels her crusade to bring the truth out about her son. She's been fuming over the alleged seduction ever since her son first told her about it last September and Barbara began struggling over what to do—long before Profeta issued his call to arms. Then two months later, in November, when police stopped by to quiz her son about the unsolved assault



that put John in the hospital three years earlier, she was ready to tell all.

"Who would seduce their best friend's child?" she smarts. "Only a degenerate."

It was late September 1987. Barbara was in the kitchen eating Chinese noodles. Her son John was poring over lurid *New York Post* headlines touting Hahn's secret sex life, discussing details with his best friend—a teenager we'll call "Sam." Sam says he once overheard Jessica refer to the alleged sexual encounter with his pal. At the time, Hahn's friends, ex-lovers, and former coworkers (including one live madam) were just starting to publicly dispute Hahn's ravaged-virginity story. (This was months before *Penthouse*, in its January issue, detailed Hahn's media con, reporting that former confidantes portrayed her as a sexually savvy young woman who not only boasted about shaking Bakker down for \$265,000 in hush money but delighted in her role as a vixen masquerading as victim, even as she committed mass-media fraud.)

Moreover, Hahn had just launched a *Playboy* promo tour, pocketing a reported \$1 million for posing nude and laying out a version of events so hotly disputed that, when challenged, she quickly abandoned the hype circuit for Hugh Hefner's mansion in Los Angeles and a body tune-up by a plastic surgeon. When Barbara Pietropaolo overheard the two boys talking about her son's alleged encounter, she confronted him. He confessed.

But the incident was not officially reported until two months later, on November 24, when the two Suffolk County detectives making neighborhood rounds dropped by to follow up on the old assault case, then began quizzing John and Sam about what John's mother said had allegedly happened between the teenager and Hahn. The two boys told their stories to the police. One officer remembers that John didn't seem nearly as upset as his mother, who asked that the alleged incident be investigated as a sex crime.

Later, John was invited to the precinct. Cops began picking his brain about the unsolved assault, and one officer asked for more details on the alleged sexual encounter with Hahn. "They wanted me and my mother to go to the police station to make out a report about the [assault], and when we got there, one cop goes, 'I want to investigate your case with Jessica. Tell me everything.'" John remembers an assistant district attorney sitting in on the debriefing. Bam, bam, they peppered him with questions. Here's how he remembers it:

"When did you go to bed with her? How did it happen? Do you have anything that she gave you?"

Indeed, he had. He tendered a birthday card and a West Babylon Junior High School yearbook autographed by Hahn. "She signed it, 'Dear John,'" he says. "Things are given out of love and not habit. I love you 365 days of the year. Love always, Aunt Jess." The district at-



These photographs of John Pietropaolo and Jessica Hahn were all taken by John's mother Barbara in and around their house—except for the photo on page 69, which she took in the Montauk motel in September 1984. The pictures on the facing page include Jessica romping on the limo before John's junior high prom.

torney has it. They photocopied it."

More questions.

Prosecutor: "Did she go down on you?"

John: "Yes."

Prosecutor: "That's a felony."

It was 3 P.M., just after school, when the grilling began. Eight hours later, just before 11, John left for home, exhausted.

"She seduced my son when he was 14," says Barbara. "Sounds like statutory rape to me."

For three years, John kept it a secret. "Why didn't I say anything? My mother would have beat her up," he told me, detailing the same version of events officials say he told police.

It was a blustery cold winter night. And as John often did, sometimes with younger sisters Tara and Tiffany in tow, he popped upstairs to visit Aunt Jess. This time he was alone. It was common to beat a path back and forth between their apartments. Jessica was a close friend of his mother Barbara, a church member at the Full Gospel Tabernacle of Massapequa, where Hahn worked as an \$80-a-week church secretary to Profeta. When Barbara learned that Hahn was apartment hunting in 1984, she suggested the one upstairs and spent a week scrubbing grit off appliances and hanging her curtains, she says. Once, they were close.

Jessica loved her children ("I didn't realize how much," Barbara quips), buying them gifts, doting like an aunt, going with the family to Jones Beach come summer.

THE REFRESHEST



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NEW PACKS



Now, on this cold winter night, John was brimming with excitement. He couldn't stop thinking about the night before—when he'd popped over and they'd sat on her couch watching erotica on the Playboy Channel.

Naturally, talk turned to sex. "We were in the living room, sitting on the couch, and she said, 'When guys come, they get tired.' I told her, 'I didn't know that. I never did it before.'"

So Aunt Jess turned teacher. "She started naming different [lovemaking] positions. I said, 'I don't understand, why don't you show me?' So she showed me four positions, with our clothes on," using John as a live mannequin. They were lying on the floor as she demonstrated.

First, she lay "on her back," he says. Then, she climbed on top. Next, Hahn got down on all fours, "on her hands and knees. I don't remember the other position. And that was it." He went home.

Now, the next night, he was back for Sex Academy II. Again, the Playboy Channel was on. She was talking about her boyfriend, a black musician named Barry Hawkins. "I asked her, 'What would you do if Barry was here?' And she said, 'I'd rip his clothes off.' I figured, maybe I got a shot."

Then Aunt Jess blew his mind. "You don't know what you're missing," he recalls her saying. "So I said, 'No man in his right mind would turn you down.' I told her, 'I've never done it before . . . but I want to.' I was trying to convince her. She

just smiled" and disappeared into the bathroom.

A few minutes later, he says, she emerged in a burgundy bathrobe with nothing underneath, dark hair cascading down her back. She dimmed the lights, tuned the radio to soft rock music. She spread a brown fur blanket on the floor. She smelled nice. "Take off your clothes," she instructed.

He scrambled out of jeans, boots, and Jockey shorts. They were an unlikely couple: She was a voluptuous five foot four. He was skinny, at just over five feet and 120 pounds. It didn't seem to matter.

"When she asked me to take off my clothes, she was kissing me and told me to lie down on the rug, and gave me a blowjob," he says.

"It [oral sex] lasted about two minutes. She knew what she was doing, but it hurt me. She was just a little rough. . . . [Since then] I've had better. . . ."

As for what came next, "She was gentle," he recalls. "She made it easy." Time rushed by. "Afterwards, she asked me, 'Did you have fun?' I said, 'Yeah!' She was smiling."

"Me, too," he remembers her saying. "If you hadn't told me, I'd never have known it was your first time. You were good." He fell asleep on the couch. She woke him up and he went home . . . downstairs.

"She told me, 'Don't tell anybody; I'll just deny it ever happened,'" he says. "I said, 'Who am I gonna tell?'"

Later, he hinted around for an encore. He says she agreed, but it never happened. Beaming, he confessed to his best friend Sam. Both boys, sources say, told the same story to police.

Sam was stunned. "It was a few days later, and we were just hanging out in his room, listening to records and talking about girls," Sam says. "He just put it out. I didn't believe him at first."

What convinced him to become a convert? Sam suggested they venture forth together, as students, to seek further advanced instruction. "Let's go back upstairs and see her." . . . And they did.

That time, Jessica was lying on her water bed, fully clothed, say the boys. They climbed aboard, one on each side, and began making waves. "She was lying between us, playing footsie with [Sam]," says John. "I was feeling her ass."

Alas, sighs John, nothing happened.

Soon it was the summer of '85, and John was trying to throw Jessica in his backyard pool. He chased her out the gate and onto the street. She balked, leveled her gaze. "John, you remember you promised not to mess around with me like this," he recalls her saying. He broke into a grin, remembering his first time. Whether he'd promised or not, he couldn't recall; but he called the game quits. Sam watched it go down.

Suddenly, Jessica became aware of Sam watching. "Does he know, too?" she asked. John nodded. Both boys say she leveled her steely blue eyes at Sam. "I don't mind, because you won't say anything, will you?"

"I won't say nothing," said Sam.

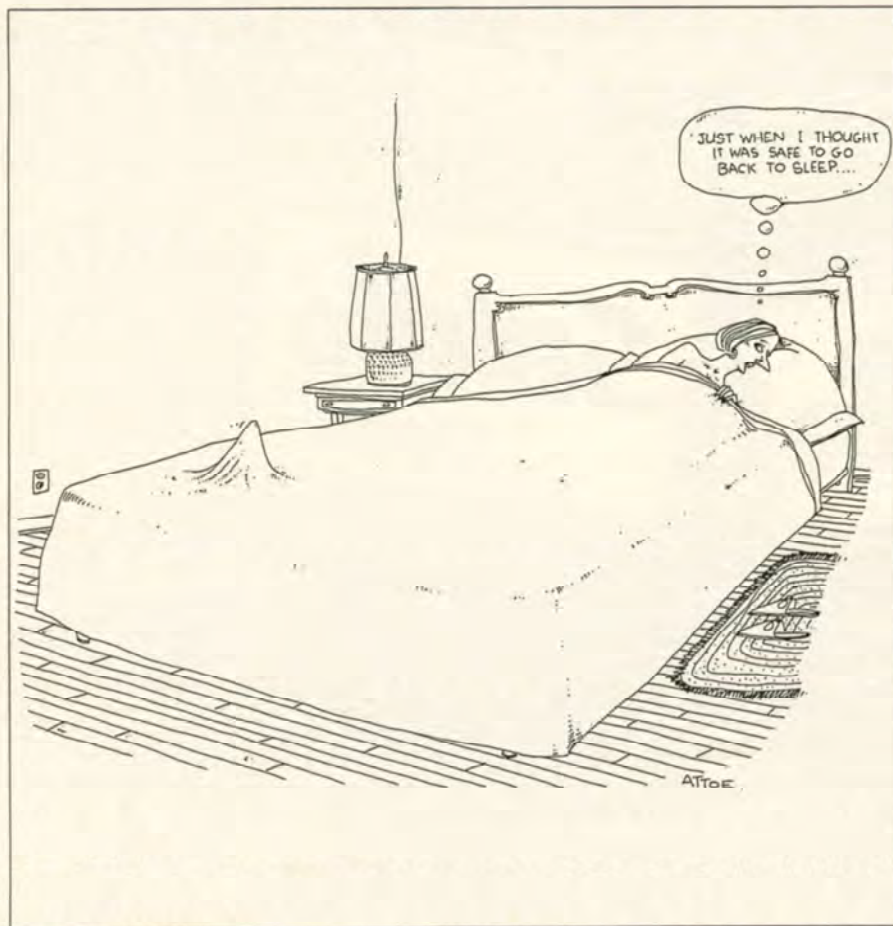
And they plunged into the pool. They were having a fine time, splashing and roughhousing with inner tubes. Later, Jessica's mixed-breed retriever, Missy, jumped in, and Hahn, dressed only in a silk robe and panties, dived in after her. All of a sudden, her robe floated open "and we saw her breasts," says Sam. "She flaunted her body in front of us. She used to flirt. Of course, it turned us on . . ."

Says Barbara, "She was an exhibitionist. She used to run around half-naked all the time. Once I told her, 'Jess, the neighbor can look right out the window at you.' And she said, 'I'll give him the thrill of his life.' Another time, she was sitting in a robe with her legs spread wide open, and John said, 'Aunt Jess, close your legs, we can see Paris.'"

Not that the boys were complaining. Sam certainly didn't mind. So why is he talking? "I'm not in the church," he says. "I'm just vouching for a friend."

Later that night, Aunt Jess dropped over for dinner. "She was playing footsie under the table with me, rubbing up against my knee with her hand," says John, still incredulous. "My mother was at the table. Somehow, I kept a straight face. She was a tease."

He never tried again after that. He found a girlfriend. He's not angry. "I just see it



as part of growing up," he says. "I would have rather it happened with a girl I cared about, but my attitude is, 'Anytime it comes up, I take it.'"

There's a touch of quiet teen macho in his tone. "It's not every day you get a 25-year-old when you're a kid," he says.

"I was so infuriated when I found out," says his mother. "I tried to call Jessica. I left messages on Jessica's answering machine, threatened to go to the police. I threatened to hire Melvin Belli." Hahn never called back.

Barbara thought back to 1984, figured the day it happened was the day Hahn had so generously rented her a limo to go pick up her ailing father from the hospital. "Jessica was living upstairs," she sighs. "We were very close."

Indeed, they'd met in 1981 shortly after Barbara began attending the Full Gospel Tabernacle, where Hahn worked as Profeta's secretary. But it was hardly an instant friendship. She says Hahn appeared jealous at one service when the pastor asked Barbara to remove his boots as part of a healing rite that dictated he walk on a woman's feet.

Hahn stormed over and yanked the boots from her hands as astounded worshipers watched, she says. Then, when it came time to put Profeta's boots back on, Jessica did the honors. It was typical behavior, say former coworkers, who portray the ex-church secretary as so enraptured with her boss that she wished his wife dead. It was soon apparent, however, that Barbara was no threat to her, and they became friends.

In April '84, she invited Jessica to her 40th-birthday party at a Garden City nightclub, where Hahn met Barry Hawkins, a married black singer she courted for a lover, friends say. (Hahn has denied the Hawkins affair.) And on Jessica's birthday on July 7, Barbara was among a group of friends who took Hahn out to celebrate at the same club. Among the group was Joanne Posner, a friend who came back from her honeymoon to find the apartment cleaned and the sheets smelling sweet—courtesy of Jessica and the gang.

"We were trying to make the apartment nice for Joanne's return," recalls Barbara. "I put perfume on the pillows to make them smell nice. Then Jessica says, 'I have this powder you sprinkle on sheets and it has the same effect.' She said you put it on the sheets from a shaker. Somehow we got on the topic of sex, and Jessica was saying, 'It's better to have sex with someone you love than with old men you don't care about. It's terrible to have to do it with them.' I looked at my friend and thought, *This woman must be a prostitute.*"

Jessica seemed to adore her children, and they spent a weekend together in Montauk at a motel in September 1984 with Hahn and her boyfriend Barry Hawkins. Hahn snapped some pictures,



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then handed the camera over so someone could get a shot of her with John, says his mother. She later gave Barbara several photos as souvenirs.

Later, in the fall of 1984, she moved in upstairs. Barbara made curtains for Hahn and invited her over for dinner with her three children: John, Tara, and Tiffany. They swapped apartment keys. Although Hahn had parents nearby, she always spent at least part of holidays like Christmas at the Pietropaolos'.

Barbara was discreet about her neighbor's life, though Jessica complained she was nosy. "We wouldn't see her for weeks at a time," recalls Barbara. "I'd call her to see if she wanted to come down to eat, and she'd get annoyed and say I was nosy and to mind my own business. At other times, she'd write me cards and call me a blessing. It was Jekyll and Hyde."

Hawkins says Barbara played go-between for the lovers, calling him at home to relay messages from Jessica, instructing him where to meet for a proposed rendezvous. He was married at the time, he says. One of Barbara's neighbors confirmed in an interview that the lovers borrowed her nearby apartment as a trysting spot several times. "I let her use my home to be with Barry," she says. "She'd helped me out with a loan, and I felt obligated" to reciprocate. "She said she didn't want anyone to know she was dating a black man, that they'd be talking. They always pulled the cover back on the bed, but it was messy. The bathroom was a shambles, with towels all over the floor."

Then Profeta found out about the affair and ordered her to break it off, Hawkins says she told him. "She said, 'He might

shoot you. He's got a gun and a violent temper.'" Profeta declined comment. Sources say he was an after-hours visitor to Hahn's apartment as well—according to Hahn, "to minister" to her. Jessica broke it off with Hawkins.

"I knew it was true about her lovers," says her former neighbor, Barbara. "I'd seen them come and go, but I didn't know anything about my son."

John, too, was familiar with the two men detailed by the *New York Post* as Hahn's ex-lovers. He was a handball partner of Dinh "Tony" Nguyen, 22, a Vietnamese refugee. When Dinh had a falling-out with his family and no place to live, John asked him home for several months. They were close enough that he told Dinh about his lone encounter with Hahn. "He was shocked when I told him," he recalls. Dinh could not be reached for comment. Soon Hahn began inviting Dinh upstairs until, according to one press account, Profeta ordered him to stay away.

Later, Hawkins accompanied Jessica and John to pick out a set of pricey shiny black lacquer drums at Music Land for John's birthday. Hawkins recalls the drums cost \$600 to \$1,200. "There was no concern about money," says Hawkins. "She'd told me she was getting money from [Jim Bakker]." When John protested that the drums were too expensive, Hahn persisted, he recalls. "It's all right," he remembers her telling the salesman. "Give him what he wants."

"She looked like she had money," says John. "Her clothes and jewelry were nice. Once she showed me her mink coat. I said, 'It's nice.'"

"I'd love for them to make a case out of my son," says Barbara. "She did to him

what she claimed Bakker did to her. She's talking about Bakker raping her and walking scot-free. But what about her? She duped everyone, and now it's time she becomes exposed to the public. She's hurt a lot of people."

John last saw Aunt Jess on the steps of her apartment when she moved out last summer. She pulled up in a limousine to supervise the movers, and brushed right past him and his little sister Tiffany as if they were invisible, without so much as a good-bye. "It was very strange," he reflects now. "She was so cold. The way she walked by me and my little sister. I lost all respect for her."


"Nobody is putting me up to this. I just want the world to know how she really is."

"No matter what we do with this," sighs one cop, "someone can shoot at us. I hate to even think about it. It's a no-win case. Bakker's people are trying to [canonize] him, and others are trying to make Hahn out to be a saint and she's not."

"Usually in a flimflam, there's at least one true victim. But not here—except maybe the little old ladies who sent their money in [to Bakker]. Frankly, I'd rather be playing golf."

Indeed, even John has mixed feelings about criminal prosecution, but it's now out of his hands. As for Barbara's daughter Tiffany, 11, she pines for the upstairs neighbor who treated her like a baby sister, bought her presents, and dubbed her "angel," according to her mother.

"Mom," she said the other day, "I miss Aunt Jess. I wish she'd come back."

"She loved my children," sighs Barbara. "She used to remark, 'John has a great build. He's so good-looking.' Now I guess I know what she meant." 

"MY JOHNS SAID SHE WAS THE BEST"


Our interview in January with former Long Island madam Roxanne Dacus made national headlines and exploded into an American media event that threatened to rival the first story, months earlier, about Jessica Hahn's sexual encounter with the Reverend Jim Bakker. Roxanne appeared in a press conference in New York City and then repeated her story often on radio and television. Hahn, of course, denied the allegations, but public opinion, at least, seemed to be with Roxanne. One television talk show went so far as to poll its viewers by telephone after Jessica called up to denounce Roxanne as a liar. The former madam was the clear winner.

In the meantime, telephones in the *Penthouse* offices were ringing off the hook: people claiming to be madams, former madams, johns, lovers—you name it—having knowledge of Jessica Hahn's past life. We listened to these tales carefully but skeptically,

knowing the all-too-familiar human penchant to tie themselves to a major story. But we had also learned of an informant who said that she could make her story stick.

In her seventies, still running her business on the East Coast (but far from Roxanne's and Jessica's Long Island homes), she was described to us as "looking more like she should be baking pies for her grandchildren's Sunday visit than charging unsatisfied men big bucks to have sex with her collection of worn-out whores." Because she was still in the business, she didn't want her name revealed publicly. But, she said, "Jessica Hahn worked for me for two weeks in 1979, one year before she claimed Jim Bakker raped her and stole her virginity. . . . Then she called me again for a week's work in 1983. I was glad to hear from her. Jessica meant big money for me. My johns loved her. Said she was the best."

Although this portrait of Jessica differed slightly from Roxanne's (who said that her johns were not all that enthusiastic about Ms. Hahn), we took up the older woman's offer to submit to a lie-detector test to prove her veracity. The expert asked her several specific questions relating to Jessica Hahn in 1979 and 1983. She was not prepared by us in any way before the polygraph expert went to work. After 90 minutes, he reported back, "She passed with flying colors. This woman is telling you the absolute truth. There is no doubt about it."

The woman insisted on remaining anonymous. There would be no nationwide publicity tour, no radio and television appearances. But she had had the satisfaction of telling her story. "Knowing Jessica," she told us, "I'd say she knew exactly what she was doing in that hotel room with Jim Bakker. She is nothing more than a whore."—*The Editors* 



JACQUI

“I love spontaneous sex. I’ll never forget the feeling of that waterfall pounding against my skin while my lover pounded me into orbit!”

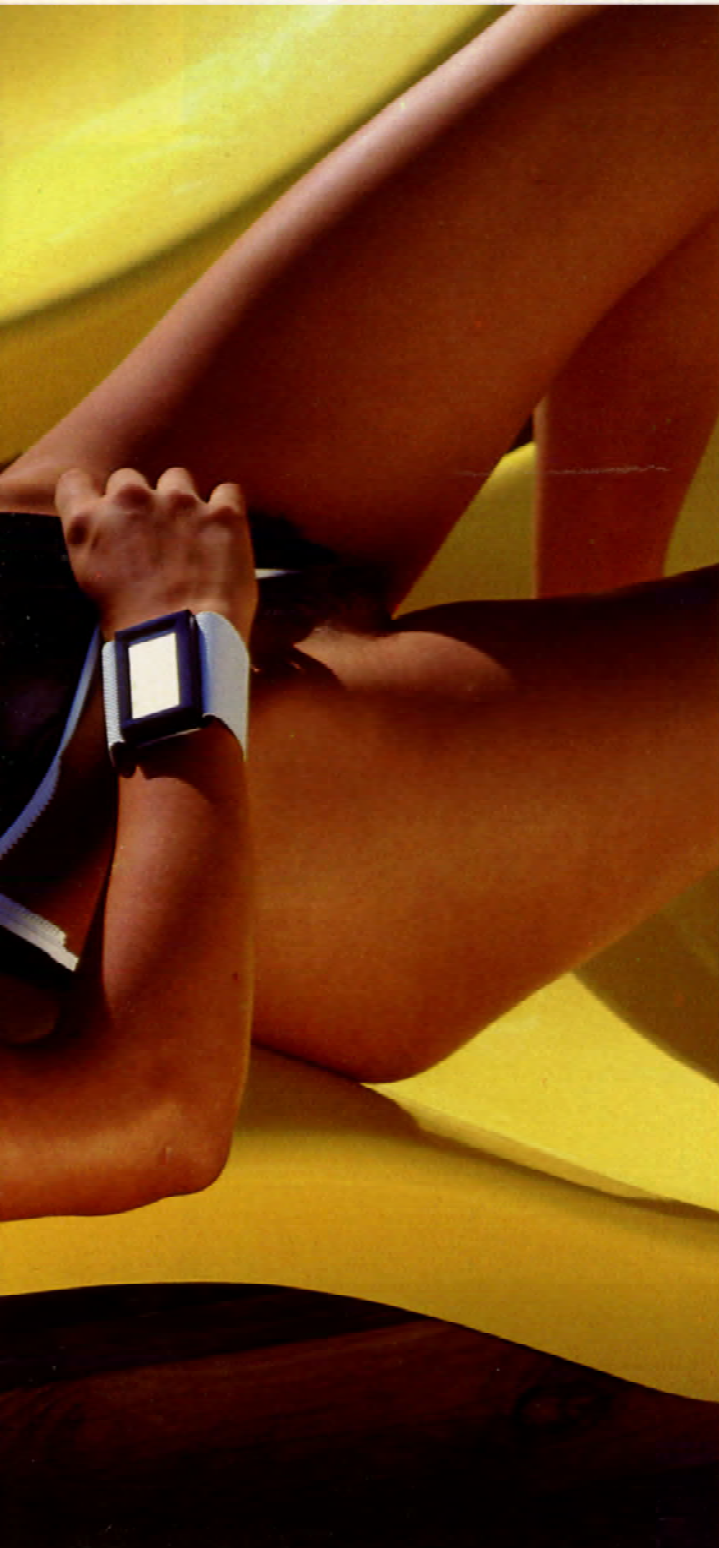
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER FERRIER

“My career is really taking off.
Thanks to Penthouse, my dream of breaking
into modeling is becoming a reality.”

TAKING CHARGE

Some people are born spectators, while others seem destined to take charge and create their own excitement. And taking charge is precisely what March Pet of the Month Jacqui de la Cruz has been doing for most of her young life. “I’ve never been content to just sit on the sidelines. . . . I’m a doer, not a dreamer.”







Jacqui credits her exotic good looks to her unusual British-Portuguese ancestry, and taking care of her exquisite 36-24-35 figure has always been a top priority.





A bubbly
Pisces who
revels in sun-
kissed days
and starry
nights.
Jacqui
recently
learned to
jet-ski.

"It's so
exhilarating,"
she enthuses.

"The feel of
the wind,
and the
ocean spray
on my face, is
the ultimate
natural high."





Not surprisingly, Jacqui's favorite sexual fantasy involves "a luxurious yacht drifting aimlessly under a blue, cloudless sky. And as I lie dreamily on the open deck, the sun is suddenly blocked by a muscular form looming over me." And who would she want at the helm? "A brooding, broad-shouldered hunk with a mind that's as well-developed as his body!"





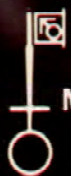
According to Jacqui, the key to a successful sex life is spontaneity. She remembers the time she made love at a rustic nature preserve. "We were hot and sticky after a long hike through the forest. Suddenly, like a mirage, there appeared this picture-postcard waterfall cascading over the rocks. I'll never forget the feeling of that water pounding against my skin while my lover pounded me into orbit!"







"Posing for this layout has really given
my career a tremendous boost. Thanks to *Penthouse*,
my dream of breaking into the
international modeling scene is becoming a reality!"



MISS JACQUI DE LA CRUZ PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





• A special Visa card
gives a percentage of every purchase
made on it directly to
the Vietnam Veterans of America—at no
extra cost to the cardholder. •

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A novel approach to raising money to fight for veterans' interests was introduced last September in a joint venture of the Vietnam Veterans of America and the Dollar Dry Dock Savings Bank of New York, and it's catching on like wildfire among veterans and their supporters across the country. It's a special Visa card, and a percentage of every purchase made on it goes directly to the V.V.A.—at no extra cost to the cardholder.

The Vietnam Veterans Visa card—which features an American flag draped over a soldier in fatigues—is one of a growing number of what have been dubbed "affinity cards," the holders of which can help support a wide variety of causes and organizations. The concept originated with the Sierra Club in 1986; other affinity cards benefit groups as diverse as the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the National Rifle Association, Harley-Davidson owners, the Conservative Caucus, and People for the American Way. Even Jim Bakker's P.T.L. Club had issued an affinity card, although it was discontinued by their bank after the Jessica Hahn sex scandal erupted early last year.

Holders of the Vietnam Veterans Visa card help ensure that the organization—the sole congressionally chartered group representing the nation's nine million Vietnam veterans, as well as the largest—receives \$5 for every \$100 worth of purchases made on the card. In addition, Dollar Dry Dock gives \$4 of every \$20 annual membership fee to the V.V.A. and \$6 to each local chapter that originates a card membership. The V.V.A. expects to receive from \$6 to \$10 million a year from the pro-



gram to support its advocacy of Vietnam veterans' rights and benefits.

"This is a great card for America, because every time you use it you contribute to the Vietnam Veterans of America at no cost to you," said John F. Mullady, senior vice president in charge of Dollar Dry Dock's consumer-lending division. "You therefore directly support efforts to help protect the rights and welfare of Vietnam veterans." Mullady, who was wounded in action while serving with the U.S. Army's 25th Infantry in Vietnam, said he got the idea for a Vietnam-vet affinity card while visiting the Memorial Wall in Washington, D.C., three years ago.

The card offers consumers a number of distinctive benefits, including a low annual percentage rate of 16.8, one of the lowest bank credit-card rates among the top ten issuers in the country; a low annual fee of \$20, which is waived for the first year; and a 25-day grace period on finance charges if balances are paid in full each monthly period.

"Our Visa-card program will also raise public awareness and support of the V.V.A.'s efforts to address the needs of Vietnam-era veterans," added

Robert H. Steele, the chairman of Dollar Dry Dock.

Robert O. Muller, the organization's founder and first president (see next month's "Women" column for a profile of the V.V.A.'s new president, Mary Stout), began speaking out against the shabby treatment of veterans while he was a patient at a federal Veterans Administration hospital, where he was recovering from a gunshot wound that left him paralyzed from the chest down. A Marine platoon and company commander, Muller was leading South Vietnamese troops in an assault on a Vietcong stronghold when he was injured in 1969. He established the V.V.A.—in order to supplement the government's V.A.—on a shoestring budget and with a mere handful of supporters in 1978. Today the organization consists of more than 300 chapters in 48 states and boasts over 35,000 members.

One of the V.V.A.'s proudest accomplishments is its Legal Services department, which provides representation, litigation, and education to veterans in need. Its staff of six lawyers has particular expertise in the V.A. disability-benefit system, as well as in military-discharge upgrading, the

correction of military records, government collection of alleged overpayments of V.A. benefits, and issues affecting incarcerated vets.

Since 1984, V.V.A. Legal Services has trained 160 service representatives at its V.A.-approved training school. Currently, there are 250 representatives in 33 states.

In addition to its legal department, the V.V.A. provides a wide range of community services. It's also been active on the following legislative fronts in Washington:

- Advocating granting veterans the right of court review, a right enjoyed by every other American, to appeal unfavorable V.A. decisions.

- Endeavoring to pass legislation to mandate adequate compensation for victims of Agent Orange exposure. The V.A. has refused to recognize the harmful effect of the dangerous and widely used herbicide.

- Fighting to keep the successful Veterans Outreach Center program alive.

- Making the new GI bill a permanent readjustment benefit available to all veterans.

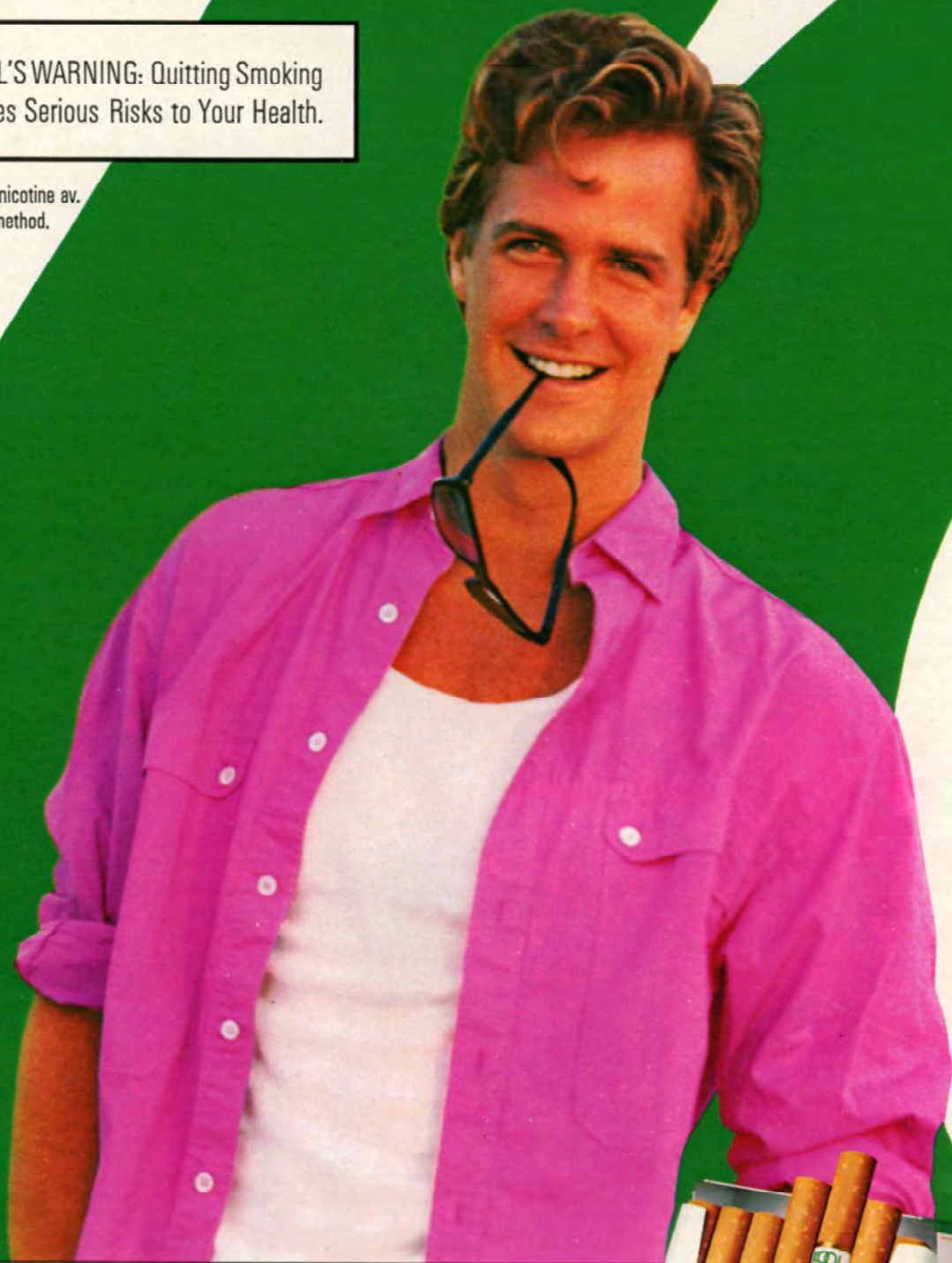
- Strongly supporting continuation of the V.A. Home Loan program and opposing the enactment of user fees.

"Every American will have an opportunity to directly support our efforts through this new Visa card," Muller said. "And this helps us in our efforts to support job-training programs, readjustment counseling, and legal assistance for Vietnam-era vets."

A Vietnam Veterans of America Visa-card application can be obtained through your local V.V.A. chapter or by calling 1-800-338-VETS, ext. 501.—Robert SabatO

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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY G. THOMAS GITCHOFF

The author is a professor of criminal justice administration at San Diego State University and associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego.

PUNISHMENTS THAT FIT THE CRIME

With a national debate in full swing over crime and punishment in America, the potential for true reform seems all but ignored. And if that debate fails to produce a better criminal justice system, it will certainly be a failure of our imagination and commitment.

I have long awaited the dawn of government interest in creating modern, more effective alternatives to imprisonment. Yet, if anything, society has regressed since 1969, when I and many of my fellow criminologists began suggesting constructive alternatives as a method to ease overcrowding, reduce costs, and deter crime.

The history of imprisonment as a central method of meting out justice in the United States is a 200-year-old disaster story; its method is simple revenge, when the state can afford it, and it has long ignored the victims. Reform will require innovation by judges, probation officers, and legislators in shaping meaningful punishments on an individual basis that restore victims and deter offenders from further crimes.

Instead, officials at all levels are now embroiled in a debate between those who cry out for greater punishment and those who balk at the ridiculous price of greater incarceration. Virtually ignored are those who advocate cheaper and more effective methods, perhaps because those methods challenge the bureaucrats and politicians' ability to think, rather than their capacity for fund-raising.

Consider, for example, the case of Los Angeles neurosurgeon and slumlord Dr. Milton Avol, who disobeyed the terms of his probation by continuing to operate his buildings with safety, health, and fire code violations. Avol received a most unusual sentence. Because he had already been convicted several times before, he got a month in county jail, but instead of a large fine, which probably would have been paid with a rent increase, Judge Veronica Simmons-McBeth sentenced Avol to an additional month, this one to be confined in one of his own rat's nests.

This is a classic, if humble, example of creativity. Happily, there are others, for judicial imagination does exist. In fact, I have encountered more support for constructive alternatives from judges than many would like to admit. But a climate of vengeance has set the stage for this debate, and judges sense it, too. Thus, even those who say they are interested in reform profess a belief in the deterrent powers of warehousing, sodomy, and the exposure of first-time offenders to seasoned, violent offenders.

The United States incarcerates a greater percentage of its population than any nation in the world, with the notorious exceptions of South Africa and the Soviet Union. The most observable results of this massive punitive policy have been overcrowding, the early release of dangerous criminals, and

the hardening of others, in addition to a high recidivism rate. All of these results are contrary to a just and civilized society. Studies by criminologists from all parts of the political spectrum have produced no evidence whatsoever that the threat of imprisonment does anything to deter crime, and in fact that threat may accomplish the reverse—breeding a generation of increasingly violent offenders.

Officials are aware that the system is failing, yet offer more of the same as a panacea. Fear and anger inject the side of the debate calling for greater punishment, and cast suspicion on those who suggest reform. We are “bleeding hearts” toward criminals, they say, and insensitive to victims. This is a lie born of ignorance, for creative alternatives are designed with restitution to victims as a central concern. How many victims of property crimes would prefer to see criminals sentenced to restore the lost property? I once took an informal survey of the victims of 100 crimes (not all of which were property crimes) and found that 90 of the victims would have preferred some form of restitution, as opposed to simple vengeance. These responses would probably vary according to the severity of the offenses, but they also tend toward support of constructive alternatives, particularly as the initial anger dies down. Despite the current hysteria, I believe that many people would prefer to see criminals punished by being forced to perform a meaningful “penance,” to borrow a theological term.

There has been small progress in this area, with the passage of “victim bill of rights” laws in many states, but this effort is hardly encouraging. For one, these laws are the effort of those who demand vengeance, and as such say a great deal more about that subject than about restitution. Victims, in other words, believe they have a right to vengeance. They don’t. They have a right to justice, restitution, and retribution under the law. Victims have historically been ignored in the process. Groups like the National Organization for Victim Assistance (NOVA) are correcting these shortcomings by advocating on behalf of victim rights and remedies. This is a relatively new way of assisting the crime victim, rather than ignoring their needs.

Surely there are other solutions, albeit ones that may require legislative reform. A major problem for judges is that they have little or no guidance on how to provide workable alternatives. Opposing counsels testify at great length on points of law during trials; after a conviction, though, the judge is on his or her own. Overloaded probation officers have little time for creativity in their reports and function in most cases as paper shufflers who keep a distant eye on the offender. Probations granted follow predictable guidelines. On the rare occasion that expert testimony is heard from

criminologists and other behavioral scientists, it is ignored as often as not.

To be fair, another obstacle to creativity can be traced in many states to the work of reformers, following the adoption of determinate or uniform sentencing laws. That misguided reform has sought to correct grave disparities in sentencing from one judge to the next, in which possession of a controlled substance, for instance, might lead to a one-year sentence in one courtroom and a ten-year sentence in another. It seemed a simple problem to correct, and in the late 1970s many legislatures set up guidelines for judges who have decided to send an offender to prison. A decade later, Congress enacted the U.S. Sentencing Commission guidelines of 1987 as an attempt to “equalize justice” and limit judicial discretion. But the guidelines created new rigidity and led to new types of unfairness. The result: Confusion continues to reign.

Every crime is unique and demands unique or individualized punishment. What judges need is greater, not less, latitude in sentencing, and more informed advice and imagination. They need more freedom to be creative when such creativity is warranted, as I believe it is in the majority of cases, as well as freedom to guarantee a place in prison for dangerous, violent criminals for as long as seems necessary.

What creative sentencing offers to criminals is not “coddling,” but strict supervision, hard work, and a chance for redemption; if the offender fails to grasp the opportunity, it offers certain punishment by incarceration.

There are too few success stories to tell. Further, most of them concern cases of white-collar crime, where the possibility of paying back victims is obvious, with, for instance, the restoration of lost funds to victims of real estate or security-fraud schemes. But what of the addict or thief sentenced to a drug-rehabilitation program and ordered to paint the victim’s house as part of his constructive punishment? When one begins thinking this way, the ideas are limited only by the imagination.

Property crime is hardly the only type of offense in which constructive alternatives could be used to benefit the victim and society. Juveniles are jailed in junior penitentiaries and get their first glimpse of hard-core criminality at government expense. Drug offenders, whose only victims are themselves, are jailed for pursuing illegal vices. Law enforcement’s treatment of prostitutes is a crime in itself and helps perpetuate the vicious pimp system. The current system is too mechanical to deal with the difference between a brutal rapist and a father who molests a child. Categories like the above are too mechanical; for example, while the best punishment for one abusive parent might be intensive counsel-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

“The guys in the band
get jealous sometimes. Dana is in
charge, and she always
keeps them away from me.”



RANDI AND DANA

Rock 'n' roll brought Randi and Dana together when they were still in high school. Blond-haired Randi writes songs for the band. Dana's dark beauty matches her husky voice as she and Randi sing harmony on and off stage. Now they are on the road, playing small clubs, day-dreaming of their first big break.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MONDE



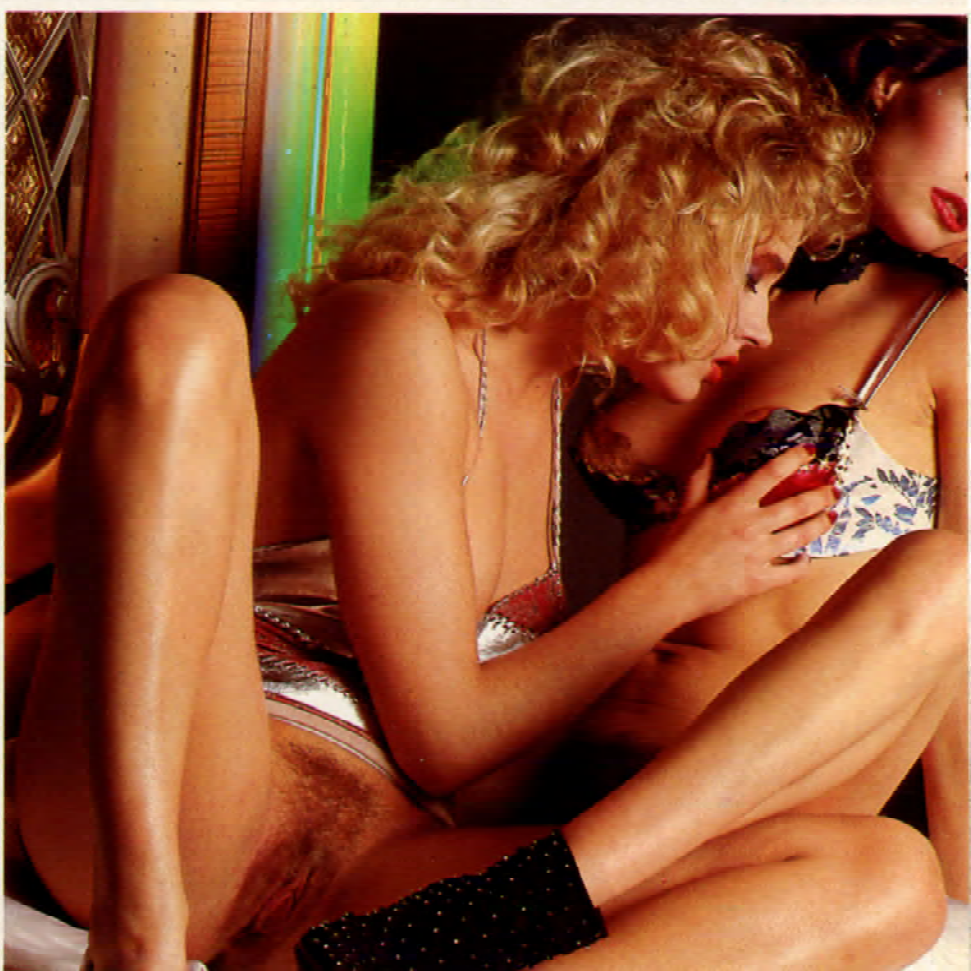
"Randi has watched all the great rock 'n' roll performers, and she learned all their moves," says Dana. "She can make an audience hot just by the way she holds the microphone. I still get excited every time she's singing next to me."





"The guys in the band get jealous sometimes," Randi says. "Dana is in charge of everything. She handles the bookings, picks out all of the songs that we play, and she always keeps them away from me."








Making music brings the two even closer. Late at night,
after the show is over, they go back to the hotel and
find sweet release in each other's tender touch.





The rhythm
of Randi
and Dana's
soft, slow
duet builds to
a climax,
to a final note
of satisfied
love. 







MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART EIGHTEEN

For over thirty
years, our government
has conducted
deadly experiments affecting
millions of
unwitting citizens.

THE MILITARY'S GUINEA PIGS

BY GARY NULL

Were you near or in San Francisco between 1965 and 1967? Those were the years the U.S. Army conducted secret chemical and biological warfare tests in populated areas of the San Francisco peninsula. The chemical zinc cadmium sulfate was used, along with the bacteria *Bacillus globigii*. Similar tests were performed a decade previously. But it wasn't until 1977 that the Army finally admitted to a Senate subcommittee that it had conducted such tests on 239 occasions.

The tests, which were classified at the time of the Senate hearings, released chemical substances into the air. In an earlier experiment, aerosol chemicals were released by a ship steaming up and down just outside the Golden Gate Bridge. The released substance, sprayed over a 117-square-mile region and exposing 800,000 people, contained a bacteria known as *Serratia*, considered by the military to be harmless. More recently it has been found to cause a fatal type of pneumonia.

Defense Department documents show that the Army never revealed the nature of the experiments, despite an outbreak in San Francisco of an otherwise rare *Serratia*-

PAINTING BY JIM WARREN

related pneumonia. These are not isolated incidents.

Apparently, the C.I.A. and the Army conducted bacteriological and chemical tests in the streets and tunnels of New York City in the late 1950s. Original records of the New York test, as well as most other ethically questionable experiments, are hard to come by. Most have either been destroyed or are still classified. But documents and testimony presented at congressional hearings revealed that the C.I.A. and the U.S. Army's Special Operations Division had carried out a series of tests up until the late sixties that were designed to gauge the vulnerability of metropolitan areas to chemical and bacteriological warfare.

United Press International obtained a summary of a report called "Operation Big City," which charged that government researchers, without warning the public, released chemicals from the exhaust of a specially modified car and from a special device concealed in a suitcase. The car traveled 80 miles through the streets of New York, through tunnels and over four turnpikes. These experiments were apparently part of the C.I.A.'s larger MK-ULTRA mind-control experiments. Documents detailing some of these experiments were released during the early 1980s and late 1970s. But even with the Freedom of Information Act, and the release of previously secret material, it is

still unknown just what kind of gas was released in the tunnels and streets of New York.

C.I.A. financial records released in recent years indicate that the agency conducted at least one open-air test of whooping-cough bacteria along Florida's Gulf Coast. According to state medical records, the number of whooping-cough cases recorded in Florida jumped from 339 with one fatality to 1,080 with 12 fatalities the following year.

As citizens fight to get classified information from the government, more and more facts about these bizarre experiments come to light. The Army conducted chemical- and biological-warfare (C.B.W.) experiments over 10,000 square miles of Texas in 1965, spraying zinc cadmium sulfate from fighter planes 17 times. There was no evidence that public consent was obtained.

A 1969 Army document revealed details of 131 C.B.W. tests that released approximately 800 pounds of zinc cadmium sulfate around Searcy, Arkansas (pop. 33,000). Again, there is no evidence that the public was ever advised, or that consent was ever obtained.

The Army admitted it conducted similar tests, using zinc cadmium sulfate over a 125-square-mile region between Fort Hood and Fort Worth, Texas, in 1960. The same tests over Fort Wayne, Indiana, were conducted in 1964 and 1965. In 1980 *The*

Baltimore Sun reported that 34 nighttime tests were conducted in Cedar Hill, Texas, a town near Dallas, in which the gas cloud traveled for at least 30 miles. A wooded area near a small eastern Maryland town was subjected to 115 C.B.W. tests over a two-month period in 1969. The Army reported that tests were conducted in 1964 and 1965 in towns and cities in Texas, Missouri, Minnesota, South Dakota, Iowa, and Nebraska.

Since 1950, U.S. government agencies have carried out a variety of secret C.B.W. tests, many of them by the Army and the C.I.A. The experiments range from chemical tests on unwitting servicemen to bacteriological open-air tests carried out over populated areas of the United States. It hardly needs to be emphasized that these tests did not involve only a few unaware and disadvantaged subjects, but millions of unsuspecting men, women, and children, who were exposed to deadly bacteria and chemicals.

From 1953 to 1975, the Army conducted such tests on about 7,000 soldiers. According to the *Army Times*, the tests were conducted to determine whether certain biological and chemical substances could incapacitate enemy troops without killing them. Among the substances tested were LSD and BZ (quinuclidinyl benzilate), a powerful hallucinogen said to be up to 100 times stronger than LSD.

Army strategists believed BZ to be an ideal way to incapacitate whole battlefields. With this strategy in mind, the Army bought the nation's entire supply of BZ and stored it in bombs at depots in Arkansas, Utah, and Maryland. Between 1963 and 1964, the Army manufactured 50 tons of BZ, enough to kill everyone in the United States four times or incapacitate everyone in the world ten times over.

The potential threat of BZ was raised after a 99-page report on BZ was issued by the Army's Medical Bioengineering Research and Development Laboratory in August 1977. The study began in 1975, when the Army decided to dispose of the deadly BZ but didn't know how. Any procedure used to break down the BZ compound and detoxify it could result in the production of other poisons. In addition, the chemical lasts up to 135 years. The Army's Medical Bioengineering report also concluded that the "need for ecological-impact studies is of relatively low priority."

One would expect the greatest care in the handling of such a potent chemical. According to *The Washington Star*, however, the Army subjected volunteers to open-air tests to prove soldiers could be incapacitated by the drug.

Robert D. Bowen, a former Air Force enlisted man, told the *Los Angeles Times* that he suffered memory disorientation and constant weight loss after he was put in a gas chamber and subjected to BZ gas. By the early 1980s, a number of former servicemen complained of long-last-



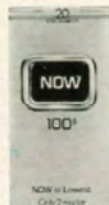
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ing ailments that they attribute to the drug tests. Steven Bonner, of Fayetteville, North Carolina, told the *Los Angeles Times* that he was given, in a series of Army tests, an injection of an unknown drug that caused immediate and intense hallucinations as well as partial amnesia. Bonner's daughter was born with unusual birth defects that he felt were caused by the drug tests. Even while acknowledging the potency of the drugs used in the tests, the Army maintains that there are no long-lasting effects and that the drug is safe if used properly.

The government has previously attempted to identify, contact, and if necessary, provide medical treatment to persons who received LSD during experiments. But it has refused to provide the same assistance to those who were subjected to other, perhaps more dangerous, chemicals.

Under the Freedom of Information Act, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* acquired 1,800 pages of Army documents that detail a \$78 million chemical-warfare testing effort. From 1964 to 1968, according to the documents, two trailers were parked on the grounds of Holmesburg Prison in northeast Philadelphia. During that three-and-a-half-year period, the Army and the University of Pennsylvania were conducting secret chemical-warfare experiments on 320 prisoners. The researchers were trying to increase amounts of mind-control drugs given to prisoners until a dose known as MED-50—the minimum dose needed to mentally disable 50 percent of a given population—was achieved.

The association between the Army and the University of Pennsylvania had begun in 1964, when C.B.W. research was at its peak. The Holmesburg participants were removed from the prison facility and kept in the trailers for weeks or sometimes months. They were paid \$12 for medical screening and \$25 for injection fees. According to the documents, the Penn doctors said that they took great care to accept only healthy prisoners as subjects. Most of them were young adults; two-thirds were black.

After each injection of a drug, the researchers watched the inmates for reactions. They also gave intelligence tests to determine how the drug impaired intellectual performance. In one section of the report it was noted that one inmate had to undergo special therapy after taking the drug test, which caused him to experience hallucinations, dizziness, drowsiness, and rambling; to wander aimlessly; to suffer dry mouth and throat, and abdominal pains; and to act verbally aggressive and belligerent.

No one seems to have considered the purpose or morality of the experiments—except one Army lawyer who wrote a memo questioning any research project that was intended to produce "irrational or irresponsible behavior" among unsuspecting volunteers. But beneath his

memo was a handwritten note from a superior officer saying that these reactions were precisely "the purposes of the study."

One phase of the experiments involved hardening the skin. "Our objective," one report said, "is to learn how the skin protects itself against chronic assault from toxic chemicals, the so-called hardening response." The researchers tried a variety of blister-producing chemicals by applying them to the prisoners' foreheads, backs, or forearms. Sometimes they would immerse their arms in the caustic solution. One researcher reported a year after the experiments started that "an inescapable conclusion from all our studies is that solid hardening is attainable only if the skin passes through a very intense inflammatory phase with swelling, redness, scaling, and crusting." Turpentine, he went on, would be a good skin hardener, except that almost half the prisoners contracted

Are unjustified,
bizarre, and callous
experiments still
being secretly conducted
by the government
or the C.I.A.?

undesirable allergies on contact. "These reactions," he said, "may be quite severe when an entire forearm is involved."

Toxic effects were another problem. A researcher wrote that almost all inmates exposed to pure ethylene glycol monomethyl ether "exhibited psychotic reactions [hallucinations, stupor, disorientation] within two weeks and had to be hospitalized." In addition, prisoners were kept "hardened" for a year to both sodium lauryl sulfate and chlorinated phenol. The final insight, however, was that the "hardening is short-lived [and requires] continuing exposures for its peak maintenance."

At the end of the contract between Penn and the Army, the researchers reported that they had found the MED-50 of seven different chemical compounds. In their final report they declared, "No subject suffered any toxic or harmful effect." This statement could not be verified because the files had mysteriously disappeared by this time. Even the names of the Holmesburg prisoners who participated had been eliminated. Most of the names of the drugs used were also missing from the files. With the exception of the well-

known LSD tests, the Army has failed to do any effective long-term follow-up study on the health of the people involved.

In addition to the Holmesburg experiments, the University of Pennsylvania received five other Army contracts for drug testing. The same investigators continued to test prisoners until 1971. In the final Inspector General's report, it was noted that at least 94 inmates had been tested with "choking agents, nerve agents, blood agents, skin-blister agents, vomiting agents, incapacitating agents, and toxins." The contract was finally terminated in February 1973 because of criticism by the prison board.

Experiments like these raise some alarming issues. First, they are characterized by a total disregard for human dignity and an abandonment of even the most rudimentary form of ethical behavior. Many were performed as recently as 1980 on American citizens, by the American military, paid for with American tax dollars. This was not a time of war; these acts were not directed against an "enemy." Second, the MED-50 experiments on prisoners offer a good example of what happens when the military and academia collaborate on scientific research. Professors on today's campuses have warned the public about the growing "militarization of science," a situation in which America's scientists are given a clear-cut choice. They can agree to join the military in its onward and upward quest for new and more efficient means of killing, destroying, and maiming, or they can refuse to do such research. If the former path is chosen, an illustrious career at one of the nation's top universities or a directorship of a government agency may lie ahead. If the latter is chosen, chances are the researcher will be ostracized by others in the community. (Look at what happened to Robert Oppenheimer when he began to question the propriety of the atom bomb.) Even a professorship at an obscure university may be hard to come by.

The third issue that arises from experiments such as these is the military's longstanding practice of using a captive audience for its human experimentation. Its most immediate and obvious guinea pigs are its own personnel, who up until recently have shown a marked reluctance to sue the military or hold it in any way responsible for its actions. This fact has given the Pentagon a virtual carte blanche to conduct a host of experiments on American GIs with impunity.

Disturbing thoughts reoccurred throughout the research and writing of this article. If it took more than 20 years to drag these facts from the government, how many more as yet unrevealed abuses are hidden in its archives? Are such unjustified, bizarre, and callous experiments still being secretly conducted by government agencies, or hospitals and universities working with the C.I.A. or the military? How do we know that such ex-

periments are not being conducted and unsuspecting people are not being used as human guinea pigs? What assurances do we have that our streets are not being gassed or our subways filled with toxic chemicals? What guarantees have we that high-flying jets are not seeding the air with poisons or that Navy ships in our harbors are not spraying bacteria into the air that blows in from the sea?

Some supporters of these experiments argue that this type of research involving humans is within acceptable limits and does not create any long-term medical problems for the subjects. But this claim is undermined by the fact that few follow-up studies have been made.

In one of the rare long-term research programs, the Department of Energy published studies that assessed the long-range health of several different populations, most of whom had been exposed to occupational radiation hazards. These studies, which were funded by the Atomic Energy Commission, now a part of the Department of Energy, continue into the present day and are being carried out by the Argonne Cancer Research Hospital at the University of Chicago.

One of the groups studied was the more than 400 persons who experienced "considerable radium body burden," some for over 20 years, while working at various jobs (most

were painters of radium dials and luminous watches, while others had received radium chloride by injection or orally as a medical treatment). Those with considerable radium exposure were found to have characteristic defects, destructive changes, and tumors in the skeleton. It should be noted that the victims of occupational radiation had considerably less of a body burden than did the subjects of the nuclear medical research.

A separate study is under way to examine 1,000 children who, while in their mother's wombs, were exposed to X rays taken in the course of pelvic examinations; another is being administered by the Defense Nuclear Agency of the De-

fense Department in order to register and identify the approximately 200,000 Defense Department personnel exposed to fallout from atmospheric nuclear tests. The agency wants to determine the level of exposure, identify incidences of death or illness that may be the result of radiation contamination, and to assist veterans in claims for compensation.

Even with these government-sponsored studies, can we trust assurances that such experiments are no longer being conducted when the experiments themselves were presented to unwitting victims with clever misrepresentations or outright lies?

Unfortunately, there are no absolutes.

radiation or chemical-induced diseases, and offer compensation for damage they have suffered with minimal delay.

Clearly, human experiments of this nature must never be repeated. Even though clear ethical and scientific guidelines on human experimentation existed in the 1960s and 1970s, though not codified in law, scientists and government personnel took it upon themselves to dissemble and misrepresent, to obfuscate and confuse, the subjects of their experiments—all to allow them to pursue some misguided goal of scientific research. Must a scientist be threatened under the law that other human beings cannot be abused in the name of science?

This question is especially important, since we talked with responsible officials in the very agencies and institutions where the experiments took place. Their attitudes were surprisingly similar to the experimenters themselves. In telephone calls to the universities and hospitals involved in the research, those that were aware of the "experiments" continued to justify their institutions' involvement as scientific progress. It was disturbing to hear the same rationale that allowed the experiments to occur in the first place.

But another disconcerting fact came from these interviews: Most of the present-day officials were unaware that such

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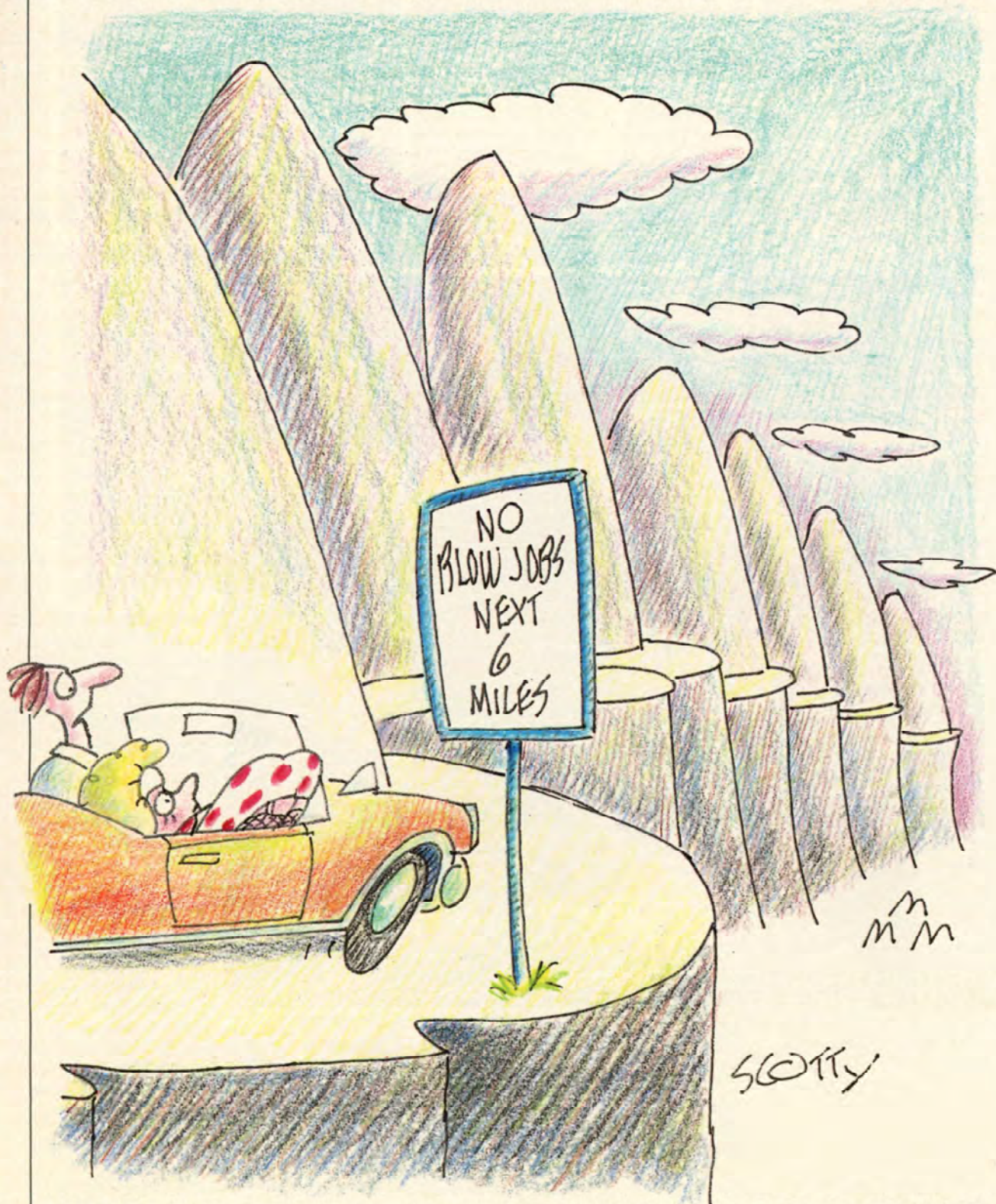
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There are no official statements that can comfort those whose lives were permanently made impossibly painful. What, then, can be done? As the Markey Report, the congressional subcommittee report on energy and commerce, strongly suggested (see "Medical Genocide: Part 15," September 1987), "If there is one thing the government can do for these experimental victims and their families, even at this late date, it is to conduct long-term medical follow-up of populations exposed to radioactive material."

In addition to its other efforts, the Department of Energy must make every effort to identify the subjects in these experiments, examine them for long-term

experiments had ever occurred at their institutions. Santayana's insightful axiom seems to apply here, with disastrous ramifications: Those ignorant of history are doomed to relive it.

Editor's note: The author wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Trudy Golobic in compiling this article. Reprints of the articles in this series 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. Allow two months for delivery.



THE FALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

"we call on the people to set up embryos of popular power to replace the dying community councils and other stooge bodies with people's committees.

"The seeds of people's power are beginning to germinate and spread their roots. People's committees, street committees, and comrades' committees are emerging as popular organs in the face of the collapse of the racist stooge administration. Already in many areas there are developing free zones. Gone are the days when one policeman on a bicycle could come and collect a dozen men in the township and herd them like cattle to the police station."

Radio Freedom spells out what is expected of its listeners and lays down guidelines to establish cells, cadres, people's committees, and an underground network. Recent broadcasts reveal a concerted campaign to recruit more women into the organization, particularly those who are employed as domestic servants in white households. "There is a burning need for female recruits, especially in the field of arming. We need them to ferry weapons across dangerous spots. We need them to hide our weapons inside white residential areas. Domestic servants have a very important role.

"They are already established in the white areas and their movements are not suspect. They know the military and police officers, their residences, their daily routine. This information should be made known to the combat units. They even know where the whites keep their weapons. They must remember that the white community is a deadly community. These weapons must be removed from the wrong hands and placed in the right hands."

Radio Freedom's response to the Mfuwe talks was decidedly less "congenial" than that of Tony Bloom's percep-

tion: "These potbellied exploiters are today posing as opponents of the apartheid system. Gavin Relly said that he opposed sanctions because this would destroy democratic structures which could be used to promote change. What 'democratic structures' is this capitalist talking about?

"These businessmen have supported the regime in all its activities. They are capitalists who have realized that their selfish interests are at stake. That's why they undertook to talk with the A.N.C.

"But when the workers stand up for living wages, these self-proclaimed opponents of apartheid have been sending in the Army to mow them down. Surely, fel-

low sons are forced to raid their fellow Christians in the townships in the name of law and order?

"The apartheid army is a devil's army. Christians, Hindus, Jews, and Muslims are duty-bound to take an active part in the campaign of sabotaging the apartheid economy; even though you are still opposed to the idea of taking life, you have a role to play in the sabotage campaign. The satanic system followed by the ruling clique must be opposed by all means at our disposal, including armed struggle. Onward, Christian soldiers."

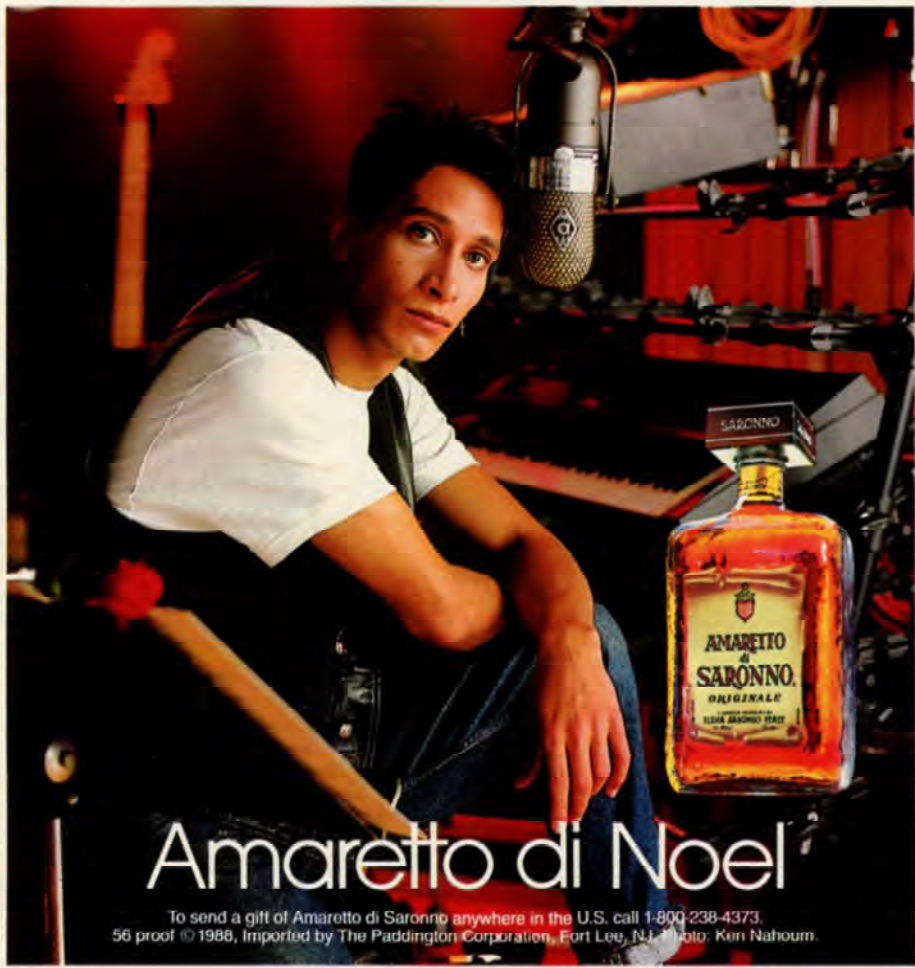
Oliver Tambo does not fit the mold of the modern African hero. He is too old. He is

more of a bureaucrat than a fire-breathing revolutionary. He does not wear camouflage uniforms and he hates guns. Many of the new young recruits in the A.N.C. are unhappy with him. They say he's soft in the middle. Some say he is only a caretaker leader; others, that he is vastly ambitious. All are agreed that, in the South African context, he wields enormous power.

Tambo best personifies the "nationalist" faction within the A.N.C.—the "old guard." He went into exile in the early sixties when the A.N.C. was banned and its leader, Nelson Mandela, jailed for life. Tambo has not set foot on South African soil since then.

He became leader of the A.N.C.'s "mission in exile." A devout Christian and a good organizer, he spent the next 15 years traveling the world on a shoestring, a beggar with a briefcase, trying to persuade the international community that something was rotten in the state of South Africa. No one listened except the Russians, and the only tangible support came from the Eastern Bloc countries and the exiled S.A.C.P., centered in London.

Today, the nationalists and the Communists are the two main factions within the A.N.C. It is generally understood that the broad base is nationalist (and Christian), and that few of the new recruits are familiar with Marxist philosophy. How-



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low countrymen, no longer should white South Africa live with the idea that it can continue with business as usual while our people are being killed by their own brothers? The time has come to show them that there can be no profit in a war zone."

Finally, aware that the overwhelming majority of South Africans, black, white and "colored," are practicing Christians, Radio Freedom has tailored special appeals for the religious: "Gone are the days when our people understood Christianity to mean neutrality and passiveness. Surely people of all faiths cannot afford to sit and look as our noble sons are dragged into the army of aggression, as

ever, there are a disproportionate number of Communists in the A.N.C.'s executive.

Banned in 1948 when the Afrikaner Nationalists came to power, the S.A.C.P. was a predominantly "white" movement led by academics and political activists rather than labor leaders. It never mustered much support. Since the early sixties, when the A.N.C. followed it into exile, the S.A.C.P. has poured all its energy into the guerrilla movement, and over the years some of its members found their way into the executive.

The question is, how many? Only they know, and they are not telling. It has become a very sensitive issue. In their bid to woo the West, the A.N.C.'s leaders have been putting forward a new, Westernized face, but they can go only so far without stepping on the toes of their Communist allies, who have been training and arming them for decades.

The U.S. State Department has estimated that half of the A.N.C.'s executive are "known or suspected" Communists. Other estimates have varied from "insignificant" to President Botha's claim that three-quarters of the executive are Communists. The truth is that everyone is guessing.

A.N.C. nationalists react angrily to suggestions that they are being manipulated by the Communists. "Cannot people see that we may be using them?" snapped one. Said another, "It is absurd to assume that Communists are smarter

and cleverer than anybody else. To assume that the A.N.C. members who are not Communists can be dominated now or in the future is an insult."

Nevertheless, observers took note last year when Joe Slovo, leader of the S.A.C.P. and executive member of the A.N.C., resigned his post as chief of staff of Umkhonto, the A.N.C.'s army. Slovo, a white South African, has been prominent in the A.N.C. leadership for 20 years.

His resignation was widely interpreted as a move to appease the West and particularly the United States, following as it did Tambo's visit to Washington; but how this action has affected the internal relationship between the nationalists and the Communists in the A.N.C. remains a matter for speculation. If it has caused friction, it has yet to surface; but it may well be, considering recent shifts in Soviet thinking, that the Communists were consenting partners to the move.

Moscow, it appears, is having second thoughts about its strategy in South Africa. Its experience in Africa has been a tale of woe, as it has found it almost impossible to sell a philosophy designed for factory workers to a continent of peasants. The Russians are now saying that the policy of large-scale nationalization of capitalist enterprise has not worked in Africa, and that it would be unwise to try it in South Africa because that country's economy will remain linked to the West even after "liberation."

Moreover, some of them are saying that

the South African bourgeoisie, meaning the whites, should be given the guarantees they seek against black domination, that the solution in South Africa may lie in a two-chamber parliament with a veto right for the "white" chamber. And they also say that "moderate" black organizations such as Buthelezi's *Inkatha* should be included in all constitutional negotiations. The A.N.C. and its ally, the S.A.C.P., are dead set against such proposals, which, as some observers have pointed out, puts Moscow's thinking closer to that of Pretoria than that of the A.N.C.-S.A.C.P. alliance.

That is not all that Moscow has in common with Pretoria. It is also concerned about the nature of the violence and about the A.N.C.'s ability to control it—now and after the fall of apartheid. And Moscow has voiced concern about their "comrades'" ignorance of the principles of Communism.

S.A.C.P. spokesmen have repeatedly denied that they take their orders from Moscow. They insist that they have subjugated their cause to that of the A.N.C. and that they fully subscribe to the Freedom Charter. This is a vaguely worded document composed by the A.N.C. more than 30 years ago, a declaration of rights presented in terminology that today leaves it open to a wide range of divergent interpretations. Its basics: The people must govern. There must be equal rights for all. All the people must share the country's wealth. The land must be shared by all. There must be work and security for all. There must be free and equal education. There must be food, clothing, and housing for all. There must be peace and friendship among all the people of South Africa.

The A.N.C. itself is by no means unanimous on how the Freedom Charter should be interpreted. While the leadership, for instance, is extremely cautious in its statements about the nationalization of business, some of its followers are advocating the nationalization of everything, right down to barber shops.

In some A.N.C. quarters, "the people must govern" is taken to mean Western-style democracy. Others read it in the Marxist context. Some say an A.N.C.-ruled South Africa would have a free press; others, that all communications media must come under state control.

Lately, in its program of rapprochement with the West, the A.N.C. has played down its Communist ties and stressed its nationalistic and Christian nature. A.N.C. leaders, particularly Tambo, are striving to downgrade the importance of Communists within the organization—much the same way, it has been pointed out, in which Fidel Castro played down his Moscow connection when he sought support from the United States 30 years ago.

There are people within the A.N.C. who are genuinely horrified—and embarrassed—by the brutality of the "necklace" as punishment for "collaborators,"



yet others have actively encouraged it. Another divisive issue is over white participation in "the struggle." Officially, A.N.C. policy recognizes South African whites as fellow Africans, and it studiously avoids, at least at leadership level, the phrase "black-majority rule." But at the grass-roots level, there is widespread antiwhite sentiment.

For instance, much of the bloodletting in the townships has been between the United Democratic Front and the Azanian People's Organization, two as yet unbanned organizations in South Africa. Both support the A.N.C. They differ on only one issue: Should whites be included in "the struggle"? The U.D.F. says yes. Azapo says no. Over this, they have been "necklacing" each other. Whether they can ever be brought together under the same electoral banner is highly unlikely.

Some observers predict that in the event of free elections in South Africa, the A.N.C. will spawn a multitude of parties, from middle-of-the-road to radical left—people of widely divergent ideological persuasions who have buried their differences for the time being. The adhesive that has kept the A.N.C. together for so long has been the common purpose of ridding South Africa of apartheid and establishing majority rule. But come liberation this will surely melt away, and in all likelihood the nationalists and the Communists will face each other at the hustings, with other splinter groups hiving off on such issues as the role of whites, the creation of a one-party state, and international relations.

No one, not even the A.N.C. leadership, knows how strong the organization is. The A.N.C. keeps few records because none of its bases abroad are secure against infiltration—or even direct assault—by South African agents. Intelligence sources estimate that Umkhonto has something like 10,000 members, and that just about all A.N.C. members are also members of Umkhonto. But whatever the "card-carrying" membership is,

it is minuscule in a nation of 30 million.

A.N.C. spokesmen like to cite the example of Iran. It showed, they say, how a nation could purge itself of a military dictatorship by way of a people's uprising. They believe this can also be done in South Africa. Indeed, they say, the uprising has begun.

However, just as it is doubtful whether the revolting masses in Iran realized that they were fighting for the Ayatollah Khomeini and his ideas, it is questionable whether the "comrades" in the townships—the "young lions" of A.N.C. parlance—are fighting for the A.N.C.'s ideas. More likely the stone throwing, the gasoline bombings, the burning of schools,

A.N.C. is behind all of the "unrest," and that Moscow is behind the A.N.C.

The rest of the world does not take him very seriously, but his voters do. They returned him to power with an increased majority in last year's whites-only elections. But in the process, Botha has shot himself in the foot by giving the A.N.C. more credit (and credibility) than it had earned. A.N.C. wags jokingly call him their top public-relations man in South Africa.

The puzzle currently occupying A.N.C. strategists is how to establish links with unruly comrades—the real driving force behind the revolt—and to transform this potent source of energy into an organized bid for power. In the words of Joe Slovo, "We have

to be found to harness the mood of anger."

"What is missing," says Tambo, "is a strong underground A.N.C. presence, as well as a large contingent of Umkhonto units. We must correct this weakness because it is within these mass revolutionary bases that we will succeed."

Further clues to the A.N.C. strategy can be found in the secret report of the A.N.C. Commission on Strategy and Tactics: "We have to exploit to the maximum our strength, which is the people in political motion. We must find ways of harnessing the combat potential of the people. We must be ready, at the right moment, to provide guidance and lead the

people in mass actions involving revolutionary force.

"We need to reduce the enemy's resources, reserves, and endurance whilst gathering our own strength to the point where we are capable of seizing power through a general insurrection—or whatever other ways might present themselves. What will count in such a situation will be our capacity to take advantage of the revolutionary situation. The crisis in our country is such that we must be ready to respond to the most dramatic turn of events and await that special moment."

This may be easier said than done. The real nature and purpose of the comrades remains an enigma. No one really knows

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and the necklacing of people is fueled by individual, personalized anger on a national scale—a spontaneous revolt without direction.

The A.N.C. is well aware of this, and its leaders are poised to step into the breach. The blueprint is down on paper. All it is waiting for is "the right moment." All it has to do is to get the message across that the fermenting masses are acting on behalf of it.

In this it has found an unexpected ally—President P. W. Botha. Paranoid about *rooi gevaar* (the red peril) and notoriously misguided about the true nature of black discontent, he has been telling the world—and his own electorate—that the

who they are and what motivates them. Most of them were born after Tambo went into exile. Nelson Mandela is a myth to them. Many of them burned their schools down three years ago and have had no education since.

While some of them undoubtedly respond to A.N.C. propaganda or collude with underground units of Umkhonto, most appear to have no political aims beyond ridding themselves of the burden of apartheid. To confuse the issue further, they have been joined by criminal elements bent on exploiting the breakdown in law and order.

A.N.C. sources have admitted that they are concerned about the comrades' lack of education and direction. They say that a large proportion of them are illiterate and that they don't understand the basic principles of socialism. Some of them respond to the violent aspect of A.N.C. policy, but generally the violence is spontaneous, uncoordinated, and directionless. Their next objective is to bring the comrades into line with A.N.C. policy and to turn their anger into a "people's revolution," to make South Africa "ungovernable," and then to "seize power."

One man who is acutely aware of the A.N.C. plot to "hijack" black anger is Zulu chief and Inkatha president Mangosuthu Buthelezi, who is perhaps the person most hated by the A.N.C. "People tend

to think that the violence in South Africa was A.N.C. violence," he told *Penthouse*. "In fact it was not. It was spontaneous violence. But they did walk in front of it when it occurred."

Last year, during the A.N.C.'s 75th anniversary celebrations, Oliver Tambo admitted that the organization had not met its objectives, most notably in that it had failed to establish links with the comrades. The A.N.C. claimed some success in its campaign to make South Africa "ungovernable," pointing to the exodus of affluent, despairing whites and the continued presence of troops in the townships as measures of progress. Also, it has stepped up its own bombing and sabotage campaign.

But it has cost them hundreds of their operatives, now dead or in detention, and in the last year they suffered a serious setback when they were expelled from Mozambique, Lesotho, Swaziland, and Botswana, countries in which their forward bases were located. They were expelled not because these countries wanted them to leave, but because Pretoria, on whose mercy they must depend for economic survival, pressured them into doing so.


The A.N.C.'s most significant achievement in the past year has been international recognition. Today, the whole world knows about the organization. Many governments today regard the A.N.C. as the

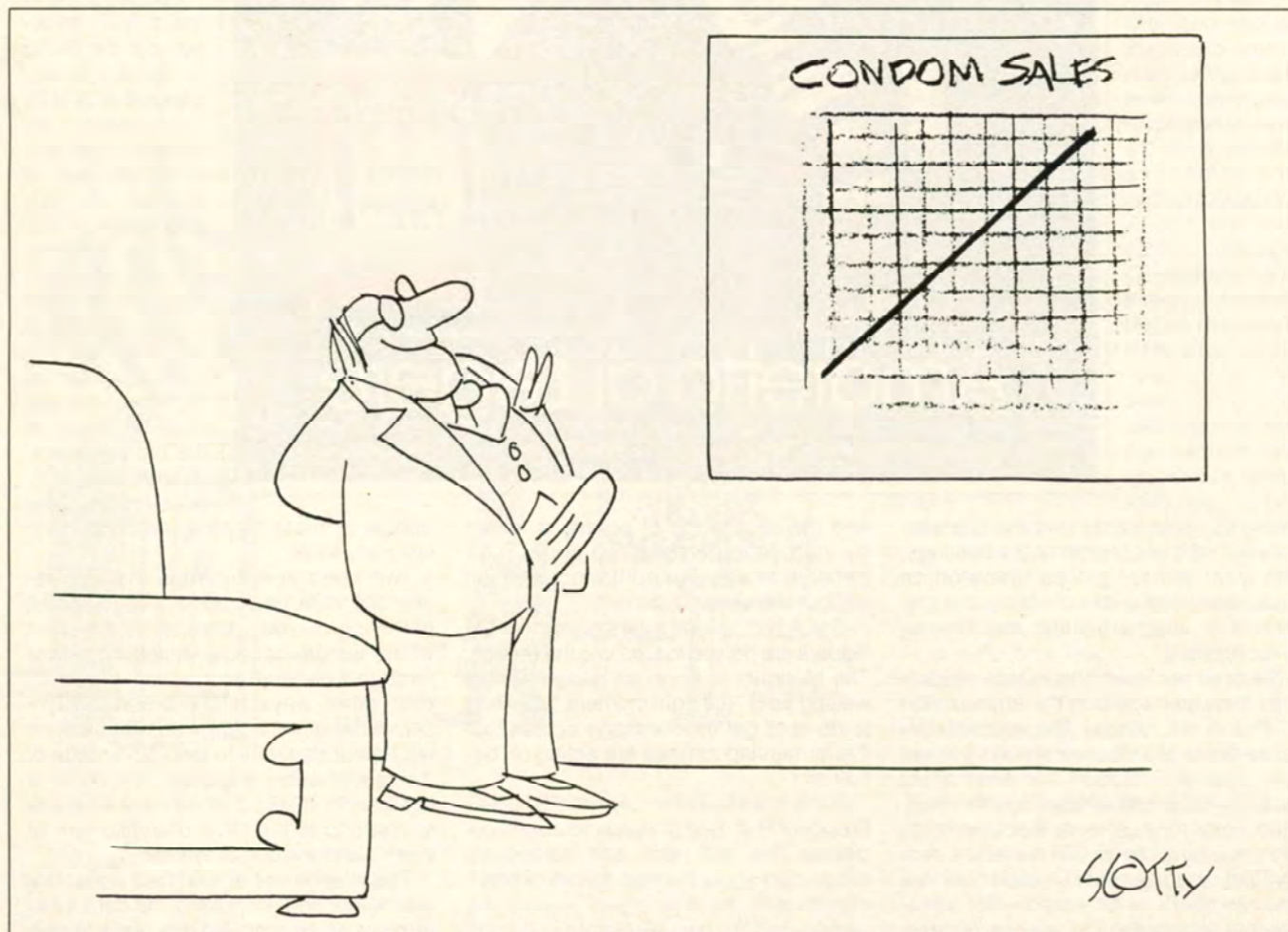
legitimate representative of the South African people. Pressure to free Nelson Mandela has become an international cause célèbre.

In September, a senior official in Botha's government said Botha would have to recognize the A.N.C. if it renounced violence. And, he continued, Mandela could very well be released as part of the negotiation process.

In the meantime, other sources have also begun hinting strongly about the possibility of Pretoria freeing Mandela. The A.N.C., for its part, greets such speculation and Botha "concessions" with disdain. It continues to speak of the emergence of "proto-revolutionary organs of people's power."

But there is more than an element of wishful thinking in this. If violence is inevitable, even if Mandela is leading their warriors, the A.N.C. faces the daunting task of confronting the mightiest military machine in Africa on the one hand, and on the other, of taming the comrades and turning them into disciplined soldiers.

Even more daunting, it has to find an answer to the question frequently aired in Western capitals—and lately also in Moscow: If it succeeds in seizing power in South Africa, will it be able to control the comrades afterward and transform them into loyal, disciplined party workers eager to rebuild that which they have destroyed? 



PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, YOU SHOULD GROW YOUR OWN THE AMERICAN WAY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did, all of the scientific literature, I did, and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the recreation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (34 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

THE PHOTOTRON		NOPE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Halide Systems		50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
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APARTHEID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

charter. When I stopped by the campus last April, I learned that the student body included just a few whites.

Since biblical justification for segregation has been abandoned even by the mainline Dutch Reformed Church, the American brand of Evangelicalism has furnished South Africa with a new theological foundation for its war against the African National Congress (A.N.C.), the illegal occupation of Namibia, and any abuse of human rights.

But not all native Evangelicals accept the political theology sponsored by the white state and blessed by American missionaries. A group of 132 ministers who call themselves Concerned Evangelicals, most of them from the black township of Soweto, recently published a detailed critique of their own kind. "Many evangelical churches and evangelistic groups, especially those organized by whites (here or in the U.S.A.), preach the gospel to blacks to make them *submissive* to the oppressive apartheid system of South Africa," declared the pamphlet, entitled *Evangelical Witness in South Africa*. "We as Concerned Evangelicals have been outraged by the blatant way in which American evangelists like Jimmy Swaggart come here to South Africa in the midst of our pain and suffering, even unto death, and pronounce that 'apartheid is dead!'"

I dropped in on a meeting of the group in a Sowetan church hall. Chickens ran free in the courtyard. Outside, in the dusty street, children played with toy cars crafted from wire and tin cans salvaged from the ubiquitous garbage heaps. Soweto is guarded by two nearby military bases. Occasionally, brown-uniformed white "troops" would drive by on patrol. Here the state of emergency was an everyday reality.

The black Evangelicals I spoke to felt betrayed by their American colleagues, especially Jimmy Swaggart. I showed Brother Frans, one of the Sowetan ministers, an article written by Swaggart in the July 1985 issue of his magazine, *The Evangelist*. Frans was incensed by the following passage:

"Some 300 years ago, when the country of South Africa was formed, the whites built this country with ingenuity, sacrifice, and hard work. And through these last three centuries, more and more blacks opting for the good jobs and the higher wages in South Africa migrated in that direction: Consequently, there are now six or even seven times more blacks in South Africa than there are whites. And make no mistake about it, the blacks have contributed to the building of South Africa—but, far and away, it was the ingenuity, the sacrifice, and the hard work of the whites that made this country the envy of all of Africa."

"I didn't know that he is as racist as he is," said Frans, like Swaggart, a Pentecostal. There is a South African edition of *The Evangelist*, but no one in the hall remembered seeing this particular issue. "Swaggart is saying things that he does not know," said Frans, shaking his head. "It's only a racist who can say these kind of things. It's very clear that America, as justified by your Evangelicals, is fighting an ideological warfare in southern Africa against the Soviets but at our expense. Your government has an interest in the status quo, and they benefit from apartheid."

Ministers like the ones I encountered in Soweto are doubly suspicious about American evangelical groups. Several of them mentioned their fears of secret links to the C.I.A. This is not paranoia. The late William Casey was a good friend of South African intelligence. Reversing Jimmy Carter's policy of noncooperation, Casey shared sensitive information with the

In a giant
step backward for Good
Samaritanism, the
Big Three of American evangelism have chosen
Botha's idol. They support
Pretoria in the name of
national security.

Botha government, including material on the A.N.C.

What American Evangelicals really needed in order to sell accommodation toward apartheid is the prophetic equivalent of Bishop Tutu. But where could they find a black holy man of renown in South Africa who would condemn churches of protest and lay hands on the current regime? If Bishop Isaac Mokoena did not exist, surely P. W. Botha or Jerry Falwell would never have invented him. Despite less than distinguished credentials and brushes with scandal, Bishop Mokoena has been plucked from the obscurity of the Reformed Independent Church Association to become Pretoria's favorite black churchman. He is so beloved by his government that he received the prestigious Decoration of Meritorious Service, an award bestowed on no other member of his race last year but graciously granted to the wives of the present and past president.

The American sponsors of Bishop Mokoena were willing to overlook his record and present him as the great black hope at the annual convention of the National Religious Broadcasters in 1986 and 1987.

The executives of N.R.B. have political muscle. Their various networks saturate the United States, and their satellites literally cover the earth. South Africa, trying to woo Evangelicals, has had a booth on the N.R.B. exhibition floor for the last two years. Bishop Mokoena was introduced to the press at the 1986 gathering as "a man who represents 4.5 million blacks." The small black figure was escorted by two bull-like Afrikaners who turned out to be Pentecostal ministers.

"I have come to appeal to you to speak to your congressman, speak to your senator, ask him to offer some words of encouragement to the President of the United States to step up investments, not only within the present areas of South Africa but also in the homelands," announced Bishop Mokoena, who proceeded to berate the effort to impose sanctions on South Africa.

A hapless proselytizer of the terrible status quo in his country, Bishop Mokoena has wandered the globe meeting right-wing leaders, arguing against sanctions, declaring the end of apartheid, and attacking genuine black leaders like Bishop Tutu. ("The Nobel peace prize for such a man is an insult to the black Christians of South Africa," he insisted in 1984.)

Naturally, Ronald Reagan, an arch opponent of sanctions before Congress forced the issue in 1986, was informed of this ecclesiastical ally. Reagan once referred to the bishop in a bumbling press conference reply on August 13, 1986: "There are religious leaders, another one, another bishop you never heard of him, I don't know whether I pronounce his name right, but it's, I think, Moreno or Monorem. I'm going to have to find out how they, what sound they attach to some of their letters. But he's the leader of some 4.5 million Christians there and all of them are dead, dead, dead, opposed to sanctions."

In fact, the bishop is not the shepherd of 4.5 million independent Christians, according to Professor G. C. Oosthuizen, head of the Research Institute on Black Independent Churches at the University of Zululand, who dismissed the inflated figure in the Johannesburg *Star*. "Bishop Mokoena is talking nonsense by claiming he can speak in behalf of four million blacks in South Africa," said Professor Oosthuizen. "He represents only a small group of a few thousand."

The bona fides of the bishop are tainted by an imbroglio involving sex and money. In 1979, Mokoena was accused of financial mismanagement and committing "unnatural sex acts" in papers submitted to the Supreme Court in Johannesburg in an attempt to bar him from running the South African Theological College of Independent Churches, which he founded and chaired. Fifty-two of the young theologians at the school signed a petition charging him with a multitude of malfeasances, from nonpayment of student



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allowances to unwarranted expulsions. "He is practicing sexual intercourse with the male students of the college," the petition stated in the most serious complaint. Reached by telephone in Johannesburg, Mokoena said that he had been vindicated by the court, but he refused to discuss the specifics of the case or any other incidents in his past over long-distance lines. "It's a pack of lies," the prelate shouted. Mokoena was restored to his post at the college and remains there today.

In 1986, the benevolent bishop attempted to establish a new "moderate" multiracial political party. Along with Thamasanqa Linda, former mayor of Ibhayi, a township near Port Elizabeth, he formed the United Christian Conciliation Party (U.C.C.P.).

I passed by the headquarters on the 19th floor of a downtown-Johannesburg building. The offices were all but empty. There were two desks and a few stacked-up chairs. The debris of a campaign celebration of some sort still littered one of the empty rooms. The U.C.C.P. had no literature, posters, or leaflets. Yet the election was only a week away. In fact it had no candidates running in the all-white election. The party appeared to be nothing more than a front. A couple of Mokoena's staff casually referred to personal connections at John Vorster Square, the Johannesburg headquarters of the South African police.

All this activity in behalf of the regime has made the bishop a subject of assassination by other blacks. In the summer of 1986, gunmen broke into Mokoena's church, mistook the assistant pastor for him, and shot the unlucky man dead. Later in November another mob of blacks kidnapped the bishop from his car, beat him up, and dumped him outside Johannesburg.

Bishop Mokoena is hardly the only South African black making celebrity tours of the United States. Members of the cabinet of the Ciskei, one of the so-called homelands, flew to Southern California to appear on a Trinity Broadcasting Network (TBN) Praise-A-Thon in 1986. Prior to this airlift, Ciskei granted TBN permission to build and operate a TV station there. The South African ambassador to the Ciskei helped TBN with the arrangements.

Three Christian pro-government blacks appeared on Pat Robertson's "The 700 Club" last summer. Two were evangelical ministers. The third, a young woman, claimed to have been a member of the A.N.C. She dropped out and turned herself in to the police after she was "born again." One of the others, Rev. Barney Mabaso, said that "the spirit of the A.N.C. is the spirit of Antichrist."

Later, the same threesome, along with their Afrikaner interpreter, turned up on Capitol Hill for a meeting with the House Republican Study Committee, where Mabaso characterized Tutu and the

A.N.C. as "wolves in sheep's clothing" and went around the bend saying that Tutu supported "drunkenness and immorality and murdering."

Pat Robertson, the televangelist who would be president, has a TV station in the homeland of Bophuthatswana in north central South Africa. Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN) aims its signal at occupied Namibia. The Afrikaans version of "The 700 Club" is aimed at the white rulers of that embattled country.

Robertson has a special interest in the frontline states. He has even sent a video crew into Marxist-run Mozambique with a RENAMO (*Resistencia Nacional Mozambicana*) commando team. RENAMO is a rebel group that has received weapons and direction from Pretoria and gained a reputation for terrorism. The CBN crew filmed RENAMO guerrillas planting antipersonnel mines and blowing up a tree to block passage.

6

Bishop Mokoena is
so beloved by the Botha
government that
he received the prestigious
Decoration of
Meritorious Service, an
award bestowed
on no other member of his
race in 1987.

9

Robertson, a regular at the Reagan White House and a "personal friend" of Oliver North, aired several pro-South African government segments over the last few years. Ben Kinchlow, the black co-host of the "The 700 Club," visited South Africa and, like Falwell, was shown around by government guides. Kinchlow later reported to his viewers back home that he personally experienced no racism in South Africa.

Almost all American evangelical organizations in South Africa practice apartheid, according to Concerned Evangelicals. "They hold separate services for different race groups for mythical claims of *language* and cultural difference," the 132 ministers charge in their joint *j'accuse*. Campus Crusade for Christ (C.C.C.), founded by Reagan pal Bill Bright during the early years of the cold war, has functioned in South Africa since 1972. This California transplant thrived by evangelizing affluent Afrikaans-speaking businessmen and high-level government officials.

In 1983, the C.C.C. in South Africa split into two racially segregated field operations with two different names. The whites

and Asians got to keep the original title, while the blacks had to settle for the less catchy Life Ministry of South Africa.


Apparently, the schism was initiated by the black crusaders themselves. According to Brother Frans, a former C.C.C. disciple now with Concerned Evangelicals, some of the blacks felt like second-class citizens, and they took hits from their own people for laboring in white-bosomed vineyards.

This racial distinction extends to separate but unequal treasuries. The Afrikaners have a much larger budget than their poorer black brothers.

Back at C.C.C. headquarters in San Bernardino, spokesman Don Beehler defended the color line in the South African branch: "We recognize that they [South Africans] are in a better position than Americans to deal with the cultural difficulties and complexities in their country." Even so, Beehler denied that the C.C.C. approved or practiced apartheid, which means apartness in Afrikaans. Eager to emphasize the racial harmony behind the segregation, Beehler noted that the Afrikaners and blacks "spend time together in conferences, retreats, and prayer." As for the finances, he said that each racial group depended on its own base of support, emphasizing that all American resources went to the blacks.

In yet another Hands Across Apartheid program, cadres of Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International flew to South Africa for two-week fact-finding missions, with the help of the South African Tourism Corporation. A 30-minute video produced and narrated by Ohio Full Gospel Businessman Steven B. Stevens promoted the trip on Christian television stations all across the country. (The Full Gospel Businessmen have close ties to the Reagan administration. The President himself claimed that the prayers of the F.G.B.'s on his staff healed a nasty ulcer in 1973 when he was governor of California.)

South African officials are pleased with the result of their outreach to American Evangelicals. "They have been a great help to our country in her hour of need," said one manning the tourism booth at the National Religious Broadcasters convention last year. "They have been very successful. People return to the United States with a proper understanding of the South African situation."

American Evangelicals have fanned the fires of hatred in South Africa by labeling all religious critics of the apartheid system "apostate" followers of the Antichrist *simply* because of their opposition to the racist policies of the state. They have made the following deadly equation: Resistance to Botha equals Communism. That makes every black protester a potential subversive and a possible target of repression. Once dehumanized, ideological enemies can be killed more easily with a clean conscience. Such is the glory of a holy war. 



TONI

●Although I'm pretty easygoing, I think that life should be full of surprises. . . . I can't wait to see how my friends react to this pictorial!●

“Posing for Penthouse
is the opportunity of a lifetime. I said yes
without any hesitation whatsoever.”



AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

I'm a pretty easygoing woman," says 21-year-old Toni, a smoldering brunette who hails from a small town in the mountains of southern Italy. "But," she continues, "where I come from, we learn to savor life's pleasures. And posing for these pictures was such an intensely sensual experience, I wished the session could have lasted forever. . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD H. MILNE





"In my town we are taught that to be polite, one must refuse an offer three times before accepting. But when *Penthouse* asked me to pose, I forgot about convention and said yes immediately!"







Hair and makeup by Joni Flynn

A student at a university near Rome, Toni has kept a fairly low profile—until now. "Life should be full of surprises," she told us, "and I can't wait to see how my fellow students react to this." It won't be any surprise to us if Toni's sent right to the head of her class.









HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 58

Jesse used to make white voters glower
Michael's music knocked them out with its power
But they've changed their routine
Now they're cleaner than clean
And whiter than bleached cauliflower.

BAD

JESSE
JAMES
FARROW



The Bottom Line features Danielle, a throaty slut-monkey who just may be the last great hope of sex as we know it.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Ambrosia: Candida's sex scenes translate the lush sensuality of novels into film.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

A Taste of Ambrosia
(Femme) **111**

Candida Royalle continues on her campaign to open all levels of adult entertainment to women with her Star Directors Series. Royalle's Femme Productions hired four adult superstars—Gloria Leonard, Veronica Hart, Annie Sprinkle, and Veronica Vera—and gave them free reign to write their own scripts, develop their own ideas, and cast their own productions. The first result is *Ambrosia*, which is actually two vignettes, one by Royalle ("Nine Lives Hath My Love") and one by Hart ("The Pickup"). "Nine Lives" features the hot young Gina Fine, a fresh-faced blonde. It is a curious tale that evidently grew out of Candida's love for cats, and renders the comment "Cute pussy!" ambiguous at best. As a director, Royalle may be a Fellini for felines, but with her sex scenes she once again tries to translate the lush sensuality of the romance novel to videotape. Hart's effort is a bit cruder, with the sexy Alexis

Firestone providing the heat. This is one of the only wordless sex sessions I've seen on tape, but there are times when words are truly superfluous. Couples—or anyone who prefers a gauzier, less raw approach to sex—will look forward to the other releases in this series.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Firestorm II
(Command) **111**

Go to a video store, rent or buy *Firestorm II*, and use it to disprove all those folks who say they just don't make good adult entertainment anymore. Howard Winters, a.k.a. Cecil Howard, has continued his scalding *Firestorm* saga, using different players but the same erotic expertise. It's an adult story of betrayal and revenge, and Winters gives it a good steamy spin; the end product winds up being something like a hard-core Harold Robbins story.

Even with the serpentine plot, *Firestorm* doesn't stint on the sex. There's plenty of it, and it's the kind of fevered but sensual fucking that makes this tape a pick hit for

couples. Winters can make an orgasm a dramatic event—a climax in every sense of the word. The roll call of excellent performances here is virtually a repeat of the credits, but John Leslie is especially good in a reprise of the role of Lee Balcourt, the disgraced oil magnate of the original *Firestorm*. Among the women, Sharon Mitchell has a sensual presence that almost leaps off the screen, while Renee Summers gives a state-of-the-art blowjob that has to be freeze-framed to be seen.

The supreme moment, though, is the return of Tiffany Clark in a small but sizzling part that makes you instantly nostalgic for her presence on the scene.

The plot is a convoluted soap epic, and it's more than a little hard to follow if you haven't seen the original. I actually went back and refreshed my memory, so the original and sequel hung together well. Winters promises a third installment of the *Firestorm* series, and I predict that the trilogy as a whole will stand as classic adult entertainment.

BOTTOMLESS PIT

The Bottom Line

(Ventura) **1**

The Bottom Line gets my vote for the title of the year. In fact, all porn tapes of this ilk—meaning the cheaply made, grind-'em-out, unimaginative ilk—ought to be called *The Bottom Line*, because that is so obviously their reason for being. The tape boasts an all-star dirty-girl cast, including Blondi, Danielle, and Angel Kelly. These are the type of girls you



Line: all-star dirty-girl cast.

not only do not bring home to Mother, you're also a little uneasy about them sharing the same planet with the old gal, too. The real standout is Danielle, she of the scummed-on vocal cords, the throaty slut-monkey who just may be the last great hope of sex as we know it. All this talent is wasted (by the producers, that is, not by drugs). The plot has some stupid real estate imbecility powering it feebly forward, whereby clients get literally fucked into buying houses. But the bottom line is that lousy technical values—script, sound, lighting, camera—sink *The Bottom Line*.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Baby Face
(Astro) **IIII**

Baby Face is remarkable not only for Alex de Renzy's superb directing, but for the fact that it is the only known porn tape that features an ex-Super Bowl player in the lead role. Otis Sistrunk of the then Oakland Raiders runs a wicked post pattern in this story of sexual passion and its consequences.

There's a strong reaction to feminism here, with a parade of voracious, sexually demanding women literally fucking the men they meet up with dry. A passionate and sexually intoxicating film.

ISLE OF THE RAMMED

Tropical Lust
(Vidco) **II**

Here's another "cut and paste" video: The producers take the cast off to an exotic locale for a week (in this case, it's Hawaii), shoot some footage there, then splice in the location stuff with bedroom antics taped back home. It never really works, but this example is less obtrusively bad than others. Porn, like government work, requires only that things be "good enough."

The plot here is campy, spoofy, or just plain stupid, depending on your mood. A mobster has left \$500,000 lying around a nightclub he owned before dying the good death, and a tattered group of fortune hunters gathers to sniff it out. Oddly enough, it is not the on-location Hawaii footage that shows the directors to the least advantage—it's the locally shot stuff. By this time, it should be automatic. Set

up a video camera in a bedroom, hire some horizontal mambo dancers, and shoot. In *Tropical Lust*, though, we run into problems. We can hear the director's cues on the tape—"Okay, come down now," or "Stop here"—and that's sloppy enough even for government work. The sex, which occasionally rises to the promise of the title, plus the location footage, is what brings this one's rating up a notch or so.

MATTRESS OF CEREMONY

Sizzling Summer

(VCA) **II**

This tape is another entry in the seemingly endless *Deep Inside* series, pioneered by superstars like Marilyn Chambers and Annie Sprinkle and now trickling down to second-string superstarlets like Karen Summer. It has the biography-type format, with Karen (sometimes called "Summers" in an especially dim-bulbed instance of porn's cavalier attitude toward nomenclature) filling us in on her days and lays. What is different is that Karen turns out to be fairly clear-eyed



Lust: "cut and paste."



Summer: for fetish fans.

about the realities of the business she's in.

The first vignette is a fairly hot high school-heartbreak hump, the type that can send a girl reeling to Hollywood in an attempt to "show 'em all." Karen's time in the California sun was not long, however, as she soon found herself locked into the unreal brightness of the klieg light. Two porno producers have their way with her in an aggressively ugly scene, after which Karen swears she's through with men exploiting her—she wants to exploit them for a change. She fucks her way to the top in the adult-entertainment

biz (there's a heavy dose of fiction here), and winds up back with the same guy who broke her heart way back when. A little too neat, but worlds above most other saccharine treatments of this theme.

Special note to fetish fans: Karen is famous for her particularly heavy pubic patch, the type of muff a friend of mine calls a "Wookiee bush," after the *Star Wars* character. It's not everyone's cup of tea (in fact, it's gagging to some people), but fans of this type of thing will enjoy *Sizzling Summer*.

VARIETY FILM REVIEWS

I've reviewed guidebooks to adult tapes in this column before, but this massive compilation from *Variety* is sort of the granddaddy of all film criticism—mainstream and adult. In the glory years of "porno chic," *Variety* regularly reviewed the latest adult offerings, without any of the sneering bias so apparent in other publications. All those reviews are collected here, making this set a virtual bible for the true adult-film aficionado.

The ultimate source for any film buff, it is invaluable as a guide for the golden age of the adult film. Available from Hollywood Film Archive, 8344 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90069. 

RATING KEY

- I** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- II** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
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UNDERCOVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

She opened the palm of her hand for me to get a look at the bags. I saw that each was sealed with a small piece of green tape.

The bathroom was tiny. It had no tub and no sink, just a toilet and a naked lightbulb swinging overhead. Joe handed Sheri the little coffin, and she opened it tenderly. It contained a needle and syringe, which she gave to me.

Sheri took the syringe from my hand and dipped it into the toilet tank. She pulled a bobby pin from her hair and made an ingenious handle for the bottle cap, then pulled the green tape off the bags, her tongue darting hungrily on her lips.

"I need a cotton," she said.

Joe handed her a cigarette. She broke off the filter and dropped a little piece into the bottle cap.

"See that green tape, Toni? That means this is Cobra's thing, so you know it's good."

Right then the action stopped for me. Joe watched Sheri's hands, his eyes as cold as glass, as hard as marbles.

"You got that from the Cobra?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Of course not, but it's his thing."

The white powder fell very slowly down into the bottle-cap cooker and she added a little bit of water. The empty glassine bag wafted to the filthy bathroom floor, carrying its green tape with it. *Cobra, I thought. Cobra. I'm very close now.*

"Gimme a match," Sheri said, without looking up, reaching her hand to me. I didn't have any matches. Joe put a book in her hand. She lit several matches at the same time, picked the cooker up by its bobby-pin handle, and placed it over the flame. The powder melted. She killed the flame with a quick flick of her wrist. Joe's eyes never left the cooker.

When all that was done, she got off the toilet seat, unbuckled her belt, and tied it around her arm just above the elbow. The many needle marks formed hideous scars. She clenched her fist the way people do when they are about to get a blood test, and slapped her arm. She slapped it so hard that it turned red and one big blue vein appeared inside the crook of her elbow. She massaged the arm to make the vein stand out more. Using the cotton as a filter, she filled the syringe from the cooker. Then she sat back down on the toilet, poked the needle into her arm, found a vein, and loosened the belt. A drop of blood popped up into the syringe, where it elongated into a thin red line.

"It's a hit!" Joe said. "She got a hit on the first try!" He rubbed his hands together happily. It meant his turn would come sooner. Sheri never took her eyes off her arm. She squeezed the syringe, and the liquid went down into her. Then she let go of the syringe and blood came

up into it.

"Aw-w c'mon now, you're gonna make us stand here while you boot," Joe whined.

I was mesmerized by the blood coming and going in the syringe. Every time she squeezed it, there was less clear liquid and more blood. It seemed to take a very long time before the syringe was empty. She pulled the needle out, licked the rivulet of blood that was descending on her arm, and handed the syringe to Joe.

It seemed like a long time before Joe was finally finished. Then it was my turn. Sheri took the belt from his wrist and handed it to me. I shook my head. "That's okay, I'll pop it."

"Don't be stupid," she said. "Joe'll help you."

I sat down on the toilet while Joe rinsed his blood from the syringe by dipping it into the toilet tank. I tied the belt around my arm as they had done. Joe pulled it tight for me. So tight that it hurt. No vein came up.

"Make a fist," he said. I did. I opened and closed it a few times. Two big veins popped out, one in the crook of my arm and one just below the elbow, along the side of my arm.

Joe knelt in front of me and began massaging my arm to make the veins stand out more. Then I watched as he inserted the needle into my arm. It was quick and fast and didn't hurt much. A thin sliver of blood rose into the dropper, and Joe squeezed the syringe. Blood dripped onto my thigh.

"Please," I heard my distant voice. "Please, I need to throw up."

They left me alone. When I stepped out of the bathroom, Sheri and Joe were lying next to each other on the mattress.

"What kinda junkie are you anyway?" Sheri questioned. "How come you got sick? Were you puttin' me on? Is this your first time or something?"

I offered them both a cigarette. "Or something." Then, just to be cool, I added, "Nice stuff."


She took the cigarette. "Lady, you got balls. But," she said, "you shouldda told me the truth. You couldda caught an OD."

I followed her down the stairs. Just before we got to the door, she turned to face me. In her hands she held the small coffin. It had a swastika on it I hadn't noticed before.

"Here, babe," she offered. "Take this so you can always get a taste."

I studied the hand-carved coffin that she clutched in her pretty hands. It seemed a long time before I took it into my own hands.

"You're gonna need it," she said.

On the street in front of the meat market, several men unloaded sides of beef that looked like cows peeled and cut in half. A young boy rinsed blood from the street into the gutter and down the sewer with a hose. In the rising dawn, I took my coffin home. 

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

ventions and rules of behavior. There is a wonderful description of a threesome in Philip Roth's classic novel *Portnoy's Complaint*, which I quote: "I can best describe the state . . . as one of unrelieved busyness. Boy was I busy! I mean there was just so much to do. You go here and I'll go there—okay, now you go there and I'll go here—all right, now she goes down that way, while I head up this way, and you sort of half turn around on this . . ." and so on.

Lots of fun, and great to spice up a jaded relationship after years of familiarity, but hardly a necessity in the courtship of a young girl and the man she loves and to whom she is engaged.

Another question, when you see movies like *Rambo* or TV shows like "The A-Team," do you for one moment consider signing on for the U.S. Marines so you can win the next war with an unstoppable hail of lead from automatic weapons? No, sir. In that case you know where fantasy ends and real life begins.

Your girl's imaginary threesomes are apparently giving you some wonderful sex, so keep it as fantasy. The other problem of making your fantasy into a reality is that you then have to invent a new fantasy, which is not always so easy.

FRUSTRATED

I am a 23-year-old woman who has never experienced a bisexual relationship, although I have been curious about it for years. My husband and I have been married three years (we lived together for one), and we have a good line of communication in everything. I have always enjoyed experimenting sexually with him, as he is always coming up with something new and exciting.

One day he told me about this woman he had met. He found her very attractive. My first reaction was jealousy, but that night when we made love he whispered in my ear how he'd like to watch me make love to her. He also told me that he would only make love to another woman if I was present. To say the least—it really turned me on!

Some time passed until I got to meet this attractive woman my husband had raved about. She worked at one of those fast-photo places. I immediately knew who she was by my husband's description of her, and to my surprise she knew all about me, too. Anyway, after that first meeting she and I became fast friends. I learned that she lived quite close to where my husband and I lived—and that she was also married.

Xaviera, the problem is that every time we are together I get these incredible urges to touch her, kiss her, and make love to her. I'm not sure if she feels the same way, but sometimes I can see that certain look in her eyes. Another problem

is her husband—he's always around—and I'm afraid that he would disapprove of such behavior. Should I just come right out and tell her how I feel? I'm just so overwhelmed and frustrated I don't know what to do.—J. C.

Sometimes you feel as if she is thinking the same as you, and I am prepared to bet any money that she is. This means that like you, she is probably beating her head against the wall wondering how to get your friendship onto a more intimate level. But she also may be scared of jeopardizing your friendship, so nothing is going to happen unless you make the first move.

You are obviously inhibited by the presence of her husband when you are in their house, so the first thing to do is to get your girlfriend on her own. You must arrange that the men go out together, watch football, baseball, or shoot pool—whatever. As this whole scene was initiated by your husband, you can probably count on his help in clearing the stage for action; but as you still don't know how your friend's husband is likely to react, it would be sensible to keep your plans a closely guarded secret. In the beginning, keep it woman to woman and seduce your friend in the absence of the men.

Having gotten rid of the guys, invite her round to your house. Maybe start with a glass or two of wine or sherry and then take her to the bedroom to show her some dresses or lingerie that you have bought for the occasion. Suggest that she try them on, and help her out of her clothes and into yours. Meanwhile, you can surreptitiously caress her ever-so-gently while you help her do up the hooks. Try the physical approach if it is hard for you to find the right words, because touching is what it is all about.

Don't worry if nothing much happens the first time you do this, but try and make it a regular once-a-week occasion when you girls are left to your own devices. You can persuade her to sit on the couch with you and watch a video, preferably an X-rated lesbian number. Give her a little cuddle during the horny bits and see what happens. My guess is that as soon as you both get some of your clothes off and give each other one little hug, you won't need to talk about it anymore; it will happen, and nothing either of you can do will stop it.

PROBLEM PECKER

I am writing to you with a problem I've never heard about before, but which I suffer from. I am a male, aged 24, with a normal, or perhaps above-normal, sex drive (it depends on whom you ask, I suppose). My response to orgasm is the same as that of other men, I'm told, but for some reason I don't ejaculate. I've never had the courage to see a doctor about this because of its embarrassing nature, and only one woman has ever known about it (my first and last lover,

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GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

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The complete logos appear on page 140. No peeking.

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And it's not the only thing you can buy that tells you what *not* to do with it.

You've seen the phrases below a thousand times in your life. How good a consumer are you? Make a list of the products or services that might carry these "slogans." Allow ten minutes to take the test. Score ten points for each correct answer. Score five points for ones you think should have been correct anyway (no fudging, now). Then total them up and see how high a C.Q. (consumer quotient) you've got. Total points possible: 500.



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XGA-606 BROWN SUGAR Sahara, Purple Passion (All Black, All Girl), 60 min.	XGA-601 TOOLS Jim Wilson, Michael, Steve, Phillip (All Male), 60 min.	XMT-902 NEVER BIG ENOUGH Jeremy Scott, Chris Thompson, Michael Cummings (All Male), 90 min.
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after a period of seven years). I know this isn't the type of thing that is an everyday problem among men, and it has me sad and slightly depressed because I can't have children.

Once, when I was younger, a girlfriend sat on my abdomen and rubbed her hands over my prick through my pants. When I went to the bathroom later, I saw a black substance that had been expelled from my testicles. I don't know what it was, but to date, it and a clear fluid (I don't think it's semen, because it appears sometimes half an hour after orgasm) are the only things to ever come from my penis except urine.

I had an operation to remove a hernia when I was three. Is it possible my vas deferens was damaged during the operation? If you can please reply, I would appreciate it very much. I may be the only man in the world with this problem.

I have always been a great fan of your column, and you have helped many people in the past with their problems. Whatever you suggest, Xaviera, I will follow your advice (even if you say to see a doctor). What really hurts is that I have concealed this dilemma from not only my family but also my fiancée. Please, Xaviera, I really need your help. I do not want to live with this problem any longer.—S. P.

The father of a girlfriend of mine was diagnosed in his late twenties as having an incurable stomach ulcer. For over 20 years he lived on special foods—tasteless, sloppy muck for the most part—until, quite recently, he had a thorough medical examination. Now in his mid-fifties, he discovered that the original diagnosis was wrong, and after a simple operation, he is completely cured and can eat what he likes. You are perfectly correct—your problem is an unusual one—but there is no shadow of a doubt that it is medical.

A man's ejaculate is composed of semen, which comes from the prostate gland. Although it contains secretions from several other glands, semen is mainly a vehicle for sperm, which is produced by the testicles—"balls" to you. A vasectomy merely cuts off the supply of sperm, but semen itself is still produced, so your vas deferens is clearly not your problem.

It is a sad reflection on the prudishness of our Western civilization that a presumably intelligent adult is ashamed to consult a doctor because there is something wrong with his sexual equipment. If you want to go through life with a physical ailment because you are too chickenshit to talk about it, that is your business; but to conceal your disability from your intended wife is an act of criminal deceit that makes me sick. A marriage that starts

off with a falsehood is doomed to disaster.

Those in the medical profession have had long and expensive training in order to be able to repair most parts of the human body, and there will certainly be a number of doctors in your area who specialize in the male organs of reproduction. If women thought it was shameful to visit their gynecologist, the world would have come to an end long ago. So please, before you get married, find yourself a specialist and tell him all about it. It may be complicated and difficult to cure, but on the other hand it may be something very simple. So don't hesitate; see a doctor. If you don't, the psychological aspect of the lie you are living may cost you money for a shrink as well.

EAGER TO SHARE

I will begin by telling you that I have a good marriage. My wife and I are quite happy with each other; but I suppose as

I'll give you a tip to get your cherries off. Many under-twenties have their first success with older women—so polish up your Boy Scout badge and get to work!

time goes by, one gets used to feeling a little complacent. Sex used to be a regular affair with my wife and I. We did it at least twice a day. Now, ten years later—with no children—we put more time into our careers; our sex life only warms up during our holidays, when we go to warmer climates.

Xaviera, I feel that you should also know this about my wife. Whenever she gets "cock hungry," it is simply to turn me on to make love to her. Only once did I manage to have her kiss my piece of flesh. She tells me that I am too big—and she's unable to fit my cock into her mouth. The problem is that I love to go down on her—and she does not reciprocate! I feel that if we could invite other people into our lives, our lovemaking would become more varied.

Our question is, how do we meet couples who like to share? My wife and I have talked about this in the past—and once with another married couple whose sex life was down to the wire. It turned out that nothing happened.


Anyway, although we have never tried swinging, how do we go about finding couples who share? Just the thought of

my wife getting all heck blown into her and me with another blonde in the same bed drives me crazy! Your cooperation would be appreciated.—O. G.

After "I am worried about the size of my cock," the type of letter I receive most is, "Should my wife and I swing, and if so, how can we find suitable partners?" Then, like you, they usually ask how they can achieve this without anyone finding out, and without exposing themselves to any risk of sexually transmitted infections. You have already had one opportunity when both of you could have jumped into bed with that other couple, bringing a little happiness into someone else's life as well as your own, but you just sat on the fence. Now we come to the real point of your letter. What you are short of is what is commonly referred to as balls—blue or otherwise.

You say you love going down on your wife, slurping her to a magnificent climax while she lies back with her rose-petal lips pursed like a vegetarian's at the sight of your "piece of meat." There are swinging clubs, or groups or couples who simply like to swing, almost everywhere in the Western world; but the entrance exam is to seek them out, and I don't think you qualify. What is more, I don't think either of you is really swinging material. Men who think in terms of the "same old routine," and women who are not interested in sucking cock, are not exactly welcome additions to a group-sex scene.

Your wife obviously wears the pants. She has been telling you what turns her on for so many years that sex with you has become a kind of masturbation for her. What she wants now is to make love to a man, and in her opinion, you are no longer in this category. The modern woman is constantly complaining about male chauvinism, but a healthy, extroverted, macho guy will always get the girl. You have allowed your wife to turn you into a kind of walking vibrator that she gets out of the cupboard if and when she needs it.

My feeling is that you and your wife are thoroughly bored with each other. Since you don't have any kids, I see no reason why you both should not look for somebody else. 

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EXTRA

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

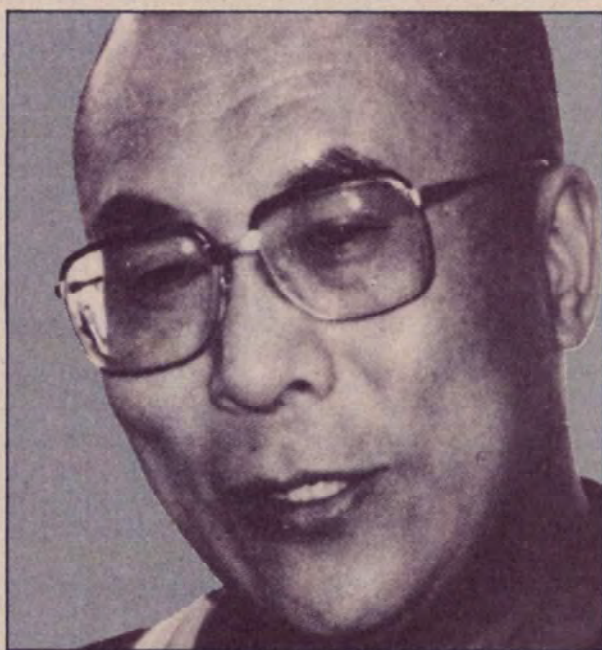
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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 7, NO. 2

DEAD COMIC STARTS RED RIOT



A Red Chinese soldier in Tibet accosted a 25-year-old British tourist because he mistook the picture of dead comedian Phil Silvers (left) on her T-shirt for that of Tibet's exiled god-king, the Dalai Lama. According to Kris Tait, she was vacationing in the town of Gyangste when a soldier noticed her shirt and tried to rip it off her. As a crowd gathered, pointing at Silvers's image and shouting "Dalai Lama!" Kris managed to break free and flee from the angry mob. Since the Tibetans had recently rioted against Chinese authorities, the soldier may have viewed

the shirt as a protest symbol. Ugyan Norbu, secretary of the Tibetan Society in London, said that Tibetans couldn't have seen "You'll Never Get Rich," whose reruns in Britain have caused Silvers's character Sergeant Ernie Bilko to become a cult figure. Ms. Tait, after being rescued, said, "I suppose he does look a bit like the Dalai Lama." (*Poughkeepsie Journal*—submitted by Ben Imai, Wappingers Falls, N.Y.)

It's a good thing that she wasn't wearing Margaret Thatcher panties.—Editor

COUPLE SWAP SEXES

Tom and Sheila R. are the first couple in the United States who've not only switched marital roles, but sexes as well. When they first married, 37-year-old Sheila was an Army veteran, and 28-year-old Tom was a housewife. They had one child before their sex change, and each had two children from previous marriages. After a few hostile encounters with neighbors in the town where the couple had the operation, they moved their family to another small town, where they've since been accepted. "I was 22 or 23 before I figured out what my problem was," says Sheila. "It just dawned on me there was no way I was male." Adds Tom, "I thought I must really be cuckoo. I even attempted suicide a couple of times." But when each



discovered that the other felt the same way, "I knew then why I'd been attracted to Tom in the first place," says Sheila. "After the sex change, we both felt free. We were truly happy for the first time in our lives." (*News Extra*)

Only problem is, they both want to be on top.—Editor

MAN-HATERS' PARADISE

A group of female farmers have founded a communal settlement in eastern Australia where men are not allowed. Located near Port Macquarie, Amazon Acres is covered with forests and meadows, lush plant life, and tropical birds and horses. Started 15 years ago by feminist writer Kerryn Higgs, the man-hating colony has since housed hundreds of women, and now includes 50 permanent residents. All labor and income are shared equally. "If a woman wants to get pregnant, that's up to her to organize," says 34-year-old Jackie Beckhurst, one member of Amazon Acres. "No

questions are asked as long as she doesn't bring the man back on the land. If any of us have a male child, he is allowed to stay on the land until puberty and then must be adopted or find a foster home outside. Some of us feel strongly enough to geld male horses and dogs, too. Though personally I give male animals the benefit of the doubt. We shouldn't assume that male animals are guilty of the same faults as men." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Brian Oelberg, Chicago, Ill.)

We knew there had to be someplace on earth where Andrea Dworkin would feel at home.—Editor

DESERTER UP A TREE SINCE WORLD WAR II

World War II soldier Giovanni Salivini lived in the same tree in southern Italy since 1942, surviving on bark, insects, fruit, and dew. It was only till his forest was cleared to make way for an apartment complex that the 77-year-old was discovered, unaware that the war had ended in 1945. Salivini had tried to desert the Army a number of times. Finally, during a battle in North Africa, he stowed away on board a ship headed for Italy and returned to his family, only to find that they wanted nothing to do with him. Fearing the firing squad, and with nowhere to turn, he wandered aimlessly for miles until he found his tree, where he remained for the next 45 years. "He could conceivably still be tried for desertion," says journalist Salvatore Carlucci, who had served with him in his last battle, "but because of his age, that is most unlikely." (*National Examiner*)

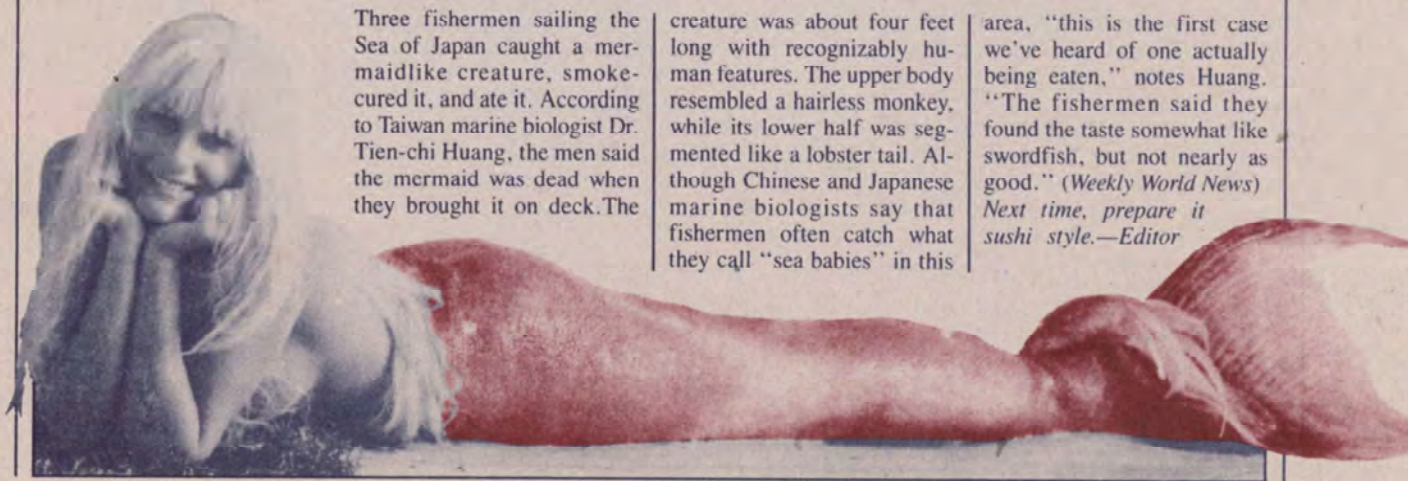
We would hate to think what's been under that tree for 45 years.—Editor

SMOKED MERMAID A CULINARY BUST

Three fishermen sailing the Sea of Japan caught a mermaidlike creature, smoke-cured it, and ate it. According to Taiwan marine biologist Dr. Tien-chi Huang, the men said the mermaid was dead when they brought it on deck. The

creature was about four feet long with recognizably human features. The upper body resembled a hairless monkey, while its lower half was segmented like a lobster tail. Although Chinese and Japanese marine biologists say that fishermen often catch what they call "sea babies" in this

area, "this is the first case we've heard of one actually being eaten," notes Huang. "The fishermen said they found the taste somewhat like swordfish, but not nearly as good." (*Weekly World News*)
Next time, prepare it sushi style.—Editor



FARMER TO BREED TEN-LEGGED PIGS

Australian livestock rancher Clint McPherson, with the help of a genetic scientist, has developed a breed of ten-legged pig in an effort to corner the market on pork chops. While some suspect that

McPherson, sometimes called "the P. T. Barnum of Pork," may just be looking for publicity, geneticist Armand Hilyard confirms his findings. "We fully expect to breed a herd of ten-legged swine be-

fore the end of next year," he says. "We have the prototype animal already." Meanwhile, he and McPherson are conducting further experiments. "Once my ten-legged pigs hit the scene, I'll have a pork chop

monopoly," claims the rancher. "Then we'll see who ends up in hog heaven." (Sun—submitted by William E. Wheeler, Doniphan, Mo.) *It doesn't sound too kosher to us.—Editor*



NAZI MONSTER DOG TERRIFIES FARMERS

Reports from northern Peru say that a team of Nazi scientists have sewn together organs from over 20 dogs in a secret jungle laboratory and brought the monster canine to life with a jolt of electricity. Since then, the creature, described by one farmer as "an ugly mass of stitches, raw flesh, and bone," has been attacking local livestock. "I saw it when I heard my pigs squealing one night," says another resident. "Within three minutes,

it had devoured three pigs. I shot it with a rifle, but it just stood there. I put my rifle right up against its snout, but I was too paralyzed with fright to pull the trigger." Blaming the creation on the experiments of Nazi expatriate doctors, the farmers fear that they may be the next to disappear. (Sun—submitted by Bryan Roos, Rochester, Minn.) *His bark is probably worse than his Bitburg.—Editor*

TOILET PAPER GOURMET

A man suffering from pica, an abnormal desire to eat nonfood substances, asked the Environmental Protection Agency if he could get cancer from the dioxin contained in toilet paper. Last September the E.P.A. announced it discovered that the toxin may appear in trace amounts of bleached white paper. "I have been eating paper for as long as I can remember," the 36-year-old man wrote the E.P.A. "When I was little, I ate all kinds, but soon learned which tasted awful. There is no way I could stop." He explained that he's eaten unscented bleached white toilet paper every day for 20 years, and asked the agency to recommend a different brand or another kind of paper that would be less harmful. Although David Cohen, the E.P.A.'s chief press officer, replied that "dioxin particles in paper do not appear to pose any risk to health," after consulting agency experts, he said he'd be writing again to add that "it might be advisable if you avoided eating paper products from bleached kraft pulp." (Everett Herald—submitted by Roberta J. Sarvey, Everett, Wash.)

Maybe with the right wine. . . ?—Editor

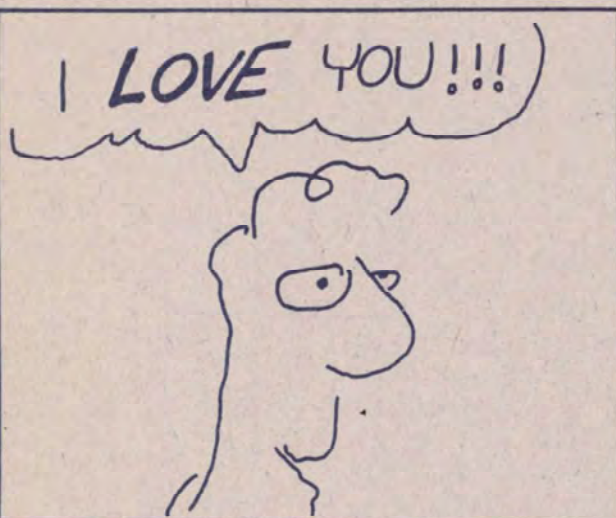


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PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

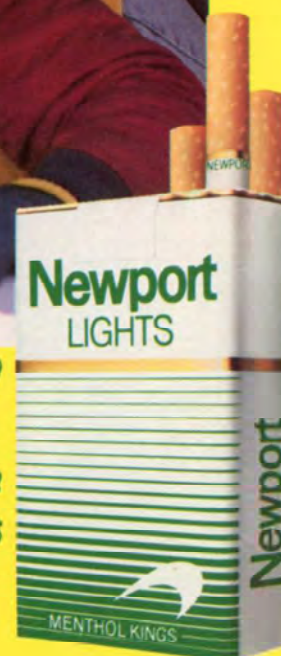


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KORDA ZONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

On a recent trip to Los Angeles, I was astonished when a world-famous actress expressed her anger about AIDS on the grounds that it was ruining everybody's sex life, but on reflection I ought not to have been. As epidemics go, AIDS has claimed nowhere near the number of victims that influenza did, or outbreaks of cholera do in India even today, but it comes as a profoundly disturbing shock to twentieth-century Americans that an epidemic is still possible, or that a disease can curtail our freedoms. The rage is not so much over the disease itself—the further spread of which can be prevented by comparatively minor changes in behavior—as over the terrible reminder of our vulnerability, and the ultimate fragility of human life.

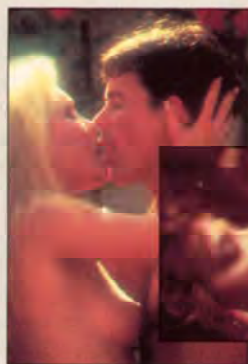
The victims of AIDS remind us that although we have sent a man to the moon, can store all of human knowledge on a chip the size of a postage stamp, live in circumstances of comfort and freedom beyond the wildest imagination of our grandparents, and have won indulgence for every form of pleasure, a microscopic virus can kill us just as arbitrarily as the bubonic plague annihilated seventeenth-century Londoners.

All the same, we do not *have* to succumb to this particular plague. There is still time, probably not much, to reach out to the new wave of victims and halt the spread—but only if we treat it as a public health problem, in which morality is not the issue.

AIDS is no longer a gay problem, if it ever was one. It is simply a disease, a deadly killer. It is not about sex or sexual preference. It is about dying. We do not yet know how to cure it, or to vaccinate against it, but we do know how to prevent it, and that involves more than genteel proselytizing to California teenagers on condoms. It means reaching out to drug addicts; it means vast expenditures on methadone clinics; it may mean providing clean, disposable syringes much as in England (where drug addicts are provided with narcotics under the National Health Program, which at least prevents them from taking to crime, and undercuts drug dealers). And ultimately, it will surely require some form of testing in order to prevent AIDS victims from infecting their own families. It means, as any epidemic does, taking *action*, not just pointing the finger of blame, or behaving as if the spread of the disease were inevitable.

The first wave of AIDS victims were homosexuals, and we failed them badly; the second wave are the intravenous-drug users, and we're failing to help them; the next wave will be their children. If we fail *them*, then we'll truly see a plague like that of the Middle Ages. But unlike the Middle Ages, we shall only have ourselves to blame. **OT**

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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95


ing and community service, another parent's behavior might lead the court to separate the family.

Another judicial option that is rarely used but readily available is house arrest. Some states use it, with compliance assured by random phone calls and visits—even an electronic ankle that causes an alarm to ring when the offender strays too far from home. In Brooklyn, Judge Jack B. Weinstein sentenced Maureen Murphy to two years of house arrest. Murphy had been convicted in connection with the bilking of 19 insurance companies and was not considered a good probation risk. But under an innovative form of incarceration, she can keep her job (and maintain her payments of state and federal taxes) while being permitted out only for work, church, doctor's visits, and shopping. These types of sentences sound imaginative precisely because there is so little innovation taking place. There are as many possibilities for this approach as there are criminals.

Bringing innovation to an already overloaded criminal justice system would certainly involve considerable expense. On the other side of the great debate are the Ed Meeses of our current bureaucracy; their side, interestingly, is outgunned when crime hysteria rises—whether or not there is an actual "crime wave" in progress. They capitulate slowly, building prisons when overcrowding threatens to place the state in a role similar to that of a slumlord. One might ask how cost-effective it is to spend billions each year to lock up all kinds of offenders. With a recidivism rate of between 65 and 85 percent, it is clear that serving time does not either correct or effectively punish. Yet, in my area alone, politicians are considering a request from the sheriff for \$500 million to build new jails and expand existing ones over the next several years.

While a criminologist might be angered when referred to as "soft on crime," one can only snort with contempt when told that the hiring of more probation officers and the paying of experts to help design creative alternative punishments is unfair to the taxpayer. Who are they trying to kid?

The nation will always have, it seems, a crop of people so violent or incorrigible that they must be locked away, but those people are a small percentage of our current criminal population. There are some 15 million ex-offenders on the streets of the United States today, and about 30 to 35 million with criminal records not related to traffic offenses. We must find a better way to reach these people, if only to protect ourselves.

We may never eliminate crime from society, but we can reduce the number of offenders by creating a society that aspires to equality, compassion, and concern for our fellow man. 

PASS THE PRESERVATIVES, PLEASE

Preservatives may not be the unnatural demons they were once thought to be. In fact, they may actually help *preserve* youth! Some life-extension researchers advise taking the preservatives BHA and BHT to help prevent cancer.

SELENIUM DEFICIENCIES IN THE U.S.

For years, people have flocked to the sunny shores of Florida for relaxation, rejuvenation and an overall "glowing" state of health. But startling new evidence has recently revealed that living in the southeastern US may actually be *bad* for you. It seems the region's soil is low in selenium, a mineral that may be crucial in protecting against cardiovascular disease, stroke, and certain cancers...

SUNGLASSES MAY BE DAMAGING YOUR EYES

Instead of protecting your eyes from the summer sun, sunglasses may actually be harmful. By shielding your eyes from visible light and causing the pupils to open wider, sunglasses expose the retina to invisible radiation that can lead to cataracts—a problem that may soon be solved by using ultraviolet filters.

POLYUNSATURATED FATS ARE NOT AN ALTERNATIVE

Since saturated fats were first linked to heart disease, *polyunsaturated* fats have been touted as the ideal substitute. But don't listen to your cardiologist when he advises switching to those heat-processed vegetable oils. They host a generous array of dangerous chemical pollutants known as "free radicals," which may prove to be as harmful to your health as *saturated* fats.

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Never before have we had so much medical information available to us. But never before has it been so difficult to determine what is healthful and what is not. It seems the more we know, the harder it is to make the right decision...

But now there's a cure for this epidemic of confusion—LONGEVITY, the new monthly newsletter published by OMNI Magazine. LONGEVITY is the ultimate guide to health, well-being and a longer, more vigorous life.

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PANACEA OR PLACEBO

Cure-alls, tonics and elixirs of youth—the shelves of health food stores and pharmacies are crammed with products that claim to work magic...LONGEVITY'S "Consumer Watch" cuts through the clutter—evaluating the newest

products: how they work, why they work, or whether they work at all.

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The question of what diet best promotes health and longevity has long been imbued with controversy. To help you choose the most effective nutritional program, LONGEVITY lays out the basic and not-so-basic principles of dietary manipulation.

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More and more, it's becoming apparent that the *quality* of our lives, especially the latter years, is ours to determine—time doesn't *have* to take its toll. LONGEVITY enables us to decide how we wish to grow older, by assembling the most recent findings on how to retard the aging process and prolong youth.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Eliminating death doesn't seem likely. At least not in the very near future. But each and every month, LONGEVITY brings you closer to a bold new world in which people do in fact live longer, more vibrant lives. So take the first step toward a healthier, happier future and subscribe to LONGEVITY today. Because "the art of living consists of dying young—but as late as possible."

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

figured that she was taking a chance with her ticklishness, but that it was probably safe. She was wrong.

I got her back to my place and she was trying to get me going so I would forget about our deal. I told her that I was having second thoughts, and she said, "But I thought you wanted to play games." She got undressed, and I told her to lie still on the bed. One false move on her part, I told her, and the game would be over. I could tell she was a little nervous, as she said, "I don't want any foreplay—just fuck me. Fuck me right now." Just then Tina walked in and she was furious. She was really putting on a show. Poor Beth could only lie there, her face turning beet red. Tina told me that she was going to leave me unless I did what she said. I said, "Anything. Please, we can work this out." Tina put her nose one inch from Beth's, and said, "I want you to do something to this little bitch for me, and I'll forgive you." She whispered something to me, made me promise that I would comply, and told me that she would see me in the morning.

When Tina left the room, Beth was desperate to know what she'd requested. Of course, all her worst fears were true, and she begged me not to tickle her. I explained that I had promised, and that I had no choice. Of course, my cock was bursting through my gym shorts.

I didn't even touch her for about 30 seconds, as her skin broke out in goosebumps of anticipation. I started just below those lovely tits, and she breathed heavily, trying not to move. I paused again and then ever so slowly worked my way down. When I reached her soft belly, she was screaming with laughter. I told her that when I found a weak spot, I was to concentrate on that area. I always paused after a while to give her plenty of time to breathe (and think about what was coming next). I tickled her ribs with a count of ten, 20, 30, up to 100, one side at a time. When I did both ribs at once, I thought she would bounce the bed off the floor.

I could take no more, and this time when I paused I slid my cock into her beautiful shaven pussy. I tickled her again, but this time all that squirming and bucking didn't go to waste. We came together, and I collapsed on her and held her, kissing those sensuous lips. After a few more orgasms, and much more tickling, I told her she was free to go.

Beth told me that those were the most intense orgasms that she had ever had. She said that it was the most exciting experience of her life. I was stunned when she asked me when we could do this again. Since then we've fallen deeply in love, and will be married in July, on my birthday. We're abstaining from sex until then, but nightly I dream of my present.—
Name and address withheld

ON THE Q.T.

I am currently serving on board one of the Navy's newest ships. Last week, a helicopter carrying both male and female dignitaries landed on ship. I am sitting here, pud in fist, daydreaming about that recent experience.

It all started when I was directed to escort a group of these officials on a tour of the vessel. Due to the size of the ship, the tour was rather long. The dignitaries became tired and we sat down to take a short break. As we sat down, the lady across from me crossed her legs, exposing about half of her inner thigh before adjusting her skirt. Glancing up, I caught her winking at me.

At the end of the tour, the group began to disperse, returning to their staterooms for a rest. The lady, whom I'll call Ms. Q, asked me if I could show her to the rest room. As we walked, her conversation became personal. She was interrupted, however, when the ship took a roll and she lost her balance. I reached out to break her fall, and my hand brushed her breast. I helped her to her feet and noticed an erect nipple protruding through both her blouse and lacy bra. She complained of feeling a bit woozy, so I offered to help her back to her cabin.

Once we got to her cabin, Ms. Q asked me if I could help her with a heavy suitcase. I moved her valise and asked if there was anything else I could help her

with. She smiled and said that the light above her bunk was giving her trouble. I bent over to inspect the problem. As I did, I felt her hand on my back. Turning around, my eyes met up with two of the firmest tits I have ever seen.

Ms. Q licked her lips and dropped to her knees. She began to bite off each of the 13 buttons on the pants of my dress blues. Yanking my pants and shorts down to my ankles, she gasped at the size of my torpedo. I grabbed her head and pulled her toward me, groaning in delight as my big gun almost fully disappeared into her mouth. Her head bobbed furiously, and soon three months' worth of love juice filled her mouth.

She stood up and began to disrobe before helping me out of the rest of my uniform. My monster muscle of love was still standing at full mast when she straddled my face and lowered her dripping honey pot onto my awaiting mouth. My fingers worked on her clit as my tongue darted in and out of her love porthole. She screamed "Eat me, you squid" a couple of times before her whole body tensed in orgasm. After about a five-minute rest, we were both ready for more.

I moved around and mounted Ms. Q doggie-style. I slowly slid my love missile into her warm, wet hole and pumped her wildly for a few minutes until we were both on the brink of coming. In order to prolong the pleasure, I pulled my cock out

until just the tip was penetrating her hot box. As I reached down to fondle her beautiful tits, I jammed my stiff staff all the way back into her twat. I fucked her wildly until we both collapsed in orgasm.

Ms. Q was not finished, however. She sucked me back to life, asking me if I had any friends who would like to partake of her delights. I called a couple of my drinking buddies, Boots and Decker. By the time they arrived, I was once again buried deep in her hole. Boots gently removed me from my place of honor and rammed his stiff member into her awaiting cunt. Decker put his pecker into her mouth. They fucked and sucked in rhythm like a well-oiled machine until one by one they filled her to the gills with spunk.

The next day, as Ms. Q was getting ready to depart, I received an order to go to her stateroom. When I arrived she gave me one last blowjob before departing. Now I know why some of the Washington big boys are always smiling in the newspapers. Ms. Q was one dignitary that was anything but dignified!—
Name and address withheld

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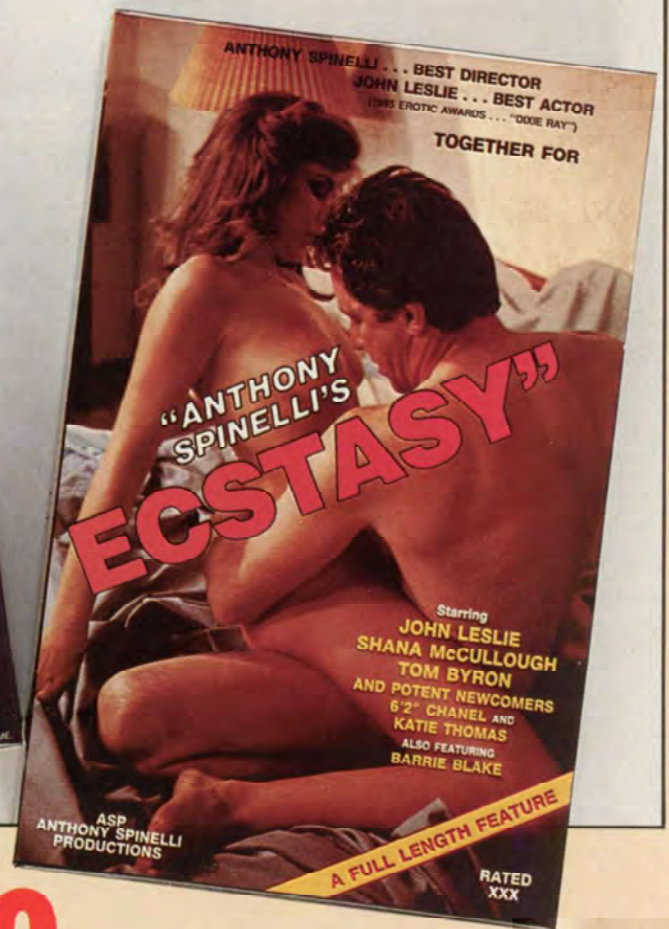


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..... FOLLOWED BY
GRANITA DI FRAGOLA?

NOW, THIS IS WHAT I
CALL BEING KIDNAPPED!

YOU'D BETTER BRING
THEM A COUPLE OF
LARGE FERNETBRANCAS!

THEY SEEM TO HAVE
LOST THEIR APPETITE!

I HOPE ROSA
AND THE KIDS
ARE MANAGING
THE PIZZA
PARLOUR
WITHOUT ME.

WHEN DON UMBERTO
SAYS "I WANT YOU
TO DO SOMETHING
FOR ME," YOU DO IT!

by **RON EMBLETON**
and **BOB GUCCIONE**

ELEKTRA VON FRANKENSTEIN
IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE
MAFIA— WHICH IS, AT LEAST,
LESS BORING THAN BEING
IN THE HANDS OF HER LATE
AND UNLAMENTED KIDNAPPERS!

A FEW DAYS LATER
ELEKTRA'S EXHAUSTED
CAPTORS REPORT TO
THEIR CAPOFAMIGLIA,
DON UMBERTO DIRGIO
LAMENTE.....

THIS LITTLE TRINKET
SEEMS TO CONFIRM
IT. I'VE HAD IT
EXAMINED AND IT IS A
TIGER'S-EYE EMERALD!

THEY'RE RARE—ONLY
TWO ARE KNOWN TO
EXIST—ONE IN TURKEY
AND THE OTHER IN
RUSSIA. FURTHERMORE
—NONE HAVE BEEN
FOUND IN THE PAST
600 YEARS!

HERE'S THE INTERESTING
BIT—THEY'RE MENTIONED
IN EARLY MANUSCRIPTS
AND A CASKET OF
THEM, WORTH A KING'S
RANSOM, WAS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
PART OF THE LOST
TREASURE OF THE
KNIGHT TEMPLARS!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW
MUCH, DON UMBERTO
—BUT SHE'S CONVINCED
HER HUSBAND HAS
FOUND TREASURE
SOMEWHERE OFF
THE COAST!



IF FRANKENSTEIN HAS FOUND
TREASURE OUT THERE, HE CAN'T
BE ALLOWED TO REMOVE THE
WEALTH THAT BELONGS TO ALL
SICILIANS! WELL—NOT ALL
SICILIANS—**SOME** SICILIANS!
WE'LL ASK FOR 50 PERCENT
AND BE PREPARED TO SETTLE
FOR 100 PERCENT. TOMORROW
YOU WILL BRING FRANKENSTEIN
TO ME HERE. TELL HIM WE'VE
FOUND HIS WIFE!

THEN YOU
CAN RELIEVE
THE SECOND
SHIFT
GUARDING
HIS WIFE!

DO WE
GOTTA, DON
UMBERTO?
IT'S HELL
BACK THERE!

YOU'RE SOLDIERS,
AIN'TCHA? D'YA
EXPECT LIFE TO
BE EASY?



AND LATER,
AS THE GREAT
MAN SLEEPS
OFF THE EFFECTS
OF A WHOLE
AGNELLO CON
PISELLI.....

LET'S HOPE HE
DOESN'T MISS
THIS FOR A FEW
HOURS!



AND MINUTES LATER A FAMILIAR FIGURE CLIMBS THE TORTUOUS PATH TO THE ANCIENT CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA DOLOROSA...



WE HEARD THAT REMARK, SMART ASS! SURE IT'S A LONG WALK—BUT THIS IS NO HEALTH FOOD DIET FREAK—THIS IS FULL-BLOODED SICILIAN WOMANHOOD! SHE CAN DO 15 MILES WITH A 40-LB JAR OF OLIVES ON HER HEAD! A LONG WALK! CLIMB BACK IN YOUR TRACK SUIT, CREEP—IF YOU CAN GET IT ON OVER YOUR PAUNCH!

...AND THE GODMOTHER!

AND WHERE DID DON UMBERTO GET THIS, MY CHILD?

...GET THIS, MY CHILD?

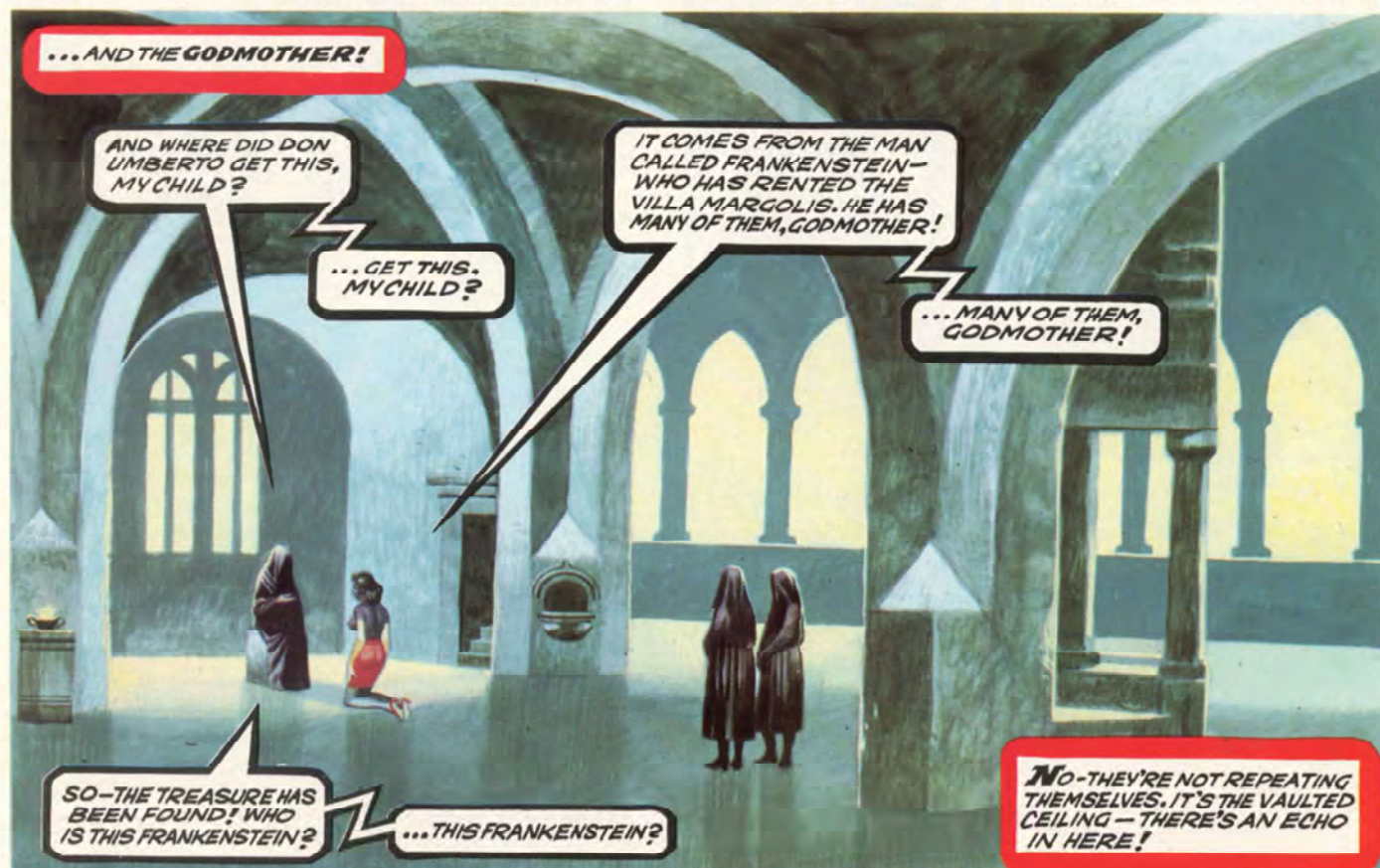
IT COMES FROM THE MAN CALLED FRANKENSTEIN—WHO HAS RENTED THE VILLA MARGOLIS. HE HAS MANY OF THEM, GODMOTHER!

...MANY OF THEM, GODMOTHER!

SO—THE TREASURE HAS BEEN FOUND! WHO IS THIS FRANKENSTEIN?

...THIS FRANKENSTEIN?

NO—THEY'RE NOT REPEATING THEMSELVES. IT'S THE VAULTED CEILING—THERE'S AN ECHO IN HERE!





HE IS THE
GUARDIAN
OF THE ONE
THEY CALL
SWEET
CHASTITY!

AH, I KNOW
OF HER! SO
... DESTINY
BRINGS US
TOGETHER!

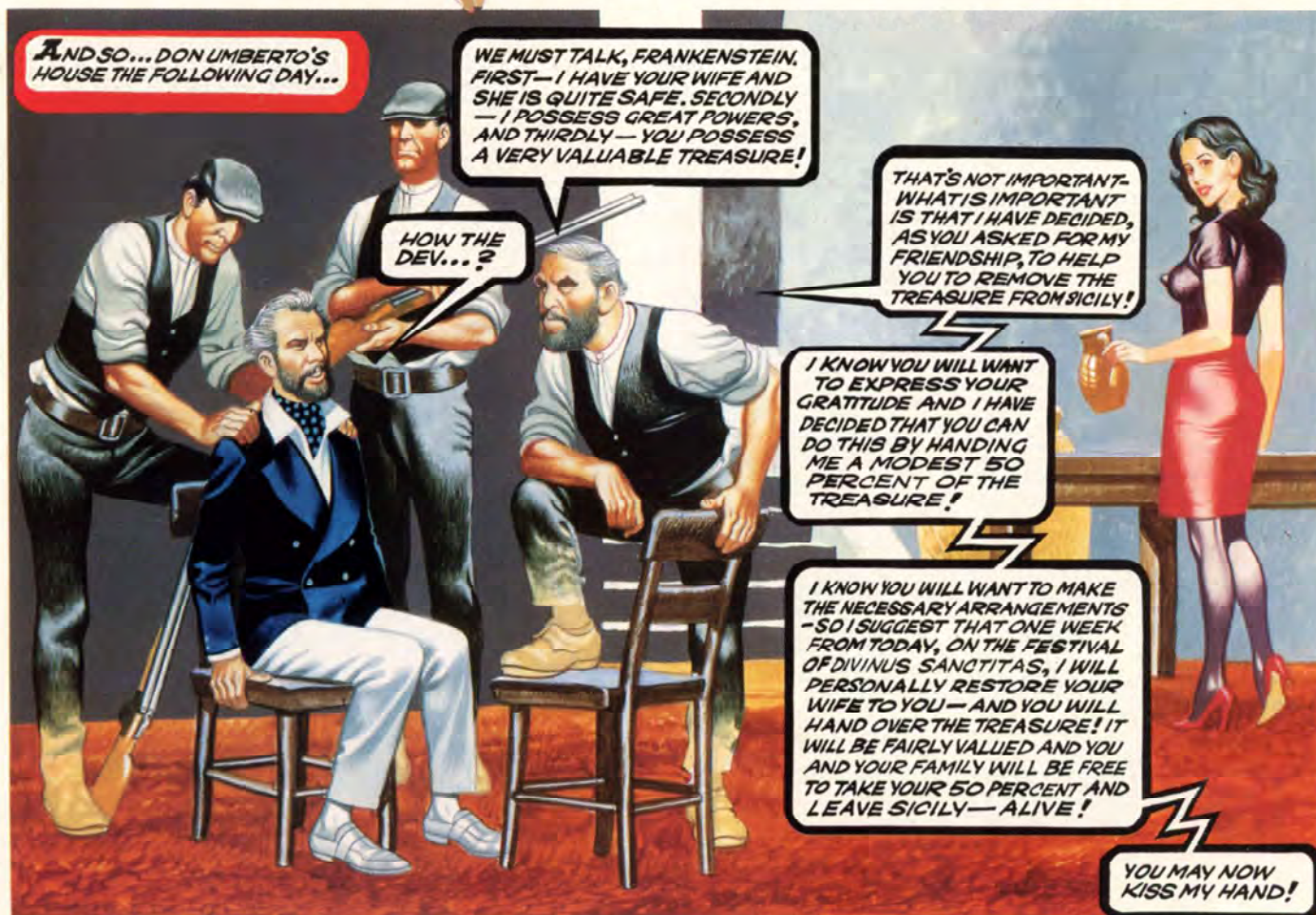


BRING SWEET
CHASTITY
TO ME, HERE!

AT ONCE,
GODMOTHER!



YOU, MY DEAR— PUT THIS
BACK WHERE YOU FOUND
IT. I WANT YOU TO KEEP
ME INFORMED OF DON
UMBERTO'S EVERY MOVE!



AND SO... DON UMBERTO'S
HOUSE THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WE MUST TALK, FRANKENSTEIN.
FIRST— I HAVE YOUR WIFE AND
SHE IS QUITE SAFE. SECONDLY
— I POSSESS GREAT POWERS,
AND THIRDLY — YOU POSSESS
A VERY VALUABLE TREASURE!

HOW THE
DEV...?

THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.
WHAT IS IMPORTANT
IS THAT I HAVE DECIDED,
AS YOU ASKED FOR MY
FRIENDSHIP, TO HELP
YOU TO REMOVE THE
TREASURE FROM SICILY!

I KNOW YOU WILL WANT
TO EXPRESS YOUR
GRATITUDE AND I HAVE
DECIDED THAT YOU CAN
DO THIS BY HANDING
ME A MODEST 50
PERCENT OF THE
TREASURE!

I KNOW YOU WILL WANT TO MAKE
THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS
— SO I SUGGEST THAT ONE WEEK
FROM TODAY, ON THE FESTIVAL
OF DIVINUS SANCTITAS, I WILL
PERSONALLY RESTORE YOUR
WIFE TO YOU — AND YOU WILL
HAND OVER THE TREASURE! IT
WILL BE FAIRLY VALUED AND YOU
AND YOUR FAMILY WILL BE FREE
TO TAKE YOUR 50 PERCENT AND
LEAVE SICILY — ALIVE!

YOU MAY NOW
KISS MY HAND!



SWEET CHASTITY, UNAWARE OF THE LUNATIC MACHINATIONS OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN — OR OF THE TIDE OF EVENTS MOVING INEORABLY IN HER DIRECTION—HAS PROBLEMS OF HER OWN.....



I HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST TREASURE IN MY HANDS— AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

SHE SEEMS TO KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T—OR PERHAPS YOU DO? DON'T GUESS—TUNE IN NEXT MONTH!

COMING IN THE
APRIL

PENTHOUSE



THE SECRET LIFE OF ROY COHN

"Anybody who knows me or knows anything about me or who knows the way my mind works or knows the way I function in active life, would have an awfully hard time reconciling that with any kind of homosexuality," said Roy Cohn. Yet despite his continual denials, coupled with his vehement homophobia, the ultraconservative lawyer led a blatantly gay lifestyle while his friends and associates looked the other way. In an exclusive excerpt from his upcoming book, *The Autobiography of Roy Cohn* (Lyle Stuart), journalist Sidney Zion provides us firsthand accounts of Cohn's neon-closet existence, which ended when he died of AIDS in 1986.



JIM AND TAMMY'S EMPIRE OF EXCESS

The incredible tale of Jessica Hahn, which has created international headlines for almost a year, is only the prelude for a larger and, ultimately, much more significant story: the rise and fall and possible resurrection of the P.T.L. ministry. In this series of articles by *Washington Post* reporters Art Harris and Michael Isikoff, we explore the phenomenon of Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker—two itinerant tent preachers who built a multimillion-dollar televangelist empire by spreading the gospel of excess. The first story will focus on the behind-the-scenes fear and loathing at a church purportedly built on love and understanding.



A VETERAN WITH A DIFFERENCE

Although you may occasionally hear of women who served in Vietnam, how often do you hear of one who is president of the Vietnam Veterans of America, the largest national service group? Next month we profile Mary Stout, who's not only the V.V.A.'s first female president, but the only woman to head any national veterans organization. Stout, who served as a nurse for a year in An Khe and Chu Lai, believes that "women tend to denigrate themselves as full-fledged veterans because they haven't been in combat. But I've seen guys do the same thing."



IN DEFENSE OF DOCTORS

If there's one group of professionals most depended on yet most disparaged by the rest of society, it's doctors. Who hasn't complained about the time spent in the waiting room and the high fees, only to be followed by a lack of immediate relief? In next month's "Advise & Dissent," Dr. Stuart Berger, author of the best-selling *Dr. Berger's Power Diet* and the soon-to-be-published *What Your Doctor Didn't Learn in Medical School* (both by William Morrow & Co.), comes to the defense of his colleagues by explaining that they too are dissatisfied—not only with their patients, who often don't heed their advice, but also with insurance companies, health-maintenance groups, and government interference.



THE TACO CONNECTION

While drug-enforcement officials focus their attention on cocaine from Colombia, they're beginning to realize that a bigger problem is arising right over the Rio Grande. The Drug Enforcement Administration now has reason to believe that more than one-third of all drugs entering the United States come from Mexico, and the problem is getting worse. In a startling *Penthouse* investigation, reporter John Cummings exposes the strong link between Colombian and Mexican drug cartels that, along with the influence of the Mexican underworld, has given traffickers a political hold south of the border. Although *La Familia* may not be as tightly structured as the Mafia, they're already responsible for making South Texas "what the Everglades were to traffickers in South Florida."



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MISS JACQUI DE LA CRUZ PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

