

HOLY HORRORS—THE DANGERS OF RELIGION

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



02242

AUGUST 1990

'AMERICA'S DRUG':

IT'S NEW, IT'S
HOMEMADE,
AND IT'S THE
MOST
DANGEROUS
YET

CRAZY EDDIE'S CUT-RATE KINGDOM:

HIS STORY IS
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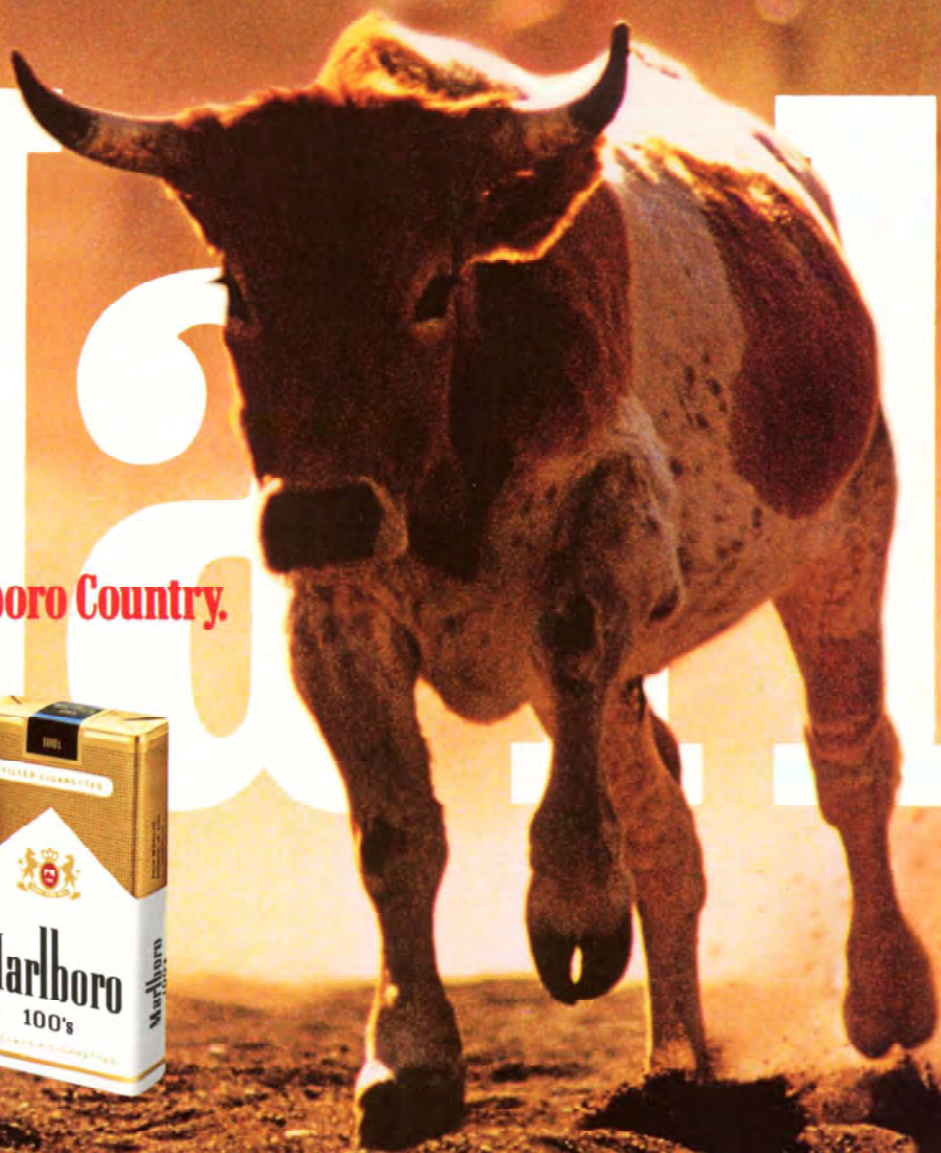
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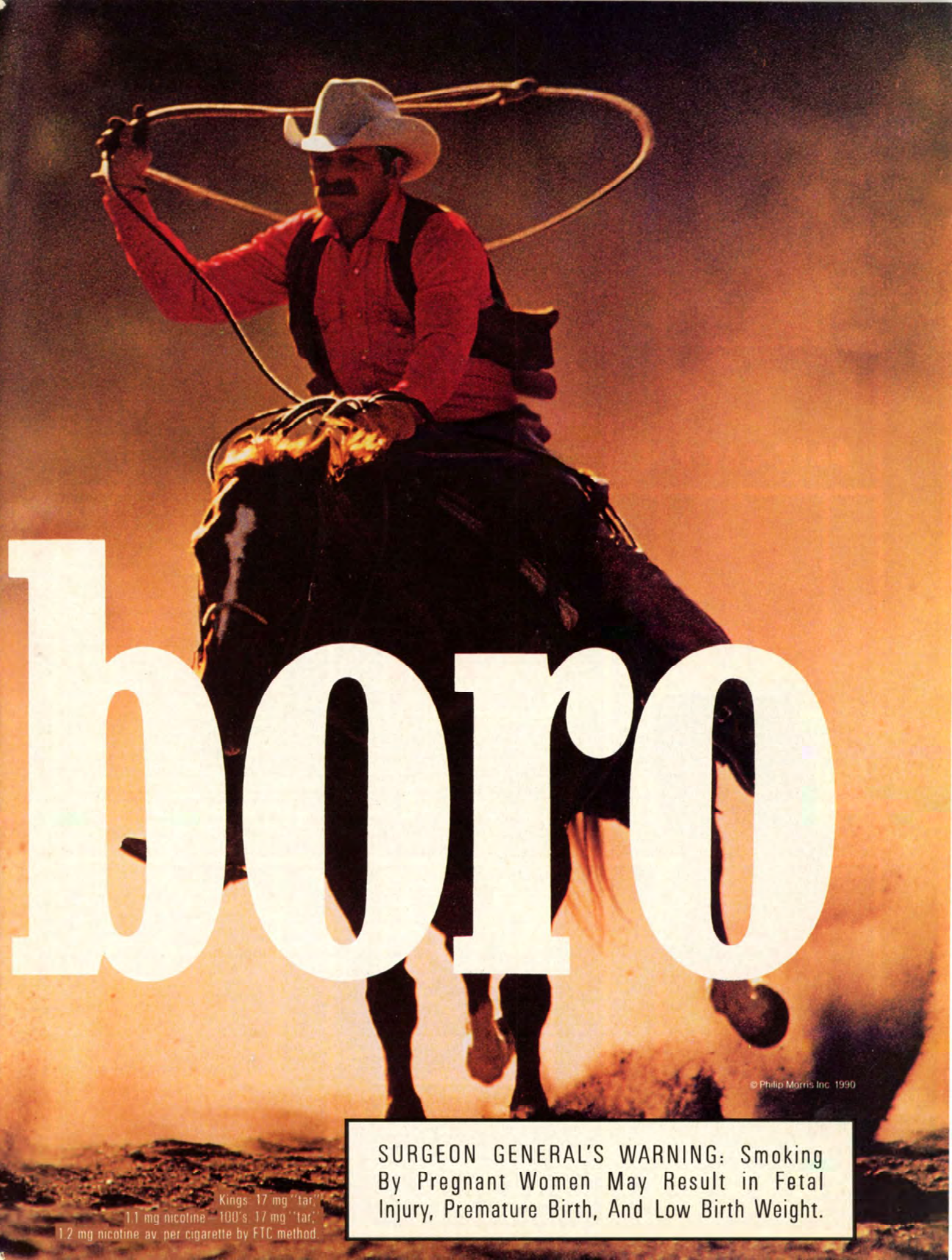
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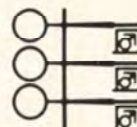
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Our cover features Karen Brennan, who was photographed by Harry Ormesher. Her pictorial begins on page 45.

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HOUSECALL



HOLY HORRORS

When some Americans try to ban something they don't like at the moment—rock music, television shows, even slogans on T-shirts—they claim that it causes harm to others. The truth, of course, is that certain self-righteous people feel compelled to tell other people how to live their lives. But this month we dare to present the unadulterated facts about something that all too clearly has caused incredible suffering to untold millions of human beings: organized religion. Although **Ronald Reagan** called religion "the bedrock of moral order," **James A. Haught** shows how history proves just the opposite: that where religion is strong, it causes cruelty and death. Haught has recently written a book (also called *Holy Horrors* and published by Prometheus Books) devoted to this topic. It makes compelling and frightening reading, as does **Marcia Pally's** companion article, wherein she demonstrates how these religious horrors continue right up to the



present day in the United States. Pally, a feminist herself, writes that it's ironic that fringe groups like Women Against Pornography and the American Family Association ascribe rape, brutality, and incest to the influence of erotic books, magazines, and films. On the contrary, the unceasing crimes against women and the family committed in the name of God should, as Pally suggests, convince **Andrea Dworkin** and her friends to create a new organization called "Women Against the Bible."

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

Looking again at the realities that bedevil the government's expensive and futile War on Drugs, we visit the nation's newest bootleg-



gers with investigative reporter **John Cummings**. He travels to rural East Texas, where crank (a drug now sweeping the nation and one that some experts think might one day replace cocaine as our drug of choice) is produced in makeshift labs. The reason these backcountry hillbillies are so important is that their product (touted by them as "America's drug") portends major problems for a government that has set its sights on sealing borders and interdicting shipments from Latin America.

DANGEROUS PROFESSIONS

"We all think we know what danger is," writes **Laurence Gonzales**. "We've all been afraid. But fear and danger are not the same. Many people fear flying, and yet flying is safer than driving . . . at least, statistics tell us that. But statistics don't tell the real story." To tell that story, Gonzales will look at those Americans who have to live and work, daily, near death. Starting this month with construction

workers, we will discover various definitions of danger—some in surprising places.

CRAZY EDDIE

He was the founder of the most successful retail electronics firm of its time, the Crazy Eddie chain, revolutionizing marketing procedures and boasting of low prices in outlandish ads and promotions. But as business reporter **Jonathan Greenberg** shows, **Eddie Antar's** life was more than outlandish. In an article that's often as funny as it is shocking, Greenberg traces the tortured family and financial story of this retailing maverick. And, as a reader service, Greenberg shares some of the secrets of the trade of retail cut-rate chains—information that could save you hundreds of dollars.

HOT STUFF

Humor Editor **Bill Lee** understands that while truth is often stranger than fiction, Hollywood's favorite indoor sport, gossip, often proves just the opposite. To this end, he has concocted a rat's nest of detestable and delectable Tinseltown dish—focusing on the tabloids' stud for all seasons, **Warren Beatty**. What's the *real* story? As an investigative cartoonist, Lee steadfastly refuses to reveal his sources. . . . But let us assure you that we won't hesitate to reveal the whole truth and nothing but the truth when it comes to our *women* for all seasons. In fact, full disclosure compels us to admit that the sensuality of our steaming August Pets would joyously overwhelm even the overworked Mr. Beatty himself. 

WITH A STRONG CHARACTER

THE ONE BEER
LOEWENBRÄU
LOEWENBRÄU
LOEWENBRÄU



●Pleasure was all over her face as she played with herself. Then she removed her hand, put her finger in her mouth, and closed her lips around it.●

PENTHOUSE FORUM



CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN

I live in California. I'm 27 and have had a few girls in my day, although I would have to admit that I could not be considered promiscuous. Recently, I met a girl named Cindy at a friend's house.

The thing that really attracted me to Cindy was her personality. Sure, she had a great body. I mean, anyone could see that, even though she always dressed modestly. There was just something sweet about her. In fact, we went together for a couple of months without having sex. When I suggested that we do more than kiss good night, she said she wanted to, but she also wanted it to be an occasion. She suggested we get out of town for a week together and see what developed.

I made reservations for us at a hotel up the coast and picked her up early the following Saturday morning. We arrived in mid-afternoon, and as we neared the downtown area, I stopped

for gas and she took her suitcase and went into the ladies' room.

When she came out, she was wearing a pair of pink high heels, bright yellow short shorts, and a pink button-down blouse that was tied at the bottom. There was a bit of bright yellow ribbon in her hair and she was carrying a small pink clutch. Pink and yellow everywhere—it was a beautiful combination for a beautiful girl.

The shorts were so short that they barely covered her panties. In front all of her legs could be seen, right up to the flat of her vulva between her legs. In back, about an inch of her ass was showing. Her tummy area was exposed, as was a space between her breasts that didn't quite show her nipples but made it obvious that she was not wearing a bra.

There was yet another surprise. She had an allover tan. Not really brown, just a medium-light golden glow. My mouth must have fallen open when she came

out. She said, "Oh, I forgot to mention. I've been visiting a tanning salon. Like it?"

"Like it?" I croaked. "It's beautiful."

We checked into our hotel and were soon strolling downtown, hand in hand, appreciating the energy of the city and the warm sunshine. All the men noticed her and stared. Some women even paused to take in her beauty. There is something so aesthetically pleasing about a suggestively dressed beautiful woman that it is easy to understand why she is attractive to both sexes.

The sidewalk was quite busy as we window-shopped. Entering a store, we slowly made our way through, stopping often to browse. Cindy watched everything, and I watched the men watch Cindy. As she approached a man, he would stare at her legs, her face, and between her breasts, trying to glimpse a nipple. After she went by, he would stare at the back of her legs, the gentle curve of her hips, and the perfect

shape of her ass. It was obvious that men were mentally undressing her and fantasizing about being able to have her. Watching them watch her stirred the beginnings of an erection in me.

Soon we were out another door and on the sidewalk again. I took her in my arms and kissed her, then held her close in an embrace, snuggling my semi-hard cock in between the top of her legs. In her ear, I whispered, "You're fantastic! I'm so happy you suggested this trip. And you are so beautiful, especially today, dressed the way you are. You're so sexy, you know, you're making an exciting impression on everyone!"

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "And thanks for encouraging me in this. All my other boyfriends were so possessive. They would get terribly jealous whenever a man looked at me. You're different. Every girl likes to really show herself off occasionally. I appreciate your allowing me to do that. I think we ought to come here often. And every day we're here, I'm going to dress awfully sexy, one way or another."

When I heard this, I caught my breath and made a little involuntary thrust with my groin, pressing against her even harder and feeling my balls begin to contract. With great effort, I relaxed and then said, "Hey, I almost

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AUGUST

came in my pants right here on a busy sidewalk."

"No, no, not yet," she whispered. "Save it for later."

With that I took her hand and we continued our walk. We entered a little boutique, and she picked out a skimpy nightgown as I admired the bikinis on the mannequins. There were also two brightly colored miniskirts on display. Just behind them were swatches of the material, showing other available colors. I felt one of the color swatches. It was a slippery satiny material that hung beautifully on the mannequins. Cindy made her purchase, and we returned to our hotel.

Back in our room, I lay down on one of the beds and put some soft music on our tape player. She closed the door, looked at me lying on the bed, and untied the knot in her blouse. With little steps that kept time to the music, she approached, opening her blouse a little at a time. As she dropped the blouse on the other bed, I saw her tits for the first time. They stood out proudly, nipples pointing slightly upward. Completely tanned, they were every man's dream. She smiled at me as she took them in her hands and worked the nipples with her fingers. I could see them harden under her touch.

Then she unbuttoned her shorts, let them fall, and deposited them with the blouse. She put her left hand to her right breast and her right hand inside the front of her panties, never missing a beat of the music. I could see the outline of her middle finger moving in and out of her pussy. Pleasure was all over her face as she played with herself. Then she removed her hand, put her finger in her mouth, and closed her lips around it. As she slowly pulled her finger out, a low moan escaped her throat.

Next she hooked her thumbs in the top of her panties and eased them down, adding them to the pile. As she danced she slowly turned around once, giving me a view of her ass, then stepped to within a few inches from me and pulled her cunt lips open, allowing me to see right inside her pussy. Its glistening pinkness hardened my erection.

"What do you think of it?" she asked. "Can't you tell from my breathing?" I gasped.

Now wearing only the pink heels, she walked around the foot of the bed and lay down beside me. I quickly undressed and placed my lips on hers, tentatively flicking the end of her tongue with mine. Then I took a breast in my hand and placed my mouth over as much of it as I could, licking the nipple, sucking on it gently. I did the same thing with her other breast, savoring the feel of her tits in my mouth.

I opened her legs and lay between them. Holding her cunt lips open, I studied her pussy again, exploring it first with my eyes and then with a finger. I

lowered my mouth and slipped my tongue up her vagina, working it in and out a few times, and then licked up her slit and flicked her clit. She pushed her pelvis up, grinding her cunt against my mouth. I put my tongue back down into her fuck hole again, thrust it into her as far as I could a couple of times, and then crawled up on top of her.

Her hand guided my cock into her pussy as I placed my mouth on hers, finding her tongue with mine. She eagerly encircled my tongue with hers. My cock felt so good in her tight pussy that I wanted to live out the rest of my life with it in her, but after a few minutes, I had an idea. I pulled out and moved forward again, this time offering my cock for her mouth. Her hand took my shaft and guided it in.

"Ah, Cindy," I said, "it feels so good, your tongue swirling around the head of my cock. And now that sucking sensation you're creating. I can't stand much more." I pulled my dick out and looked into her eyes.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "It's a double pleasure for me. I get the feel of a hard cock in my mouth, plus I get the taste of fresh pussy juice on my tongue." "You like it, don't you?" I asked.

"About a year ago," she answered, "one of my girlfriends told me that the more she tasted her own pussy, the more she liked it. I was curious, so I tried mine. She was right. The more I taste it, the more exciting it gets. I hope you don't think I'm weird or anything."

"Not at all. But just hearing you talk like this makes me hornier than ever," I said, motioning for her to turn over with her knees up under her. I went to the foot of the bed, crawled in between her pink high heels, and placed my knees between hers. I guided my cock, already well lubricated with pussy juice and saliva, to her opening and pushed it all the way into her again. In this position a cunt always feels tighter, and my prick felt good. The view was exciting, too. I could see the back of her beautiful legs and the perfection of her ass.

The whole shaft of my cock was sliding in and out of her and the front of my loins was hitting her ass cheeks, which quivered slightly with each stroke. The combination of the sensations I felt through my cock and the visual feast was too much. With ragged breaths and quicker, deeper thrusts, my balls began to contract. I squirted come into her body for ten or 12 strokes and then slumped on the bed in near exhaustion. I pulled out and lay down beside her.

Cindy was still hot, so she moaned for my fingers to find her swollen clit. Her pussy became wetter and hotter as my fingers went in and out. As my thumb rotated around her clit, Cindy moaned even louder and her climax began. Her breathing quickened and she thrust against me, then she tensed up and lay rigid. Gradually, her breathing returned

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Sandra Bernhard, executioner of cabaret, brings her hatchet to the screen, Louis Malle takes on the French bourgeoisie, and *Bird on a Wire* falls off.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



• Director John Badham is making a career in summer movies, and considering the success of his films *Saturday Night Fever* and *Stakeout*, he has a talent for it. And hell, it's better than the mail room at Universal City Studios, where he ostensibly started out. The trouble is, *Bird on a Wire* (**) is not above the Universal basement. An escape movie in the mold of the 1934 *It Happened One Night* (even quoting that film's most famous scenes), *Bird* sports Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn scampering through town and country with some big, bad drug dealers on their tail—but without the comic grace that Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert brought to the original, and certainly without Frank Capra's tongue-in-cheek direction. Badham moves his camera with speed and zip, but the script isn't tired, it's dead on its feet. Playing to every trite stereotype, *Bird* is burdened by limp-wristed gays and ditsy women—even Hawn's corporate lawyer

has, implausibly enough, birdseed for brains—without even adding a new joke to the canon. Surely Hawn's comic talents deserve more voltage than this.

• The great gift of Denys Arcand is showing us our small posturings and self-deceptions in bare but affectionate light. He wrote one of the slickest scripts of 1987 in his *Decline of the American Empire*, about love, marriage, and hypocrisy among university profs. In *Jesus of Montreal* (***), Arcand turns his humanist wit to the Passion. A Montreal priest asks some out-of-work actors to update and perform a play on the life of Jesus. The group includes a reader of porn scripts for adult videos, the mistress of the aforementioned priest, and a woman making her career in commercials by revealing parts of herself that have more rise than her soul ever will. Arcand's scrumptious talent for modern satire goes by the wayside when the film turns seriously to religion. (Arcand spent nine years studying with the Jesuits before converting to filmmaking.) Morality and "message" overtake Arcand's uncanny ear for dialogue and, most importantly, his affection for his characters, in spite—or because—of their foibles. In short, as the Passion dominates the film, the passion goes out of it. The first two-thirds, however, are ripping. Arcand may be a believer, but he makes his best films about lies.

• Like Arcand, director Louis Malle has a keenness

for unraveling the twines of motive and emotion. In *Pretty Baby* he made child prostitution in Storyville brothels comprehensible and highly irregular love sympathetic. *Au Revoir Les Enfants* showed the roundup of Jewish children in Nazi-occupied France from a child's point of view, and his newest work, *May Fools* (****), is as dazzlingly delicate. Full of the wisdom mature filmmakers bring off with levity, *May Fools* is buoyant. A family gathers in the south of France to divide up the estate of their deceased grandmother just as Paris erupts in the 1968 anti-war, anti-capitalist student strikes. Malle appreciates families for all their warts—greed, conspicuous self-sacrifice, a sexual kink or two—and at the same time satirizes the French genius for making everything from poverty to politics into a matter of food and sex. The French middle classes are the world's most diligent epicures. By looking at the 1968 protests through their eyes, Malle sends up both the bourgeoisie and the noisy naïveté of student "revolutionaries." Michel Piccoli and Miou-Miou lead a cast of uncommon polish—rarely do performances make their mark so surely and deeply with so light a touch.

• Newcomer Whit Stillman sends up the Park Avenue preppy set in the acidly sly *Metropolitan* (***). Never have so many debs been dolled up like window curtains and never has so much highbrow blather been

uttered in youthful earnest. A parody for the Reagan era that Jane Austen would have loved; the performances are feats of wicked deadpan.

• Sandra Bernhard, who does for insults what Bette Midler did for raunch, brings her sell-out one-woman show to the screen in *Without You I'm Nothing* (***). Bernhard doesn't simply parody American life when she embodies a secretary with eyes on her boss, Jews, blacks, or the Sotheby auction set; rather, she sends up their self-delusions, the moments in which they believe that they reveal their authentic selves. An upper-crust Manhattanite is lampooned for her dreams of the simple rural life; straight men are mocked for thinking that every gay man wants into their pants; gay men are poked at for thinking wishfully that every straight man is a closet case; and jive black men are parodied for the revolution they're forever promising. Each of these skits has been expanded from the stage with intentionally kitschy sets and montages, somewhat clumsily filmed by John Boskovich, here making his directorial debut. *Without You* is a jumble of images, but it is also one of the most sophisticated provocations in entertainment today. It has a point, a conscience, and overweeningchutzpah. Imagine Bernhard, a white Jew with a black band, impersonating a black singer who says, "My bandleader is a Jewish man—we people get along so well." 

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A woman may lie for any number of complex reasons. But she may lie about birth control because she's tired of being solely responsible.

SEX



BY B. D. COLEN

It's one of the scariest phone calls you can get. "What do you mean, late?" you ask.

She tells you that late means only a few days, but the phone company checks with her to adjust its time messages.

"For God's sake! Weren't you using something?" you demand. "I thought you said you were on the pill."

Well, she tells you, she was on the pill, but it was making her feel puffy and queasy so she went off it for a few days.

Your single life flashes before you. The cost of an abortion flashes across your checkbook. This is not a fun conversation.

But wait. Why is this conversation taking place? Why the assumption on your part—and perhaps even on hers—that birth control is solely her responsibility? What did you do to make sure that she wasn't impregnated by you? When, if ever, did you last have a serious discussion with a woman about sharing responsibility for birth control? ("Are you safe?" doesn't count as a serious discussion!)

It has often been said that if men could get pregnant, abortion would be a sacrament. That may be a slight overstatement of the case, but only a slight one. After all, is it a mere coincidence that most of the newly developed methods of birth control are devices for women? Is there really a scientifically valid reason that the vast majority of

birth-control research has focused on interfering with women's fertility? Is it a mere coincidence that most of the research has been done by men? Let's face it—would we be crazy enough to take some new pill or insert something into our bodies before it had been proven safe through years of use? Of course not. But then, we don't enter each sexual encounter knowing that we may leave it pregnant.

I'm not suggesting that men are responsible for every unplanned pregnancy. Certainly, any mature woman realizes that she risks becoming pregnant if she doesn't use some form of birth control or her partner doesn't wear a condom. Even the most helplessly horny teenage girls know where babies come from.

But I think the argument can be made that men bear a large portion of the responsibility for most unwanted pregnancies. Because we're not the ones who risk pregnancy, birth control is not as pressing an issue for us as it is for women. In turn, our abdication of responsibility for birth control often rubs off on our partners. How many times has a woman said to you, "No, I don't need to use anything"? Obviously, a woman occasionally lies about whether she's "safe." She may be feeling incredibly horny and doesn't want to stop and think about taking precautions. She may be afraid that if she says

she's not "using something," you'll cut out. Like every human being, she may lie for any number of complex reasons. But she may very well lie because she is sick and tired of assuming the responsibility for birth control.

So what do we do about the situation? We recognize the fact that we, and our partners, are equally responsible for preventing "our" pregnancy. Though she'll be the one to carry and bear the child, you will share equally in the moral and financial responsibility of raising that child for either 18 or 21 years, depending on your state's laws. That's right. If she gets pregnant, you may end up paying more than ten BMWs' worth of child support. You can try to dodge your responsibility, but given the accuracy of DNA testing and society's change in attitude toward fathers who fall behind in their child-support payments, we can pretty much bet on the fact that her "mistake" will be your responsibility. As well it should.

And what about the cost of preventing pregnancy, as opposed to the costs associated with having brought one about? We think we're being real princes when we buy a box of condoms, but did you know that a single month's supply of birth-control pills costs about \$20? If your lover is on the pill, she's shelling out \$240 a year for pills alone. That is to say nothing of the cost of two

visits a year to the gynecologist—at least \$50 to \$75 per visit. Which means that *your* birth control is costing *her* close to \$400 per year.

Given that raising a child is a joint financial responsibility, doesn't it make sense that if we're in a long-term relationship, we should share the cost of preventing unwanted pregnancies? Shouldn't we offer to pay half the bill for birth-control devices and physicians' examinations? After all, we offer to pick up the check for dinner, so shouldn't we share the cost of the rest of the night?

It goes without saying that the best way to deal with an unwanted pregnancy is to avoid it. Educate yourself about different methods of birth control and talk about which you prefer *before* your clothes are off and discussion becomes impossible. If she says it's a "safe" time of the month, use a condom, because there is really no such thing as a safe time. If the sexual encounter is just that, rather than one element in a long-term relationship, and birth control just doesn't come up, you should assume that she isn't protected and use a condom. By taking the responsibility onto our shoulders for a change, we not only prevent pregnancy, but we'll also protect ourselves from AIDS and more common forms of V.D.

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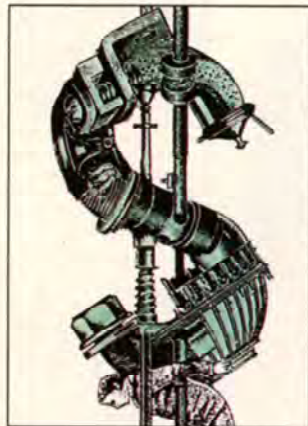
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Before getting involved with a multi-level marketing group, look closely—you don't want to be left holding the bag!

FINANCE

BY JEROME TUCCILLE



The concept of multi-level marketing (M.L.M.) has been around in one form or another since the 1950s. The basic idea is simple: One person recruits five other people into a particular organization; then each of the five recruits five more until, by the sixth level down, the original recruiter has 15,625 individuals in their group—assuming no one drops out along the way. Over the years, about 25,000 companies have attempted to establish a presence in the marketplace through M.L.M., but only a handful have succeeded. Among the most successful that immediately come to mind are Amway and Herbalife.

At its best, M.L.M. can be an effective way to market a product. At its worst, it is little more than a pyramidal con game. Today the country is being swamped by what amounts to an epidemic of M.L.M. activity unlike anything seen in recent years.

Recently, I attended a week-long seminar in Cali-

fornia that can best be described as a philosophical blend of Werner Erhard's est, Norman Vincent Peale's *Power of Positive Thinking*, and Napoleon Hill's *Think & Grow Rich*, all topped off with a healthy dollop of New Age spiritualism. The bottom-line message was: Anyone can be a millionaire if they want it badly enough.

Before the end of the basic course, which cost \$100, attendees were exhorted to sign up for the advanced program at the special price of \$495, then the leaders-of-tomorrow seminar at something close to a thousand bucks, and then go out and recruit new members into their own organizations.

Enough people did it to make the entire dog-and-pony show worthwhile for the folks who sponsored it, but what bothered me and a few others I spoke to was the fact that there was no product for anyone to sell. The only commodity that was being peddled by this particular group was motivation—the motivation to keep signing up for one seminar after another, and enticing others to do the same. I didn't want to be in the shoes of those who went home and suddenly realized that they had just shelled out \$1,500 for nothing more than smoke and dreams.

At the other end of the spectrum are the companies that actually have a tangible product to offer the public. The product might be anything from water filters or household

items to cosmetic creams or health remedies. One individual lays out a few hundred dollars for a supply of goods, then recruits five others who do the same, and on and on. As new recruits are brought on board, a percentage of their money is passed on to the previous people in the chain. By the time you get down to the sixth level, you can see that those near the top are raking in substantial sums of cash—in some cases, upwards of \$15,000 or \$20,000 a month.

The problem with the vast majority of these organizations is that at some point they become too unwieldy. The market for the product becomes saturated, competition from similar organizations squeezes them out, new recruits quickly get disillusioned, and the structure begins to topple. You can only sell so many water filters or anti-aging potions in a given community. Every once in a great while, a company comes along with a terrific product of which the public can't get enough, and it becomes a billion-dollar success story. There have been perhaps four or five of these successes in 35 years.

The pressure to join one of these groups can be almost irresistible. The promise of instant wealth, of belonging to a special club of superachievers, of being part of a revolutionary new organization destined to take the world by storm is pretty heady stuff when packaged and presented by professional

showmen schooled in the latest sales techniques. Many of us dream of getting in on the ground floor of a real once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that will eventually reward us with financial independence.

If you count yourself among that number, you would be well-advised to do a little homework beforehand. First of all, cross any company off your list that has not been around for a minimum of 18 months. Remember, you are looking for a company that will still be around 15 or 20 years from now—an organization that has survived for a year and a half or so should at least have some momentum behind it.

Second, don't join any company that does not have a tangible product to sell. If you like the product and think it will last, perhaps others will, too.

Third, ask the person who is recruiting you what level he or she is on. You must be reasonably close to the top of any subgroup within the company to reap the maximum benefits. You don't want to be left holding the bag in any group that is already overextended.

Fourth, and most important of all: Make sure the company you are thinking of joining is operating legally. There is a legal distinction between certain kinds of pyramid schemes and true M.L.M. companies. Call your local chamber of commerce and your state attorney general's office before making any commitment. 

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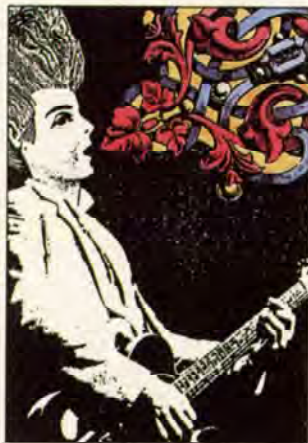
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Zachary Richard is on the road to stardom this summer; it will be your last chance to see him in small venues.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELSA



I died and went to heaven for a few days last spring; they call it the **New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival**. For any lover of music, food, friendship, and fun, it is the ultimate celebration—a nonstop bacchanal of sensory (and spiritual) overload.

It started out 21 years ago as a glorified picnic, a family affair, the brainchild of famed Newport Jazz Festival guiding light George Wein, who designed it as a showcase for the diverse musical and social subcultures of the region. The years of expansion and success have enlarged the crowds (hopefully enough to discourage dilettantes and yahoos), yet the festival has managed to retain its essential small-town, gathering-of-the-clans innocence. Just as there is no other city quite like New Orleans, there is no other musical event that compares to the Fest.

For two weekends every spring, tens of thousands of music fans gather at the Fair Grounds Race Track

during the day and in halls and clubs throughout the city all night to experience the most eclectic, soulful gumbo of sounds, performed by wizened (and wise) old veterans and young-turk newcomers alike, men and women whose love for their music is so exquisitely joyous as to be downright contagious—the cream of New Orleans' jazz, Cajun, zydeco, blues, country, gospel, African, Afro-Caribbean, and rock scenes, joined by kindred spirits from the outside world, and even a few genuine "stars" (though God knows this event has little to do with stars).

There are ten main stages scattered around the racetrack infield—the music is continuous, overlapping, and liberating. You stroll under the intense Louisiana sun, drinking in the sounds and sights with the same gusto you muster for a cold Dixie beer. You quickly learn to make few plans, for *serendipity rules the day*. You follow the flow, connecting with old friends (and making lots of new ones) as you enter the heart and soul of the Fest.

If it's stormy (we had a tornado watch on opening day this year), Jamaica's **Toots and the Maytals** will sing a song with the words "I really like the rain," and the sun will emerge, hot and bright, from behind an ominous dark cloud. . . . There's **Clarence "Frog Man" Henry**, falsetto ringing clear, frog croaks booming low, and your friend McQ. from Tulane yells into the crowd, "You ain't home until

the Frog Man sings 'Ain't Got No Home!'" . . . Jubilant couples, old and young, two-step and waltz to **Bruce Daigrepont's Cajun Band** and **Rockin' Dopsie and His Zydeco Twisters**. . . . You suck spicy juice from crawfish heads and sample shrimp *étouffée*, soft-shell crab po-boys, alligator sauce *piquante*, jambalaya, peanut soup, and one of Omar's fabulous pecan pies. . . . You join a second line as the marching **Majestic Brass Band** weaves its way through the crowd. . . . You're impressed by how clean and efficient this place is, how polite and friendly the multiracial, multi-aged crowd is. . . . The **Meters** do a version of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" that reaches deep into your heart and makes you feel blessed. . . . There's **Flaco Jimenez** and **Snooks Eaglin** and the **Radiators** and the **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** and the **Mighty Clouds of Joy** and joy becomes the operative word—joy is what these hundreds of musicians are here for, not fame or money—the sheer magical joy of sharing music under God's southern blue sky. . . . The sign over the stage in Congo Square reads "A Cultural and Spiritual Rejuvenation"; you read that phrase as the essence of Jazz Fest and come away with a new hope for this troubled old planet.

And if you're real lucky, you get to witness a seminal performance by a musician poised on the cusp of a breakthrough.

The huge crowd that cheered **Zachary Richard** at Jazz Fest 1990 knows what I mean. The excitement of discovery cut through the swamp humidity as we realized we were watching the national emergence of an important new artist. Zachary, from Lafayette, Louisiana, has spent years making bilingual albums for small folk labels and gigging around the country, building a loyal and devoted following. He has just released his first major-label record, ***Women in the Room*** (Americana/A&M), and it's destined to be the crossover LP of the year. Here's a guy with all the right moves: He's sexy, gallically handsome, emotive, funny, committed to his Cajun-French heritage, personable, warm, and extremely talented. At the Jazz Fest, he emphasized mainstream material from the new record but never disconnected from his deep-rooted past. This is the guy who's going to make the Acadian accordion a legitimate rock 'n' roll instrument and zydeco a household word, who's going to cause the ladies to swoon and the men to wish they had been born on the bayou. His music aches for the sad passing of Cajun tradition ("No French No More") and rocks out with a cocky punch ("Who Stole My Monkey"). He's on the road to stardom this summer; it will be your last chance to see him in small venues. Check him out. He's a messenger from heaven . . . and you know what heaven is. 

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The tapestry of these struggles was dark to its creators, its final outcome obscure and inevitably the result of a panoply of individual efforts. For example, the French were undone in Spain by Napoleon's inability to personally supervise the campaign.

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Some sperm banks are little more than a doctor with a liquid-nitrogen freezer and a room containing a comfortable chair, some jars, and a box of Kleenex.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



In March 1985 a bridegroom stored a sample of his sperm at a New York sperm bank. Since he had cancer and was about to begin chemotherapy, which could damage his sperm, he decided to store his still-healthy specimen so that he and his wife could one day have a child.

About a year later, his wife was inseminated with what was believed to be her husband's sperm. But when the baby was born in December 1986, it was obvious that something had gone terribly wrong. The infant girl was black; both parents were white. DNA tests were conducted, comparing the child's genes with those of her mother's husband. They did not match. The mother had been impregnated by someone else's sperm.

Now, a year after her husband succumbed to cancer, the mother is suing the sperm bank, on her child's behalf as well as her own. She is claiming that the sperm bank negligently provided her with the

sperm of a stranger, and is seeking damages on the understandable grounds that she wanted to bear her husband's child. "As my husband's illness progressed, I decided that having his child was the bond that would link us forever," she explains.

She may still be able to secure this bond because her late husband's sperm remains frozen at the lab and can still be used to "father" his child. But her first child's claim would still be valid. It is that claim that is generating the most controversy.

The mother is arguing that the fact that she is white and her daughter is black has caused emotional problems for the three-year-old child, whose little friends taunt her because she and her mother don't have the same skin color. It will be difficult, however, for a court to find that being black—or even being of a different race from one's mother—is a cognizable legal wrong in a society based on the premise that "all men are created equal." Interracial adoptions are common, as are interracial marriages. Even if the court believes that the girl has actually suffered some emotional damage from bigoted playmates, it will probably be reluctant to rule that such damage amounts to a liability.

The sperm bank is denying all liability, claiming that it takes extraordinary precautions to prevent mix-ups. Indeed, it color-codes the sperm vials by race.

Then how did a white woman give birth to a black baby? The sperm bank does not even concede that there was a mix-up. If the case goes to trial, the sperm bank may turn the tables on the mother by requiring her to disprove the possibility that the child was conceived through intercourse with a black man.

This implicit threat may, of course, simply be a litigation ploy designed to frighten the plaintiff into dropping—or quietly settling—her lawsuit. If she is truly a caring mother, she will not want her daughter's paternity to become a courtroom drama, recorded for posterity by the nation's tabloids.

If the case does go to trial, the objects of scrutiny will not only be the lab's practices and the mother's sex life, but the entire sperm-bank industry. In light of the fact that tens of thousands of babies are conceived each year in this country from stored sperm, it is remarkable that there is virtually no federal regulation of the industry. In some states, any doctor with a liquid-nitrogen freezer can open a sperm bank. Indeed, some banks consist of little more than a "donor room," which is equipped with a comfortable chair, jars, a box of Kleenex, and copies of this magazine.

As the use of sperm banks increases, regulation will become essential to prevent not only mix-ups of the kind alleged in this lawsuit, but also genetically transmitted illnesses. In

addition, it is important to ensure that no one man or even several men account for a disproportionate number of sperm samples in a particular geographic area. Such monopolization would increase the risk of accidental inbreeding among the relatives or descendants of anonymous donors.

One government agency does regulate sperm storage: The federal Bureau of Prisons is now in court defending its policy of prohibiting prisoners from banking their sperm, even for the purpose of impregnating their wives. The case arose when a convicted drug courier, serving a 14-year prison term, petitioned to send his sperm to a sperm bank to inseminate his wife, whose biological clock was running out. The Bureau of Prisons, which has a long-standing policy against conjugal visits, argued that granting the prisoner's request would "turn prisons into fertility clinics." The prisoner lost the first round of his suit when the district court ruled that the right to reproduce is "fundamentally inconsistent with imprisonment itself." (This decision amounts to a throwback to the old days, when some prisoners were sterilized.) But the case is on appeal.

We have only just begun to debate the moral, ethical, and legal implications of sperm banks and artificial insemination. The courts will be kept busy resolving the many painful disputes that will arise from what are otherwise joyous scientific advances.

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● I can picture him with
his face buried between my legs.
I've tried everything
to get my mind out of his pants,
but nothing works. ●

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've been reading Penthouse for about four years and I've always loved your column. I hope you can help me. I am a young woman who married her high school sweetheart. We grew up together, so I never really dated much. We've been married for five years and I love him a lot. But I've always secretly desired his friend David.

Recently, I found out that David feels the same way about me. We had an affair for about two months, but then decided it was wrong. The sex we shared together was the best I've ever had. I felt so comfortable when I was wrapped around him. All I wanted was to please him, and all he wanted was to please me. I could tell him what I wanted and he always obliged. He said the most important part about sex to him was giving the woman "maximum pleasure."

We could screw for hours and he would make me come five or six times—it was great. He told me that I was the best sex he had ever had. For those few months we were in fuck-heaven. But now it has all come to an end and I feel sad.

My husband really can be good in bed, but his technique often leaves something to be desired. All he usually cares about is shooting his wad, and then he rolls over, leaving me feeling confused and frustrated.

Now every time I see



David, we make strong eye contact. I can picture him with his face buried between my legs or me riding him wildly. I've tried everything to get my mind out of his pants, but nothing works. I truly miss all his loving—what should I do?—V. V.

The social patterns that we have come to accept as a set of rules for a "good" or "normal" lifestyle do not work for everyone. Though they may be a reasonably sensible code of behavior for the average person, who wants to be average? People are constantly asking me for advice about "open" marriages, but marriage is a legal contract. If you try redesigning it, you are asking for trouble, and sooner or later you're going to need a lawyer.

If I could find a man who would "love, honor, and obey me till death or divorce do us part," I would probably hang on to him. Even then, I wouldn't want him around all the time, and I would certainly hate to be bound by the same set of rules.

If you hurry through bran flakes for breakfast every morning, the waffles and maple syrup or the eggs, bacon, and hash browns that someone lovingly brings you in bed on Sunday are like a foretaste of heaven; but if you reverse the process, you can get so bored with the daily bacon and eggs that cereal (maybe with fruit and cream) is a delicious alternative. If you had David's head buried between your legs day in and day out, it would probably be a delicious alternative to have your macho

husband shoot into you and roll over once a week. Unfortunately, the American way is to have only one marriage partner at a time.

So you have two choices. Do what you are doing and suffer, or have a wild passionate love affair on the side, keeping it absolutely secret and lying about it whenever necessary. If no one knows about it, nobody gets hurt.

There is another alternative that my man and I are working on, but it is still in the experimental stage. He and I have been vacationing in Puerto Rico winter after winter, and one of our closest friends there is an ex-lover of mine (from before I knew my current man), whom I'll call Ricardo.

This year we went to Puerto Rico as usual, and Ricardo (who is divorced and whose teenage daughter recently moved in with him) was in low spirits. He had no current girlfriend, his work was going badly, and he hadn't gotten laid for two years. We invited him to spend a week with us on the coast and John (my man) said to me in confidence, "I suppose you had better take care of him, but please be discreet. This is a nit-picking, gossipy community. I think it would be better if no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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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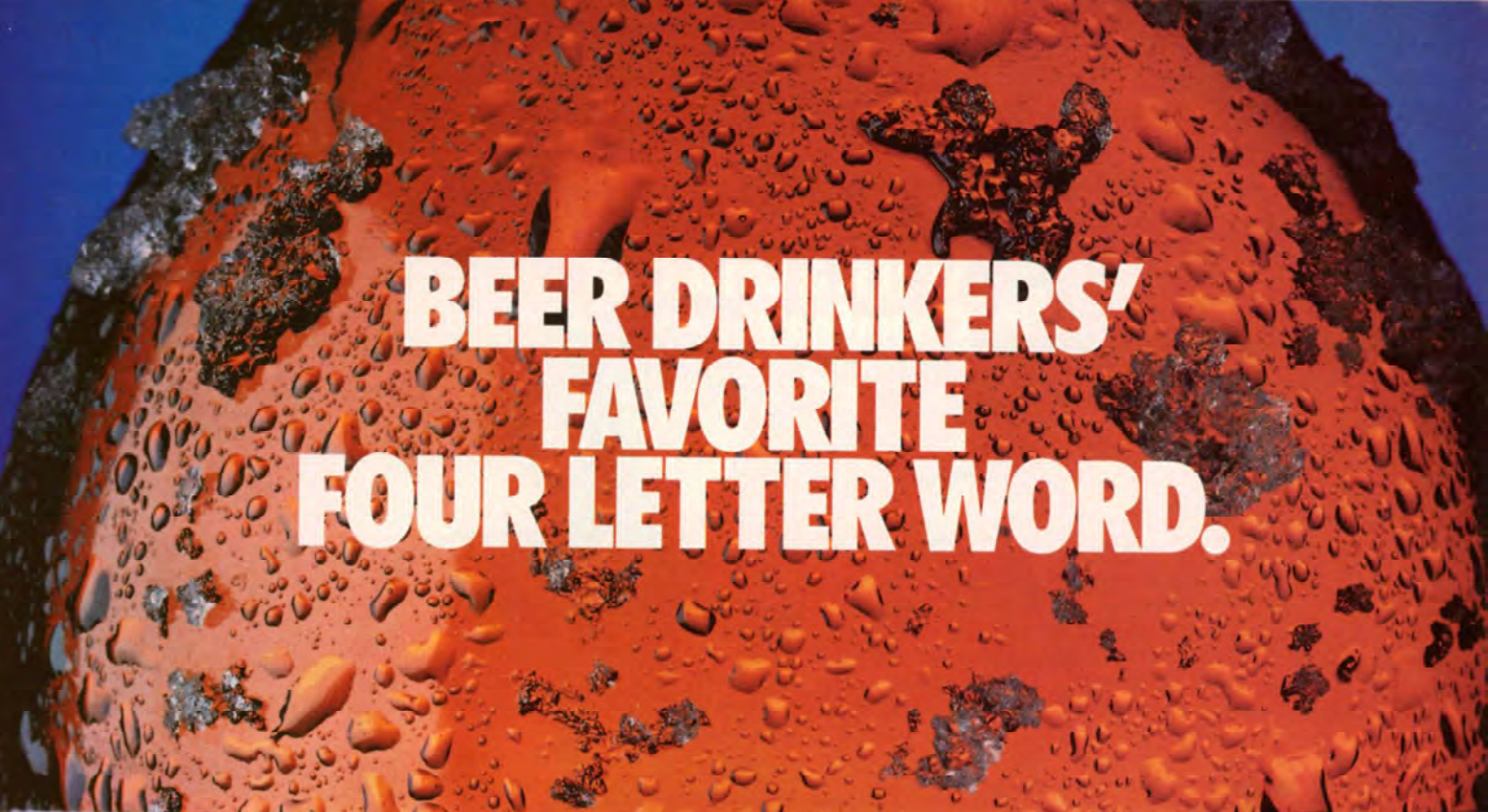


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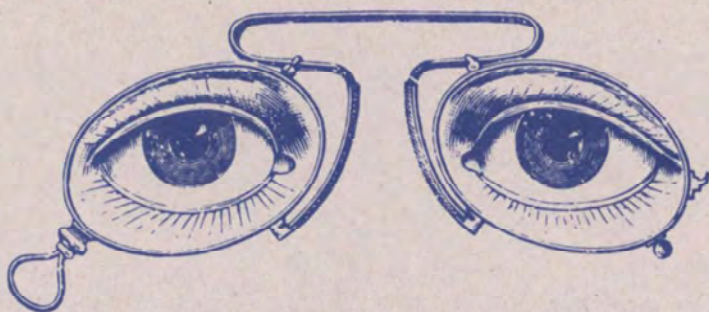
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

SLUMBER PARTY SUMMIT

BY EMILY PRAGER

Violeta Chamorro enters from the kitchen of her ranch-style mansion in Managua. She carries a big bowl of popcorn. In her living room, wearing pajamas, with hair curled in hot rods, draped over the furniture in loose, relaxed poses, are Cory Aquino and Benazir Bhutto.

Violeta: Okay, señoras, here's the popcorn. The cook will bring the Haagen-Dazs in a moment. *Benazir:* Oh, please! My waist is big enough since the baby. *Cory:* How's the marriage, Benazir? Your parents really chose your husband? *Benazir:* Yes. It's worked out fine. If I'd chosen for myself, he would have been an unemployed Muslim sadist or a chinless British peer who swings both ways. My taste at Oxford was sadly lacking. (Maggie Thatcher enters from the bathroom, her face covered in a white rejuvenating mask.) *Maggie:* Tell me about it! What is it about those chinless peers that makes an intellectual girl's heart flutter? The penetrating thrust of their insouciance? *Benazir:* Maggie, you dog! *Maggie:* I'm a bitch, my dear, and proud of it. We all are governing bitches! *All:* Hear, hear!

Violeta: So, Cory, what's the story with you and the Communists these days? *Cory:* You know how it is, Vi. Everything will be quiet until I go to get my hair done or have a massage, and bang, there's an incident, and everyone will accuse me of behaving like a housewife. It's so unfair. I haven't had a pedicure in five years. So you're keeping Ortega around? *Violeta:* Why not? He's got a strong little body in a uniform, he flirts like a gigolo, and it will make the transition easier. It's so important to have some attractive men around while one governs, no? *Maggie:* Thank your lucky stars you're not English, love. There hasn't been an attractive man in British government since Edward abdicated for Wallis Simpson in '36. *Benazir:* I suppose I'm lucky. I'm surrounded by good-lookers. *Cory:* No, dear, you're just young, that's all. *Maggie:* Oh, please, don't let's talk about

age. I caught sight of my buttocks last week in a hotel-room mirror in Rwanda. I thought at first my ankles had goiter. *Violeta:* Maggie, don't be silly. You look wonderful. *Maggie:* Ach, Vi, tell it to George Bush.

Cory: Benazir, what's with you and India? *Benazir:* Just don't buy any cashmere sweaters, promise me. *Maggie:* Not even from Scotland? *Benazir:* No, it's the principle of the thing. *Maggie:* Well, that's a bloody drag, but all right. *Cory:* Maggie, how do you really feel about the reunification of Germany? *Maggie:* Over my dead body, as the actress told the bishop. (The cook enters with the Haagen-Dazs and serves the heads of state. Violeta turns on the VCR and pops in a tape.) *Violeta:* Okay, the movie is *Dirty Dancing*. You have seen? *All:* No. *Violeta:* Okay. We start, but first you must tell me something: Who is the sexiest head of state I will meet with? *Benazir:* What a good question. Six months ago I would have said Gorbachev, definitely. But now, after Lithuania . . . less so, less so. Don't you all think Nelson Mandela is handsome? *Cory:* Really handsome. *Maggie:* Actually—don't hate me for this—I rather fancy F.W. de Klerk. *Cory:* Well, I can understand that. He's sexier now that he's re-

leased Mandela. *Violeta:* What about Mitterrand? *Benazir:* Suave. Lech Walesa? *Maggie:* Hot, but rough trade. *Cory:* Qaddafi? *Violeta:* S & M, but pretty, isn't he? *Maggie:* Dan Quayle's advance men are rather fetching. *Cory:* But they're animals. *Maggie:* What do you want—brains, too? *Cory,* dear, choosing lovers is not the same as choosing NATO partners. Try to remember that. *Benazir:* Listen, there is no question. The sexiest head of state right now is Vaclav Havel. *Cory:* Mmm. *Violeta:* Ah, yes, that wavy hair. *Maggie:* And that probing, uh, writing style. *Cory:* But does he put out? *Maggie:* Time will tell, dear. (Looks at VCR) Good God, is that Patrick Swayze? His eyes are a bit close together, but I wouldn't kick him out of Parliament. (They all laugh.)





VIEW FROM THE TOP

TV

BY ROBYN D. LEE

If you like contemporary music, television is probably the last place you would expect to find it. Two years ago, however, a revolution of sorts was started when "Michelob Presents Night Music" took to the airwaves and changed the way we view music.

"Night Music" is hosted by saxophonist David Sanborn, who explains that the main idea behind the show was to "put a *music* show on commercial television that was not something you would see on MTV, or that you had even seen before." This definitely meant breaking away from the hit-oriented format of shows like "Solid Gold." The producers of "Night Music," who include "NBC's Saturday Night Live" creator Lorne Michaels, chose instead to present ensembles of artists from various genres, performing spe-

cially selected tunes.

As expected, this deviation from the "new-single promotion" formula does not sit well with record companies, which are in the business of selling records. Despite the program's critical acclaim, the producers still periodically have problems getting big-name musicians to appear—many artists are under pressure from their label to use their time on television to increase record sales. And yet major artists like Lou Reed, Dizzy Gillespie, Harry Connick, Jr., and Sting have all come on to kick out the jams. Sanborn feels that because the artists get the chance to do something different, like "performing with someone that they always wanted to play with, or maybe just doing something on TV that's a little out of character for them," many have appeared—perhaps in spite of their record company's wishes.

It is Sanborn who sets the tone and the standard for "Night Music" with his "cool personified" presence and his distinctive saxophone style. The

high caliber of his playing undoubtedly spurs guest artists to rise to the challenge of playing with someone who is widely recognized as one of the stars in his field. Sanborn, a multiple Grammy winner, is diligent about giving credit where credit is due, but almost self-effacing about his own role in the show. "It's not 'The David Sanborn Show,'" he says. "I didn't want it to focus on me or be personality-oriented. I wanted the focus to be the music. It's a *music* show and I'm the host."

Sanborn (and the house band) provides an identifiable core for the show. "Night Music" is time-consuming for Sanborn, who plans to tour and release an album by the end of the year, but he thinks it's worth the investment, if only to offer an alternative to what he sees as "lowest-common-denominator" television and "mood-altering radio."

Given television's history with shows that dare to be different, it's almost a miracle that "Night Music" is starting its third season. (The producers are hoping for an earlier time slot—by the end of last season, some markets aired the program as late as 2 A.M.) Committed to presenting quality entertainment without underestimating the intelligence or depth of its audience, "Night Music" has been rewarded by both viewers and critics, who have shown their appreciation by making the "little show that could" a certifiable hit.



CAMPUS VIEW

BY ALEXIS J. ADAMS

"Why do you want to go to a black school? Don't you think you'll be at a disadvantage when you enter the real world? Isn't the black college experience an unrealistic one? Besides, you have such good grades, and you'll only be receiving an inferior education."

These are some of the comments and questions I heard when I told my high school friends that I had decided to attend Hampton University in Virginia. But because of my strong desire to learn about young black adults from various parts of the country, as well as various parts of the globe, I stood firm in my decision.

My wish to interact with young African-Americans from extremely diverse backgrounds was not the sole reason that I decided to attend a black college. I also yearned to broaden my knowledge of black his-



tory and the state of modern black America. Just as imperative, I needed to gain confidence in being a female African-American. Because of what a black university offers through a mainly black faculty and overflowing resources in black history, I knew that my school would be able to help me meet my needs in a way that a predominately white college could not.

Being a student at a black university is a unique experience. Nowhere else can a student benefit so greatly from the knowledge and teachings of learned black professors and speakers. And one not only receives a top-notch education inside the classroom, but an invaluable experience outside of it as well. The interaction with such a wide variety of black students is something that cannot be gained at a primarily white school.

I also chose to enroll in a black institution because it was a necessity for me to ac-

quire a better grasp of what is available to black college graduates. I felt that a black university would provide me with an unambiguous view of what I can expect upon graduation—obstacles and all. My hunch has proven to be correct!

Black colleges offer African-American students a place to grow and to become proud of our heritage. We are allowed to realize that we are strong individuals who stem from a difficult but powerful past, we are allowed to accentuate the positives of being black, we are allowed to support our own, and we are allowed to excel!

The author, a sophomore, is a psychology major. College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to Karen Angel, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

SCENES

BY LARRY YELEN

Heard any good books lately? If composer/multi-media honcho Harry Nilsson has a say in it, more and more, people will be listening to their books on audiotape as part of his Elegant Greetings collection—a series archiving the spoken words of some of the 1960s' more notable pop icons, most of them friends of Nilsson himself.

Nilsson, largely known for a No. 1 hit from 1972, "Without You," and "Everybody's Talkin'" from the movie *Midnight Cowboy*, heads Hawkeye Entertainment, which produces motion-picture and home-video projects in addition to talking books. Since its inception four years ago, their Elegant Greetings division has become an increasingly significant player in the burgeoning books-on-tape market. The

E.G. catalog, distributed through Dove Books, includes former LSD prophet Timothy Leary reading from *Flashbacks* and Terry Southern rendering two of his works, *Candy* and *The Magic Christian*. In addition, the late Monty Python alumnus Graham Chapman and the Monkees' Davy Jones share their autobiographies.

Abridgments are made by the authors, working closely with producer Doug Hoefer and his partner Bruce Heighley, a time-consuming and challenging process. The key to a successful audio book, Hoefer believes, is to create a comfortable environment for the client during the recording sessions. "It's very intimidating for any author to sit down with his own work and represent it with his own voice," he notes. "It's a lonely job for them, but what helps is their realizing how hard we're trying and how much it means to us."

Hoefer describes Graham Chapman's reading as "brilliant. Brutally honest yet funny at the same time. The most important thing, though," he continues, "is for the authors to sit down and tell me the story—a paragraph, a page, a chapter at a time."

Large publishers such as Warner Books and Simon & Schuster have their own audio publishing arms, cre-





VIEW FROM THE TOP

ating a David-and-Goliath-like relationship with Elegant Greetings. But Nilsson is quick to point out that unlike the majors, who typically hire prestigious actors

to do readings, all E.G.

recordings are read by the authors

themselves. Another significant difference is that E.G. marries its material to music, as in the full-blown production of Leary's *Flashbacks*. "The

composers scored it like a movie,"

says Hofer,

"seventy minutes of original music written

on a scene-by-scene basis."

Another ambitious idea was

including a previously unre-

leased Davy Jones composition,

"Manchester Boy," written specifically for his

They Made a Monkee Out of Me project. All this,

coupled with the fact that E.G.'s works are both

recorded and edited digitally, may make them the

finest efforts in the industry. There's even talk of even-

tual release on compact disc.

The possibilities are fairly

limitless when you consider the scope of books in print.

Still, some are destined to remain a dream: When

asked what the ultimate audio book might be, Harry

Nilsson laughed and replied, "It would have to be

Shakespeare reading his own work, wouldn't it?"

BREWS

BY STEVEN SLON

If you like beer, you'll love home brew. It's easy to make, and easy to make well, as an estimated 1.7 million devotees have discovered. All you have to do is open a can of malted barley extract, add water and hops, and then boil. When your wort (pronounced "wert," the brewer's name for unfermented beer) has cooled, you pour it into a fermenting jug, add beer yeast, and within a day, the whole concoction begins to bubble and churn as the yeast turns the sugars to alcohol. A week later, you bottle it. In another week, you amaze your friends as you pour them the freshest glass of suds they've ever stubbed their noses on.

"It's a great secret, but anyone can make beer," says Daniel Bradford, marketing director for the American Homebrewers Association (A.H.A.). He tells how he hardly knew what he was doing when he made his first batch. Someone submitted

it to a competition where it won a blue ribbon. "And I'm no whiz in the kitchen,"

he asserts.

Home brew is also cheap to make. You'll need an initial investment of about \$50 for basic equipment. Each five-gallon (50-bottle) batch will run

you \$20 to \$30 for ingredients. That's a final cost of 40 to 60 cents per bottle.

Beyond great flavor, ease of brewing, and low price is the magic of fermenting.

While your home brew won't have you totally abandoning your favorite commercial beer, there's something extremely satisfying about hearing that hiss of air as you crack open the first bottle, then pouring it into a tall glass. Can something this great be legal? As a matter of fact, it is. President Carter signed the bill sanctioning home brewing 11 years ago.

To get started, write to the A.H.A. at P.O. Box 287, Boulder, Colorado 80306, or call (303) 447-0816 for a free pamphlet, "Your First Batch the Easy Way."

Once you've made your first batch of light ale, you can start experimenting. There's a wide world of beer out there, and all the varieties can be made at home. Recipes and much more are clearly detailed in Charles Papazian's indispensable *The Complete Joy of Home Brewing* (Avon Books, \$8.95), the bible for

home brewers. Here are

some of the experts' tips for beginners:

- Keep it simple and stick with tried-and-true recipes.

- Keep everything clean. A little dirt can ruin a good batch of beer. (It may be reassuring to know that even spoiled beer won't kill you. Due to beer's acidity and alcohol content, no known pathogens can survive in it.)

- Never use sugar, except when bottling. When you see a recipe that calls for corn sugar, substitute an equal amount of malt extract. Sugar imparts an undesirable cidery flavor to your beer.

- And remember, don't worry.

Look for home-brew suppliers in the classified ads of many shelter or gardening magazines and in the Yellow Pages under Beer and Wine Making Supplies. You can also write or call the companies below for free catalogs. Most suppliers are serious beer makers and are helpful with brewing questions.

- Beer and Wine Hobby, 180 New Boston St., Woburn, Mass. 01801. Orders: (800) 523-5423. Information: (617) 933-8818.

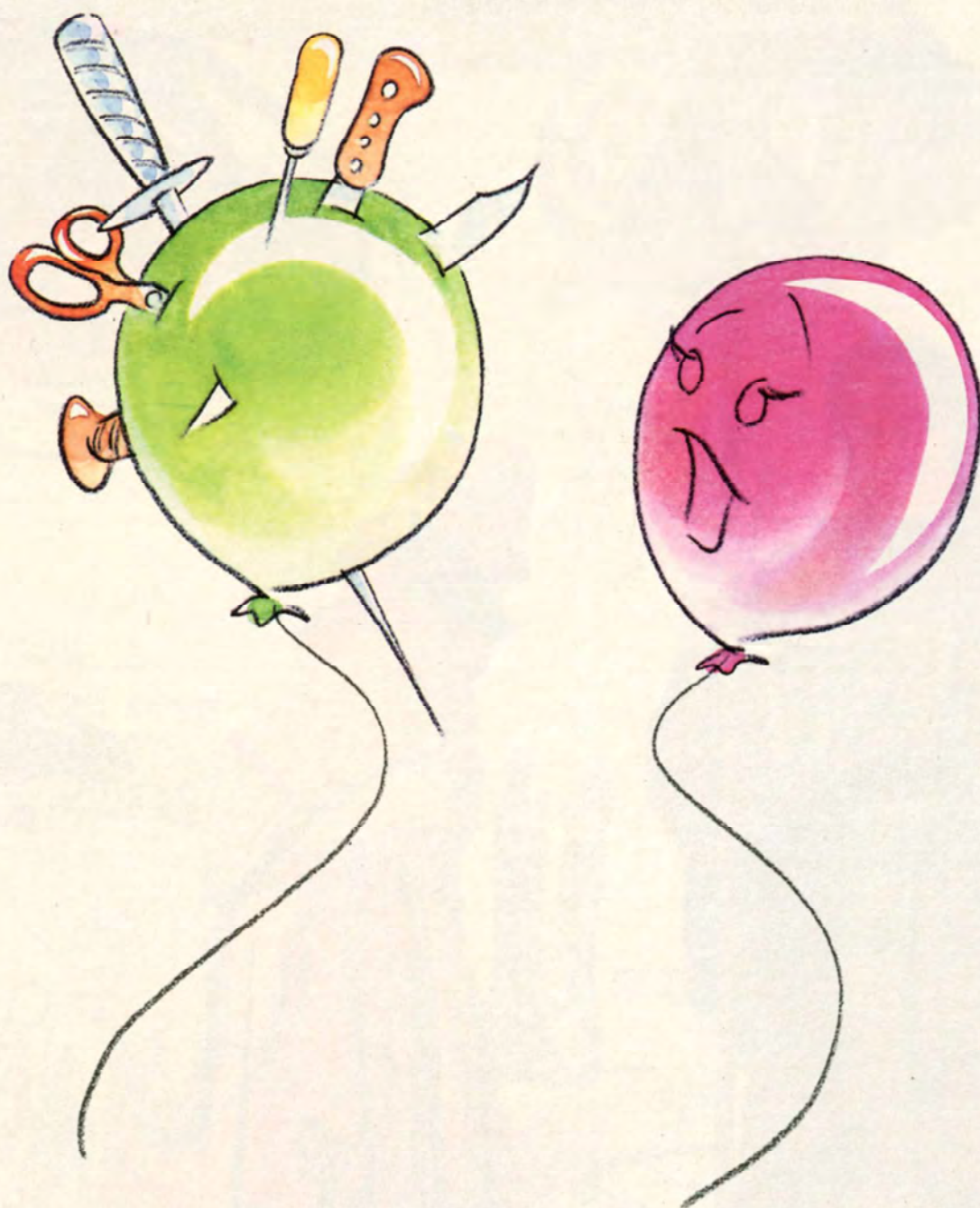
- The Cellar Home Brewing, P.O. Box 33525, Seattle, Wash. 98133. Orders: (800) 342-1871. Information: (206) 365-7660.

- Williams Brewing, P.O. Box 2195, San Leandro, Calif. 94577; (415) 895-2739. Williams has also produced a video (\$17.90) for the beginning brewer that takes you through the process step-by-step. 



Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"For gawdsakes, Harry—who discusses politics at a cutlery convention?"

ARTICLE

CRAZY EDDIE'S CUT-RATE KINGDOM

BY JONATHAN GREENBERG



The pickings looked mighty slim. Waterlogged videotapes. Useless cables.

Electronic accessories from Mars. Customers milled over the cruddy liquidation merchandise like dissatisfied vultures. It was hard to believe that this was where the Crazy Eddie legend had begun 20 years ago. On that sunny afternoon last

November on Brooklyn's Coney Island Avenue, it hardly looked like the flagship store of the most successful electronics retailer in history.

Then the boys began unpacking two fresh truckloads of components. Sure, they were marked "Reeps," Crazy Eddie slang for repaired, formerly dysfunctional merchandise. But compared to the other

junk littering the floor of the large store, the sealed boxes of audio and video equipment looked mighty enticing to the hundred or so bargain hunters who began poking around them.

Store manager Darren, a 400-pound gargantuan in a T-shirt, grabbed a megaphone. Near the door with him stood half a dozen co-employees who looked

PAINTING BY ROBERT FLORCZAK



ready to take on any Bensonhurst street gang in a baseball-bat fight. There would be no testing of merchandise on their watch. "I'm gonna tell all you people right now," Darren yelled, "if you're opening boxes, you've either bought it, or you're gonna walk outta here with a broken arm or a broken leg or both!"

Crazy Eddie's customers had come to expect a slightly zanier approach than the bland hospitality that they usually encountered in K marts and shopping malls. But it was still a little rough—given the terms of Crazy Eddie's final liquidation sale. Unlike the "His prices are insane" or "Christmas in July" specials of Eddie's heyday, this one was for keeps. No refunds, no returns, no warranties, no nothin'. Pay your money and get the fuck out. Fistfights had erupted at many stores when people tried to return inoperable merchandise. But customers quickly learned that at Crazy Eddie, "no" really meant no.

It was somehow fitting that the once high-flying chain of 43 Crazy Eddie stores should go out of business ripping off its own customers. Its founder, Eddie Antar, had pioneered discount electronics, building the nation's largest electronics retailer (\$350 million in annual sales) on a reputation of "beating any price" on the market and with

the most aggressive sales force in history. Before it all fell apart, Eddie himself was long gone, having cashed out his stock in the company for more than \$72 million. Lawsuits and Securities and Exchange Commission charges indicate that he cooked the books for years, inflating stock prices until he could sell off his holdings, then let the company die. Stockholder losses have been estimated to exceed \$200 million, and Eddie, the man who had wowed Wall Street and northeastern consumers for two decades, had disappeared.

Eddie Antar hails from an insular community of Syrian Jews who originally settled in the Ocean Parkway section of Brooklyn during the early part of the century. Their ranks include some of the most successful business families in New York: the owners of Duane Reade drug stores, Century 21 department stores, and Jordache jeans are all Syrians, as is the family behind Crazy Eddie's former rival, the Wiz. Known as fierce negotiators and brilliant salesmen, the Syrians call themselves "S-Ys" and regard American Jews and most other people as pure minor-leaguers when it comes to business.

Like many Syrian-Jewish kids, Eddie was more interested in making bucks

after school than studying. He also loved lifting weights, building his five-foot-eight-inch frame to impressive proportions at local gyms. A younger neighbor from Brooklyn remembers Eddie as one of the older high school kids whom Jewish boys would call on when roving bands of Italian toughs from the other side of Avenue U came around looking for trouble. "The Italians are coming," the kids would yell. "Go get Eddie Antar." Antar and a handful of his cronies would swoop down in muscle T-shirts, kick some ass, and save the day.

Nicknamed "Kelso" for a prize racehorse he admired, Eddie was a fast mover. He dropped out of high school at 16 and began working full-time as a salesman at an electronics shop in the Port Authority Bus Terminal. He later claimed that he was so adept at hawking TVs that he was making nearly \$700 a week as a teenager. But Eddie wasn't the sort who liked working for anyone else. In 1969, shortly after marrying his sweetheart, a blond schoolteacher named Debbie Rosen, he teamed up with his father Sam and a cousin to open his own store.

Dubbed Sights & Sounds ERS and located on Brooklyn's Kings Highway, it was a far cry from what Crazy Eddie

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Many of the tricks of the trade practiced by Crazy Eddie's kamikaze sales force are still used by discount consumer-electronics retailers today. In fact, many former Crazy Eddie salespeople are now employed by their old competitors. The golden rule of getting a good deal? "Know what you want to buy before you go in," advises former Crazy Eddie salesman Chris Collins. "If people don't have the brains to do that, it's their problem."

What Collins means is that if you don't know what you're coming to buy, the salesman will sell you whatever component the store happens to be pushing. Doing your homework by clipping newspaper ads can save you hundreds of dollars on an electronics purchase.

Here's how it works: Discount chains like the Wiz promise to beat anyone's price—but be sure to read the fine print. And it's not enough to note the prices—you have to bring the ads with you when you buy. Large retailers still manage to avoid offering the most competitive price by getting major Japanese electronics manufacturers to give them the exclusive use of certain model numbers. In New York, for instance, a

popular brand-name camcorder that recently sold for exactly \$999 at both the Wiz and Macy's was being offered at a deep-discount retailer called Uncle Steve for just \$749. The only thing different about the Wiz's camcorder was the color and model number. So even though they were selling it for \$250 more than Uncle Steve, the Wiz was able to legitimately claim to beat anyone's price on the same model. A spokesman for the Wiz declined to comment.

Some discounters have their own scams. They sometimes sell "gray market" components. Diverted from places like Panama or Guam, such products don't come through authorized sales representatives, and occasionally lack manufacturer warranties. A more severe rip-off is the "stock split." Fly-by-night discounters attract buyers by advertising outrageously low prices on a product such as a camcorder. When the customer gets to the register, he discovers that the AC adapter and battery pack—standard components in the manufacturer's original package—have been split off from the carton and have to be purchased separately. By this time the buyer's hooked, and ends up paying more

than if he had simply gone to a reputable retailer in the first place.

Service contracts, insiders say, are another rip-off. They are way overpriced and generally don't even include the initial "bench" charge when you bring something in to be repaired. The advice of many salesmen is also worthless. One former Crazy Eddie employee admitted that the manager trained his sales force so that anytime they approached one another to ask a "second opinion" on a product for an inquisitive customer, the respondent would call the second item superior—regardless of its merits. Customers should also be careful to avoid limited-quantity sales such as the ones Crazy Eddie used to advertise. Stores use them to line up suckers for the old "bait-and-switch" routine.

Despite all these mine fields, careful electronics shoppers can still find terrific bargains at discount retailers. The prices of such products in places where discounters proliferate, like New York, are among the cheapest anywhere in the world. When all the swindled, enraged litigants finally settle their suits, it is this, more than anything else, that will be the lasting legacy of Crazy Eddie. 



Foxy low
price.

American
LIGHTS



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

The Fox is a trademark of
The American Tobacco Company.
© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.

Lights: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Filters: 17 mg.
"tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

would eventually become. The store flopped. Eddie's father, a successful businessman who had once operated an electronics store on Canal Street, paid off Eddie's creditors, fronted him \$5,000 for a second try, and lined up a stream of product from quality suppliers. Eddie took a deep breath and opened Crazy Eddie Ultra Linear Sound Corporation in the early seventies, also on Kings Highway. Determined to make it work, Eddie would block the door and refuse to let customers leave until they bought something. He found that by lowering his prices until they couldn't say no, he could sell almost anyone anything. And acting like a wild and crazy guy willing to undercut all competitors with his "insane" prices won him notoriety. Brooklynites who liked shopping around began stopping in. The age of discount electronics was born.

"Eddie was gold in the old days," says a former employee of many years. "It was the place. You wanted a stereo, you came to Eddie. It was jammed."

But Eddie realized that word of mouth would only take him so far. He started to advertise. After hearing a popular disc jockey named Doctor Jerry read his store's radio ad, he contacted the announcer, Jerry Carroll. The way Carroll said it, Eddie's prices weren't just "insane," they were obnoxiously "insaaaane." Antar liked the pitch, and he liked the pitchman. He hired Carroll to do all his company's television and radio ads, launching one of the most recognizable regional ad campaigns of all time. Over the next 17 years, Carroll says he taped roughly 4,000 radio and 2,000 television spots for Crazy Eddie—and became better known than the city's celebrity mayor, Ed Koch. (Today Carroll runs a small ad agency and pitches product for Sixth Avenue Electronics City, a fast-rising New York discount.)

Although customers regularly complained that they *hated* Crazy Eddie ads, they got shoppers into the stores. And once they were there, they were mincemeat for Eddie and his cutthroat sales force. Other stores had sales. Crazy Eddie and his boys *sold*. With Eddie Antar as their mentor, the boys broke every record ever set for dollar volume per electronics salesman.

All prices were negotiable. It was "Let's Make a Deal" 365 days a year. (Eddie was one of the first retailers to stay open on Sundays, raking in thousands of dollars in extra sales.) Eddie insisted that his "nab at the door" routine become standard operating procedure for his entire sales force. They were like trained barracuda. They even had their own language, adopting Syrian phrases for the retail trade. "Scloof this husho" meant follow a suspicious-looking customer. "Gazz 'em" meant turn on the bullshit. Products were labeled and referred to cryptically by their

"lot numbers," which actually disguised the store's *real* lowest price. Salesmen were free to charge a customer anything they could above that price. A VCR would be tagged with a list price of \$599, a negotiable Crazy Eddie price of \$549, and an encoded lot number price of \$400. The salesman could charge anywhere between \$400 and \$549. The higher the sales price, the better the salesman.

"We were very, very good at bringing people into the stores and selling them whatever we wanted," boasted the manager of one of the largest Crazy Eddie stores shortly before it closed down. "We would have 30 different TVs on the floor but only five models in stock," he continued, "but I guarantee you that's what we sold all day."

The secret of Crazy Eddie's success was that Antar created the widespread perception that his were the lowest prices in town—without having to ad-

When Debbie said she was going to her lawyer for a divorce, Eddie not only threatened to kill her, but for good measure added, "You like your mother? I'll kill your mother!"

vertise what those prices were. With his promise to "beat any price," customers flooded the stores, where Eddie's samurai sales force did the rest. Sure, if people brought the ads with them, Crazy Eddie would give them the lowest price—for the same product and model number. But the stores usually had plenty of excuses for not meeting the prices. Large electronics manufacturers even provided them with exclusive model numbers, so nobody could undercut their prices. (For more about how unscrupulous electronics discounters operate to this day, see box on page 32, "Tricks of the Trade.")

For savvy shoppers, Crazy Eddie delivered on its promise. But nine times out of ten, customers wouldn't remember to bring the ad with them. Or they just assumed—incorrectly—that the initial prices marked on the tags were the lowest available. It was this highly lucrative assumption that allowed Crazy Eddie to sell components for the same price as any non-discount retailer—some 20 to 35 percent more than the product's real lowest price. As one former salesman explains, "Most people

came for the Crazy Eddie name and were pretty ignorant [as to] what they should be paying. They thought, 'How much difference can it be?'"

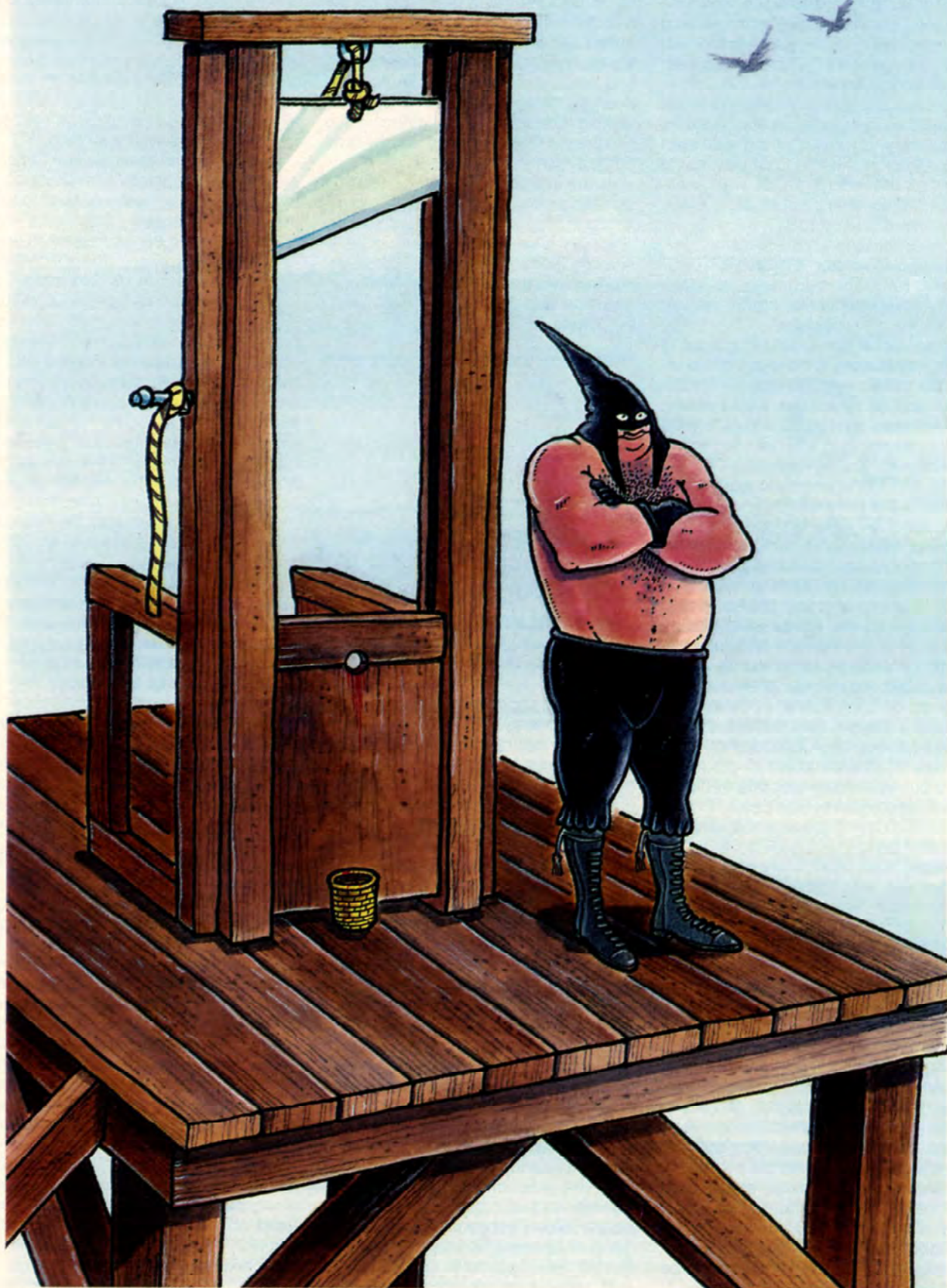
When Crazy Eddie did advertise exact low prices during their "Blowout Blitzes," they would take out huge ads promising \$50 VCRs—while warning in tiny letters that quantities were limited to one per store. Rodney Jackson, a former Crazy Eddie record salesman, recalls that although some people camped out the night before, "You'd have people come in at three in the afternoon still looking for that one piece. People don't read the fine print." They did stay and shop, however, and once inside a Crazy Eddie store, they rarely walked out empty-handed.

From the very beginning, there was something else different about Eddie Antar's approach to business. He was not only the city's slickest hypester, which is saying a lot in a place that bills itself as the "World's Greatest City." He was also one of the most intensely superstitious people to ever operate a large company. Good luck had brought him to his place in life, and Eddie Antar wanted to make sure that nobody who worked for him did anything to jeopardize that luck. Eddie's superstitions involved more than the well-publicized lucky sweater that he wore every day for more than two years until it disintegrated; they had to be practiced by hundreds of people who worked for him. Red ink was out of the question: Nobody could write in red, and red signs or displays were also taboo. Blue was the lucky color. Eddie bought Jerry Carroll a fine blue suit at Barneys, which Carroll wore during the 2,000 different TV shoots he did for the store. When the jacket wore thin, Antar bought him a new blue suit, but not before insisting that Carroll have one of the buttons from the old suit sewn onto the new one.

Employees were mindful of Eddie's pet superstitions. Lucky charms, such as a large ceramic elephant in the East 57th Street store, were placed in each outlet. Instead of sweeping from the back of the store outward, employees had to sweep from the door in—keeping in the good fortune. Money, papers, or merchandise were not to be handed directly to Eddie. They had to be set down on a table, then he'd pick them up. Five-dollar bills were unlucky; in stores that might collect \$20,000 a day in cash, cashiers were instructed to give as many \$5 bills in change as they could. Cashiers also had to maneuver around the small rocks that were kept, at Eddie's insistence, in every one of his chain's hundreds of registers. New stores had to make their first sales on Tuesday or Thursday—lucky days.

While all this might have seemed odd to the average employee, Crazy Eddie's people had become accustomed to indulging their boss's eccentricities.

specimen.



"Everyone understood—we didn't joke about it," recalls a former employee. "He was young, he had his own ways, but he was doing good—so why change things?"

Employees didn't just accept Eddie Antar. They adored him. His unkempt beard, his gym at the office where he pumped iron during meetings, his habit of hanging out with guys who looked like mob types, his reluctance to wear anything but sweats or jogging suits to the office or black-tie affairs—all these fueled the Eddie Antar legend. Even his habit of suddenly shifting between friendly comments to one employee and angry curses to another was overlooked. "People respected, liked, loved, and feared Eddie," recalls a former executive. "He was a great salesman and a terrific motivator of people." Jerry Carroll remembers Eddie as a "charismatic, Godfather-like figure. He got loyalty by giving loyalty."

If someone didn't want to go out of their way at work, a manager would utter the magic words, "Hey, it's for Eddie," and all objections would cease. Employees strived to emulate him, doing their best to act zany, flip, memorably wild. During Brazilian Carnival week, one manager played loud samba music in the store all day and stood in the window juggling toilet paper. Clowns, searchlights, radio celebrities, and balloons were standard fare for new store openings, as were giveaways of hats, T-shirts, and key chains. Grand openings of new stores were Eddie's happiest times; he took special satisfaction in seeing people line up for the well-publicized events. When one store opened on Long Island, Eddie and his pals took a break from the festivities on a nearby rooftop. A hired attraction in an ape suit flailed about to get attention, but what really stopped traffic on the nearby highway was Eddie himself: He pulled down his pants and mooned passing cars.

Eddie was alternately cheap and generous with his employees. He bought them lunch on Saturday afternoons and gave them all tickets for the Ali-Foreman fight during the mid-seventies, but he didn't give bonuses to anyone except top executives. George Snipes, a former security guard at a few stores, recalls the time that Eddie didn't have his limousine at the Brooklyn store and needed to get to 57th Street. "Call a car service and find out how much they charge," he told one of his salesmen. It was \$15. "Those thievin' bastards," Eddie yelled. "You got your car? You're gonna drive me." Although he was a multimillionaire at the time, Snipes recalls that Eddie "was tighter than a crab's ass."

Eddie took loyalty very seriously. Really crazy actions of others could be excused—if the perpetrator was one of the boys. "Chuck" was one such pal.

Not tall but built like a bull, Chuck was a Brooklyn tough guy with a violent temper. One February evening in 1977, Eddie got into a serious fight on the West Side of Manhattan. All that is clear about the incident is that Eddie was not robbed. Some say it was a case of Eddie mouthing off at a disco and his assailant following him outside. The guy pulled a knife and stabbed Eddie in the stomach so badly that he nearly died and needed six operations. According to an inside source, Chuck intervened to help Eddie and was knifed in the shoulder. From that point on, he was Eddie's man.

Eddie's loyalty went far. Nobody quarreled with Chuck—after all, he was a man whose love of guns was unsettling. His idea of horsing around was pointing loaded handguns at other employees' heads. When an associate in his office said that he had never heard the sound of a nine-millimeter pistol,

Eddie's sales force
were like trained barracuda.
Products were referred
to cryptically by their "lot
numbers," which
actually disguised the store's
real lowest price.

Chuck demonstrated by firing a clip into an assistant's briefcase. This was at a busy Manhattan Crazy Eddie store during lunch hour. Chuck was the manager.

After his mysterious stabbing, Eddie became more conscious of his security. A limo and driver ferried him around, and he staunchly refused all requests to be photographed or interviewed—even the company's annual report ran without his picture. He buffered himself from the outside world by surrounding himself with close relatives. By the time Antar made his first public stock offering in 1984, Crazy Eddie was the quintessential family company. Eddie, at age 36, was the chairman of the board, president, and chief executive officer. His father Sam and brother Mitchell were executive vice-presidents. (Mitchell soon took over the position of president.) His brother Alan was the director of corporate sales. First cousin Solomon was general counsel. Brother-in-law Ben Kuszer ran a separate company that sold records in the stores' attached record departments. Even Eddie's wife

and mother were cut into the business, each drawing a \$76,200-a-year salary without a specified job. Virtually every member of the board of directors was also a member of the Antar clan.

In a close-knit family, such a cozy arrangement can engender trust and ensure future success. But Eddie was a volatile, temperamental man, and some of his relatives didn't enjoy his often belligerent domination. At the end of 1983, after Eddie insisted on escalating an extramarital affair he was having, they stopped being good soldiers and broke ranks with their king.

When it comes to family, the Syrians are a fairly conservative, religious lot. It took a heap of domestic conflict to tear the Antar clan apart, but Eddie was never one to do things in a small way. According to a sworn deposition filed by Debbie Antar in divorce proceedings against her husband, part of Eddie's belligerence stemmed from the fact that she bore him five successive daughters and no sons. When a pair of twins were born in 1973, Eddie wept at the news that they were girls. After a third daughter, he would not talk to his wife for days. He refused to give Debbie and their fourth girl a ride home from the hospital. When the fifth girl was born, Debbie said that Eddie "told people that God had punished me that way, and he advised me she was ugly and probably not his."

A good sport Eddie Antar was not. "The more Eddie became a legend," Debbie noted, "the more I and our daughters became excess baggage." Antar began carrying on extramarital affairs. According to a family friend, Debbie was the unchanging steady he married out of high school, "the past that he wanted to put behind him." Eddie wanted someone new, and he reportedly found it in a dark-blond woman named Debbie. (Employees, many of whom knew of the affair, dubbed her "Debbie II.")

Debbie II had worked in one of Eddie's stores. He found her an apartment in a doorman building on the Upper East Side of Manhattan and bought her fine gifts. He made little effort to keep his affair a secret. In her deposition, Debbie explained that when she confronted Eddie with apparent evidence of his infidelity, he began a campaign to convince her that she was crazy, that she was hearing and seeing things. Before long this behavior, coupled with periodic rampages of physical and verbal abuse, made Debbie begin to doubt her sanity.

On New Year's Eve 1983, Eddie announced that he was going for a drink at the trendy River Café. Debbie mustered up the nerve to ask if she could join him. "No, you can't go," he said. "I don't take you anywhere."

With that he boarded his limo and had his chauffeur drive him to his mis-

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR NATION'S LEADERS AT WORK

According to a White House insider, the following dialogue took place between drug czar William Bennett and Office of Management and Budget Director Richard Darman during a cabinet-meeting dispute on how much to spend on anti-drug efforts:

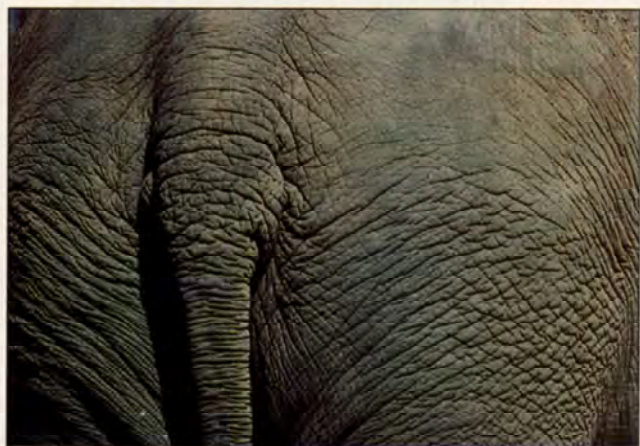
Bennett: Fuck you, Dick.
Darman: Fuck you, Bill.

YES, COME TO THINK OF IT, WHERE'S THEIR OLIVIER?

Actress Ellen Barkin, disputing that British actors are better than American actors: "Where is their Marlon Brando? I mean, we'll start at the top and go down. Where's their Robert De Niro? Where's their Al Pacino? Where's their anyone? Where's their Meryl Streep? Where's their Debra Winger? Like, where are their great movie actors? We have millions of them in this country, ones that aren't even movie stars."

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Former Olympic gymnastic champion Nadia Comaneci took credit for setting off the revolution in Romania, saying that her defection was a "bomb for the government. . . . Because what will people think? That even Nadia leaves Romania. They thought I had the good life, but I didn't."



WORST NEW PRODUCT

An Oregon zoo offers what it calls Zoo Doo, elephant manure for home gardeners. Price: \$3.95 a can.



TRUMP! THE MOVIE!

Donald Trump said he did not think adultery was a sin, and that he hated the very concept of divorce.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

A California supermarket stock clerk invented the new game of turkey bowling—a novel activity that apparently consists of sliding a frozen turkey across the floor to knock over two-liter soda bottles. But publicity over his modest contribution to the world of sports has brought him nothing but trouble. First he was fired from his job, then a producer of turkeys sent him a letter asking him to stop recommending a particular brand of Butterball turkey as the bird of choice for the sport.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



ANNALS OF INTERIOR DECORATING

A team of decorators, hired to spruce up the Manhattan duplex of film director Robert Altman and his wife, decided that the hyper-modern place needed some human quality to relieve the look of high-tech coldness. So they redid the ceiling in

silver leaf to complement the huge silk-screened glass panels showing photographs of a Biafran child, a Nubian woman, an American farm worker, and a poor Depression-era child that the two had hanging in their apartment.

SIC TRANSIT

Rejecting pleas by Sylvester Stallone, officials of the Philadelphia Museum of Art ordered the removal of a bronze statue of Rocky Balboa, the character played by Stallone in the "Rocky" films.

The statue had been placed atop the museum's steps as a movie prop, but museum officials said that it looked out of place and denied Stallone's request that it be left there permanently.



OUR BUSY SPORTS-CASTERS AT WORK

John Madden, the CBS sports commentator, now endorses 684 commercial products.



A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE FROM . . .

. . . film director Oliver Stone, who described contemporary American society as follows: "The vandals are at the gate. . . . We have a fascist security state running this country. . . . Orwell did happen. But it's so subtle that no one noticed it. If I were George Bush I'd shoot myself. Existentially there's no hope. His soul is dead."

AN AUTO-GRAPHED PICTURE OF GEORGE WALLACE TO . . .

. . . Joseph Smitherman, mayor of Selma, Alabama, who described the city's first black superintendent of schools as "an overpaid nigger from New Orleans."

DOG DAY AFTER-NOON

An Oklahoma man was convicted on charges of robbing a restaurant after a waitress identified him because of what she said was his beautiful ass.



EXPERT OPINION

Dining out at a Manhattan restaurant, former president Richard Nixon asked the chef if he had bet on the Tyson-Douglas heavyweight fight. When the chef replied he wasn't a betting man, Nixon said, "They're all fixed, anyway."



LIFE AT THE TOP

A Malaysian prince and his entourage of 55 dined at a prominent Manhattan restaurant, running up a bill of \$11,000 for the meal. When it came time to decide the tip, the prince offered the waiter one of his wives.

MS. RICE, YOUR 15 MINUTES ARE UP

Donna Rice, the model briefly catapulted into fame when her involvement with Democratic presidential candidate Gary Hart was revealed, is now living in Washington, D.C., with relatives and doing volunteer work with the disabled and the terminally ill.



MR. DOWNEY, YOUR 15 MINUTES ARE UP

Morton Downey, Jr., the flamboyant talk-show host whose concept of "shock television" soared briefly but then died, filed for bankruptcy, listing \$2.4 million in liabilities and \$420 in available cash.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

A New York playwright, violently choking on a piece of food stuck in his throat during a meal at a restaurant, was seized by a friend, who performed the Heimlich maneuver on him. The technique involves grabbing the choking person in a reverse bear hug, then squeezing to dislodge the throat obstruction. Although the playwright began breathing, a week later he discovered that he had three fractured ribs.

MODERN LIFE

According to a new book on modern etiquette by the so-called Mayflower Madam, Sydney Biddle Barrows, the host of a dinner party should inform guests if anyone among them is an AIDS carrier "as a courtesy to all."

SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME

The Texas bar association, concerned that lawyers in the state seem to have a low reputation among the public, asked a folksy federal judge to record public-service messages about the profession—a decision the association may have come to regret. The judge, Jerry Buchmeyer, pep-

pered his radio spots with jokes and criticisms of lawyers, including a proposal to use lawyers instead of white mice in laboratory experiments, and the question "Why does New Jersey have more toxic-waste dumps, while California has more lawyers?" (Answer: New Jersey chose first.)



UH-HUH

Clint Eastwood, in a women's-magazine interview: "I was born a feminist."

SPOIL-SPORTS

After due deliberation, the organizers of the famed annual jumping-frog contest in California ruled that a Seattle man would not be permitted to enter a so-called "Goliath" frog in the contest. The Goliaths, an African breed, can weigh up to eight pounds and easily outjump any smaller American breed.

FAMILY TRADITION

John F. Kennedy, Jr., who works as an assistant district attorney in Manhattan despite having twice failed his bar exam, presided at ceremonies marking the closing of a lunatic asylum, an act Kennedy compared to the dismantling of the Berlin Wall.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

An annual tongue-in-cheek contest for the best headlines in supermarket tabloids produced four finalists: "Grossed Out Surgeon Vomits Inside Patient" (*Sun*), "Politician Gives Birth—To His Twin Brother" (*National Enquirer*), "Man Explodes on Operating Table" (*Globe*), and "Bride's Kiss Makes 80 Guests Sick" (*Weekly World News*).

CRAZY EDDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

tress's apartment building on East 80th Street. Debbie decided to make a stand. Rounding up Eddie's sister Ellen and his sister-in-law Robin for support, she went to confront her husband. The two accompanied Debbie as she hysterically toiled her car over the bridge that separated her bedroom borough from the fast world of Manhattan.

Debbie surprised her husband just as Debbie II entered his limo. At first Eddie refused to get out of the car. Finally fed up, Debbie climbed atop the limousine and pounded on the roof with her fists until he emerged. Eddie was furious; he blamed his relatives for butting into his business, and reportedly smacked his kid sister Ellen.

Civil war broke out. Debbie returned to Brooklyn; Eddie stayed with her replacement. According to her deposition, when Debbie said she was going to a lawyer for a divorce, Eddie beat her up—and not only threatened to kill her, but for good measure added, "You like your mother? I'll kill your mother!"

A few days after the New Year's Eve confrontation, Eddie called his brother Mitchell and brother-in-law Ben into his office at his Brooklyn headquarters. As was often the case, his ever-vigilant German shepherd Sugar (Antar loved animals) sat by his side. Eddie had been known to intimidate vendors and creditors with the dog. This time he didn't need her. Red-faced and furious, he cursed them out at the top of his lungs, accusing them of having their wives deliberately ruin his marriage. According to an affidavit later filed by Ben Kuszer, Eddie "was visibly distraught, ranting and raving." He warned them, "I'm gonna get even with you."

Although Debbie Antar did not come from a Syrian family, her husband's relatives viewed her as a dutiful, faithful wife and mother. Eddie's mother and father sided with her in the dispute, so Eddie also paid them an unfriendly visit. He confronted his father angrily, accusing him of orchestrating his marital troubles. From that point on, the father and son were scarcely on speaking terms. According to Sam Antar's attorney, Marvin Gersten, relations between them went from bad to worse. Sam had a heart attack soon after, which Gersten attributes to Eddie's hostility. "Eddie has this total obsession with his father," says Gersten. "He saw his father on a Brooklyn street recently and said, 'Fuck you, cocksucker!' Eddie threw him out of the company and said, 'Get the fuck out of here, old man.'"

Another source who was with the company at the time of the family blowup remembers it differently. "Eddie was a maniac, anyway," the source recalls, "but I don't know that I would

run and tell my sister-in-law that my brother was fooling around. Ben and Alan and Mitchell got their wives worked up to some extent; his reaction was drastic, but they kind of threw the first stone."

Eddie's relatives weren't fired right away. For a while Eddie tried to reconcile his problems with his wife. When that failed, he worked out a separation agreement. Like everything else, Eddie wanted the divorce to be on his terms. Although she never authorized it in writing, Debbie was represented by Eddie's loyal cousin Solomon Antar, the general counsel for Crazy Eddie. Under the stipulations of the settlement, Debbie received no share of Eddie's financial empire—just \$35,000 annually in alimony plus \$2,000 a week for child support. According to Debbie's deposition, Eddie forced her to sign the settlement after appearing at her home and threatening her through-

Fistfights erupted at many stores when people tried to return inoperable merchandise. But customers quickly learned that at Crazy Eddie, "no" really meant no.

out the night, giving her a black eye, tearing up her furniture, and lying to her about the importance of the settlement document.

That was in 1985. A year later Eddie married Debbie II. Debbie I, meanwhile, gathered up the courage to walk into the offices of Raoul Lionel Felder, the nation's most famous divorce lawyer. Felder and his wife Myrna took the case.

Now Eddie was really pissed. It was one thing to break up the marriage. It would be quite another to dish out as much as half of his tens of millions of dollars in assets to his ex-wife. He began pressuring his relatives to dissuade her from suing to reopen the settlement. It didn't work.

In April 1987, while attending a bar mitzvah party at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Antar was served with legal papers reopening the divorce. He was enraged. The next day, he fired his father and brother Alan, and demanded his brother Mitchell's resignation as company president soon after.

After a long hearing in the New York State Supreme Court, Judge Barry Hu-

rowitz recently ruled to set aside the settlement agreement between Debbie and Eddie. Noting that the "manifestly unfair" agreement was a "shock to the conscience," the judge said "the agreement is designed to take care of the children and to make the wife destitute as the years go by." The judge also found that Solomon Antar had notarized an attorney-authorization document bearing what was supposed to have been Debbie Antar's signature—although she had, in fact, never signed it. In addition, that same document contained a Brooklyn 718 area code—a full six months before that area code took effect. Judge Hurowitz called the episode a "diabolical subterfuge" and ordered a new agreement. The new terms will depend on how much money Eddie is left with after the Securities and Exchange Commission, the U.S. attorney, and civil litigants get through with him.

The divorce case blew open any semblance of family unity. Marvin Gersten, now the attorney for both Sam and Mitchell Antar, says the family feud had nothing to do with relatives rallying around Debbie: "It was Eddie attacking them." Gersten, who is familiar with Debbie Antar's divorce case, takes off the kid gloves when talking about how Eddie treated his ex-wife. "He's an animal," says Gersten. "She's one of those abused, beaten-down women who stutters and is nervous. He's just a prick."

Despite their internal war, for a number of years the Antar family managed to keep their problems private. The overriding reality was that business was booming, and good business was everyone's business. What's more, Eddie was angling to take his company public. By selling stocks in the marketplace, Eddie would be able to expand far more quickly than he had been able to with internally generated funds. Not incidentally, it would also mean a chance to convert the ownership position, which Eddie and other relatives held, for huge chunks of cash.

Eddie Antar prepared for the big time. He met with Oppenheimer & Company, a Wall Street firm eager to underwrite and sell new public offerings for private companies like Crazy Eddie. Aided by the proliferation of VCRs and CDs, Antar had built one of the nation's most successful consumer-electronics firms, staking a powerful niche in a growing business. Had he continued to manage his company legitimately, Eddie would probably be worth more than \$20 million today, with no legal problems on the horizon.

But Eddie Antar had other ideas. He had a master plan, one that would net him much more money than that—much more quickly. Looking back on his scheme, observers wonder how he thought he would get away with it. But

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

It's Worth Its Weight In Cold.



It tips in at a mere 12 ounces. But it packs a ton of real draft taste.

That's because Cold-Filtered™ Miller Genuine Draft is never heat-pasteurized, so it has a rich, smooth flavor you can't get in ordinary beers. But don't take our word for it. Weigh the facts for yourself.

Tap Into The Cold.



to normal. After regaining her composure, she put on her new negligee.

"That's much prettier on you than it was on that mannequin," I told her.

"Why, thank you," she said, as we snuggled into bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

Awakening a bit late the next morning completely refreshed, we got into the shower together. I washed her tits, her ass, and her pussy. She washed my ass and then took my scrotum in her soapy hand and rolled my balls around with her gentle fingers. My cock started getting erect as she smeared soap all over it and gently pumped it a little.

"Could I ask a favor?" she asked.

"Considering what you're doing, how could I refuse?" I said.

"Well, I've never swallowed a man's come. And I've wanted to for a long time. So when we get back here this evening, I'd like to suck your cock, jack you off with my hand, and swallow it when you come. Would that be all right?" she continued. "In exchange, I will let you rest for an hour, and then you can do anything you want with me."

"Anything?" I asked.

"Anything you've always wanted to do with a girl but were afraid to ask," she said. "While we're out today, I'd like you to keep your attention on me and think of some things you'd like to do. Think you can do that?"

"Well, sure. I mean, probably," I stammered.

"Just probably? Let's see if I can think of something that will guarantee it," she said. "Do you remember those miniskirts in that little boutique yesterday? Let's go down and get one of those for me to wear today. Would that help?"

"Wow! Those are as short as they can possibly be. That would be even better than what you wore yesterday."

"Why is it that men always prefer a miniskirt to shorts?" she asked.

"Easy," I said. "It's a matter of accessibility. With shorts, even if conditions are right and the girl's willing, you have to deal with buttons and zippers and getting them over the ankles and so forth. Even a bikini bottom, although it may be more revealing than a skirt, can be an awful problem. Think of the pulling and stretching and tugging to get it off. With a miniskirt, a man always hopes that by simply raising a few inches of material, the object of his desire will be revealed."

"Well, when I wear one today, that will certainly be the case. If a little breeze blows the back of it up, my naked bottom will be there. If it blows up in front, you will see my pussy, its glistening lips slightly swollen and wet from the excitement of dressing like that in public. By the way, what color shall I get?"

"I don't know. They have so many and they're all pretty. Let's get seven colors, one for each day of the week."

"Great," she said. "Think you can keep your attention on what you're supposed to do now? I want you to come up with something fantastic for our pleasure this evening."

"I'm sure of it," I said, as we turned the water off, got out of the shower, and eagerly started getting ready for another exciting sex-adventure day.—*Name and address withheld*

FLASH IN THE PAN

Let me tell you about a little hobby of mine. I work for a law firm and must dress my 34B-24-34 figure very conservatively. After working hours, though, I dress (or you might say, undress) very provocatively. When I get home and feel a little horny, I put on my sexiest underwear and a trench coat. No other clothes.

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The fact that I wasn't wearing panties or a bra added to our passion. My friend could grab my smooth ass and slip his fingers into my dripping cunt.

,

I like to drive to a nearby gas station where there is always a cute group of guys hanging out. I pull up in my sports car with my coat partially open, giving a good glimpse of leg for starters. Usually, I wear a matching set of lace bra, panties, stockings, and garter belt. When one of those cute guys comes up to the car window and asks, "Can I help you?" I love watching his eyes pop.

I always get plenty of attention. The attendant washes the windows, the windshield wipers, checks the oil—you know, the works. As he moves around the car, I open more of the coat, until I am quite exposed. Sometimes I'll ask for directions so Mr. Gas Pumper can further check out my figure.

One other group of men benefits from my little hobby—the morning and evening news carriers. I expect them every Friday after work, and depending on my mood, they either see a sweat suit or a lot of skin.

One afternoon I met one carrier at the door in my favorite teddy, which is made of very sheer purple material. When I wear this, I put a little rouge on my nipples to show them off. I don't think the

poor man had ever seen a sight like me before, so I asked him to wait while I "searched" for my purse.

I could feel his eyes all over me. I don't think he cared about waiting! I look at it this way—guys love to check me out at the beach, pool, or health club, so why not let them see as much of me as they would like? I have nothing I'm ashamed of—in fact, I love to advertise!—*Name and address withheld*

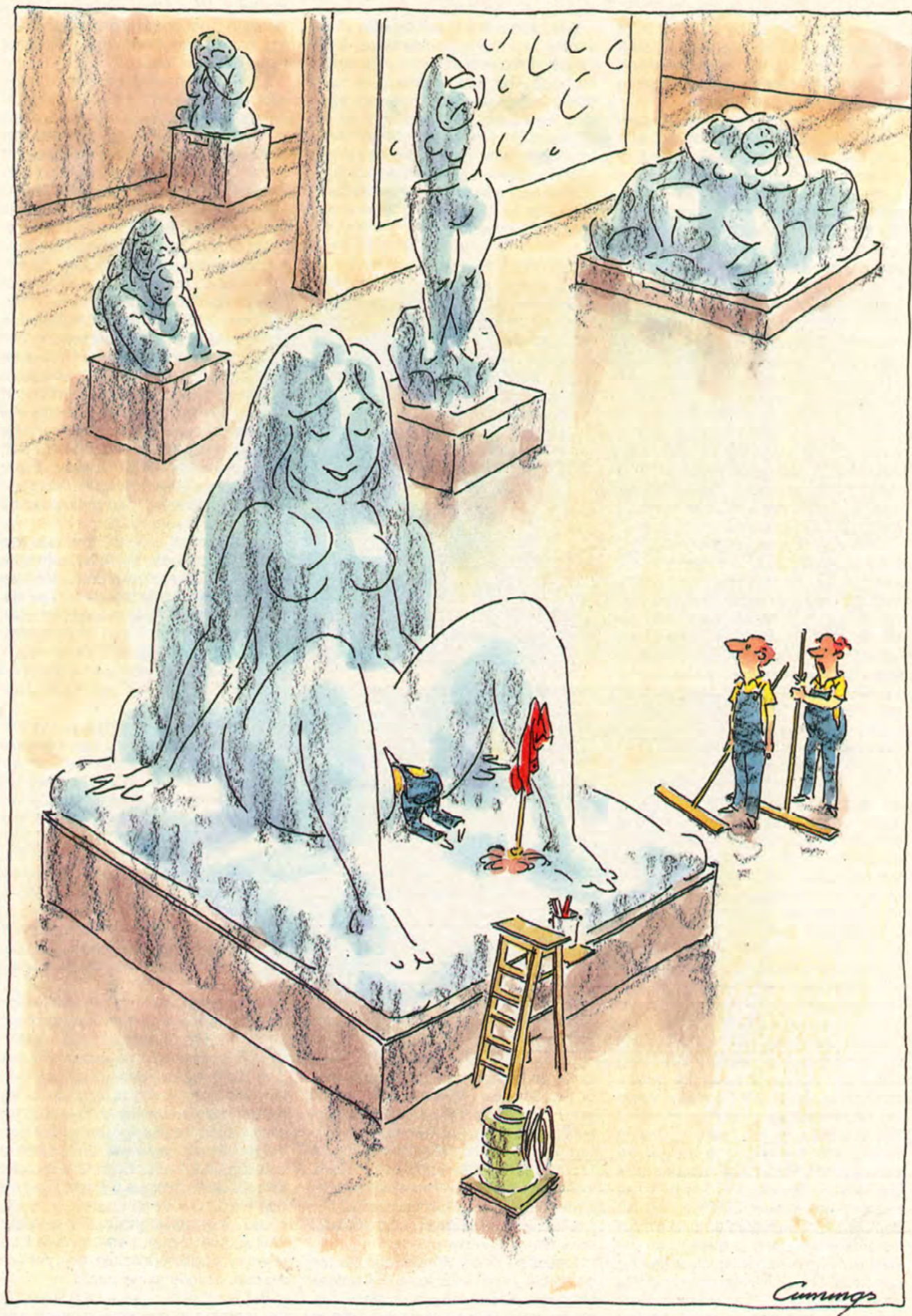
ONE NIGHT IN BANG-COCK

I've been a subscriber to *Penthouse* for 20 years, and I always knew that someday I'd write you a letter about an erotic experience in some exotic and outlandish location. Now I finally can! I am tired of waiting for something to happen to me, and because I'm a pessimist, I know nothing ever will. However, a good friend of mine had a super time recently, and he shared it with me. Now I'd like to share it with you.

I'm in the Navy and frequently go overseas on six- to eight-month deployments. Many of the ports we visit are everything—believe me, everything—you hear about. Well, anyway, to cut to the chase, while in Thailand last summer, my buddies and I were having a super time shopping, sight-seeing, and of course, bar-hopping. One of my fellow officers (I'll call him Dinty) has the knack of picking up women in any city, at any time, without any effort (I hate him). But that's beside the point.

One night while we were visiting a little out-of-the-way establishment, in walked an attractive American gal (I'll call her Linda). She seemed available but, with all the competition from the local talent, wasn't doing so well. She was wearing a skintight T-shirt that really accentuated her great figure, and her shorts barely contained the most perfectly shaped ass I'd ever seen. There was a sensuous air about her that made my whole body hard. She and Dinty locked eyes, and after that it was all over.

In no time, they were getting along fabulously. They started out sharing the same stool in the cramped and busy bar. Suddenly, she acted as though she had dropped something and was bending down to pick it up. She disappeared for quite a while, and being the curious soul that I am, I leaned over the table to see what was up. I found out it was Dinty. Linda was down there smoking his pole right in the bar! A hush fell over the whole place, and all you could hear was Linda slurping and sucking on Dinty's love organ. Then, to top it off, she stuck her hand right down the front of her shorts and started to work away on her love button! I was in shock, but I could tell she was quite adept at her work by Dinty's crossed eyes and quizzical smile. When she finished, she stood up as though nothing had happened and continued to drink



"Funny—I never noticed the smile before."

her beer and chat casually. The evening seemed to drag by after that bit of excitement, and feeling ready to cash in my chips, I bid my friends adieu and returned to my hotel room to catch some Zs and forget about Linda.

About midnight, there was a commotion at the door connecting my room with the adjacent one (where some of my other buddies were asleep). All of a sudden, there was Dinty, stark naked, walking through my room and opening the front door. I was still kind of groggy and before I realized what was going on, in walked Linda, completely nude, in all her glory. I figured that they had just finished skinny-dipping in the hotel pool. Although the room was dark, the moonlight leaking through the curtains revealed her pear-shaped breasts with their pert and swollen nipples jutting out into the night. Dewy droplets glistened on her golden pubic mound. She was flushed from their latest romp. I was pretty flushed myself at this point. Well, not being a total ignoramus, I figured that it might be wise if I feigned sleep and just kept my acquisition radar locked on and tracking.

They were heading for the spare double bed when, all of a sudden, Linda saw me and froze in her tracks. Dinty hopped onto the vacant bed and told her to join him. Linda said that she wanted no part of this action, with me asleep in the room. Now, I've known for years how fickle women can be, but for the life of me, I'll never figure why this gal, who just a few short hours before publicly blew my buddy's tube in a bar, wouldn't go for a roll in the hay because I was in the room.

Dinty got out of bed and walked to the foot of my bed, where she stood. There were a lot of quiet whispers and slurping. I thought she was playing with his little guy again, but I couldn't be certain because I was "asleep." So, as inconspicuously as possible, I adjusted my view and there they were.

Linda was bent over the bed, just mere feet from my face. Her pendulous breasts were rhythmically bouncing to and fro while Dinty's face was buried between her thighs. A few minutes later he dove in, repeatedly thrusting his massive, throbbing, love weapon in and out of her dripping cunt. She was trying like a real trouser to keep her moans down to a whisper, but it wasn't working. She was digging her nails into what she thought was my mattress, but in reality was my leg. The harder he pumped, the harder she moaned and the worse my leg hurt. After what seemed like forever, Dinty pulled his cock out. Linda pivoted around almost instantaneously and gulped down his willy, reviving it from a rapidly withering condition. She was a real champ in this area, and within seconds Dinty came again, this time with so much energy that I could have sworn I saw something

shoot out of her ears.

After about five to ten minutes of cavorting and making funny faces, Dinty jumped into his bed, with Linda hot on his heels. They spent the next few hours trying every position known to mankind. Eventually, just listening tired me out so much, I fell asleep. When I woke up, Linda was gone and Dinty was snoring with a big smile on his face. Maybe next time we get shore leave I'll ask Dinty to really share.—Name and address withheld

VEGETABLE FRIEND

My husband travels two or three days a week due to his job. When he's away, I have on occasion used a vibrator. Last night, however, I used a very large cucumber. I saw it at the supermarket and bought it expressly to use for sex. When I got it home, I washed it to remove any chemicals and soaked it in warm water for a few minutes to warm it up. Next, I

Linda was bent
over the bed just mere
feet from my
face. Her pendulous breasts
were rhythmically
bouncing to and fro while
Dinty's face was
buried between her thighs.

took it to bed with my tube of K-Y jelly. I started to think it might be too big, but hey, why not give it a try?

This cuke was eight inches around and just a bit over ten inches long. I lubed it up and started to push it into myself. My pussy was not up to it—too tight—so I worked it in and out for a few minutes until I got hot, wet, and relaxed.

Finally, I got the monster inside me, and wow, it was big! Inch by inch I pushed it in further. It looked like it was going to fit after all, but, man, was I stretched! When I had the cucumber in to the limits of my cunt, I still had an inch or two left over. Would it go in all the way? I gave it a try, pulling on a skin-tight pair of spandex biker shorts to help wiggle that big boy in a little at a time. I started to thrust facedown on the bed, inching it inside more and more. By now, I was so hot, I had to have all of it. I worked it in, and finally, the monster cuke disappeared inside me.

I reached for my vibrator and started on my clit. I had never felt so full before. My pussy was at maximum, and it felt, oh, so good. When I climaxed, I did so like never before, rocking and rolling on

the bed. After a few minutes of recuperation, I got up to go get a beer, leaving that monster inside me. I liked that full-to-the-max feeling.

I think that now I'll be able to cope with my husband's business trips—I have extra batteries for my vibrator and my favorite vegetables to keep me busy.—Name and address withheld

HOMEcoming SPECIAL

My husband is a pilot in the Navy and has been gone for the past five months. I plan on making his homecoming from his first cruise one he will never forget!

Five months is a long time to be separated from someone you love. When the men who have been away come home there is always a celebration. The pilots fly their planes home in formation and do some impressive maneuvers overhead. For the wives and girlfriends waiting for them to land, it seems like an eternity before they taxi down the runway, shut down the engines, get out, and take off their flight gear. Every woman there is waiting for her man in a state of anticipation and sexual desire unmatched by anything!

I am a small woman, five feet tall, about 105 pounds, 36-22-34, with dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. My husband and I have a fantastic sex life. I enjoy wearing sexy lingerie for him, and he loves how I look in my garter belts and stockings. That's why what I have planned for him is so special—I can't wait to see the look on his face when he sees me!

Since we are going to go home and fuck each other's brains out, I plan to meet him wearing something that will definitely let him know just how horny I am. I'm going to wear my three-quarter-length mink coat and underneath it a very sexy black garter belt and black fishnet stockings. Red gloves and six-inch red (come fuck me) heels will cap off the outfit. If that doesn't make a statement, I don't know what will!

If we make it home without me unzipping his pants, exposing his hard cock, and straddling him while we drive, it will be a miracle.

I just can't wait to kiss him, touch him, and be naked with him, feeling every inch of my body against his. I want to let my hands and mouth explore him as if for the first time. I want to go down on him and feel his cock explode in my mouth when he comes. And—oooh—I can't wait to feel his lips on my breasts, his mouth moving lower and lower to taste my juices and bring me to orgasm with his skilled tongue. I want to feel his big, hard cock deep inside me, rhythmically moving in and out, in and out until we both climax. I want to make love in every position possible, everywhere we can, as long as we can.

But most of all, I want to wake up in the morning in his arms knowing it is not a dream, because I have dreamed



KAREN

England's lovely Karen Brennan used to slave away in an insurance office in her sleepy seaport hometown of Bournemouth. "Then I won a Miss Wet T-shirt contest," she recalls with a laugh. "And then I was spotted by a modeling agency. Now I'm busy all the time!" Indeed, Karen's being photographed (and published), as she puts it, "all over the place."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY ORMESHER



The 19-year-old Karen first leapt to stardom as a Page Three girl—a uniquely British institution that places a nude young lady every day on the third page of their family newspaper. A venerable old-world tradition.





Is she pleased to be appearing in
Penthouse? "Oh, very.
It's something of a personal tri-
umph for me, actually,"
the 38-23-34 Karen says.



Karen's parents are delighted by
her modeling success.
"My boyfriend was a little jealous
at first, though," she says.
"I can't imagine why!"





Karen prefers the quiet life. "I still live in Bournemouth, so I'm not out at the



clubs every night," she reports. "Modeling is plenty of excitement for me!" 

CRAZY EDDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

that's hindsight. Had it not been for his famous temper and bitter family strife, he might have pulled off the greatest stock-manipulation scheme in history.

Eddie immersed himself in the task of selling his company to Wall Street with the same aggressive energy that he had once used to sell television sets. The \$500,000-a-year salary that he was planning to pay himself was chicken feed compared to the millions of shares of stock he would soon have. Convincing the market to value that stock at a premium became his singular obsession. By day he abandoned the bustle of the retail sales floor for the hustle of Wall Street, wooing stock analysts, psyching up brokers, and schmoozing with accountants. By night he schemed of ways to make the company's books reflect the strongest profile possible. Blinded by his mission, he seems to have thought little of whether his methods of achieving this were legal or illegal. Anyone at the company with questions along the way didn't have to ask. They knew the answer: "Hey, it's for Eddie." And Eddie was gold.

According to Howard Sirota, the attorney representing Crazy Eddie stockholders in a class-action suit in Federal District Court in Brooklyn, Eddie Antar intended to swindle investors well before his divorce and family problems began. "He planned to commit fraud from day one," says Sirota. The class-action suit alleges that Eddie was skimming cash from the business as early as 1982 and 1983. During her divorce proceedings, Debbie Antar testified that her husband regularly brought home shopping bags stuffed with money. Over the years, she said, Eddie used the money to pay contractors roughly \$1 million to lavishly redecorate their Brooklyn home.

The purpose of skimming the "nehkdi"—Syrian slang for under-the-table cash—was twofold: He was able to pocket tax-free money and, according to the class-action suit, the unreported profits would deflate the company's sales and earnings figures. This meant that when an honest report was done in 1984, it would show greater sales and earnings growth than had actually occurred.

Eddie Antar, therefore, was one of the few people unimpressed by the company's spectacular performance in November 1984. During the preceding six months—the first period in which the stock was sold to the public—net income was reported to have shot up 84.8 percent from the comparable period a year earlier. The newly issued stock soared.

A high-level Wall Street source who

looked at Crazy Eddie's statements when the company made its initial public offering in 1984 explains that Eddie disguised his illegal skimming by reporting it as "shrinkage," or theft. "The shrinkage records were obviously falsified," says the executive. "It was the most obvious heist that I've seen in more than 30 years."

It wasn't so obvious to the Wall Street brokers. For years Eddie had them eating out of his hand. Analyst conferences were like pep rallies; some Wall Street experts even took to wearing Crazy Eddie T-shirts over their shirts and ties. They touted Crazy Eddie like there was no tomorrow, driving the price of the stock up to roughly ten times its initial offering price. By the summer of 1986, an eight-dollar share of Crazy Eddie from 1984 was worth the equivalent of \$84.

And all the while Eddie sold his own stock. He sold it brazenly, quickly, and

Eddie saw his father
on a Brooklyn street recently
and said, "Fuck you,
cocksucker!" Eddie threw
him out of the company
and said, "Get the fuck out
of here, old man."

in large chunks. Although he realized more than \$35 million from three public offerings, Eddie continued to dump blocks of stock. After a glowing company report that net income had increased 109 percent for the second quarter of 1985, Eddie sold an additional \$7.8 million worth of his stock. The following year, after a six-month report of surging profits and comparable store-sales growth, Eddie unloaded another \$21 million worth of stock on the market. In the wake of every important earnings report, Eddie sold, cashing in on a market euphoria that reflected continued earnings growth, continued health, and continued prosperity for any and all investors.

According to court papers, however, the basis for the glowing reports was little more than continued bullshit. Eddie Antar was cooking the books. And since he was never a man to do things half-assed, Eddie was cooking them like there was no tomorrow.

At the crux of Eddie's scheme was a conspiracy to inflate the company's profits by inflating its inventory reports. He knew that stock pickers wanted to

see sustained growth, so sustained growth was what he gave them. According to a civil lawsuit brought by the Securities and Exchange Commission—which ended with a default judgment against Eddie last March, after his final disappearance—Antar ordered inventories inflated every year he sold stock. The S.E.C. action, filed in Federal District Court in Newark, New Jersey, described how, in 1985, year-end inventory counts were inflated \$2 million, contributing to an overstatement of pretax income by 19 percent. In 1986 Antar overstated inventories by \$6.7 million and understated accounts payable by \$3 million, resulting in an overstatement of pretax income by more than \$3 million—or 33 percent. By fiscal year 1987, Antar, knowing that he would soon be jumping ship, understated accounts payable by \$20 million and inflated inventories by tens of millions more. The fraud was so extreme that although the company reported pretax profits of \$20.6 million, the S.E.C. calculated that Crazy Eddie actually incurred a loss of millions of dollars for the year.

To make its case, the S.E.C. presented the testimony of three Crazy Eddie executives who admitted to falsifying inventory statements on Eddie Antar's behalf. Because Eddie was spending increasing amounts of time away from the company, he had his cousin Sam E. Antar, the company's chief financial officer, supervise the inflating of figures. Eddie would pick a target number like \$8 million, have his trusted minions sequester themselves in an office, and let the pencil-pushers do their magic. They added zeros at the end of columns, making 50 televisions 500. He also had them write false debit memos, lowering accounts payable by purporting to have paid bills that were still outstanding. When Abraham Grinberg, the director of purchasing, questioned why they were inflating the numbers, Sam E. told them, "The auditors will automatically knock off at least 15 percent. . . . That is accepted accounting procedure."

One large unanswered question is how the company's external auditors allowed all this to happen. The company's auditor was a large firm called KMG Main Hurdman (which later merged with an even larger giant and is now known as KPMG Peat Marwick). KMG distinguished itself in the scandalous Wedtech case. When a KMG auditor assigned to Wedtech uncovered massive fraud, he demanded, and was later convicted of accepting, a \$1.5 million bribe to keep quiet about it.

Crazy Eddie was an important customer to KMG Main Hurdman; during the course of a few years, the firm received nearly \$5 million in accounting fees from the retailer. According to testimony recalled by attorney Howard

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"There's someone else, isn't there?"

Holy Horror



upersti-
tious
sav-
ager^y is
typical
of cul-
tures dominated by reli-
gion. It's part of a pat-
tern that's virtually a law
of history: When religion
reigns, horror follows.

By James M. Haught



A pig caused hundreds of Indians to kill one another in 1980. The animal walked through a Muslim holy ground at Moradabad, near New Delhi, India. Muslims, who think pigs are an embodiment of Satan, blamed Hindus for the defilement. They went on a murder rampage, stabbing and clubbing Hindus, who retaliated in kind. The pig riot spread to a dozen cities and left more than 200 dead. This swinish episode tells a universal tale. It typifies religious behavior that has been recurring for centuries.

Ronald Reagan often called religion the world's mightiest force for good, "the bedrock of moral order." George Bush said that it gives people "the character they need to get through life." This view is held by millions. But the truism isn't true. The record of human experience shows that where religion is strong, it causes cruelty. Intense beliefs produce intense hostility. Only when faith loses its force can a society hope to become humane. The history

of religion is a horror story. If anyone doubts it, just review this chronicle of religion's gore during the last thousand years or so.

- The First Crusade was launched in 1095 with the battle cry *Deus Vult* (God wills it), a mandate to destroy infidels in the Holy Land. Gathering crusaders in Germany first fell upon "the infidel among us." Jews in the Rhine valley, thousands of whom were dragged from their homes or hiding places and hacked to death or burned alive. Then the religious legions plundered their way along the 2,000 miles to Jerusalem, where they killed virtually every inhabitant, "purifying" the symbolic city. The ecstatic cleric Raymond of Aguilers wrote: "In the temple of Solomon, one rode in blood up to the knees and even to the horses' bridles, by the just and marvelous judgment of God."

- Human sacrifice blossomed in the Mayan theocracy of Central America between the eleventh and sixteenth

centuries. To appease a feathered-serpent god, maidens were drowned in sacred wells and other victims either had their hearts cut out, were shot with arrows, or were beheaded. Elsewhere, sacrifice was sporadic. In Peru, pre-Inca tribes killed children in temples called "houses of the moon." In Tibet, Bon shamans performed ritual killings. In Borneo builders of pile houses drove the first pile through the body of a maiden to pacify the earth goddess. In India, Dravidian people offered lives to village goddesses, and followers of Kali sacrificed a male child every Friday evening.

- In the Third Crusade, after Richard the Lion-Hearted captured Acre in 1191, he ordered 3,000 captives—many of them women and children—taken outside the city and slaughtered. Some were disemboweled in a search for swallowed gems. Bishops intoned blessings. Infidel lives were of no consequence. As Saint Bernard of Clairvaux declared in launching the Second

'THE BIBLE TOLD ME TO'

BY MARCIA PALLY

On November 9, 1971, John E. List left a letter for his pastor in New Jersey. After killing his mother, his wife, and his three children, List wanted the pastor to understand why he "felt that [he] had to do this." Among other reasons, he cited his daughter's desire to be an actress ("I was . . . fearful as to what that might do to her continuing to be Christian") and his wife's refusal to go to church. "Originally," he wrote, "I had planned this for November 1—All Saints' Day. But travel arrangements were delayed. I thought it would be an appropriate day for them to get to heaven. . . ." And then referring to the children, List wrote: "I know that many will only look at the additional years that they could have lived, but if finally they were no longer Christians, what would be gained?"

In the years since List put his thoughts on paper, blaming foreign influences for personal acts has become an American and a Christian tradition. A variant on blaming life's ills on immigrants or Communism, this sort of thinking gained renewed vigor in the late seventies, while in scientific and lay circles, movies, magazines, and music have become popular—even respectable—scapegoats for what is not well in America. Early in 1990, for instance, New York's John Cardinal O'Connor complained of parishioners being possessed by the devil be-

cause they had listened to heavy metal rock music. In remedy, at least two exorcisms were performed.

Less exotically, national commissions, such as that of former attorney general Ed Meese, and organizations like Women Against Pornography (WAP) have ascribed rape, battery, and incest to the influence of men's magazines and erotic videos. The Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.) took up the gauntlet against rock 'n' roll, calling it the cause of teen pregnancy, drug abuse, and "rebelliousness."

The National Coalition on Television Violence (N.C.T.V.) cites a long list of TV programs as the source of American bellicosity, along with films such as *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*, the animated cartoon *Lady and the Tramp*, the popular Christmas ballet *The Nutcracker*, and authors Stephen King, Robert Ludlum, Frederick Forsyth, Mario Puzo, James Clavell, Helen MacInnes, John le Carré, and Leon Uris. Even Paul Newman's popcorn is not exempt from blame (see last month's "U.S.A. Confidential" in this magazine).

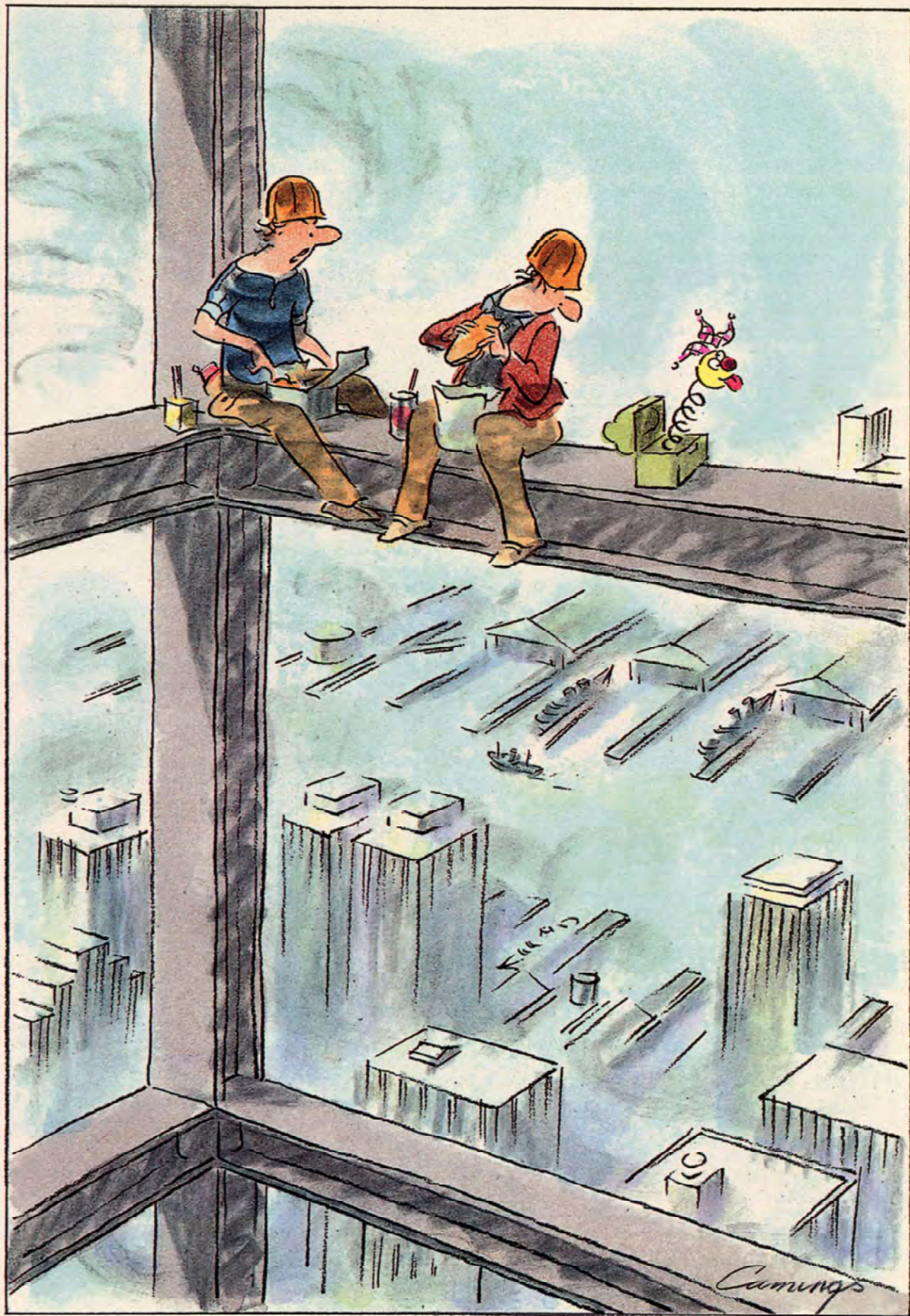
The American Family Association (A.F.A.) has built a national constituency to protest the sorts of material mentioned above and then some (such as sex and AIDS education) for all these evils as well as general fornication, homosexuality, disrespect

for authority, and the decline of the traditional Christian family.

According to the American Library Association, the books most frequently targeted as causes of unhappiness and harm are *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, 1984, *Of Mice and Men*, *Catcher in the Rye*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and all the works of Stephen King and Judy Blume—especially Blume's *Are You There, God? It's Me, Margaret* for mentioning menstruation. Dictionaries are not excluded from the list, particularly those that include "four-letter words." In 1988 the board game *Dungeons and Dragons* raised national concern when parent groups across the country claimed that it led to teen suicide.

Quite simply, the idea that injurious words and pictures cause violence or social decay is not supported by scientific study. Ed Donnerstein, a prime researcher in this area, reports that exposure to nonviolent sexual material does not trigger male aggression or rape. His findings are corroborated by such prominent scientists in the field as Neil Malamuth, of the University of California, Los Angeles; Daniel Linz, of the University of California, Santa Barbara; and Dr. Judith Becker, director of the sexual-behavior clinic at the New York

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"Think of the bright side—we don't have to hear about his wife's sense of humor anymore!"

Crusade: "The Christian glories in the death of a pagan, because thereby Christ himself is glorified."

- The Assassins were a sect of Ismaili Shiite Muslims whose faith required the stealthy murder of religious opponents. From the eleventh to thirteenth centuries, they killed numerous leaders in modern-day Iran, Iraq, and Syria. They finally were wiped out by conquering Mongols—but their vile name survives.

- Throughout Europe, beginning in the 1100s, tales spread that Jews were abducting Christian children, sacrificing them, and using their blood in rituals. Hundreds of massacres stemmed from this "blood libel." Some of the supposed sacrifice victims—Little Saint Hugh of Lincoln, the holy child of La Guardia, Simon of Trent—were beatified or commemorated with shrines that became the sites of pilgrimages and miracles.

- In 1209, Pope Innocent III launched an armed crusade against Albigenses believers in southern France. When the besieged city of Béziers fell, soldiers reportedly asked their papal adviser how to distinguish the faithful from the infidel among the captives. He commanded: "Kill them all. God will know his own." Nearly 20,000 were slaughtered—many first blinded, mutilated, dragged behind horses, or used for target practice.

- The Fourth Lateran Council in 1215 proclaimed the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the host wafer miraculously turns into the body of Jesus during the mass. Soon rumors spread that Jews were stealing the sacred wafers and stabbing or driving nails through them to crucify Jesus again. Reports said that the pierced host bled, cried out, or emitted spirits. On this charge, Jews were burned at the stake in 1243 in Belitz, Germany—the first of many killings that continued into the 1800s. To avenge the tortured host, the German knight Rindfleisch led a brigade in 1298 that exterminated 146 defenseless Jewish communities in six months.

- In the 1200s the Incas built their empire in Peru, a society dominated by priests reading daily magical signs and offering sacrifices to appease many gods. At major ceremonies up to 200 children were burned as offerings. Special "chosen women"—comely virgins without blemish—were strangled.

- Also during the 1200s, the hunt for Albigensian heretics led to the establishment of the Inquisition, which spread over Europe. Pope Innocent IV authorized torture. Under interrogation by Dominican priests, screaming victims were stretched, burned, pierced, and broken on fiendish pain machines to make them confess to disbelief and to identify fellow transgressors. Inquisitor Robert le Bourge sent 183 people to be burned at the stake in a single week.

In Spain, where many Jews and Moors had converted to escape persecution, inquisitors sought those harboring their old faith. At least 2,000 Spanish backsliders were burned. Executions in other countries included the burning of scientists such as mathematician-philosopher Giordano Bruno, who espoused Copernicus's theory that the planets orbit the sun.

- When the Black Death swept through Europe in 1348–1349, rumors alleged that it was caused by Jews poisoning wells. Hysterical mobs slaughtered thousands of Jews in several countries. In Speyer, Germany, the burned bodies were piled into giant wine casks and sent floating down the Rhine. In northern Germany Jews were walled up alive in their homes to suffocate or starve. The Flagellants, an army of penitents who whipped themselves bloody, stormed the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt in a gruesome

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The record of human
experience shows that where
religion is strong,
it causes cruelty. Only when
faith loses its
force can a society hope to
become humane.

9

massacre. The prince of Thuringia announced that he had burned his Jews for the honor of God.

- The Aztecs began their elaborate theocracy in the 1300s and brought human sacrifice to a golden era. About 20,000 people were killed yearly to appease gods—especially the sun god, who needed daily "nourishment" of blood. Hearts of sacrifice victims were cut out, and some bodies were eaten ceremoniously. Other victims were drowned, beheaded, burned, or dropped from heights. In a rite to the rain god, shrieking children were killed at several sites so that their tears might induce rain. In a rite to the maize goddess, a virgin danced for 24 hours, then was killed and skinned; her skin was worn by a priest in further dancing. One account says that at King Ahuitzotl's coronation, 80,000 prisoners were butchered to please the gods.

- In the 1400s, the Inquisition shifted its focus to witchcraft. Priests tortured untold thousands of women into confessing that they were witches who flew through the sky and engaged in sex with the devil—then they were burned

or hanged for their confession. Witch hysteria raged for three centuries in a dozen nations. Estimates of the number executed vary from 100,000 to two million. Whole villages were exterminated. In the first half of the seventeenth century, about 5,000 "witches" were put to death in the French province of Alsace, and 900 were burned in the Bavarian city of Bamberg. The witch craze was religious madness at its worst.

- The "Protestant Inquisition" is a term applied to the severities of John Calvin in Geneva and Queen Elizabeth I in England during the 1500s. Calvin's followers burned 58 "heretics," including theologian Michael Servetus, who doubted the Trinity. Elizabeth I outlawed Catholicism and executed about 200 Catholics.

- Protestant Huguenots grew into an aggressive minority in France in the 1500s—until repeated Catholic reprisals smashed them. On Saint Bartholomew's Day in 1572, Catherine de Médicis secretly authorized Catholic dukes to send their soldiers into Huguenot neighborhoods and slaughter families. This massacre touched off a six-week bloodbath in which Catholics murdered about 10,000 Huguenots. Other persecutions continued for two centuries, until the French Revolution. One group of Huguenots escaped to Florida; in 1565 a Spanish brigade discovered their colony, denounced their heresy, and killed them all.

- Members of India's Thuggee sect strangled people as sacrifices to appease the bloodthirsty goddess Kali, a practice beginning in the 1500s. The number of victims has been estimated to be as high as two million. Thugs were claiming about 20,000 lives a year in the 1800s until British rulers stamped them out. At a trial in 1840, one Thug was accused of killing 931 people. Today, some Hindu priests still sacrifice goats to Kali.

- The Anabaptists, communal "rebaptizers," were slaughtered by both Catholic and Protestant authorities. In Münster, Germany, Anabaptists took control of the city, drove out the clergymen, and proclaimed a New Zion. The bishop of Münster began an armed siege. While the townspeople starved, the Anabaptist leader proclaimed himself king and executed dissenters. When Münster finally fell, the chief Anabaptists were tortured to death with red-hot pincers and their bodies hung in iron cages from a church steeple.

- Oliver Cromwell was deemed a moderate because he massacred only Catholics and Anglicans, not other Protestants. This Puritan general commanded Bible-carrying soldiers, whom he roused to religious fervor. After decimating an Anglican army, Cromwell said, "God made them as stubble to our swords." He demanded the be-

heading of the defeated King Charles I, and made himself the holy dictator of England during the 1650s. When his army crushed the hated Irish Catholics, he ordered the execution of the surrendered defenders of the borough of Drogheda and their priests, calling it "a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches."

- Ukrainian Bogdan Chmielnicki was a cossack Cromwell. He wore the banner of Eastern Orthodoxy in a holy war against Jews and Polish Catholics. More than 100,000 were killed in this seventeenth-century bloodbath, and the Ukraine was split away from Poland to become part of the Orthodox Russian empire.

- The Thirty Years' War produced the largest religious death toll of all time. It began in 1618 when Protestant leaders threw two Catholic emissaries out of a Prague window into a dung heap. War flared between Catholic and Protestant princedoms, drawing in supportive religious armies from Germany, Spain, England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, France, and Italy. Sweden's Protestant soldiers sang Martin Luther's "Ein Feste Burg" in battle. Three decades of combat turned central Europe into a wasteland of misery. One estimate states that Germany's population dropped from 18 million to four million. In the end nothing was settled, and too few people remained to rebuild cities, plant fields, or conduct education.

- When Puritans settled in Massachusetts in the 1600s, they created a religious police state where doctrinal deviation could lead to flogging, pillorying, hanging, cutting off ears, or boring through the tongue with a hot iron. Preaching Quaker beliefs was a capital offense. Four stubborn Quakers defied this law and were hanged. In the 1690s fear of witches seized the colony. Twenty alleged witches were killed and 150 others imprisoned.

- In 1723 the bishop of Gdansk, Poland, demanded that all Jews be expelled from the city. The town council declined, but the bishop's exhortations roused a mob that invaded the ghetto and beat the residents to death.

- Islamic jihads (holy wars), mandated by the Koran, killed millions over 12 centuries. In early years Muslims spread the faith rapidly: east to India and west to Morocco. Then splintering sects branded other Muslims as infidels and declared jihads against them. The Kharijis battled Sunni rulers. The Azariqis decreed death to all "sinners" and their families. In 1804 a Sudanese holy man, Usman dan Fodio, waged a bloody jihad that broke the religious sway of the Sultan of Gobir. In the 1850s another Sudanese mystic, 'Umar al-Hajj, led a barbaric jihad to convert pagan African tribes—with massacres, beheadings, and a mass execution of 300 hostages. In the 1880s a third Su-

danese holy man, Muhammad Ahmad, commanded a jihad that destroyed a 10,000-man Egyptian army and wiped out defenders of Khartoum led by British general Charles "Chinese" Gordon.

- In 1801 Orthodox priests in Bucharest, Romania, revived the story that Jews sacrificed Christians and drank their blood. Enraged parishioners stormed the ghetto and cut the throats of 128 Jews.

- When the Baha'i faith began in Persia in 1844, the Islamic regime sought to exterminate it. The founder was imprisoned and executed in 1850. Two years later, the religious government massacred 20,000 Baha'is. Streets of Tehran were soaked with blood. The

new Baha'i leader, Bahā' Allāh, was tortured and exiled in foreign Muslim prisons for the rest of his life.

- Human sacrifices were still occurring in Buddhist Burma in the 1850s. When the capital was moved to Mandalay, 56 "spotless" men were buried beneath the new city walls to sanctify and protect the city. When two of the burial spots were later found empty, royal astrologers decreed that 500 men, women, boys, and girls must be killed and buried at once, or the capital must be abandoned. About 100 were actually buried before British governors stopped the ceremonies.

- In 1857 both Muslim and Hindu taboos triggered the Sepoy Mutiny in In-



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I stood on 69 and watched a man in coveralls set a scarred and paint-stained wooden ladder against a stick of aluminum that would one day be a window frame. The ladder leaned against this thin metal strut, beyond which was nothing—the mind-sucking view, the city shrouded in vapors—and then he climbed up the ladder to the top and stood there, wobbling, with scudding clouds passing below him and the wind whipping his hair. He let go of the ladder with both hands and began to bang furiously on a nail.

Strange things happen from this perspective. Each time he scuffed his toe over the edge in a puff of concrete dust, his Red Wing work shoe appeared to cover up a city park, crushing trees and obliterating play equipment. His fist, with which he held on to a steel brace, seemed to demolish an office building. His head annihilated a section of freeway, and cars appeared to stream in one ear and out the other.

When the first Anglo-Saxon peoples came to southwest England 1,400 years ago, they found the ruins of massive stone buildings, which the Romans had left behind, and called that construction "the work of the giants." So it was on our modern towers. Even as I saw the man's toe block out an entire rail yard in the city below, I understood what we were doing up there—we were recapturing the work of the giants.

Beside him now: a crew on a scaffolding, an equally precarious spot; an arc welder working, a cascade of sparks, hallucinations of a woman's hair. The phantasmagoric cataract flowed down the side of the building, swirled in eddies, and was carried off by the wind.

The wind had come up in earnest. It was an effort for me just to stay in one spot. I had heard from the men that sometimes the wind got up to 70 miles per hour, ripping nailed-down plywood sheets away from wooden studs buried in concrete and tearing guardrails free from their moorings. I sat down on a concrete block, trying to ignore the sensation that I was being sucked out into the air, and then noticed something that had escaped my divided attention until that point—I was the only one up there without a safety harness.

One morning a group of us stood waiting in the dank chamber below ground, where curds of concrete had been troweled to look like the icing on a cold and melancholy cake. We were waiting to go on top, and I passed the time watching a woman named Barb, who was engaged in conversation with a young carpenter. She sat on a wire spool and he was on a cinder block. They were just bullshitting, waiting for the eternal elevator. He had a Sawzall in one hand and a carbide circular-saw blade in the other. Every once in a while

as they talked, she'd wallop him on the leg with a punch that would have raised a welt on pine. She wore a hard hat and spectacles, and had a cigarette gripped in her teeth. With her head down like that, spouting a continuous string of invectives (which would have made a wharf rat blush), I might have mistaken her for one of the boys. But at one point she took off her hard hat and stood up. She had short hair, regular features, and bright, laughing eyes. I could see her shape moving inside her coveralls: she was all woman, but she was all muscle, too, with narrow hips and sinewy arms.

She sat down and put her hard hat on again, and as she talked about her "fucking old man," she absently tore up bits and scraps of materials that she found in her immediate vicinity. I could see how shy she was beneath the bravado, and thought how lonely she must be on a job like this—not just because

Barb wore a hard hat and spectacles. I could see her shape moving inside her coveralls: She was all woman, but she was all muscle, too, with narrow hips and sinewy arms.

she was a woman, although certainly that must have made it even more intense. It was lonely for everyone, and the loneliness was made worse by the fact that all of us knew somebody who'd been killed. We were all passing around the same loaded gun, and those of us who had any sense at all understood that it wasn't any safer on the ground.

When it seemed that no one else was listening, Barb's voice softened and she talked intimately with the young man at her side. "It's windy as shit up there today," he said.

"Yeah, I hate it when it's like that," she responded.

"Yeah, I hate it," he echoed softly, sadly.

She reached over and coyly stuck her finger into the hole in the middle of his carbide saw blade and gingerly took it from him. This was a man who would not ordinarily give up his saw blade, not without a fight, but I saw him look at her and smile. She smiled, too, and there was a moment, a connection, before he averted his eyes shyly, looking at her finger in the hole. Then the tenderness seemed to loom between them

like a danger even bigger than the building that surrounded us, and he suddenly came to his senses.

Death was one thing, a man could face that. But love—now, there was some scary shit.

"Hey, look out with that," he said gruffly. "Those cost a dollar ninety-nine at Wal-Mart." He reached for his saw blade, but she pulled it out of his reach.

"Oh, yeah?" she said, suddenly back on guard, and she spun the blade on her finger and lunged at his crotch with it. He whipped up his Sawzall to defend himself.

One day I was at the hospital with a construction worker who had fallen. He had not fallen far, maybe 40 feet. It was not a spectacular accident by any means—most of them aren't. His name was Lawrence Goers, and he was a big man. My first impression when I saw him in the trauma unit was that he'd been in an explosion. The waistband of his jeans, with thermal underwear beneath, was all that remained of the wonderful warmth we wear up there—the overalls, T-shirt, plaid flannel shirt, and then the Walls Blizzard Pruf quilted over-suit. All of that lay in tatters around him, revealing his powerful body. His naked white skin rose and fell with tortured respiration as he struggled to overcome this terrible indignity.

Everything was broken—his lungs, his ribs, his face. His eyes were swollen shut, his nose and mouth covered with the blood that oozed around the tubes and right out of his ears. Beneath the hammered mask of his face, his brain was damaged, too. A piece of bone had come out through his leg, severing a blood vessel; he'd lost a lot of blood. We grieve most for those we love most, and now he was grieving for the ultimate loss: himself. Even his heart was broken. As the dozen or so trauma doctors and nurses worked on him, a radio someone had set up on a counter played the Beatles, softly singing, "If I needed someone to love, you're the one that I'd be thinking of."

I visited Lawrence Goers in the intensive-care unit during the following days. He never regained consciousness. All he knew was that he went to work one day in the usual way, and then he was flying through the air above the city. On the fourth day he died.

We were on the roof at 311 South Wacker. We called it "71," because there were 71 flights of stairs between us and lunch, but it was actually the roof. I looked down at the airplanes landing at Meigs Field. There was no railing, just our fragile perch in the sky, like a butte in a mysterious canyon in a land that had existed only in our wildest dream, but now, bit by insidious bit, had become real.

I had been out there since before



"Welcome to today's session of divorce court. . . ."

CRAZY EDDIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Sirota, the firm's chief partner on the job, Alphonse Ferrara, "had a close personal relationship with Eddie."

"A shockingly inept auditing job was performed," Sirota claims. "The balance sheet showed \$130 million of inventory—of which \$65 million did not exist. When half the inventory is missing, you haven't done the best audit in history."

The team from KMG did perform an audit. But according to court papers, Sam E. Antar was coordinating the falsification of the records and had access to the team's paperwork. The class-action suit charges that the auditors "failed to adequately secure" their working papers, allowing Sam E. or other Crazy Eddie employees to "select, influence, or learn of" the stores that would be spot-checked. One former employee told the S.E.C. that Sam E. had actually broken into the auditors' suitcase. By identifying which locations the auditors had already checked, Sam E. could reasonably predict where they would hit next.

According to S.E.C. testimony, on at least one occasion Sam E. organized an eleventh-hour truck convoy to rush merchandise from one store to another, stuffing the inventory so that it would jibe with the inflated counts. At other times employees are said to have "assisted" in the count by providing false numbers from the floor. On yet another occasion, when the auditors asked to see a particular store's records, Sam E. simply explained that they had been misplaced.

Actually, they had been tossed into a Dumpster somewhere in Brooklyn. More often, incriminating documents were fed into a paper shredder. Sirota maintains that despite such activity, and despite apparent evidence that KMG's papers had been tampered with, KMG said nothing. Instead, it certified the Crazy Eddie financial statements. Sirota has named KMG's parent company in his shareholder class-action suit. In a statement to *Penthouse*, a spokesman for Peat Marwick said, "The claims asserted by the class-action plaintiffs' attorneys are the product of baseless speculation and wishful thinking. Our firm performed its responsibilities in a thoroughly professional and competent manner, and we are confident that we shall be successful in the court proceedings."

Sirota has also named three major brokerage firms—Bear Stearns & Company, Oppenheimer & Company, and Wertheim & Company—for touting Crazy Eddie stock without performing due diligence to insure investors of the company's integrity. Sirota is even suing to recover money from other members

of the Antar family, especially Eddie's father Sam, who earned more than \$16 million from the sale of Crazy Eddie stock during the mid-eighties. In his formal response to the S.E.C. lawsuit, Sam E. Antar denied some of the charges and refused to answer others, invoking his Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination.

But his father's \$16 million was pocket change compared to Eddie Antar's sale of more than \$72 million of Crazy Eddie stock. Before anyone discovered wrongdoing, Eddie had resigned from the board of directors, transferred his money to Israel, and moved to Tel Aviv. His plan was expertly executed, although people still can't understand why a man who hates to run from a fight embarked on a course of action that seemed so likely to result in the endless evasion of authorities. Howard Sirota believes that the answer lies deep within the psyche of the con-man type.

Customers assumed
that the prices marked on
the tags were the
lowest available. This assumption
allowed Crazy
Eddie to sell components for
the same price as
other non-discount retailers.

"The capacity of swindlers to be ingenious is unlimited," he says. "Most of these people would make as much money legitimately, but they get more kicks doing it this way."

Eddie's fraud was not discovered until a new management team, led by investor Victor Palmieri and Elias Zinn, an electronics supplier from Houston, took over the company in November 1987. The new management was brought in to allay stockholder fears caused by Eddie's mysterious dumping of his stock and a sudden and suspicious drop in earnings. After investing many millions to buy into the company, they fired most remaining Antar relatives and cronies and shut all the stores for a daylong inventory check. They then discovered that \$65 million in "phantom" merchandise was missing.

From that point on, the newcomers tried to play catch-up ball with a company nose-diving toward bankruptcy. Credit was tight, morale was low, and employees had lost their favored leader. Management had trouble getting product into the stores. Crazy Eddie became a loser and red ink—\$104 million

of it in fiscal 1988—appeared at Crazy Eddie headquarters for the first time.

By then Eddie and his money had long disappeared. But he reportedly grew bored and restless in the Holy Land, and greatly missed being a big shot in Brooklyn. He reappeared in 1989, presumably to face the lawsuits that the S.E.C., stockholders, and his ex-wife had initiated. For a short while Antar created the biggest boom for big-shot litigators since Claus von Bulow.

Although Antar himself never testified, his attorneys countered charge after charge with legal maneuvers. Justin Feldman, his lawyer in the S.E.C. case, predicted that Eddie "will ultimately be vindicated." According to Feldman, "He didn't do anything wrong. The basic fraud that they're talking about all occurred after he left the company." Feldman made a pathetic attempt to blame Mitchell Antar for the fraud in federal court, but was unable to offer any affirmative defense to counter the S.E.C.'s well-documented charges.

In the end it was the testimony of Eddie's own relatives and close associates that hanged him in court. This is somehow fitting—had he not fired everyone, they might still be holding down the fort today, perhaps even obscuring Eddie's massive fraud from investigatory eyes. According to attorney Marvin Gersten, Arnie Spindler, one of Eddie's most trusted employees, provided some of the most damning evidence to the S.E.C. only after he had been bitterly fired following 17 years of loyal service.

When a federal judge in Newark ruled that Antar had to bring \$52 million back to the United States to be frozen by the court pending the outcome of the S.E.C.'s fraud case, Eddie realized that the jig was up. After the money didn't materialize, the court issued a civil-contempt citation. Perhaps because he suspected U.S. marshalls of looking out for him at airports, Antar appeared in court to be photographed and fingerprinted. This quelled the contempt charge. He was allowed to walk out of the courthouse and, within days, the country. Critics say the U.S. attorney's office should have requested the surrender of Antar's passport, but instead they lowered their guard. Eddie took a gamble that he'd buy a little time, and once more, he was lucky.

It's impossible to say what might have happened to Crazy Eddie had Antar not been so keen to make a quick hundred million illegally. In the end of 1989 the stores closed, one by one, promising the truly lowest prices ever for some of the crummiest merchandise ever to cross a sales floor. Employees talked about what they would do next, but few bore personal hostility toward Eddie Antar. That magic loyalty some-

how lived on. "Even now I don't hear bad about Eddie from the old-timers," observed former employee Rodney Jackson a few days before the 86th Street Crazy Eddie shut its doors forever. "Everybody knew he was a crook," continued Jackson, "that he was dipping into the till. It was okay, because he was the boss. It was business as usual."

Students of psychiatry might learn more from the rise and fall of Crazy Eddie than would-be M.B.A.s. One former Crazy Eddie executive believes that much of the company's failure was rooted in the bitter family conflict: "This whole story is about 3,000 people whose lives were fucked with because of a man's penis, because the guy needed to screw people other than his wife."

There were, of course, other factors in the company's collapse. The formula that worked so well for four stores did not succeed for 40. Crazy Eddie was unable to train the quality sales force needed to reproduce the volume of sales it enjoyed in its first few stores. And the absence of hot new consumer-electronics products hurt badly, as did increased competition.

Those happiest about Crazy Eddie's demise, not surprisingly, are those very competitors whose growth helped drive it out of business. During the past three

years, the Wiz, long Eddie Antar's most bitter rival, has increased its empire from 11 stores to 27, making it the No.1 consumer-electronics retailer in the metropolitan New York area. The Wiz is run by four brothers from a Brooklyn-based Syrian-Jewish family. During the final liquidation auction at Crazy Eddie headquarters in Edison, New Jersey, last November, two of the brothers, young Marvin and Joseph Jemal, spent days buying everything in sight, paying prices even greater than retail. "They have his business," one disgruntled bidder observed, "and now they want his desks." When asked what the lesson of Eddie Antar's failure is, the two Jemal brothers repeated their company's motto, in well-practiced unison, "Nobody beats the Wiz," they sang. "And that is a fact."

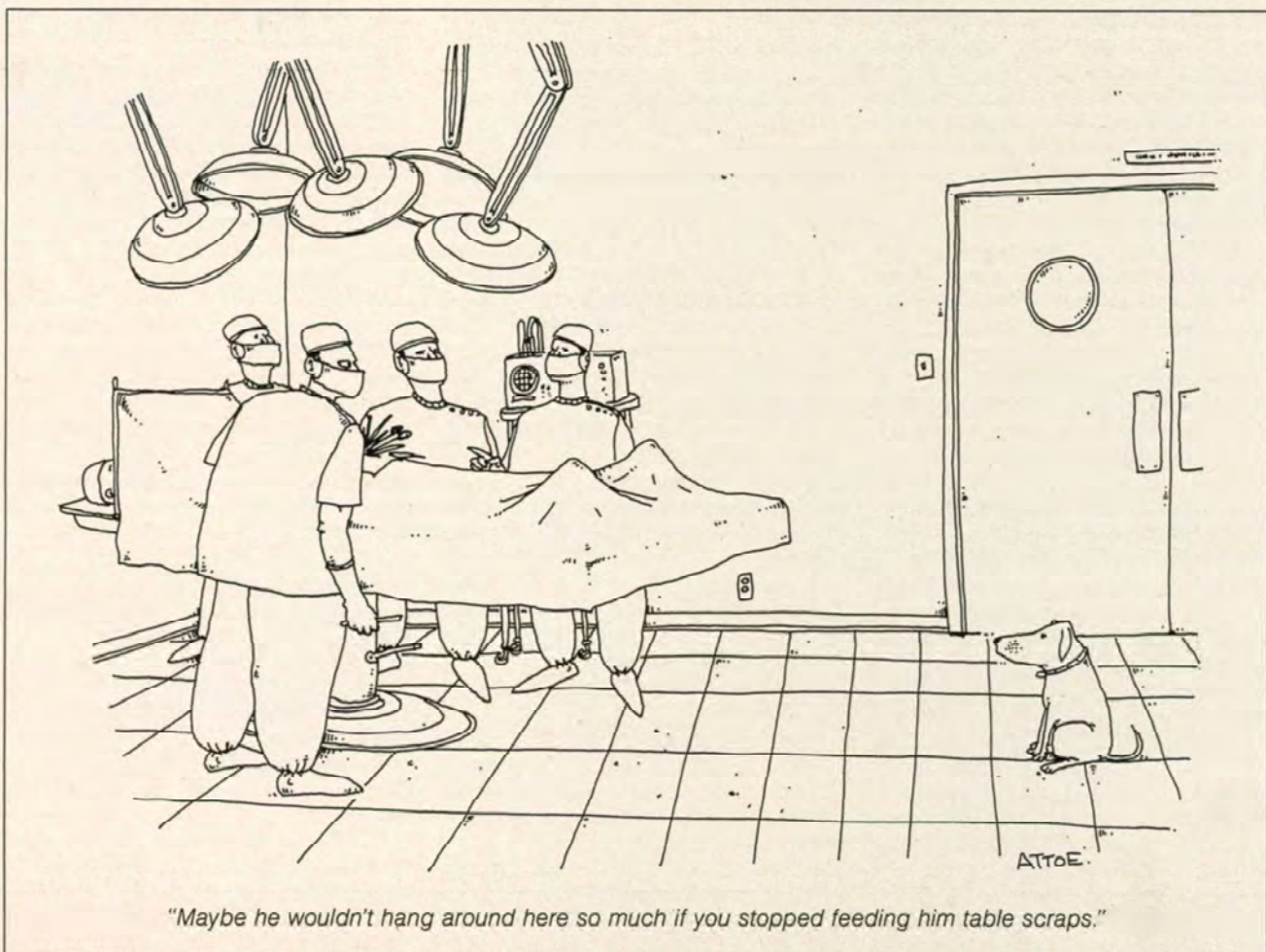
That's not the lesson Eddie Antar would tell you he learned. He would probably say something about never trusting ungrateful relatives. Or claim that his famous good luck will protect him until the end. "Eddie thought he could get away with anything," observes attorney Howard Sirota. "He's falling from the Chrysler Building, but he still thinks he's going to land on his feet. He always has in the past."

Tough talk from a lawyer whose clients hunger for a grab into Eddie's deep pockets. U.S. Marshall Arthur

Borinsky, the man responsible for tracking down fugitive Antar, is equally determined. Although he doesn't see much hope of getting Antar extradited from Israel on civil charges, he claims that his office will be able to stop Eddie from ever getting hold of his money. Drug runners and dictators more familiar with international money-laundering operations would predict a different outcome. (Extradition might be possible if and when the U.S. attorney's office files criminal charges against Antar; they reportedly have been pending for nearly a year.)

Meanwhile, Crazy Eddie himself was last rumored to be studying the ancient mystical art of the Jewish cabala with a prominent Jerusalem-based rabbi as his mentor. Having exhausted his considerable stockpile, he's looking to build a new surplus of good luck. And since luck is not a commodity that false inventories or fast talk can certify, nobody can tell how Eddie will come out this time around. Will he grow bored with laying low and return to America? Will he wish he had settled for 20 million square bucks instead of 72 million slippery ones? Will he pay his lawyers?

Only an intense, dark man brooding in Jerusalem can answer these questions. And maybe not even him. After all, they didn't call him Crazy Eddie for nothing. 



"Maybe he wouldn't hang around here so much if you stopped feeding him table scraps."

THE BIBLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

State Psychiatric Institute and a Meese Commission member. Experts in paraphillias such as Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University have found that the kinks of sexual desire are formed by serendipitous and largely uncontrollable "real life" childhood impressions, rather than magazines or movies. Correlation studies on the prevalence of sexual material and sex crimes find that sexual violence increases proportionately not with increased availability of magazines or videos but with the number of single young men living in a given area.

Nevertheless, the notion that words, pictures, or music can cause violence or social decay continues to gain credibility among socially sensitive groups as well as the media and general public. None of these groups, however, pursue their beliefs to their most logical conclusion: that if we ban all material people say "made [them] do it," organized religion and the Bible would be the most often cited. We don't have to look at the dismal historical record, as James A. Haught does so convincingly in his companion article. Mr. List's pathetic note to his pastor, mentioned earlier, is but one of the most recent, sensational examples—as is the case of Ronald St. John, who in 1988 confessed that he had fatally stabbed his daughter because God told him to. An investigation makes a persuasive case for St. John's alibi, far stronger than any link scientists have been able to establish between movies or music and violent crimes.

With worldwide sales that pornographers would sell their souls for, the Bible includes detailed justification for child abuse, wife battery, rape, and the daily humiliation of women. Short stories running through the text serve as models for sexual assault and the mauling of children. The entire set of books is available not only to adults but to any child who takes an interest, and in some cases children are encouraged, even forced, to read it. This material is printed and distributed by some of the world's richest, most powerful organizations with the largest real estate holdings on the planet. Through one of the oldest I.R.S. loopholes, these organizations operate tax-free.

Point-blank, the Bible tells women to obey men. "The head of the woman is the man" is asserted in Corinthians 11:3, and "[Thy husband] shall rule over thee" (Genesis 3:16). The Bible also specifies exactly how many shekels less than men women are worth. Genesis 19:1-8 tells one of many tales about fathers setting up their daughters to be gang-raped. Even more prevalent are sex-with-the-maid frolics and glamorized

war stories where the fruits of victory are the local girls. In one perverse tale, a group of men ogle the blood-stained sheets of a virgin's wedding night, but perhaps most gruesome is the snuff story about the guy who set his maid up to be gang-raped and, after her death from the assault, cut her body up in little pieces. Unlike the scenarios of heavy metal songs or popular movies, these tales are generally taken to be true—not simulated—accounts.

Child abuse is another biblical motif. With repeated suggestions to beat children, some passages celebrate this idea in graphic detail and recommend it for one's personal enjoyment. "Happy shall he be," according to Psalms 137:9, "that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Proverbs 20:30 offers this advice: "The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil; so do stripes the inward parts of the belly."

Applying to this material the belief

With worldwide sales
that pornographers would sell
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cation of child
abuse, wife battery, and rape.

that people mimic what they read, members of the A.F.A., WAP, and the N.C.T.V. might predict that the Bible is also taken literally and imitated by some. Consider the Brooklyn, New York, man who repeatedly stabbed his three-year-old son because he was "satanic and the devil's baby." According to his wife, Harry Ossip had spent weeks walking around with the Bible and attending meetings held by Jehovah's Witnesses before he went after the toddler with an eight-inch serrated blade.

A year earlier, in 1987, a Fort Lauderdale, Florida, evangelist had killed his two-year-old daughter by "chastening" her with a belt, confessing that he was "training" her according to biblical injunction.

The New Bethany Baptist Church Home for Boys in Walterboro, South Carolina, was raided in 1984 for similar "training" that included beating the children with a plastic pipe and confining them to small, unlit cells. School administrators defended their policies by quoting Proverbs 22:15: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of the child,

but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

Hundreds of instances like this come to the attention of the courts and press each year, in spite of pressure to keep them hidden (I'd like to thank Annie Laurie Gaylor for the impressive research she amassed in her book *Betrayal of Trust: Clergy Abuse of Children*). Like domestic violence a decade ago, reporting biblically inspired abuse is vehemently discouraged by the victim's family, friends, and church; victims' claims are most often ignored, even ridiculed. Accordingly, some cases take years to surface.

In 1987 a woman testified before a Texas grand jury about the "sexual slavery" her father inflicted on her during her childhood. He justified her submission—to her and to himself—by claiming that he was Jesus Christ. Rebellion was punished by corporal punishment and biblical threats. Another woman wrote to Ann Landers in 1987 that her parents quoted from the Bible as they "flogged away at my brothers and me. I have scars on my shoulders and back, partial deafness, and bumps on my head . . ." When her grandfather began sexually abusing her at age eight, he told her that it was permissible because he, like King Solomon, was the wisest and holiest of men and could have any virgin in the land. "I realized what was going on when I was about ten," she wrote. "I told on him, but nobody believed me."

The men who inflicted the attacks above were not theologians or specialists in biblical scripture, but average citizens with regular access to it. Some people read the Bible daily for professional reasons; there is extensive evidence suggesting that the frequency of their abuses parallels their avid attention to the text.

In 1989 Oliver Thomas, general counsel for the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs, told the Associated Press that over 100 claims of child abuse by church workers had been filed nationwide. That year in the Canadian province of Newfoundland, seven Catholic priests were charged with molesting boys. Rev. James Hickey, one of the most highly regarded clerics in the community, was indicted on 20 counts of sexual assault over a 17-year period. In 1987 alone, over 75 cases came to light in the U.S. press of girls, boys, and women beaten or sexually abused by members of the clergy. In 1986 and 1987, five accounts found their way into the media of children who had gone to ministers for counseling and were then sexually molested.

In 1986 we also saw a Hackensack, New Jersey, minister convicted of sexually abusing a blind woman in his care. That year five women sued a Chattanooga minister for rape and battery that

occurred while they were staying at a shelter for homeless women and children.

Between 1984 and 1987, the press exposed seven men of the cloth who had beaten and sexually abused their wives. In 1986 an Alabama minister was convicted of the rape and assault of his mentally retarded 16-year-old daughter. In the summer of 1989, Rev. Thomas Streitferdt was convicted of first-degree rape and three other counts of sexual abuse involving three women in his church in New York's Harlem district. A white man, Rev. Streitferdt reportedly aggravated his assaults by calling at least one woman "nigger."

Another infamous case is that of southern evangelist preacher Tony Leyva, who in 1988 admitted to sexual congress with 100 boys over a 20-year period beginning in 1969, at times passing the boys on to a church associate or his organist. Police suspect that the real count may be as high as 800. Equally impressive is Father Gilbert Gauthe of Louisiana who admitted to sexually abusing 37 boys and one girl (authorities suspect twice that number). Reportedly, he molested some as many as 200 times—including oral and anal rape and using the children in pornographic pictures.

Early in 1988 Rev. Francis Guy Haight, principal of the Baptist Christian Academy in Monroe, Wisconsin, admitted that he could not "even begin to estimate how many times" he called young girls into his office and fondled them. He was sentenced to 20 years in prison on three counts of first-degree sexual assault.

Another dismaying stunner is the case of 16-year-old Rita Milla, who charged in a 1984 lawsuit that she had repeatedly engaged in sex with Father Santiago Tamayo of Carson, California. He then "shared" her with several other priests and, when she became pregnant in 1982, shipped her off to the Philippines and sent her \$450 to have the baby alone. (The lawsuit was eventually thrown out on technicalities.)

One of the most ironic cases of clerical abuse involves Rev. John Janney, Sr., who in 1985 pleaded guilty to molesting three male foster children in his care. As a minister at the Calvary Bible Baptist Church in Bridgeton, New Jersey, Janney had campaigned against "humanist" literature that he felt would "corrupt the morals of youths."

Ron J. Steckbauer of Ocean Beach, California, who ran a Bible-study group for boys, was arrested in 1987 for what police believe may have been over 100 incidents of molestation of 15 boys between the ages of ten and 14. The study group was reportedly Steckbauer's instrument for finding boys and persuading them to comply with him.

Also that year, Richard Galdon, a New Jersey priest, pleaded guilty to mo-



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AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, sturdy barrelmen and charred oak barrels are a big part of our whiskey's smoothness.

Actually, Jack Daniel's is uncommonly smooth before it goes into the oak. You see, every drop has been seeped through vats of hard maple charcoal prior to aging. Any rough edges are removed right here. Then, barrelmen make sure more smoothing occurs inside the wood. Naturally, the whole process takes a lot of time. And a lot of lifting. But, we believe, the results are worth all our barrelmen's efforts.

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lesting three young students at a parochial school where he taught for 27 years.

The Reverend Gary Willard Hambricht, a Southern Baptist, was charged with molesting ten girls and boys in the U.S. Army preschool at the Presidio base in San Francisco, giving chlamydia to four of the toddlers.

And let us not forget former Covenant House president Father Bruce Ritter, who railed against pornography and screamed to ban it when he sat on the Meese Commission. In the last year, Ritter has been accused by several young men who sought sanctuary at his New York home for runaways of abusing his position by taking sexual advantage of them. He resigned his post as head of Covenant House in February, after which the Manhattan district attorney closed its inquiry. With new charges of financial skulduggery, however, the story is far from over.

Perhaps most horrific were the 1989 cult murders on the Texas-Mexico border where a commune kidnapped and killed its victims in religious ceremonies that involved boiling the bodies and cannibalism. And three years earlier, Thomas Eugene Dawkins, a Mormon Sunday-school teacher from South Carolina, had been found guilty of torturing and raping a girl over a two-year period starting when she was 13, and terrifying her into submission by cutting her, showing her body parts he kept in jars, and threatening to dissect her.

The Tex-Mex and Dawkins cases point to a special subgroup of Bible readers who have a taste for highly stylized ritual violence, ironically called "healings" by insiders. In one such ceremony, a North Carolina minister strangled a four-year-old boy in order to rid him "of the devil." An eight-year-old girl with Down's syndrome was strangled in a similar "exorcism" in Jeanerette, Louisiana. We expect that John Cardinal O'Connor had less deadly results.

When Andrea Cowan, sister-in-law of Rev. Kevin Cowan of the Rock Zion Baptist Church in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was indicted for ceremoniously plucking out the eye of a 16-year-old boy, she told police that she was following this passage from Matthew (18:9): "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." The boy was taken to the hospital days later, with his left eye dangling on his cheek.

At times Bible-inspired abuse has led not to murder but suicide, another tip for parents worried about Dungeons and Dragons. In 1979 a New Jersey boy spent a summer at a Boy Scout camp where he was repeatedly molested by a Franciscan brother. The boy took an overdose after writing: "It wasn't worth living." In some cases, the effects of sexual abuse are delayed. In 1987 a 27-year-old Florida man who had been

molested by a priest when he was 16 hanged himself.

Once grown, victims of biblically guided abuse often repeat the violence they endured as children. Gregory John Riedle claimed that he was molested as a boy by a St. Paul priest; as an adult, he served a sentence for molesting a girl. A Detroit man, abused by a church bookkeeper as a boy, returned to the church and beat his former assailant to death with a religious statue because, he confusedly testified, he "was afraid of being raped again."

Perhaps most dismaying is the record of clergy who are protected by their superiors when their crimes are revealed. Carl M. Cannon of the *San Jose Mercury News* conducted a three-month-long investigation into 25 dioceses of such cover-ups. The following is an excerpt from his report "Priests Who Molest" (December 30-31, 1987):

Confronted with complaints that priests have molested children, some Catholic dioceses have responded by attempting to discredit those who made the allegations.

"Confronted with complaints that priests have molested children, some Catholic dioceses have responded by attempting to discredit those who made the allegations. Catholic officials have sought to seal court records, attacked newspapers, and impugned the motives and even the sanity of those who have brought complaints against priests. . . . Keeping the details of the cases secret has been a consistent church priority, according to court records, families of victims, law-enforcement officials, and attorneys who have sued the church. . . . In more than 25 dioceses across the country, church officials have failed to notify authorities, transferred molesting priests to other parishes, ignored parental complaints, and disregarded the potential damage to child victims."

Challenged by evidence of child abuse or rape, some dioceses try to buy off victims and their families. Father Gauthier's escapades in Louisiana cost the church at least \$12 million in victim compensation. The Orlando diocese paid \$3 million to the families of four victims, according to estimates by

attorneys Sheldon Stevens and Charles E. Davis, in order to head off the investigation of five other priests accused of child abuse.

Men of the cloth who end up in court frequently receive wondrously light sentences. According to the *National Catholic Reporter*, 130 cases of pedophilia among priests and brothers were reported to the Vatican embassy in Washington, D.C., between 1983 and 1987. Only 18 of the accused priests were sentenced to time in prison. Rev. John S. Lower of Oklahoma molested an eight-year-old girl during Bible-study sessions and received three years unsupervised probation.

After a sexually abusive relationship with a teenage boy, Pastor Charles Brown of London Baptist Church in Evergreen, Alabama, was convicted of a reduced misdemeanor charge and got a suspended sentence. Rev. David Lee Taylor of Grace Epworth United Methodist Church in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, admitted to two counts of sodomy with a ten-year-old boy he was counseling through the Bartlesville Big Brother program.

Taylor's punishment? He received a two-year prison term, a \$3,600 fine, and a mandate to pay \$100 to the victim-compensation program.

In the face of sexual abuse, violence, and the frequent collusion to cover up these acts, women have formed the support organization Good Tidings, headquartered in Canadensis, Pennsylvania. According to Executive Director Catherine Grenier, "There are women who are becoming pregnant, women who are being cornered, women who are being hurt, women who are being physically, emotionally, and mentally abused by priests, and the church is protecting the priests." Children, sadly, have fewer resources through which to seek help.

The foregoing list, though by no means exhaustive, reflects the "personal" violence inspired by the Bible—the cottage industry of abuse. I leave it to others to investigate the more extensive and public mayhem discussed by Mr. Haught—inquisitions, "witch" burnings, crusades, pogroms, jihads—as well as to examine schemes such as slavery, apartheid, and genocide that the Good Book has long served to buttress.

Perhaps we should grant that the Meese Commission and citizen groups such as WAP and the A.F.A. have stumbled onto a valuable point: Maybe people do mindlessly mimic what they read or hear. A new government commission might take testimony from criminals who admit that they not only get their ideas from the Bible scripture but also follow it step-by-step.

In fact, perhaps the time has come for an entirely new group: "Women Against the Bible." O+



*"I don't believe in
secrets. With
me, what you see is
what you get!"*

JOHNE



“My girlfriend and
I once had our eye on the same
guy, so we shared him.”



DOUBLE EXPOSURE

It's not for nothing that Missouri is known as the Show Me State. Just one look at its dazzling inhabitant Johnie Cheney, our August Pet of the Month, is proof that seeing *is* believing. "Anyone can have a way with words," says the 21-year-old dark-eyed beauty, "but for me, actions speak a whole lot louder." Having tried her hand at modeling, Johnie now aspires to an acting career, preferably in television. "I just love showing off in front of a camera," Johnie freely admits. "In all my relationships, I believe in totally baring myself—body and soul—double exposure. I don't believe in secrets. With me, what you see is what you get!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER, JR.



● *I know I've got what it takes to make that special guy happy. And if he's interested, then he'll have to show me!* ●

"Every woman has fantasies of someday becoming a dancer, singer, or model. Well, my dream has always been to appear in *Penthouse*. Ever since I saw it for the first time, I wanted to be one of those beautiful women that all the world falls in love with." Now that her wish has come true? "I'm totally ecstatic!"







Johnie attributes her intensity to her unusual heritage. "Being part Russian, I consider myself somewhat intellectual, but then," she beams proudly, "there's my American Indian side—very passionate, very earthy, very tomboyish! The first book that ever made me cry was *Call of the Wild*. I think my Indian side wins out every time."







When asked about her most remarkable sexual experience, 34-23-35 Johnie doesn't miss a beat. "My boyfriend and I were making love on my parents' couch about a year ago," she confides, "when my father walked in on us. I say it's remarkable because I'm still here to talk about it!"



In her spare time, Johnie enjoys reading, sketching, and listening to hard rock music. "Aerosmith is one of my favorite bands," says Johnie. "Their music's wild—like me!"



“Being part Russian, I consider myself somewhat intellectual, but then there’s my American Indian side—very passionate, very earthy, very tomboyish!”

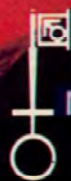
“I’ve done some pretty way-out things,” Johnie confesses. “My girlfriend and I once had our eye on the same guy at a party, so we shared him. But,” she adds wistfully, “no more of that—I’m ready to settle down. I know I’ve got what it takes to make that special guy happy. And if he’s interested,” adds the Missouri miss with a grin, “why, then he’ll have to show *me*!”





Titanium jewelry by Spectore, Boca Raton, Fla.; wardrobe by Rock-a-Go-Go, Las Vegas, Nev.





MISS JOHNNIE CHENEY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



“The White House says publicly that nothing is too good for veterans, but in private it directs subordinates to give them next to nothing.”

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

More than a year ago, we had high hopes that the cabinet-level Department of Veterans' Affairs would succeed in achieving a structural reform of veterans' programs and come up with an overall policy both equitable and appropriate. Today, those hopes have been dashed.

The “few good men” recruited by D.V.A. Secretary Edward J. Derwinski to run the department have been overwhelmed by forces beyond their control. To their credit, they have established a reasonable level of efficiency within the D.V.A., though they have not been able to achieve the miracle of doing more and more with less and less. In short, we are getting a shrinking system of veterans' programs and benefits, one driven by fiscal constraints rather than actual expanded need, equity, or prior commitments.

There is no Berlin Wall to rationalize this diminution in *real* financial terms of the costs of veterans' programs and benefits. The explanation lies, instead, in the fact that the Bush administration is acting on the assumption that Americans are not interested in assisting veterans in the 1990s. This assumption ties into President Bush's only noteworthy line in his campaign and presidency so far—namely, “No new taxes.”

We have been encouraged by the D.V.A.'s willingness to admit previous mistakes and attempt to rectify them. Its approach has been to search for ways to execute the laws on the books, and, where necessary or worthwhile, to seek their modification—not to advocate new legislation. Unfortunately,



fortunately, the often-burned veterans' service organizations have been less supportive of these efforts than they might have been. This divisiveness has been exploited by the unseen “budgeteers” in the White House, who say publicly that “nothing is too good for the veterans” while privately directing their subordinates to give them next to nothing, or so little that it merely adds to their problems.

Chaos in the federal government is so widespread that it is difficult *not* to be cynical about anything proposed by our elected and appointed officials. Actually, the veterans legislation already on the books could serve as the basis for a strong policy into the next millennium, one supported by the American public. The great danger facing America's veterans is not the lack of a policy *per se*, but the fact that the Bush administration and Congress are trying to reason backward from a fiscal policy of “no new taxes” to a veterans policy. The same fallacy is at work in the noisy attempt to extract a “peace dividend” from the defense budget before figuring out the future of U.S. military strategy.

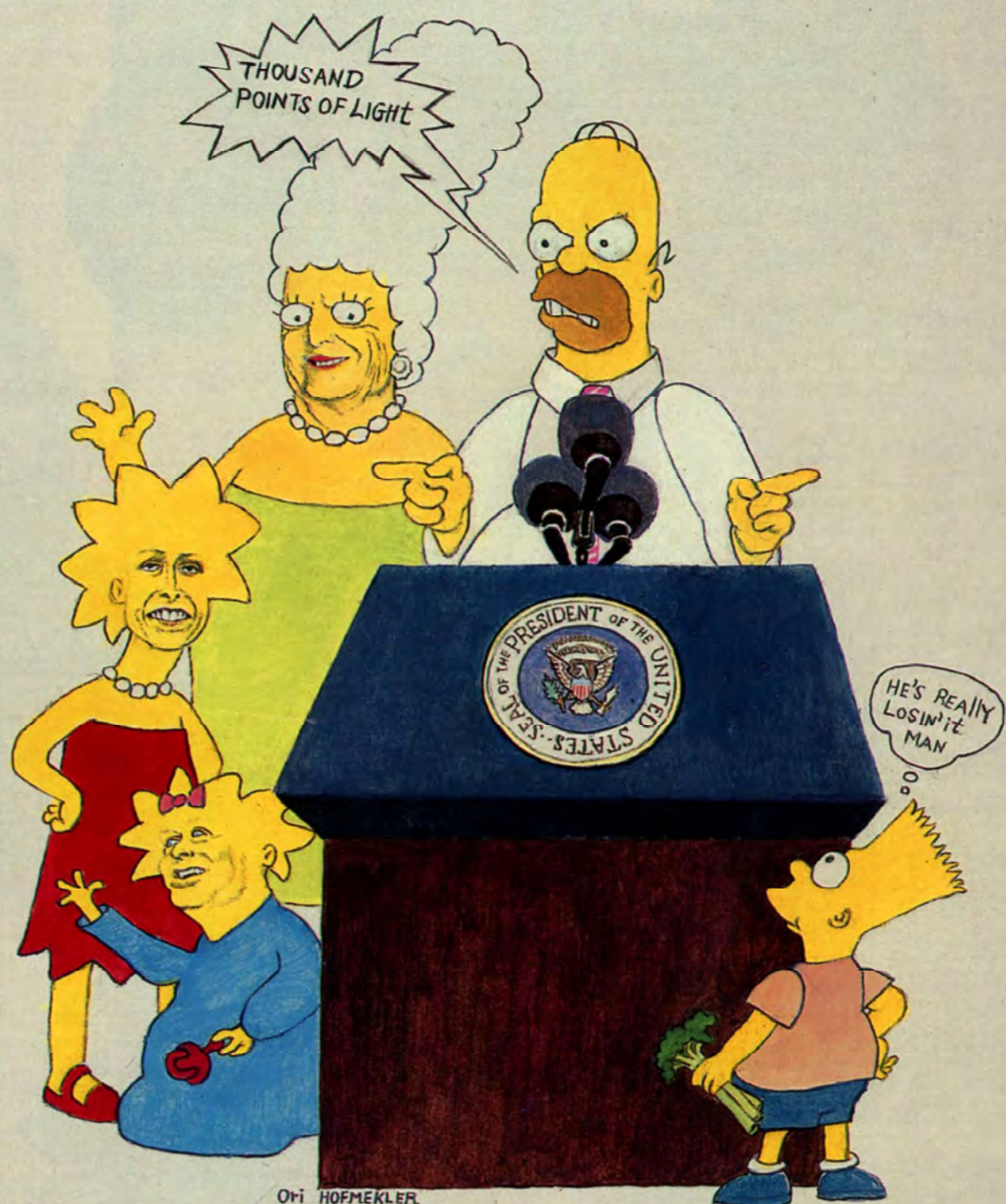
Unlike the defense budget, which lost the greatest justification for its size and scope with the opening of the Berlin Wall, D.V.A. budget requirements have increased with the needs of an aging veteran population. In addition to the “enemy” of old age and its infirmities faced by veterans of World War II and Korea, some 500,000 Vietnam veterans are afflicted with post-traumatic stress disorder—and less than 40,000 of them have received any treatment or assistance. Similarly, almost 20 years after the United States stopped spraying Agent Orange in Vietnam, it has now been grudgingly accepted that the cost of this experiment in chemical warfare includes an increased incidence of a variety of cancers, sterility, and other debilitating effects on those who were exposed—as well as birth defects in their children.

Although America's active combat participation in the Vietnam War ended more than 17 years ago, its legacy is still evident in our national life. Despite the best efforts of many, we have not yet turned over America's longest war to the historians. The war is still being de-

bated, and it still serves as a source of anger, humiliation, and shame in the minds of those who have yet to come to grips with our military failure.

Throughout this period, the Vietnam veterans have been the symbol of our inability to put the war behind us and get on with attempting to solve our persistent national problems. Almost as the statement “We put a man on the moon, didn't we?” has been used to raise expectations in our various wars on drugs, poverty, and crime, the loss in Vietnam has been used as an excuse for various legislative and bureaucratic failures by pundits, politicians, and bureaucrats. America's failure in Vietnam has become a convenient, multipurpose alibi. The word *Vietnam* has almost achieved the status of a semantic bridge between blustering political rhetoric and fiscal cop-out.

Recently, White House Office of Management and Budget Director Richard Darman said that Americans did not fight the wars of the twentieth century in order to make the world safe for green vegetables. That's certainly true, though Darman himself sat the war out at Harvard College (B.A., 1964), at Harvard Business School (M.B.A., 1967), and through marriage (September 1, 1967). Whatever their reasons for *not* evading or avoiding service, the veterans of Vietnam didn't fight in order to make the world safe for persons who would praise them with one voice and punish them with another. They certainly didn't fight it with the help of Richard Darman and his ilk.—William R. Corson



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 87

STUFF

HOT WHEELS
BY GERARD
VAN DER LEUN

RIGHT



AMERICAN MADE

One of the finest motorcycles in the world is created here in America. No, it's not the legendary Harley line, but the Wisconsin-bred Buell RS1200. Made for the back and high roads of America and powered by the

Evolution 1200 Harley-Davidson motor, the Buell RS1200 is a pure dream machine. Fewer than 200 will be manufactured this year, priced at \$14,500. Contact Buell Motor Company, 214 Jefferson Street, Mukwonago, Wisconsin 53149.



TRACK OR STREET?

The Honda RC30 is the first collaboration between Honda's regular designers and their racing wizards. The result is a stunningly powerful bike that

can cruise to the track and then jump right into the race. It features a high-performance 16-valve engine displacing 748cc; six gears; and a computer-controlled ignition.



BEYOND THE LIMIT

Riding high on the cutting edge of quality, performance, and technology is Yamaha's FZR1000 for 1990.

The heart of this outstanding machine is the 1,003cc liquid-cooled four-cylinder engine, which is second to none. Pre-loaded front forks and a Mono-cross rear suspension give you a ride as smooth as a Cadillac at cruising speed.

Hard to beat in power and style, the FZR1000 is a leading contender for the head of its class.



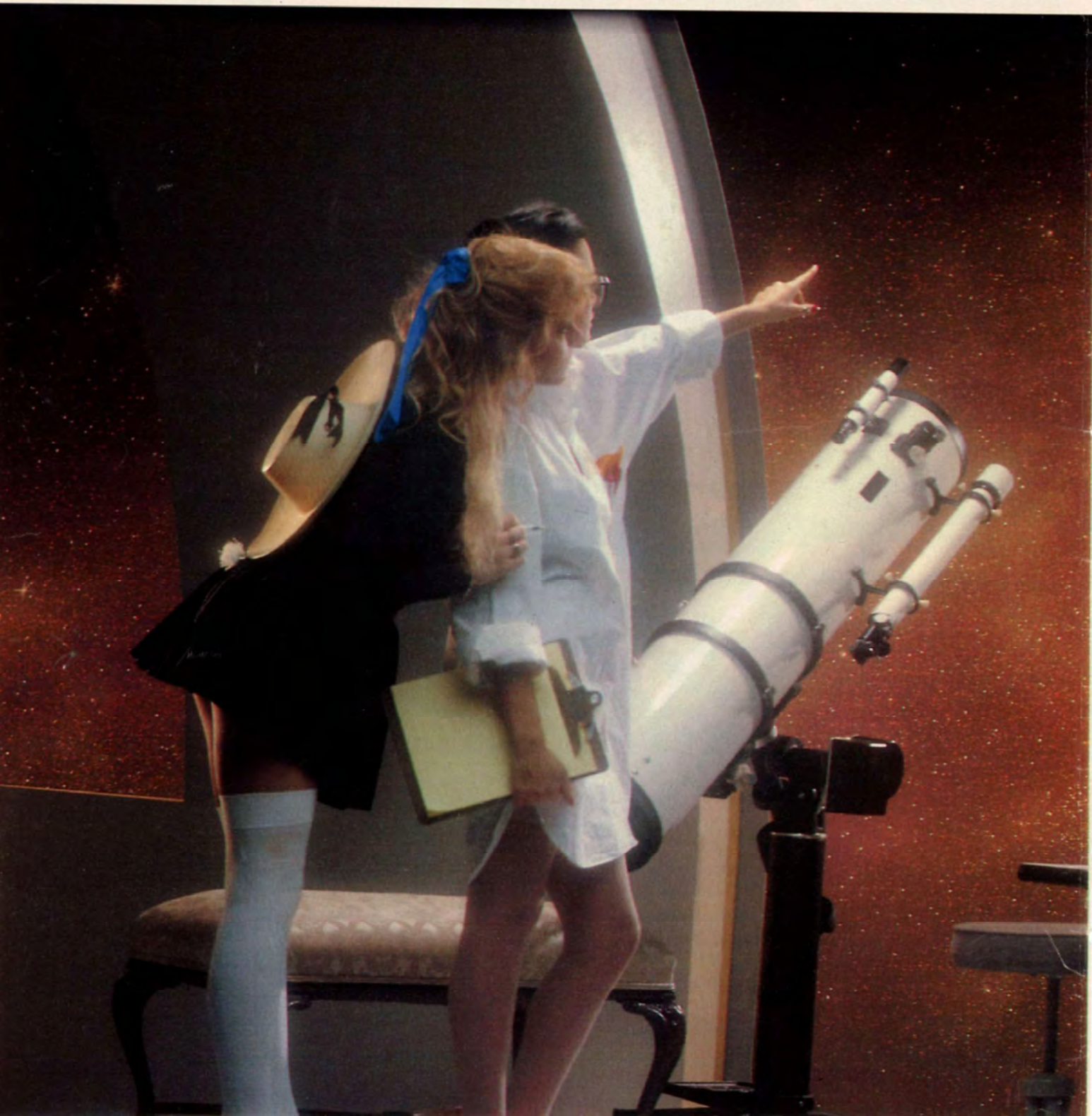
THE ULTIMATE NINJA

Topping out Kawasaki's highly successful Ninja series is the 1990 Ninja ZX-11. The soul of this machine rests in its 1,052cc, 16-valve, twin-cam, four-stroke engine. This puts the power on the road where it belongs. Digitally controlled carburetors and a closed intake system make this an all-weather motorcycle. It sells for around \$7,500 at all Kawasaki dealers.



THE CUTE ONE

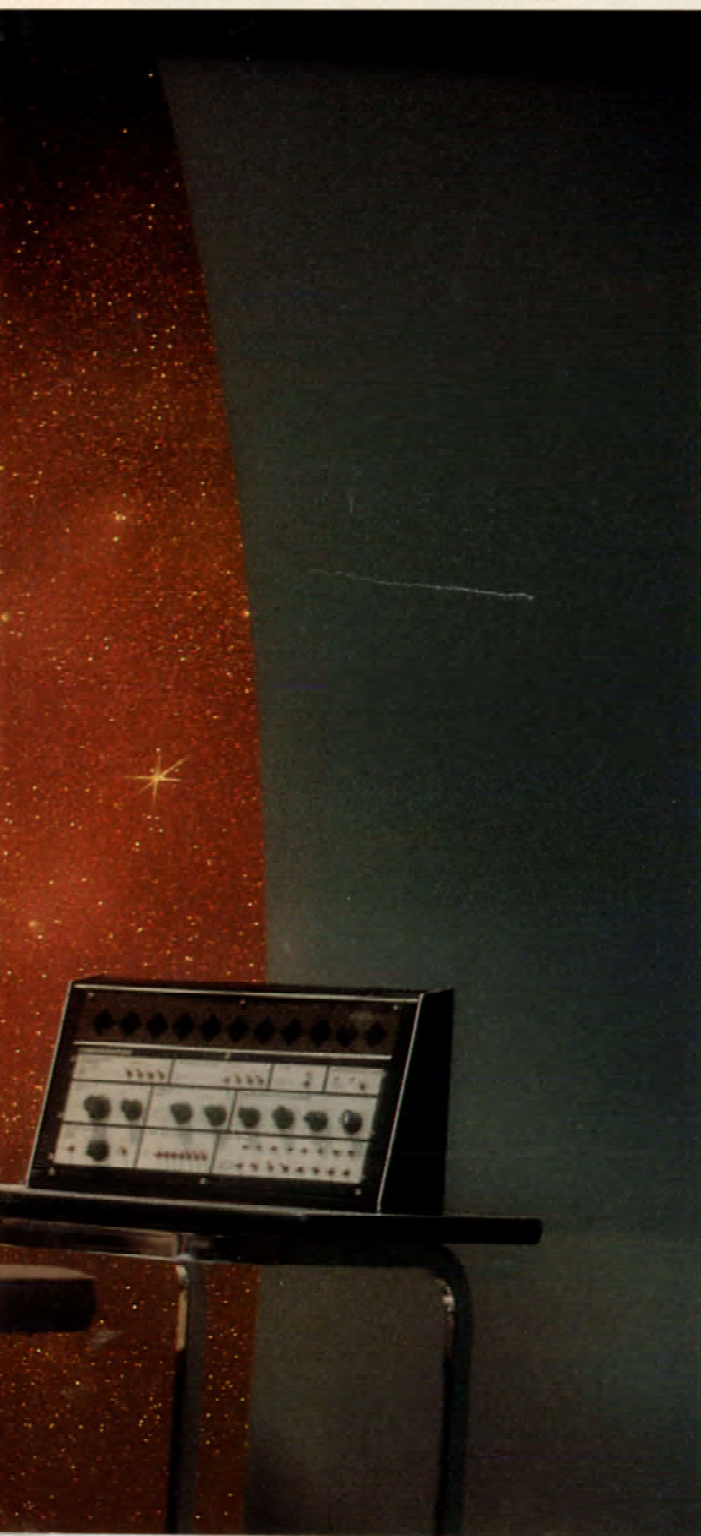
It's hard to imagine a motorcycle that is actually "cute," but the Honda Cub fills the bill. What's more, it's a kick in the pants to ride. Powered by a stunning 90cc engine, the Cub has an automatic transmission. Just the thing for traveling to the mall. Hell, just the thing for traveling *in* the mall. It will retail for about \$1,500 when it's introduced at Honda dealers later this year.

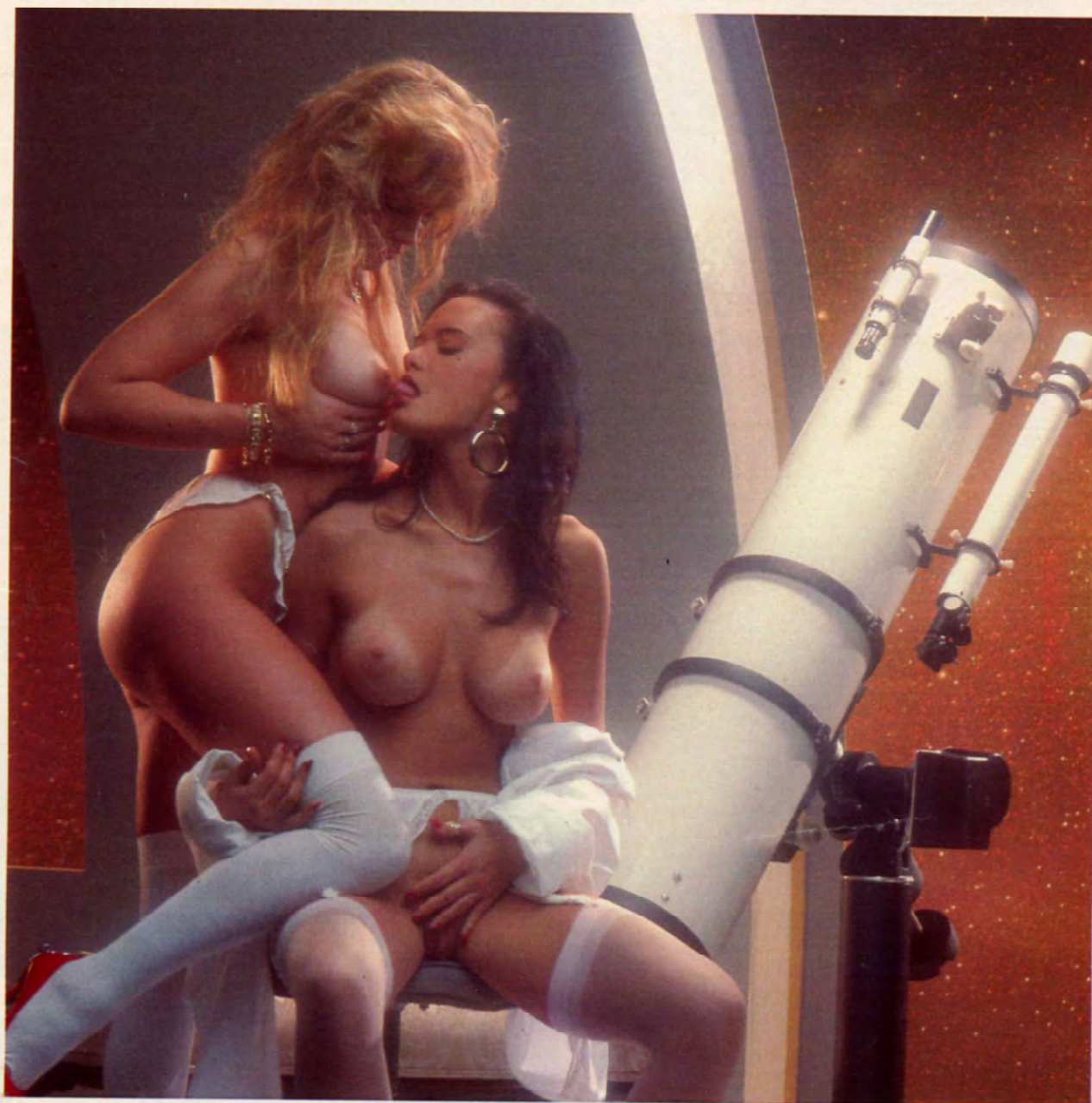


ROMANCING THE STARS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DAVID

Lisa never understood what Thaina saw in all that darkness. "That's because you've never been made love to by a star," replied Thaina, her teacher, as she beckoned Lisa to the window. She gazed at the moon and found herself aroused by its beauty. The cool air was intoxicating, and Thaina's touch, gentle. More than lessons in astronomy would be exchanged that night.





The two celestial bodies collided. Lisa allowed her starry-eyed host to explore the nether reaches of her private universe, treating her to a view of nature . . . opulent, mysterious, and strictly withheld from their college textbooks.







The pretty coed fantasized that they were constellations coming to life. She imagined Thaina as Orion the Hunter, and she, the Goddess of the Moon. School trips to the planetarium were never like this!







Lisa no longer thought of the observatory as just a cold building full of mathematical equations and abstract theories. Here with Thaina, she had, at last, found a little heaven on earth.





DANGEROUS PROFESSIONS: PART ONE

CONSTRUCTION



BY LAURENCE GONZALES

The unimaginable crushing weight of a skyscraper stands in equilibrium with the muscle of the earth itself, and together they tremble, pushing against each other like the motionless wrestling of equal Titans. The old timers used to say that one man would be killed for every million dollars spent. But costs went up, and the modern equivalent became "One man for every seven stories."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY





We all think we know what danger is. We've all been afraid. But fear and danger are not the same. Children are afraid of the dark, but the dark won't hurt them. Many people fear flying, and yet flying is safer than driving. . . . At least, statistics tell us that. But statistics don't tell the real story.

Statistically, injury for injury, it is more dangerous to be a farmer than to pilot a fighter plane. But when an Air Force F-16 crashes into the suburbs of Wiesbaden, it is far more spectacular and commands our attention in a way that will never be matched when a tractor crushes a farmer to death.

In a way, our collective perception of danger has to do with glamour, while individual perceptions of danger are, well, individual. But even sexy danger can become commonplace. Arnold Palmer's chief pilot took me into his jet one day and pointed at the cockpit. "That's my office," he said.

In this ongoing series of articles, we will discover various definitions of danger—some in surprising places. We will meet people in various professions, from firemen to crack dealers, all of whom live and work, daily, near death. In so doing, I believe we will also discover that deep within all human beings is a spark of heroism and daring that guarantees that mankind is not so commonplace after all.

The stories about death were told as if casting a spell. After I had been working on high buildings for a while, I came to understand that the construction workers tried, unconsciously, to transfer death and all its grisly trappings to the newcomer. By telling it, they gave it away—the more gruesome the tale was, the better for warding off danger—and like a game of tag, whoever was "it" had to turn around and give it away again. I got splashed with blood, metaphorically speaking, just as soon as I got on the job, and now I'm obliged to pass it on to you. It's part of the ritual of initiation.

Buddy O'Malley, a truck driver, was killed when a crane fell on him in a steel yard. Buddy was delivering a tall crane on a flatbed truck. He parked in back of the steel mill, and the crew gathered to figure out how to get the crane off the flatbed. The men sipped coffee and laughed as the summer sun grew high, sucking up the crane's long shadow, like blood soaking into the brown earth that had been turned for years by the studded heels of rolling stock.

Suddenly, the crane's shadow began to get longer, and the men looked up to see it tipping over. The abused earth had given way beneath the truck's tires, which now listed to one side, spilling the crane off the flatbed.

Most of the men were too stunned to move, and they simply let events move around them. But Buddy panicked and

ran. The crane boom was creaking as it came down through the air like the long neck of a brontosaurus. Buddy ran a kind of zigzag pattern at first, the way ants run when you kick an anthill. It was as if he could see his own fate stalking him, as if he had driven all the way from home with fate at his heels and had mounted the cab of his truck that morning knowing that Death itself was drawing a bead on him as he sipped his coffee.

Then he straightened his path and ran flat out, as hard as he could. He ran right into the shadow of the dinosaur, where man merged with darkness, and the earth swallowed him.

One of the ironworkers ran to Buddy and turned away as soon as he saw what had happened: A length of intestine had come out of Buddy's mouth. The crane boom had cut him in half.

It took three hours of hard work in the hot summer sun to get the crane lifted

One of the ironworkers ran to Buddy and turned away as soon as he saw what had happened: A length of intestine had come out of his mouth.

The crane boom had cut him in half.

off the corpse. "We picked him up with a No. 16 banjo shovel," the ironworker told me, fashioning for me the gift of these images, casting out Death with his spell of words. "Buddy turned black lying there in the sun. The smell was so bad it coulda gagged a maggot."

This story was one kind of initiation, but it wasn't long before I was crawling around on tall buildings and death was happening for real. Right here in Chicago, a material tower (a crane that resembles a T square) on top of a new building was lifting a bucket of cement. The bucket had reached the 40th floor when it caught on the lip of the building and tipped over like a cream pitcher, pouring a ton of wet concrete to the street below, where it crushed the driver's side of a taxi, killing the cabbie. The vehicle, bearing its grim cargo, continued to roll along in the slow-traffic lane until a passerby reached inside and pulled the parking brake. The flattened cab, bearing the flat man, came to rest in front of a doorman who almost opened the door for a couple who'd been waiting, until he realized what he was seeing.

On construction sites accidents are an almost continuous occurrence. Just because they're not happening to any particular individual doesn't mean they're not happening. Making it even more dangerous is the fact that we often can't imagine the accidents until we actually see them. That's another reason why the stories tend to be so graphic—it's a tribal tradition, but it's a survival trait as well. Their graphic gore stays with us as a reminder.

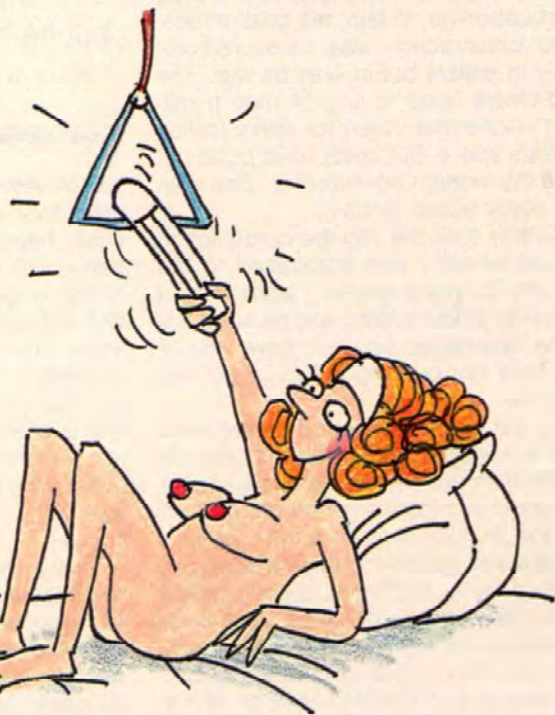
Until I saw it happen, it was impossible for me to imagine the energy that even a small object can gather while falling. I had just reached the 66th floor of a construction site one day and was about to step out of the protection of the elevator when somebody let go of a bit of junk up on 71. It was nothing really, a square of plywood smaller than a saucer with a bent nail through the center, but it came licking down the wind like tongues of fire and nearly took my arm off.

It landed on the gangplank where I had been about to step and went off like a rifle shot. After it had ricocheted off and away, the plank looked as if someone had cut it with a fire ax. It shouldn't be surprising—bullets are nothing more than small objects moving at high velocity.

One day on the Sears Tower, the world's tallest building, the wind came along, sucked up a whole sheet of plywood, and flew it away like a toy kite. In the caverns of the city, it spun and spun until it was revolving like a Skil saw blade. Surfing and descending on a cushion of air, it gained momentum. The eight-foot-long sheet of half-inch plywood rode all the way to street level, where it cut a man's head off. He was not a construction worker, risking his life for \$20 an hour. He was an undertaker who just happened to be walking by. (I almost added "at the wrong time," but you'll be on time for your own death no matter when it comes.)

So we all share the risk; most of us simply never get the chance to realize it. If we're hit, we're dead. If we're not, we live in happy ignorance of our peril. After a while I actually began to feel safer on top of the buildings than on the street below. At least I knew I wasn't going to jump off. Of course, that was before the helicopter came and tried to blow me off.

I stood in the basement of 311 South Wacker Drive with a city engineer named Jimmy Orlando. (Some of the names I use are real; others have been changed for reasons of privacy.) We were four stories beneath the earth, looking at the underpinnings of the world's tallest reinforced-concrete structure. The air was wet and dark, with that musty chemical smell of new concrete. Jimmy paused in what would one day be underground parking, and



looked around with respect, as if we were in one of the great cathedrals of Europe. His job is to inspect new construction in the city of Chicago, so this must have been a familiar sight. He shook his head in quiet amazement, however, and said, "That's what's holding her up," pointing to the square pillars all around us in this wet cave, which was so vast that we could not see its farthest corners from where we stood—they simply vanished into deeper shadow.

A building is a living thing. The unimaginable crushing weight of it stands in equilibrium with the muscle of the earth itself, and together they tremble, pushing against each other like the motionless wrestling of equal Titans. Standing in the narthex as we were, I could feel the tension—I could hear the chimes of wind in the building's lungs above. Those muscles of concrete exhale the building's wet and labored chemical breath, and the forces, which have not yet settled (and which will not settle for another 50 years), are still so new and close to the surface that I had to ask myself, *Who will win, earth or ax?* And, *Will it hold?*

"She's heavy," Jimmy said softly, echoing my thoughts. "She's really heavy." I liked him for having such respect for this place. It was just another pink-marble office building, but it was the work of the giants. Jimmy knew that he didn't have to tell me it was heavy—it was the same stuff that had buried that cabdriver. In fact, the cost of massive construction was measured not only in dollars but in lives as well. The old-timers used to say, "A man a million"—one man killed for every million dollars spent. But costs have gone up, and the modern equivalent is "One man for every seven stories."

Jimmy took me into the construction office, where I was introduced to the quality-control engineer. I asked him a question about safety, and he laughed. "The developer couldn't care less if we built this building out of blood," he told me.

To get to the top we rode a plywood box suspended on a cable. At different floors men got on with materials—stone or wood or metal—and others got off. All the workers had on hard hats with balaclavas, gauntlet gloves, well-ripped quilted suits, and work boots scuffed to a pale suede. A naked light bulb above us provided eerie illumination, now and then flickering and going out, leaving us in blackness to listen to the railroad whistle of wind sucking up the shaft and out the unfinished levels of the skyscraper. A big man got on and someone asked him, "You working, Crozier, or are you just jacking off?"

In response, Crozier pounded his chest and a cloud of marble dust formed around him. "Nah," he said, "I just roll around in the dust." His hard-

hat graffiti read, "Pissed On, Pissed Off." There were guys in there named Beetle Juice, Bunyon, and Maximum Sperm Buildup. The air was heavy with plywood and testosterone, acetylene and boot leather, wet cement and cigarette smoke.

It seemed as if a lot of them were trying out for the part of the macho construction worker in a movie. Hard words were so common that one had to be truly poetic to raise even a titter in this crowd; mere profanity would not do it. Everyone had heard *everything* before, and if someone died or was injured, the tribal ritual of exorcising death called for a callous and indifferent commentary that belied any display of real emotion.

At level 46 a guy got on with a can of gasoline and several people lit up, as if to say, *Oh, yeah? You can't scare me with that shit. Watch this, mother-fucker.* I couldn't help thinking of the

“That stupid asshole
was my best friend,” a man
said, referring to one
of the dead. Then he picked
up a hammer and
began hitting the board. There
was no nail there,
but he kept hitting it anyway.

two elevator workers in the Sears Tower next door who had been down in the shaft, hanging on ropes, cleaning the tracks with solvent. Sparks from an unknown origin dropped down the shaft. The solvent ignited and the two men were burned alive, hanging in the chimney. I heard a man say, "That stupid asshole was my best friend," referring to one of the dead. Then he picked up a hammer and began hitting the board where he'd been working. There was no nail there, but he kept hitting it anyway.

Three-eleven, as they called the building, is 71 stories tall, and when I first went up, I was too afraid of falling to notice my surroundings. My focus was *out there* in some undefined middle distance, and I was never sure precisely what I was looking at—I think I was looking around so fast, just checking to see if I was still alive, that I never fixed on anything at all.

We become used to barriers that screen our view of the world—windows, walls, trees, the crowd on the street, the house next door—but up there, every time I turned a corner, I

was flung into the air above the river, into the misty fires of civilization gnawing on the shoreline of Lake Michigan. Blood-rust-and-brown tracks, the crisscross equation of transmission lines and relay towers, smokestacks and counterweights of rusted, ancient bridge scaffolding, and the slate-green lake meeting the bright winter sky somewhere out in the deep smoky distance. Far below I could see the mountains of rust in an auto junkyard, where all steel dreams came to an end, and gulls wove helical patterns above it, swirling in ascending spirals up toward the energy of the sun.

I'd be walking down a naked metal staircase, suddenly the view would open up, and I'd grab hold of whatever was nearby to assure myself that I was still attached, lest I float away. One day, standing up there in the wind on an open gangway nearly a thousand feet in the air over Chicago, I found myself with an unattached two-by-four in my hand, as if that could save me. (Well, a feather did the trick for Dumbo.) I was standing next to a great disordered pile of lumber, wire, conduit, tile, insulation, and discarded bolts. A carpenter came up the stairs at that moment, and I must have been squinting hard at the distant thing out there, because he did a double take. Then he said, "Don't get blown off up here," smiled knowingly at me, and walked on by, pushed along by the wind that was a raw and constant fact of life.

A man who'd overheard said, "That's sage fucking advice." And he walked on by, too. (I later learned that people don't want to be near a guy when he falls, because it might reflect badly on them.)

I think that was the day I finally got myself up on that building in spirit as well as body, the day I learned to forget about the great void, which I'd been watching way too hard, as if it might snatch me away without warning. I laughed and threw the two-by-four down and began to relax. *Yeah, I thought, Don't get blown off up here.* There's nothing magical or special about that void. It's the same void that surrounds us on the ground. It's just that when we're up there, the junk is cleared away and we can see it. That taxi driver, that undertaker—they never got to look it square in the eye before it got them.

I always thought there was something mysterious about building these big buildings, but after being up there a while, I came to understand that it's all just men and work. The hand, the wrench, the eye. There is no secret. It's just like me in my garage on a weekend, clutching a claw hammer. Plywood, two-by-fours, Sawzall, and pocketknives. The insulation is the same stuff you can buy at the hardware store. There's just more of it.

I stood on 69 and watched a man in coveralls set a scarred and paint-stained wooden ladder against a stick of aluminum that would one day be a window frame. The ladder leaned against this thin metal strut, beyond which was nothing—the mind-sucking view, the city shrouded in vapors—and then he climbed up the ladder to the top and stood there, wobbling, with scudding clouds passing below him and the wind whipping his hair. He let go of the ladder with both hands and began to bang furiously on a nail.

Strange things happen from this perspective. Each time he scuffed his toe over the edge in a puff of concrete dust, his Red Wing work shoe appeared to cover up a city park, crushing trees and obliterating play equipment. His fist, with which he held on to a steel brace, seemed to demolish an office building. His head annihilated a section of freeway, and cars appeared to stream in one ear and out the other.

When the first Anglo-Saxon peoples came to southwest England 1,400 years ago, they found the ruins of massive stone buildings, which the Romans had left behind, and called that construction "the work of the giants." So it was on our modern towers. Even as I saw the man's toe block out an entire rail yard in the city below, I understood what we were doing up there—we were recapturing the work of the giants.

Beside him now: a crew on a scaffolding, an equally precarious spot; an arc welder working, a cascade of sparks, hallucinations of a woman's hair. The phantasmagoric cataract flowed down the side of the building, swirled in eddies, and was carried off by the wind.

The wind had come up in earnest. It was an effort for me just to stay in one spot. I had heard from the men that sometimes the wind got up to 70 miles per hour, ripping nailed-down plywood sheets away from wooden studs buried in concrete and tearing guardrails free from their moorings. I sat down on a concrete block, trying to ignore the sensation that I was being sucked out into the air, and then noticed something that had escaped my divided attention until that point—I was the only one up there without a safety harness.

One morning a group of us stood waiting in the dank chamber below ground, where curds of concrete had been troweled to look like the icing on a cold and melancholy cake. We were waiting to go on top, and I passed the time watching a woman named Barb, who was engaged in conversation with a young carpenter. She sat on a wire spool and he was on a cinder block. They were just bullshitting, waiting for the eternal elevator. He had a Sawzall in one hand and a carbide circular-saw blade in the other. Every once in a while

as they talked, she'd wallop him on the leg with a punch that would have raised a welt on pine. She wore a hard hat and spectacles, and had a cigarette gripped in her teeth. With her head down like that, spouting a continuous string of invectives (which would have made a wharf rat blush), I might have mistaken her for one of the boys. But at one point she took off her hard hat and stood up. She had short hair, regular features, and bright, laughing eyes. I could see her shape moving inside her coveralls; she was all woman, but she was all muscle, too, with narrow hips and sinewy arms.

She sat down and put her hard hat on again, and as she talked about her "fucking old man," she absently tore up bits and scraps of materials that she found in her immediate vicinity. I could see how shy she was beneath the bravado, and thought how lonely she must be on a job like this—not just because

Barb wore a hard hat and spectacles. I could see her shape moving inside her coveralls: She was all woman, but she was all muscle, too, with narrow hips and sinewy arms.

she was a woman, although certainly that must have made it even more intense. It was lonely for everyone, and the loneliness was made worse by the fact that all of us knew somebody who'd been killed. We were all passing around the same loaded gun, and those of us who had any sense at all understood that it wasn't any safer on the ground.

When it seemed that no one else was listening, Barb's voice softened and she talked intimately with the young man at her side. "It's windy as shit up there today," he said.

"Yeah, I hate it when it's like that," she responded.

"Yeah, I hate it," he echoed softly, sadly.

She reached over and coyly stuck her finger into the hole in the middle of his carbide saw blade and gingerly took it from him. This was a man who would not ordinarily give up his saw blade, not without a fight, but I saw him look at her and smile. She smiled, too, and there was a moment, a connection, before he averted his eyes shyly, looking at her finger in the hole. Then the tenderness seemed to loom between them

like a danger even bigger than the building that surrounded us, and he suddenly came to his senses.

Death was one thing, a man could face that. But love—now, there was some scary shit.

"Hey, look out with that," he said gruffly. "Those cost a dollar ninety-nine at Wal-Mart." He reached for his saw blade, but she pulled it out of his reach.

"Oh, yeah?" she said, suddenly back on guard, and she spun the blade on her finger and lunged at his crotch with it. He whipped up his Sawzall to defend himself.

One day I was at the hospital with a construction worker who had fallen. He had not fallen far, maybe 40 feet. It was not a spectacular accident by any means—most of them aren't. His name was Lawrence Goers, and he was a big man. My first impression when I saw him in the trauma unit was that he'd been in an explosion. The waistband of his jeans, with thermal underwear beneath, was all that remained of the wonderful warmth we wear up there—the overalls, T-shirt, plaid flannel shirt, and then the Walls Blizzard Pruf quilted over-suit. All of that lay in tatters around him, revealing his powerful body. His naked white skin rose and fell with tortured respiration as he struggled to overcome this terrible indignity.

Everything was broken—his lungs, his ribs, his face. His eyes were swollen shut, his nose and mouth covered with the blood that oozed around the tubes and right out of his ears. Beneath the hammered mask of his face, his brain was damaged, too. A piece of bone had come out through his leg, severing a blood vessel; he'd lost a lot of blood. We grieve most for those we love most, and now he was grieving for the ultimate loss: himself. Even his heart was broken. As the dozen or so trauma doctors and nurses worked on him, a radio someone had set up on a counter played the Beatles, softly singing, "If I needed someone to love, you're the one that I'd be thinking of."

I visited Lawrence Goers in the intensive-care unit during the following days. He never regained consciousness. All he knew was that he went to work one day in the usual way, and then he was flying through the air above the city. On the fourth day he died.

We were on the roof at 311 South Wacker. We called it "71," because there were 71 flights of stairs between us and lunch, but it was actually the roof. I looked down at the airplanes landing at Meigs Field. There was no railing, just our fragile perch in the sky, like a butte in a mysterious canyon in a land that had existed only in our wildest dream, but now, bit by insidious bit, had become real.

I had been out there since before

GOSSIP!

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



Daryl Hannah broke off her long-standing relationship with Orson Welles when she discovered he was dead. "Actors really know how to hide their true feelings," she told her closest friends.



Michael Jackson will reverse some of the massive plastic surgery he's undergone over the years. In an attempt to return to his original baritone sound, he's decided to re-attach his penis.



Jane Fonda, who became a sex symbol for her first husband, Roger Vadim, and a political activist for her second, Tom Hayden, will marry Ronald McDonald and become a large burger with a side order of fries.



Yes, it's true—Warren Beatty has been romantically linked to the Radio City Rockettes and all women under the age of 45 in the area of California between Carmel and San Diego.



Keep your eyes open for the new live motion-picture version of Bugs Bunny, starring Sean Penn and Roseanne Barr in torrid sex scenes. (Only bunnies can be that hot.)



Jack Nicholson recently inked a contract with NOW productions to portray the title role in *The Betty Friedan Story*—for a rumored \$90 million and parts of downtown Pasadena.

*Penthouse presents the
media wag's view of Tinseltown's
favorite indoor sport.*



Cher has finally announced her plans to marry her long-standing live-in lover, Pee-wee Herman. "I was so excited, I forgot to take my birth-control pill last night," said Pee-wee.



Yes, it's true—Warren Beatty has been romantically linked to all women under the age of 74 in Lapland.



The real Joan Collins died of old age ten years ago, and her daughter, Joan Jr., was done up and coiffed to match and replace Mom. So forget about all of that "Ain't she great for that age" talk, because she's only 26 years old!



Local wags are talking about the top-secret personality transplant developed by the specialists at Santa Barbara General Hospital, but the jury is still out on whether this will aid the careers of Danny Quaye and Sly Stallone.



That romantic duo, Kim Basinger and Prince, are expecting the stork this autumn. That's right, folks, Prince is pregnant!



Yes, it's true—Warren Beatty has been romantically linked, finally and definitely, to all women!



ARTICLE

Rural America has become the domain of the new bootleggers, whose "home-brewed" speed means major problems for the government's War on Drugs.

MADE IN THE USA

BY JOHN CUMMINGS

Leonard's father and grandfather were bootleggers who brewed moonshine.

Leonard was a bootlegger of sorts, too, but he "cooked" speed instead.

The difference between generations, though all were born into poverty, is that

Leonard made a lot more money with his drug, which is far more lethal than the home-brewed corn whiskey that sold for about eight dollars a gallon. Making speed, Leonard says, made him an

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF GLANCZ

instant entrepreneur. With about \$500 of chemicals and glassware, he says, he could make \$20,000 worth of speed. Leonard says he wasn't sure how much money he made in his brief drug career, but adds, "It were a lot." He says he can recall times when he walked around with as much as \$30,000. Most of that money, he says, was spent on "booze, pussy, and cars."

Leonard, who agreed to be interviewed with the proviso that his last name not be used, has lots of time to reflect on this now, because the only thing he cooks today are other inmates' meals at a rural East Texas jail.

Dressed in his orange prison garb, he sat back and lit the cigarette smoke roll out of his mouth as he talked about making methamphetamine, known variously as speed, crank, crystal, and now a further-refined drug popularly called ice—a crystal that can be smoked like crack.

Leonard tells the improbable-sound-

ing story of staying awake for a period of 28 straight days while high on crank. When he finally fell asleep, he says, "It were five day afor I woked up."

Whether his "high" lasted quite that long or not, Leonard did experience something common to crank users: hallucinations. At one point, he says, he saw an elephant standing alongside a road where he was driving. "I know'd it weren't there, but I seen it just the same," he says.

Speed, the production of which has become a cottage industry in rural America, can be snorted and injected as well as smoked. The profile of the average user is, like Leonard, blue-collar, mid-twenties, and male. But that, drug authorities say, is changing.

Speed, or crank, is now sweeping the country, and some experts think that it might one day replace cocaine as the country's drug of choice. It sells for about \$50 to \$100 per gram on the street.

In testimony before a congressional committee last October, James N. Hall of the Up Front Drug Information Center in Miami, Florida, said that methamphetamine was becoming America's domestically produced cocaine and that it was now available on the streets of Miami—a place where cocaine had monopolized the drug trade.

Hall said that abuse of speed is rapidly spreading, and the number of deaths and medical emergencies caused by methamphetamine has doubled over the past three years. "Its desired effects [among users] and long duration of action make it attractive to abusers as drug of choice where its supply has been made available," said Hall, who conducted a major study of the substance for the National Institute on Drug Abuse. And, as Hall noted, crank has fewer legal risks for the producer than cocaine because crank is a home-grown drug that has no borders to cross or Customs inspectors

ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO

BY RUDY LANGLAIS

In Sylmar, California, the caller trying to get through to the Los Angeles office of the Drug Enforcement Administration got a busy signal. Frustrated, he called the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms next and reported that there were peculiar activities at a local warehouse. But A.T.F. bounced the information back to the D.E.A. Stuck with the call, the D.E.A. sent an agent to check things out.

At dusk a pickup truck pulled up to the warehouse, carrying a large, bulging box. Two men got out of the pickup and entered the building, and the box was carried by forklift into the warehouse. Soon, a silver Lincoln Town Car appeared and the two men who had arrived in the pickup drove off in the Lincoln. The men from the Lincoln drove off in the pickup.

By 4:30 the next afternoon, a task force of D.E.A. and A.T.F. agents, and officers from five Los Angeles police departments, had surrounded the warehouse. In a garbage bin they found a cut-up cardboard box that revealed traces of cocaine. The case began in earnest when a red Dodge Aries pulled up to the warehouse. The driver brought a large box out of the warehouse, put it in the trunk of the car, and drove off. The agents followed the Aries to a diner, where another switch of drivers occurred. The new driver entered the freeway and tried to lose the tail in traffic. Suddenly, he exited, parked, walked into

a fast-food stand, and slid down in a booth. As the narcs entered the restaurant, he jumped up and sat next to another man in a bus driver's uniform.

"Who's your friend?" one agent asked the man in uniform.

"I don't know the guy," he said. "He just came over and sat down."

"So, you mind telling us your name?"

"Ronald Reagan," said the man they had been following.

In the trunk of the Aries, the agents found 20 kilos of cocaine, neatly packed bricks wrapped in plastic. Each was stamped with a logo—"Juan Valdez, Bush, Ford"—that indicated either where the cocaine had come from or where it was going. On one of the packets was emblazoned "Coca-Cola, the Spark of Life."

By 9 p.m. the agents at the warehouse had secured a search warrant and entered the building. The warehouse was filled with a maze of boxes stacked halfway to the ceiling. One of the agents cut open one of the boxes.

"Jesus Christ," he called out. "Look at this!"

Inside were hundreds of bricks of cocaine. He cut open a second box. It was filled with money. The other agents began opening boxes. Each contained either money or cocaine. In the warehouse office, they discovered a mother lode of records of shipments and transactions and

names of people they'd never heard of. During the night, the agents arrested two more men connected to the warehouse.

By morning the agents in the warehouse finally had a count on the cocaine and cash—\$12,285,000 in cash and 21 tons of coke worth \$6 billion. According to estimations by the U.S. government, this was equal to one-fifth of all the cocaine consumed by Americans in a year.

Confusion reigned in Los Angeles after the bust. Who were these men who had been arrested? How had Mexicans managed to smuggle such a large quantity of cocaine into Los Angeles? None of those arrested had a criminal record or showed up as a suspect in any L.A. files. But while narcotics agents turned their attention to finding the ultimate recipients of the drugs, the U.S. attorney's office tried to piece together a case against the men who had been arrested in Los Angeles.

It was not simply another drug bust. The extraordinary volume of cocaine set a world record. "This," said the D.E.A.'s Texas bureau chief, Phil Jordan, "was the cream of the crop. From now on our sense of the dimensions of cocaine trafficking worldwide will be defined by this bust."

The bust, therefore, provided a look inside the most remarkable cocaine deal ever fashioned, as well as the creation of the new cocaine route to America called "the Trampoline," the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

and drug agents to evade. And what it portends is major problems for a government that has set its sights on sealing borders and interdicting ships and planes from South America.

Hall believes that most of the drugs consumed in America during the 1990s will be produced in America. And speed is a drug that technically can be produced anywhere a makeshift lab can be set up. Hall pointed this out when he testified: "Production in trafficking . . . attracts new criminal-enterprise groups who are lured by high profits and fewer legal risks than are associated with international drug operations."

Speed is, in short, made in the United States. And it is promoted by its producers as "America's drug" in much the same manner that American car manufacturers talk about Japanese imports.

Though it takes very little space to produce speed, its illegal manufacturers usually use abandoned farms and rural areas because the drug emits a putrid, telltale odor during its manufacturing process. So rural America has become the home of the percolating labs, and impoverished East Texas a particular haven due to its abundance of open land. And because this area is the petrochemical center of the nation, the precursor chemicals, or basic ingredients, needed to make the drug are more readily available, though the government is now cracking down and trying to restrict their sale.

The Drug Enforcement Administration calls the crank market a \$3 billion-a-year business that is growing—not just in rural areas of America where it is produced and has become so popular, but in cities as well.

In Beaumont, Texas, U.S. Attorney Bob Wortham's office has prosecuted some of the major speed cases in the country, and he sees crank as "the emerging drug of the 1990s." Wortham, who successfully prosecuted a Texas sheriff for operating a crank-trafficking organization, describes crank as the poor man's cocaine because one dose can keep someone high for six to eight hours, while cocaine's effect barely lasts 30 minutes.

According to Wortham, motorcycle gangs' activities revolve around crank rather than cocaine because it is often their stock-in-trade, paying for their lifestyle and high-priced motorcycles. "They have a major share of the speed market," he says. But he adds that there are lots of Leonards around, too.

Leonard's background is typical of the kind of people who produce speed. He grew up in the Hill Country of Kentucky, where moonshine was the cash crop of the dirt-poor farmers who inhabited the area. And like moonshine stills, speed labs seem impossible to wipe out. As soon as one is raided, two

more take its place.

Leonard was one of 11 children whom his parents couldn't begin to feed. (He is serving time for burglary, not drug charges.) In his early teens, he says, he ran away from home and moved in with two women. Leonard had learned the brewing process at his father's knee and applied this knowledge when he came to the pinewoods of the East Texas oil country to become a speed cook. Rural areas of America such as East Texas will produce more than 50 tons of the crystalline drug this year.

These speed labs can be highly sophisticated, and are sometimes protected with booby traps, as was discovered recently in rural Rains County, Texas. A lab in one area was guarded by a pet cougar. Or they can be, and often are, very crude operations housed in trailer parks, cheap motels, or even mobile homes, like a lab that was found inside a Winnebago parked at a rest

Speed is promoted by its producers as "America's drug" in much the same manner that American car manufacturers talk about Japanese imports.

stop on an interstate highway.

According to D.E.A. figures, seizures of illegal labs such as these have increased nationwide from less than 200 in 1981 to 775 in 1987.

Leonard not only dealt in the drug, but was, of course—like most dealers—a user. And he can attest to the drug's potency. He compares its effects to the euphoria of driving 200 miles per hour. The drug pushes the user's metabolism to an incredible level and makes them paranoid and often violent.

The drug is similar to the speed that was popular in the 1960s and 1970s, found in pills prescribed by doctors to patients who wanted to lose weight or to college students for use during all-night study sessions. Such drugs came under strict federal control after numerous abuses were reported.

Until recently, its use had been confined primarily to motorcycle gangs such as the Banditos and truckers, who coined the name crank. They inject it, or simply put it in their coffee to stay awake during long hauls. Users like Leonard say it heightens sexual aware-

ness. But doctors say the crash from a methamphetamine high can be worse than that from cocaine.

Though there are no finite statistics, an estimated two to three million Americans are now believed to be using speed. Federal agents say its use is increasing in middle-class America, and drug dealers in big cities like New York and Boston find their customers asking for this "new" drug, which has actually rotated in cycles of popularity with cocaine throughout the current century.

Recipes for speed, or crank, are as varied as the cooks themselves. And like many others, Leonard learned the blending part of his craft in prison, where time among incarcerated cooks is spent exchanging recipes. Leonard talks as easily about pH factors and percentages of acidity as a housewife discussing a recipe for holiday cookies. Everyone has their own personal formula. Leonard says that with his recipe, the speed takes about 36 hours to prepare.

The typical batch of methamphetamine begins with precursor chemicals called phenylacetic acid and acetic anhydride. They are mixed together with other chemicals in triple-necked glass flasks not unlike those Leonard's father and grandfather used to make moonshine. But unlike moonshine, the bubbling liquid speed can become a time bomb.

The mixture is brewed for hours and, when cooled, becomes phenyl-2-propanone, or P2P. It is the P2P that emits the unforgettable stench, something like a rancid cat-litter box. "You ain't never gonna smell nothin' like that," Leonard says, adding that he used to have to shower intermittently for four or five days after making speed to rid his body of the odor.

Then the blending process begins, allowing the cook to separate the P2P from the rest of the distillate. Mercuric chloride, deadly when touched with the bare hand, is added along with other chemicals to turn the P2P mixture into methamphetamine.

In the final process, the batch is cooked for another ten to 12 hours and cooled until it becomes an oily substance resembling peanut butter. (Leonard says that he calls speed made in a kitchen "stove top.")

Then comes the really dangerous part.

The oil is reduced to powder by adding bleach or ethyl ether, creating a highly explosive mixture that has taken the lives of more than one cook in East Texas and elsewhere. Then the distillate is reduced to a crystal-like powder.

Leonard points out that the cook is also faced with other dangers. In the latter distilling process, he says, fumes from the mixture can overwhelm the cook and kill him if ventilation is inad-



CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

GEORGE BUSH'S OTHER WOMAN

Dan Quayle wasn't George Bush's only appointments goof-up, say administration insiders. They point to the embarrassing denouement of the President's elevation of the "other woman" in his life, 56-year-old Jennifer Fitzgerald, to a top State Department job.

Contrary to tittle-tattle reported by a Los Angeles weekly during the 1988 campaign, Fitzgerald has never been Bush's mistress, the insiders say. But as one of the President's closest and longest-serving aides (she was his executive assistant when he was U.S. envoy to Beijing), her wifely familiarities—like tips on his necktie colors—have made him increasingly dependent on her, according to the insiders. Last year he appointed her deputy chief of protocol, allowing her to continue to indulge two of her greatest passions on government time, charges a White House aide: foreign travel—and shopping.

"Jennifer loves to shop when she travels," the aide says. "When Bush was vice-president, Jennifer [as one of his aides] was on practically every foreign trip. The official party would arrive in a country, and she'd go shopping."

"This caused real problems on one visit to China. The Chinese are very pro-

tolcol-conscious, and they expect every member of the party to show at functions. But Jennifer said she wasn't going to one event in the Great Hall of the People because she wanted to shop. She said, 'Tell them I'm sick.' The Chinese were really concerned. They wanted to send a doctor." Bush officials managed to persuade their hosts that this wouldn't be necessary.

After Bush became president, Fitzgerald took over at the State Department for a career diplomat who seldom had to leave Washington when he was deputy protocol chief. But Jennifer soon began hopping around the world, as "escort officer" to presidential delegations representing Bush at such rites as the King of Morocco's celebration of the "29th anniversary of the Feast of the Throne."

When we called to inquire about this, we were assured by a Fitzgerald assistant that her travels were necessitated by "the way her job is structured." The assistant added, "It's very inaccurate to say she pleaded sickness to go shopping in China. She's a very conscientious person." Not at all obsessed with shopping, the assistant continued.

Shortly after this conversation, the U.S. Customs Service disclosed that it

had fined Fitzgerald \$648 for "misdescribing" two fur coats she had snapped up while she was in Argentina attending the 1989 inauguration of President Carlos Menem as a member of the U.S. delegation. "One coat was a raincoat that she had listed on her declaration as valued at \$300, but actually it was lined with nutria fur," said the agency's public affairs officer, Ed Kittredge. Customs officials valued the coat at \$1,100. She hadn't declared the other coat, a silver-fox cape valued at \$1,300.

"This should be the end of Jennifer," sighs the White House aide, "but I doubt it." Like several other Bush confidants interviewed for this story, the aide asked not to be identified, pleading fear of Fitzgerald. "She has a way of figuring out how to torpedo people," explains a Bush chum. "When she wants to cut you off at the knee, she goes right to Bush."



DAN'S NAP TIME

Stories tipping Dan Quayle as a presidential hopeful make sense to a White House source, who confides that the veep and Ronald "Wake Me if I Doze

Off" Reagan have a lot in common. "One day, when we were planning a Quayle foreign tour, Mrs. Quayle's chief of staff walked into the room, sat down, and listened for a while. Then she complained, 'You're

overscheduling him,'" the source recalls. "You have to realize," she said, "that the Vice-President's energy level goes down in the middle of the afternoon."



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BY KEN BECK

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FOOD. BUT DON'T
WORRY. ACCORDING TO
DIVER NEAL WATSON,
SHARKS DON'T LIKE THE
TASTE OF PEOPLE.**

**PHOTOGRAPHS
BY JEFF ROTMAN**



ABOVE: REEF SHARK AT-TACKED BY GIANT BULL SHARK. RIGHT: WATSON FIGHTING WITH A BLACKTIP SHARK.

Neal Watson swims with sharks for a living. A near-legendary American skin diver and holder of several world records in scuba diving, Watson won't go for a swim off the Florida beaches but will wrangle with sharks underwater for both adventure and profit. "Sharks eat fish, not men," the 49-year-old Watson says with a wink and his trademark grin. "They'll bite you, but they won't eat you."

The first time we saw Neal Watson tangle with a shark, he hadn't been snorkeling in the water more than five minutes and was already wrestling happily with a six-and-a-half-foot lemon shark. Watson, holding the shark by its dorsal fin and tail, rolled gleefully with it up to the surface and down along the sandy bottom of the small cay where we had dropped our anchor. It looked like alligator wrestling. Amazingly, Watson seemed able to actually "steer" the shark, and to control its power and thrusting. In the course of a week's diving, we were to see him work with a variety of sharks. We came to both trust and marvel at his uncanny ability to make them do just about anything he wanted.

Our admiration for Watson's skill is shared by many others in the underwater fraternity. Watson has acted as a stuntman and shark handler for a variety of underwater film projects, including "Sea Hunt," the underwater-adventure TV series starring Lloyd Bridges, and for ABC's "20/20."

But for Watson, sharks are more than just an occupation. They are soul mates and adversaries, a challenge to his physical prowess, his daring, and his lifelong quest for a bigger thrill.

Watson's interest in the sharks of the Bahamas developed as his contact with them increased over the years. At the same time, public interest





**A LEMON SHARK BITES
WATSON'S FIN. "YOU CAN
BE CERTAIN THEY'LL SEE
OR FEEL YOU LONG BEFORE
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
THEY'RE THERE," HE SAYS.**





in these formidable creatures grew with such phenomena as *Jaws*. This interest may be morbid—and in some cases it may even become lethal—but it reflects the kind of primal attraction that sharks hold, not only for Neal Watson, but for us all.

The first fossil record of sharks dates back to 400 million years ago. As is the case with much ocean life, evolution of the species since then has not been dramatic. Though sharks are apex predators, existing at the top of a food chain as carnivores preying upon other fish, they are still relatively primitive and characterized by slow growth, late maturity, and a low reproductive rate. Of 350 known species, about 40 are represented in the Bahamas, including lemon sharks, blacktips, hammerheads, nurse sharks, and tiger sharks.

Sharks exhibit a variety of odd, even macabre, physical and sensory characteristics that make them not only interesting and remarkable, but formidable and challenging to divers like Watson. They do not, for instance, have a skeleton: Their internal structure is made entirely of cartilage, a trait they share with skates and rays. This makes them remarkably strong and agile.

Sharks also have a variety of weird and highly efficient sensing mechanisms. While their eyesight is thought to be poor and best at low-light discrimination, their acute sense of smell has caused them to be dubbed "swimming noses." A shark is able to detect one drop of blood in 19 million gallons of water over a half-mile away. They also have an acute ability to hear and feel sound vibrations and pulsations in the water both through their ears and through the "pit organs" that dot their bodies.

Perhaps their strangest sen-

sory capacity, however, is their ability to sense minute electromagnetic currents through electro-receptors located on their head. These receptors are located in front of the mouth, which is itself located on the underside, not visi-



OPPOSITE PAGE: "RID-ING" A LEMON SHARK. LEFT TOP AND BOTTOM: FIGHTING WITH SHARKS. "SHARKS EAT FISH, NOT MEN," SAYS WATSON. "THEY'LL BITE YOU, BUT THEY WON'T EAT YOU."

ble to the shark itself. Thus, sharks cannot generally "see" what they are eating: They can feel it, they can hear it, they can sense it. Neal Watson would maintain that they can also taste it, for according to him, sharks don't like the



taste of people.

The International Shark Attack File was established in 1958. It estimates that there are roughly 1,000 shark attacks annually, though only 40 to 50 of these will be officially reported. Of those that are reported, roughly 40 percent will be fatal. Most attacks occur in warm water (about 68 degrees Fahrenheit), and more are on swimmers than divers. This is one of the reasons why Watson won't swim from a beach. It is speculated by some that swimmers on the surface look like seals and other fish prey of sharks.

In any case, few doubt that sharks are the ultimate eating machines. Irrational, lazy, brainless, they will eat whatever is in front of them when they are hungry. Often they are described as going into a "feeding frenzy" around food, where they will rip and tear rapaciously at food or at anything else that gets in their way. In many attacks, the shark is not seen before or after, the only evidence of its presence being the gruesome aftermath of its deadly dentition.

While sharks fill man with fear and loathing, man is in fact a much bigger predator of sharks than sharks are of men. Roughly 100,000 sharks a year are killed for either food or just the apparent sport of it. Some conservationists believe that sharks are under a survival threat similar to that facing other apex predators like the grizzly bear, lion, and tiger.

Watson is the first to express awe at the grace and power of these magnificent predators. To him they are to be respected—feared, perhaps—and never trusted. The dive-god in Watson ultimately sees the shark as a challenge to his kingdom, as a creature that must be faced and dominated, if only to prove that it can be done. O+



OPPOSITE PAGE: WATSON WITH A BLACKTIP SHARK. ABOVE: RETREATING TO A SHARK CAGE IS ONE ESCAPE OPTION.

CONSTRUCTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

dawn, when the city lights were spread out before us like an arcade game of heroic proportions. At night the total darkness of the air, the flickering yellow lights below, and the crisscrossing of the sky by the white landing lights of jets made these measureless distances seem make-believe. We froze, but we froze in a dream, and in the dream we hoped for morning.

Most of the men had been up there all night in a desperate attempt to unbolt the great material tower. These cranes grow out of the center of buildings as they grow. With block and tackle, they lift things that men cannot.

Now the material tower had to be taken away, and the deadline for doing so was today. Everyone was tired and irritable, hurrying to meet the schedule of a helicopter that would arrive at 8 A.M. to pick it off in a spectacular move that would draw police, crowds, and Federal Aviation Administration officials. The men who would remove the material tower were ironworkers. There are always many different unions represented on a big construction site, but the ironworkers are the grand circus performers of the construction world. They climb the highest; they work without nets. When you see men up high on man-made structures, you can be sure you're looking at ironworkers. So this was a different kind of day up there. This was the big league of construction work.

At sunrise we cast a shadow that put a whole neighborhood in darkness. The morning rose bright after the storm of the previous day, but it was fast becoming obvious that the sun was not going to melt the ice that had turned this building into a 71-story Popsicle and this circular concrete roof into a treacherous skating rink. Only the day before, four men had been almost lost when they tried to remove plywood sheets in a 65-mile-per-hour wind.

Now the horizontal boom (or jib) of the crane, which extended about 150 feet from its counterweights to its far tip, was swinging toward us. I was watching Dave's (the operator's) hands as, in the glass-enclosed cab, he flicked the levers with his skilled fingers. No one begrudged him his warm cocoon, his leather chair with armrests. Our lives depended on the flicking of his fingers, and most certainly the lives of the two ironworkers who were out on the very tip of the great yellow open-worked jib.

The trolley that moves back and forth along the jib bearing the block and tackle had carried two intrepid men out there almost an hour ago, and they had used their eight-pound sledgehammers to knock several thousand pounds

of ice off the open metal framework. The trolley had left them out there, suspended over thin air with a 900-foot drop to the street, and from their perch they dismantled cables and worried pins out of frozen holes, standing on iron bars that were covered with an inch of ice, all the while clinging to life with nothing more than a free hand when they happened to have one.

After a while I realized that the chopper was coming. I could hear its idling engines from the earth far below. The police had blocked off the streets, and the helicopter had landed in a parking lot. I tiptoed to the edge, taking care not to slip on the ice, and peeked over. I saw that the helicopter had left its detachable fuel tanks on the ground so that it would carry as little weight as possible. The section of jib that it was picking up on the first lift weighed 13,000 pounds, and the pilot did not want to carry anything he didn't need.

I think it was
D. H. Lawrence who said
that every year
an anniversary passes
unnoticed—the
anniversary of your own
death. Here I could
celebrate that anniversary.

I found a man who worked for the company that leased the cranes, and asked him where I should try to be when the helicopter came up. "Get your back to something," he said, putting his back against an aluminum strut that stuck out of the concrete floor at the very edge. I found another aluminum strut, which had a horizontal crosspiece, and when I put my back to it and stretched my arms out, I must have looked like Christ in a hard hat. I braced my foot against a heavy steel object in front of me on the deck. I could feel the aluminum bar behind me move, and I wondered how strong it was. I made the mistake of looking behind me to check, and saw that there was nothing between me and the drop to Franklin Street except that piece of aluminum. I was on the very edge and the aluminum cross suddenly seemed very flimsy indeed. I was reconsidering my strategy when I heard the helicopter coming, and I knew that it was too late to move. If the helicopter downwash caught me while I was skating on ice, I'd be blown off.

There is no sound in nature that carries the premeditated malevolence of

a Sikorsky Skycrane helicopter, the savage mechanical scream of its jet engines, the malicious whistling of rotors, and the peeling waves that tear at clothes and snatch eyeglasses away. As the stupendous orange-and-green contraption peeked over the rim of the concrete roof, it rose into our line of sight like a hot rod from hell. It was stripped down to stark essentials. No decoration adorned its unclad engines, whose tubing and drive shafts were visible in all their greasy, smoking reality. The only frill was the name someone had taken the trouble to paint on the nose, "Incredible Hulk." The bubble windows and long, thin legs have always tempted people to liken this beast to a great insect, but I would rather have faced a swarm of 10,000 hornets up there that day.

In fact, I did. The rotor sucked up chips of ice, grains of sand, bent nails, and bits of concrete from the roof's surface and flung them at us like 10,000 hornets. The wind beat against us, furiously trying to dislodge us from our feeble perch.

The forces involved cannot be imagined. Despite the fact that it was a clear, cold day, the rotating wing actually creamed the air until a steaming white froth of water vapor surrounded the great circle of six blades. That condensation instantly turned to ice crystals, hung there, and then dissipated as the helicopter rode on its own copious blast.

The moment the helicopter had appeared over the rim of the roof, several men had fallen flat on their face and hugged the icy concrete for dear life. A few feet ahead of me, a man lost his hard hat in the rotor downwash, and it went past me like a white cannonball, disappearing over the side. It was all I could do to hang on to the aluminum cross to which I was nailed by the column of air that stood like an elephant in the center of my chest.

But none of that was as amazing to me as the ironworkers, who stood 15 feet from me, alone, unsupported, and leaned with all their weight into the wind and worked. All I could do was hang on and cringe. One man, incredibly, still stood on the jib, whanging away at a recalcitrant four-inch pin with a sledgehammer. His only safety harness was his gloved hand, wrapped around a yellow steel support that glittered with a layer of ice.

A moment later the pin popped out and the great jib cut loose and floated in air as if by magic. The man leapt free to the roof and the helicopter lifted away, bearing its magnificent load. Then the beast and the sound were gone, and I stood trembling on the edge, looking down at the cars creeping past below us and thinking this was too much, way too much, for a Saturday morning.

I knew that nothing would ever quite match the excitement of that day—nothing I wanted to do just yet, anyway—but I continued to go up, and I got to know the building well, as (I imagine) whalers get to know whales.

A quarter to seven in the morning and the whole building was working, all the way up, and only the topmost stories remained completely open to the wind. That was where I was headed, because that was where I'd find the place George Orwell called Room 101, the place Winston Smith was taken to finally break his spirit in the novel 1984. "The thing that is in Room 101," said his captor, O'Brien, "is the worst thing in the world. The worst thing in the world varies from individual to individual. It may be burial alive, or death by fire, or by drowning, or by impalement, or 50 other deaths. There are cases where it is some quite trivial thing, not even fatal." Whatever it was, that was the point of the exercise for me: Wherever people found Room 101, that's where I wanted to be—to see how they managed it and how it worked on them. And I knew that on this project, I could always find Room 101 on the top floor.

The elevator went to 66 and then it was stairs from there on up to 71. As the doors opened, the wind caught us and sucked us out of the plywood box and onto the concrete apron, and we were thrust very quickly face-to-face with the city, stretched below and howling. It was the middle of winter and a blizzard was on the way. Coming to work in the morning, I'd see people bundled up, pulling their coats around themselves, and I'd wonder if they knew what real cold was like.

I passed a few men working and a welding unit flared, spilling out a cat-act of sparks. A man stood on a wooden ladder, hanging over the street as though he were practicing some kind of circus stunt, hammering a nail upside down. I trudged on, watching the sky, the whirling skirts of that dark dancer, descending on us slowly from the northwest. I turned another flight, then another, passing by the remnants of the giant yellow crane, which had been put together with bolts the size of my forearm and nuts far bigger than mine.

I climbed and climbed on exposed steel stairs toward the summit, and as I went, I met workers coming down. I was looking around, marveling at the fact that I could put one foot in front of the other, 68, 70 stories above the ground, with nothing separating me from the whistling air. I had been terrified of heights before this job, but now I had become . . . well, not used to them, but at least resigned to the idea of facing them. At the end of each day, I'd feel elated that I'd done it again, cheated the devil, as they say. I let go of the handrail as I reached the top

steps. I was a baby, learning to walk.

Suddenly, all the partitions dropped away, and I was climbing narrow metal stairs that were naked in the sky, open to the panorama of the city, the lake-shore, and the minute insect automobiles below. Low clouds passed beneath me as I worked my way higher and higher.

I was so distracted by the view that I had ceased to notice something when I passed a certain point in my ascent: No other workers were coming down, and there were no sounds of work reaching my ears. The final staircase was half the width of the others and the railing had not been bolted to the concrete structure, so it swung in the breeze. I learned new rules for life almost every day up there: Don't hold on to anything too tightly, because you might find yourself leaning on something that's not attached.

So it was that I discovered, as I reached the very top of the building, that I was completely alone up there. All the other workers had fled downward because it was too windy to keep working. At least five floors below me were now abandoned, and I was standing on a circle of concrete no bigger than half a tennis court, with nothing but a dark, snowy sky above (and below) me and whipping air on all sides.

I sat up there for a long time, just me and the concrete and the wind. The open floors below were like a whale-bone, and the wind strummed it until it

sang a deep, vibrating song. I heard a siren calling from the city. There are not many places where we can look our own death right in the eye, but this is one of them. I think it was D. H. Lawrence who said that every year an anniversary passes unnoticed—the anniversary of your death. Here I could celebrate that anniversary. I could walk right to the edge and look at it.

I stood up and went to the roof's edge. Now I saw the winter storm coming upon us, and I stayed to watch as the wind picked up and snow began. The silver lady on top of the Chicago Board of Trade vanished in a white whirling gyre, and the dancing fabric of snow blew straight up, twisting into the sky above me. I heard the whimsical, indifferent song that the wind played in the reeds of concrete below me and understood that I was now in the icy organs of the sky. I had been swallowed, and the willowy silver moved and shifted about me until the whole city—and the lake as well—had disappeared from view and nothing but whiteness remained, whiteness and the eternal wind. 

Do you have an unusual or dangerous job that would be an interesting subject for an article in an upcoming issue of *Penthouse*? Let us know. Dial (900) 568-3000. The charge is \$2.00 for the first minute and 75 cents for each additional minute.



"Read that part again about black holes sucking up the universe and everything in it."

MADE IN THE USA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

equate, so they often wear surgical-type masks to protect themselves. Inhaling the fumes can be fatal within minutes, drug agents say.

Because crank cooks need a lot of water for distilling and electricity to run heating units, on occasion law-enforcement officials have been able to pinpoint labs simply by checking water or electric bills.

Speed production also poses a serious environmental hazard. Cooks often dump the residual liquid into rivers, lakes, or streams, or simply in ditches where it then seeps into the ground. In buildings used as labs, it can permeate floors, walls, and carpets.

Bob Surovec, a D.E.A. lab specialist in Houston, maintains that cleaning up a lab site can cost the seizing agency as much as \$10,000. "Several agents have become ill," Surovec says. "Agents who have been in one lab too many complain of headaches and nausea, dizziness"—even though they wear protective clothing. Surovec adds that fumes from the drug have also caused kidney, liver, and lung damage.

According to Ray McKinnon, former chief of the D.E.A.'s dangerous-drug investigations section, the agency may be required to remove as much as six feet of topsoil from one clandestine lab posing as a California farm. Last year agents raiding an Arkansas farm used as a meth lab found dead pigs, goats, and cows, the result of chemical seepage into groundwater.

There is no one profile that fits the crank trafficker. One was a fundamentalist preacher in Missouri. Two others were veterinarians in Washington State. Of the hundreds of stories and cases involving crank, in Texas or elsewhere, none is more infamous than that of James Wade. Wade was not your run-of-the-mill drug dealer. He was the sheriff and chief law-enforcement officer of Orange County, an area tucked away in the oil patch of southeast Texas bordering Louisiana.

It is, by and large, a poor area whose existence has been made even more harsh by falling oil prices and layoffs in the refineries that dot the landscape between Houston and New Orleans. You don't need a road sign to tell you that you're entering Orange County—you can smell the chemicals from the refineries rising in the air.

Wade's story began in late 1985 when his deputies seized a mobile crank lab housed inside an R.V. parked in a rest area on Interstate 10, east of Beaumont. And it was then, the government said at Wade's trial in 1988, that Wade was seduced (mark that word!) by the money that could be made in drugs

(though the amount Wade actually made before he was arrested turned out to be little more than \$20,000). Wade was defeated in his 1988 primary reelection campaign after the government made public affidavits from F.B.I. agents Zack Shelton and Roger Humphrey stating that Wade was harassing two key witnesses, a drug trafficker named Donnie Flowers and a former sheriff's deputy, Donald Duhon. The F.B.I. affidavit said that Wade had even gone as far as seeking an arrest warrant for Flowers and that he was bold enough to give Flowers speed-making equipment when Duhon was present.

Flowers, who had been an informant for Wade, was the government's main witness. In 1986, Flowers testified, Wade called to say that he was interested in getting into the methamphetamine business because "we can make a lot of money" with speed. Flowers said

"I could do anything if I had my shit together," Leonard says. "There ain't no reason to buy no drugs from foreigners."

that the sheriff made him an offer he couldn't refuse and he went to work for Wade.

It became a complicated and sleazy story. Flowers testified that operating with a sheriff eliminated a lot of the usual problems experienced by drug dealers. When Flowers pointed out to Wade that they would need an experienced cook, Wade solved that problem easily—despite the fact that the man Flowers suggested for the job was serving a jail sentence in nearby Hardin County. Wade, the government witness said, merely called the sheriff there and asked that the man, Addie Guillory, be released in his custody to work as an informant. The other sheriff later became suspicious and called in the Texas rangers and the F.B.I.

Wade also took care of the other necessities for making speed. He drew the money needed to buy precursor chemicals from the county's narcotics "buy fund," money appropriated to make undercover narcotics buys. Some of the lab equipment was supplied by Wade himself from his own evidence room; for example, he used some of

the equipment he had seized in the 1985 R.V. raid.

Another government witness later testified that when he asked Wade at one point how they could hope to get away with drug trafficking for any length of time, Wade pointed to his badge and replied, "With this, we can do anything. . . . I'm God with this."

Flowers also testified that on one occasion Wade sent him to another drug dealer with whom Wade wanted to do business and to whom the sheriff had offered protection. When the dealer asked Flowers for something to assure Wade's protection, Flowers testified, Wade said, "Take these things," handing Flowers three Baggies of marijuana, again taken from the sheriff's property room, and bumper stickers that read "Support your local sheriff."

These items were later recovered by the F.B.I., which was called into the case when it became clear to the sheriff in Hardin County that something weird was going on in Orange. In addition, the investigation revealed a homosexual relationship between Wade and Duhon, who was exempted by Wade from taking the drug-screening test that all other deputies had been required to undergo.

Duhon testified that Wade paid his utility bills and cooked dinner for him on numerous occasions during Duhon's training period. Wade, according to the government, also made Duhon a cosignatory on one of his checking accounts. Duhon said he first met Wade years earlier, when Wade was a state trooper and pulled him over on the highway. Instead of issuing him a summons, Duhon said, Wade engaged him in a lengthy conversation that seemed to have no point before letting him go with a warning. (Duhon said that Wade made his first overt advance to him several years after the traffic incident, during an unplanned meeting in a public park.) The judge barred the press, the public, and the jury from the courtroom when this event was discussed. But the transcript reveals the following exchange during Duhon's questioning by the government:

"Did anything strike you as unusual about that contact [in the park]?"

"Yes, sir, it was like he was trying to make sexual advances towards me."

"Why, what led you to that conclusion?"

"His pants was undone."

Duhon, who maintained that he had a reputation as a bisexual in the Orange County area, said that the next time he saw Wade, the sheriff offered him a job as a deputy. He said that he was driving down a local road when he spotted the sheriff's truck, a Dodge Ram, following closely behind him. The sheriff pulled him over and they had a conversation in which Wade suggested that Duhon work for the sheriff's

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office and offered to bring him a job application.

"And what occurred when he brought the application out to you?"

"He brought me the application and I filled it out. And we talked. Later he performed oral sex on me."

Duhon said that after he filled out the application, Wade asked him to go to Austin, Texas, with him, where they shared the same hotel room. Duhon said that he was concerned about working for the sheriff's office because of the drug-screening test, which he feared would reveal his marijuana use. But Duhon said that Wade responded, "Don't worry about it. I'll handle it." Duhon said that because of Wade's intervention he was never required to take the drug test.

Duhon testified that he was initially hired to work at the jail, but was reassigned by Wade to the sheriff's Office of Drug Prevention—set up to educate the public about the dangers of drugs—and given a car to use. Duhon also said that Wade issued him a gun, though he had received no training in its use. His sexual relations with Wade, Duhon said, continued from the time he was hired through his training program, about five months. Duhon and Wade had "sexual contact" just about every day during that period, from January through the early spring of 1987, Duhon said.

"Where would these [sessions] occur?"

"In the truck. In my trailer.

"Now. Let me see if I can make this real basic for you, Mr. Duhon. You know what a blowjob is?"

"Yes, sir.

"Did you gain any impression from that about why you were working for the sheriff's office?"

"Yes, sir.

"What was that?"

"I felt like I was there at his disposal.

"For sex?"

"For sex. Yes, sir."

Duhon said that Wade later helped him secure a rent-free apartment in return for which Duhon provided security for the apartment building. During this five-month period, Duhon testified, the sheriff gave him two marijuana cigarettes, and Wade was present when Flowers gave Duhon two "eight balls," or one-eighth-ounce packages, of crystalline methamphetamine.

"He [Wade] wanted me in his [drug] business, wanted me to be part of it," Duhon testified. And Duhon said Wade began to reveal the extent of his dealings in drugs because of the closeness of their relationship. He said Wade was at his apartment almost nightly. "I would come in the evenings and James Wade would be there, have my dinner cooked and clean my apartment," Duhon said.

But Duhon said that their relationship turned sour when he told Wade that he was seeing a local girl and wanted to

invite her over. "But it was kind of hard because Wade would be there," Duhon testified. "At this point I asked him if I could have some privacy, and he got a little bit mad and said, 'Well, this is the last time you fucking see James Wade in this place.' And it was." He said that relations between himself and Wade became strained during working hours. Duhon left the sheriff's office in January 1988. By that time, the F.B.I. investigation had started and Duhon, in fact, had already been questioned by F.B.I. Agent Shelton.

Though the jury never heard most of Duhon's testimony about his sexual relationship with Wade, the testimony that it did hear about the sheriff's dealing in speed sufficed. After less than four hours of deliberation, the jury convicted Wade in September 1988 of conspiracy, drug trafficking, and obstruction of justice.

On March 1, 1990, Wade was sen-

"He brought me the application and I filled it out," Duhon testified. "And we talked. Later he performed oral sex on me."

tenced to a 20-year prison term. He could have received up to 115 years in prison and a \$4.5 million fine. Though he became a kind of lightning rod for drug trafficking in East Texas, Wade is not the only sheriff in the area under investigation for this offense. Federal sources also say that speed trafficking may be related to an unsolved string of murders in that area. U.S. Attorney Wortham believes that the Wade case illustrates how rogue chemists have proliferated the production of methamphetamine. "It's amazing the amount of speed that is out there," he says.

In addition to producing drugs, speed labs also symbolize a much more serious problem, the government and social scientists believe. Leonard and others like him with little or no education personify the frightening reality that just about anyone has the potential to synthesize potent drugs by simply following a recipe.

The government's new efforts to control precursor chemicals for speed and other illegal drugs are based on monitoring their sales. The Chemical Diversion and Trafficking Act approved

by Congress last year requires extensive record keeping and reporting on sales of chemicals by firms that manufacture and distribute them. Since March of last year, the government has been phasing in new regulations that put the onus on manufacturers to report sales of unusual amounts of certain drugs. New D.E.A. rules regulate the sale of 12 substances that can be built into drugs or modified to produce drugs and eight substances, or "essential chemicals," that are solvents. Such sales must be recorded and the records available for government inspection.

Many common chemicals are used to refine cocaine, such as kerosene, ammonia, lime, sodium carbonate, ethyl ether, and hydrochloric acid. Makers of chemicals must report domestic sales of more than 50 gallons a month and foreign sales of more than 500 gallons a month.

If sellers have doubts about what the buyer intends to do with the chemicals, they are required to report the sale to the government—much the same way that banks must report unusual cash transactions and deposits under laws aimed at preventing money laundering. The law does not restrict the sale of chemicals, but the government believes that requiring transactions to be recorded will deter drug traffickers from attempting to acquire them.

The chemical industry doubts the efficacy of this law. It is privately believed that as soon as a chemical is put on the reporting list, makeshift chemists will simply find other substances with which to fabricate the illegal products. One chemist told *The New York Times* last October that chemicals used to manufacture drugs "are so common that controlling them poses insurmountable difficulties."

Owen Kean, a spokesman for the Chemical Manufacturers Association, points out that the new reporting regulations are aimed primarily at stemming the overseas flow of precursor chemicals from domestic manufacturers. Methamphetamine labs can be essentially "garage-type operations" and, as such, difficult to stanch. Kean says that the spread of speed manufacturing holds "frightening prospects" for the country because it puts the power to produce illegal drugs into just about everyone's hands.

"It can be as simple as following a Betty Crocker recipe," Kean says. "Perhaps it demonstrates even more the need for drug education rather than concentrating on the supply side." He notes that speed can be made from the common drug ephedrine, an ingredient used in many over-the-counter cold remedies. And drug agents have arrested people as old as 74 and as young as ten in drug-lab raids.

"This ain't rocket science," Leonard

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says, referring to the process of cooking chemicals to make speed. Ephedrine is one of the substances that must be recorded under the new law, but both industry and law-enforcement sources privately say that the law will have little practical effect. "It will have about as much effect as Prohibition did on alcohol production," predicts one drug-enforcement official who asked not to be quoted by name.

This discrepancy was underscored recently in a complaint by Congressman Vic Fazio (D-Calif.), who wrote to federal drug czar William Bennett complaining that federal regulations concerning ephedrine would have no effect in California, where state laws strictly regulate sale of the drug. Fazio said that meth-lab operators simply buy the drug in nearby states where its sale is not controlled except by the federal reporting law.

The D.E.A. source said that drugs created in hidden labs could cause the same, or more serious, social and health problems than cocaine or heroin if the foreign sources of these illegal drugs are ever eradicated or dry up and chemically produced drugs fill the gap.

And more synthesized drugs are finding their way to the market. One need only read *High Times*, a magazine favored by drug users, to see this

trend illustrated. It recently featured a new drug called Eu4ia (pronounced "euphoria"), a speed-type drug made from the ingredients in diet aids. Then there is ice, smokable crystalline speed that is made in the Orient and has now made its way to our East Coast via the Hawaiian islands. It produces symptoms, scientists say, that mimic those of acute paranoid schizophrenia.

Ronald K. Siegel, a drug researcher at the University of California at Los Angeles, notes that the actual danger of drugs increases when people start consuming them in new ways or refining them to greater strengths. For example, he says, alcohol is almost as old as man himself—people have been consuming wine and beer for centuries—but the problems started when techniques were developed to distill them into stronger spirits. He adds that Indians in the Andean regions have chewed coca leaves for hundreds of years, but that today "coca is being refined as pure cocaine or crack. That would be like refining tobacco to make pure nicotine, which would be more lethal than cocaine."

The dangers of methamphetamine were underscored in a 1987 article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in which three medical researchers found high levels of lead poisoning in two users. Normally, the

researchers said, "lead poisoning is an uncommon medical condition in adults, and most cases represent acute exacerbations of chronic industrial exposure."

Questioning of the test subjects revealed that both had ingested speed. Cooks interviewed in a rural Oregon jail by the researchers said that they had used lead acetate to produce the P2P. "Good cooks know that the lead-acetate production method requires attention to purification details to provide an untainted drug," the study said. It concluded: "[Physicians] should know that illicit methamphetamine can contain substantial amounts of lead, particularly in the hands of unskilled cooks who are ignorant of the toxicities of the materials used and of the adequate clean-up procedures."

Leonard, though no doctor, would agree, and he talks about chemicals as expansively as someone with a college degree, though he never went beyond the eighth grade. He says he knows of people who have died from improperly prepared speed. He calls such drugs "bad foam," adding that they are usually made by Cubans or Jamaicans. But his stuff, Leonard says, was top quality.

"I could do anything if I had my shit together," he says. "There ain't no reason to buy no drugs from foreigners." 

MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

result of an alliance between Mexican and Colombian traffickers. It would also force a complete reassessment of the cocaine problem in America, revealing that U.S. consumption was dramatically greater than all previous studies had reported. For while our agencies were estimating American consumption at 100 tons of cocaine annually, the Trampoline had moved more than half that amount into Los Angeles alone in one year.

This story has been drawn from many sources, including court documents—sworn statements, depositions, affidavits, indictments, and other official records—and interviews with knowledgeable law-enforcement officials in the United States and Mexico.

The complexities of the case stymied the office of the Los Angeles U.S. attorney, who was prosecuting those arrested. The case's roots in two American cities and in Mexico, as well as the sheer number of people involved who had no prior criminal record, left the government with a confusing array of information to sort through. When the principal players in the operation slipped back across the border to Mexico in the days after the bust, the case was suddenly shrouded in mystery.

"There are no secrets in Mexico," one of my sources told me. "Everyone knows what everyone else does—stolen cars, drug running, white slavery." In Mexico, lifting veil after veil of secrecy from the men responsible for bringing the single largest cache of drugs into America, I found the saga of an unusual group of Mexican families pursuing a desperate immigrant dream in their own country. Men raised in the brutal poverty of a country exploited by America had found their way out of despair and degradation through crime. The story of the bust in L.A. was the story of fathers and sons and families, of two men who were united in their shared dream of achieving "the crime of the century," and of one man who became the greatest smuggler in history. But, ultimately, the story of the bust in Sylmar is the story of American self-destruction, because the inspiration for "the deal of the century" lay in America's appetite for drugs.

In the early seventies, Juárez, Mexico, was listening to Los Invasores de Nuevo Leon and the *música*—the *corridos* that you heard in the clubs—was about drug running and the cunning necessary to succeed in the business. Most Mexicans believed that you achieved stature by being corrupt because the whole political system was corrupt. Gangsterism was rewarded. A good *chingon*—someone who could "fuck

somebody else without mercy"—was admired. *La mordido*, bribery—literally, the bite—was institutionalized. The *narcotraficantes* were stars, their swaggering outlawry typified by the phrase, "Will you sell me your house, or shall I buy it from your widow?"

Juárez was a schizophrenic place, the heart of darkness. The streets leading from the great historic square were marked by brilliant neon signs. Jazz blared from the cabarets, sex clubs, saloons, nightclubs, curio shops, and restaurants that lined the boulevards, and in back-alley basements, men crowded around to watch chicken fights.

Juárez used to be a slow border town. But Mexico's shaky economy collapsed in the 1970s, and hundreds of thousands of Mexicans flooded into town from all over Chihuahua, looking for work or for an easy route across the border to the United States. The population ballooned from 300,000 to a

In the warehouse, the agents found \$12,285,000 in cash and 21 tons of coke worth \$6 billion—equal to one-fifth of all the cocaine consumed by Americans in a year.

million and a half. They built shacks and huts out of cardboard and plywood until they had created a sprawling shantytown in the shadow of the Sierra Madres. Lying in a valley with El Paso, Texas, and ringed by the Sierras, Juárez became a decadent free zone where soldiers on leave from Fort Bliss in El Paso bought sex from the beautiful young Mexican girls.

Juárez was also popular for "black tar," a dark heroin manufactured from poppies that grew wild in the mountains of Mexico. It was dispensed in shooting galleries where you could buy balloons of heroin for \$15 apiece and shoot up in one of the hotel-like rooms upstairs. When top Mexico City officials visited Juárez, the galleries would go dark. To keep police from their doors, the operators took to dumping the bodies of OD'd customers on the El Paso side of the border.

When two young Mexicans from the interior, Rafael Aguilar, a smuggler of electronics equipment, and Rafael Muñoz Talavera, son of a businessman said by the D.E.A. to be a low-level marijuana trafficker, appeared in Juárez

in the early seventies, the city was just a primitive border town with small-town vices—"bets, booze, and broads." Aguilar and Muñoz would transform the tiny border town into the great capital of narcotics in Mexico.

Rafael Aguilar was born in 1950 in Matamoros, Mexico, a backwater town of dusty roads with a small square dominated by a ramshackle church. The son of a Customs official, "Rafa," as he was known, worked as a car salesman, then illegally emigrated to America in 1971. He worked as a construction worker in San Jose, California, until he was injured in a car accident. With a \$50,000 settlement from the accident, Rafa returned to Mexico in 1974 and began smuggling tractors, motors, and electrical appliances into Mexico.

Rafa's rise to power began in the mid-seventies. According to D.E.A. informants, Aguilar was involved in marijuana, cocaine, and weapons trafficking and was a "lieutenant and strong-arm specialist" for a major Juárez marijuana and cocaine trafficker, Luis Rene Morales-King. Aguilar prospered, eventually coming to be considered an equal in the leadership of the Morales-King organization.

Displaying a resourcefulness and cunning superior to the other lieutenants who served Morales-King, Aguilar soon took over a wing of the family. Aguilar was different from the *pistoleros* who ran the various factions of the Morales-King gang. He presented a new image—that of a gentleman and legitimate businessman—and had purchased a cattle ranch where he lived a more refined life. In 1981, when Morales-King was caught by drug agents and sent to jail, Rafa took command of the family. With the charismatic leadership of a young Zapata, he incorporated the Morales-King organization into his own branch of the operation and became the biggest young marijuana trafficker in Mexico.

A former Mexican state judicial police officer reported to American agents that Aguilar was receiving large shipments of marijuana in tanker trucks, which were off-loaded at a storage location near Samalayuca, Chihuahua. The marijuana was then transferred by gravel trucks to areas southeast of Juárez for eventual smuggling into the United States.

According to D.E.A. records, Rafa "had a friend in Mexico City, and [through him] he had been tapped to be one of the big dealers of narcotics in Juárez." This "friend" was rumored to be a highly placed official in the Dirección Federal de Seguridad (D.F.S.), Mexico's F.B.I.

In the late seventies, the D.F.S., which was created in the forties by police revolutionaries and plotters, had become the illegal arm of the *narcotraficantes*, their

auxiliary police, an agency of *madrinas*, side guys, who made the pickups and ran the shakedowns.

In 1979 the 28-year-old Aguilar became D.F.S. commander in Cuernavaca. Within the next few years, he rapidly rose to coordinator of the northern states of Chihuahua and Durango. Rafa was now the man in charge of the drug trade in northern Mexico.

"Aguilar's ranch southwest of Juárez was used as a staging area for shipments of Colombian marijuana," Garvin White, one of Aguilar's associates, told D.E.A. agents after he was arrested. The Colombian marijuana was off-loaded from large planes and stored on Aguilar's ranch until the marijuana could be smuggled into the United States in smaller aircraft at a later time.

Marijuana had always grown wild in the hospitable climate of Mexico's Sierra Madre mountains. Chinese railroad workers introduced a new narcotic into Mexico, opium, produced from poppies that also grew well in the tropical climate. But until the mid-sixties, Mexico's drug industry was relatively small. There was little demand for marijuana in the States, and American heroin connoisseurs preferred the more potent white heroin produced from poppies grown in Turkey, processed by Corsican gangsters in labs in Marseille, and imported to America by the Italian Mafia. Then two things happened in America that created the

Mexican drug business. One was the birth in America of a youth counterculture that embraced the liberal use of drugs. The other was the bust in New York City of the Corsican-French gang known as the French Connection, which dried up the heroin pipeline. The American demand for marijuana increased dramatically, and the Mexicans began growing it in great volume.

The American market declined, however, when law-and-order president Richard Nixon launched a war on drugs that imposed prison sentences for even recreational drug use. But when middle-class American parents no longer wanted their children thrown in jail for smoking pot, the courts became lenient toward marijuana use and dealing, and the American demand for marijuana began to grow again.

According to D.E.A. informants, Rafa Aguilar began shipping tons of a brand of marijuana called *sinsemilla*, a specially raised plant that produces leaves rich in intoxicating chemicals, beloved by American kids. He also had a hand in shipping small quantities of cocaine, which was mostly popular among Cuban émigrés in Miami and people in the entertainment business. But the appetite for cocaine was growing in America.

"[Aguilar's] method of operation," the D.E.A. outlined in court papers, "was for 'load vehicles' to pick up 600 to 800

pounds of marijuana from guarded warehouses in Juárez and drive to a pre-designated port of entry in El Paso, Texas, where an unidentified U.S. inspector with Customs or Immigration would allow the vehicle/contraband to enter the United States without inspection."

To assure police protection of his operation, according to one source, Aguilar and his associates were paying unidentified Mexican Federal Judicial Police (M.F.J.P.) agents \$80,000 each month for their narcotics operation to be protected. Once, when an M.F.J.P. agent tried to bust one of Aguilar's warehouses, he was told by another cop to "forget about it." The source, an informant inside Aguilar's organization, warned the D.E.A. that "it would be suicide to attempt to interfere in any way" with Aguilar's shipments.

Aguilar ran the border states like a *cacique*, an old-fashioned warlord. He brought the narcotics industry along the border thoroughly under his control. He even set up a system of tribute from those operating narcotics businesses within his territory. He provided protection from competition and the police. "Prior to their removal," a court document reported, "all" of the M.F.J.P. agents and supervisors stationed in Chihuahua were involved in the trafficking of marijuana, cocaine, and heroin."

Rebellious traffickers discovered that Aguilar wielded great vindictive power. "No one dares to deal behind Aguilar's



back for fear of being killed," said another insider. Reportedly, Aguilar had a brutal enforcer, "Antonio," who was notorious for having dropped several men who had crossed Aguilar from planes over the desert. According to a source in Juárez, Antonio was a perverse bisexual regular of the Juárez demi-monde with a psychopathic streak. In one instance, Antonio had taken a double-crosser's girlfriend along for the ride and dangled her lover from a rope, saying he would let him live with a promise not to cross Aguilar again. Then, having obtained the confession and concession, Antonio suddenly asked the woman, "Do you want me to drop him off here, or over there?" as he pointed into the distance. Too frightened to talk, the girl watched as he coolly cut the rope and the man dropped several hundred feet to the desert floor.

By the early eighties, Rafa was making more money than he had ever seen before. His holdings included a hotel; an office building; reportedly, the Amadeus, one of Juárez's most popular discos; and a vast, sun-drenched farm southwest of the city, a Mexican Xanadu. As Juárez became the key port for narcotics moving north into America, his organization mushroomed.

According to law-enforcement officials, a significant day in Rafa's life occurred when a Juárez businessman and marijuana dealer whom he knew, Rafael Muñoz Tellez, introduced him to his son. Rafa liked the boy immediately. In his early twenties, Rafael Muñoz Talavera possessed a sensual smoothy's face, with glittering eyes and an omnipresent twinkling smile. Though he was a few years younger than Rafa, Muñoz was smart and tough, and he shared Rafa's vision of how to run a marijuana business. Both believed that the hot-headed, violent old narcotraficantes were a breed of the past. Their methods only encouraged more violence and led to bloody wars that were bad for business. Aguilar made Muñoz his "underboss."

The relationship was cemented when Muñoz married Ivette Delgado, the sister of Rafa's wife Marta. The marriage represented the union of two large Mexican families that were connected to the marijuana business. These men—Aguilar, Muñoz, Muñoz's father—prided themselves on being unsentimental and pragmatic. Mexico was no place for the sentimental or weak. They were *padrones*, patriarchs of their families, raised on the *complejo de la malinche*, or Malinche Syndrome, which preached "fuck the other guy, because he's going to fuck you." They were not unlike the Italian and Jewish immigrants of New York's Lower East Side, using cunning to achieve the power, influence, and wealth denied them in le-

gitimate worlds. In fact, in a deposition taken in an El Paso case involving Aguilar's holdings, it was alleged that Aguilar had kidnapped Marta Delgado, the young girl he would later marry. "He had stolen [Marta]," it said. "He just took her off."

Juárez had never seen anything like the sophistication of the Aguilar-Muñoz organization. "They were grossing millions of dollars each month from the sale of marijuana, cocaine, and heroin," said Ben Sublaski, a freelance drug dealer who dealt with Muñoz and Aguilar. "They controlled about 70 percent of all the importation of drugs into the U.S. between Laredo, Texas, and Columbus, New Mexico."

Their next move was to create a direct connection to the Colombians for cocaine. According to a U.S. Customs interview with Kendall Everett, a freelance pilot who flew drug runs for Aguilar, he "met Aguilar in January 1980 and

6

The *narcotraficantes*
were stars, their swaggering
outlawry typified by
the phrase, "Will you sell me
your house, or shall
I buy it from your widow?"

,

was offered \$50,000 to fly an airplane from Colombia to Ascención, Mexico." Everett "picked up 100 kilos of cocaine and returned to Mexico, where [he] picked up Aguilar, then flew on to a dry lake bed near Ascención where it was off-loaded."

Over the next few years, the volume of cocaine slowly increased. "In August 1983," an informant told the D.E.A., "Rafael Aguilar and his brother-in-law Rafael Muñoz had received 200 kilos of cocaine directly from Colombia. No middlemen. The cocaine was still being held by Aguilar, who was waiting for large-scale buyers who would purchase the cocaine in 25- to 50-kilo quantities at \$50,000 per kilo."

Under Rafa's protection and through the extensive contacts he provided, Muñoz's own marijuana business steadily grew. The styles of the two marijuana barons of Juárez, brothers-in-law, were a study in contrasts. Muñoz was flamboyant and gregarious. In his cream-colored suits and leather jackets, he was the image of the gentleman rancher and benevolent patron. In contrast, Aguilar was the aris-

tocratic official—aloof, elegant, refined. Twice each week Aguilar, flanked by his bodyguards, crossed the border to El Paso to have lunch in an exclusive private club where he would smoke a Cuban cigar and sip a glass of French cognac. Meanwhile, Muñoz moved through the streets of Juárez without bodyguards.

At first Aguilar marveled at his charge's sangfroid, but as Muñoz gained strength, Rafa began to resent his success. "He became envious of Muñoz," said Reynaldo Sepulveda, then the El Paso D.E.A. agent-in-charge, "and viewed him as a rival. This eventually turned to an intense dislike by Aguilar for Muñoz because of his powerful style."

Rafa tried to fit his underground world more securely into a larger world. He invested his money in legitimate businesses in El Paso and in real estate. He learned how to hide his purchases through complex but legal transactions. One of his passions was racehorses, and he spent millions acquiring prize horses for his ranch. Often he would ride out across his vast estate on one of his magnificent stallions. With his Learjet and fleet of Mercedes, he had become a *padrón* who at the age of 35 lived a king's life and kept a beautiful wife in diamonds.

Rafa's iron grip over the border began to draw complaints from rivals that he had gotten too big, that he thought he was invincible. An informant told the D.E.A. that Aguilar "often bragged that he answered only to the president of Mexico." According to Sepulveda, "He was rumored to have a cocaine habit that was making him reckless."

There were signs of trouble on the horizon for the Aguilar empire. In 1983 Mexicans elected a new president, Miguel de la Madrid, who had promised to root out official corruption. Shortly after he took office, De la Madrid began cleaning up the police system, firing hundreds of federal cops and comandantes tied to the narcotics trade. Rumors abounded in Juárez that Rafa would soon be removed from his position as a D.F.S. comandante. But even out of office, "Aguilar would continue to control the narcotics trafficking in the northern area," D.E.A. records reveal, "because he had become so powerful."

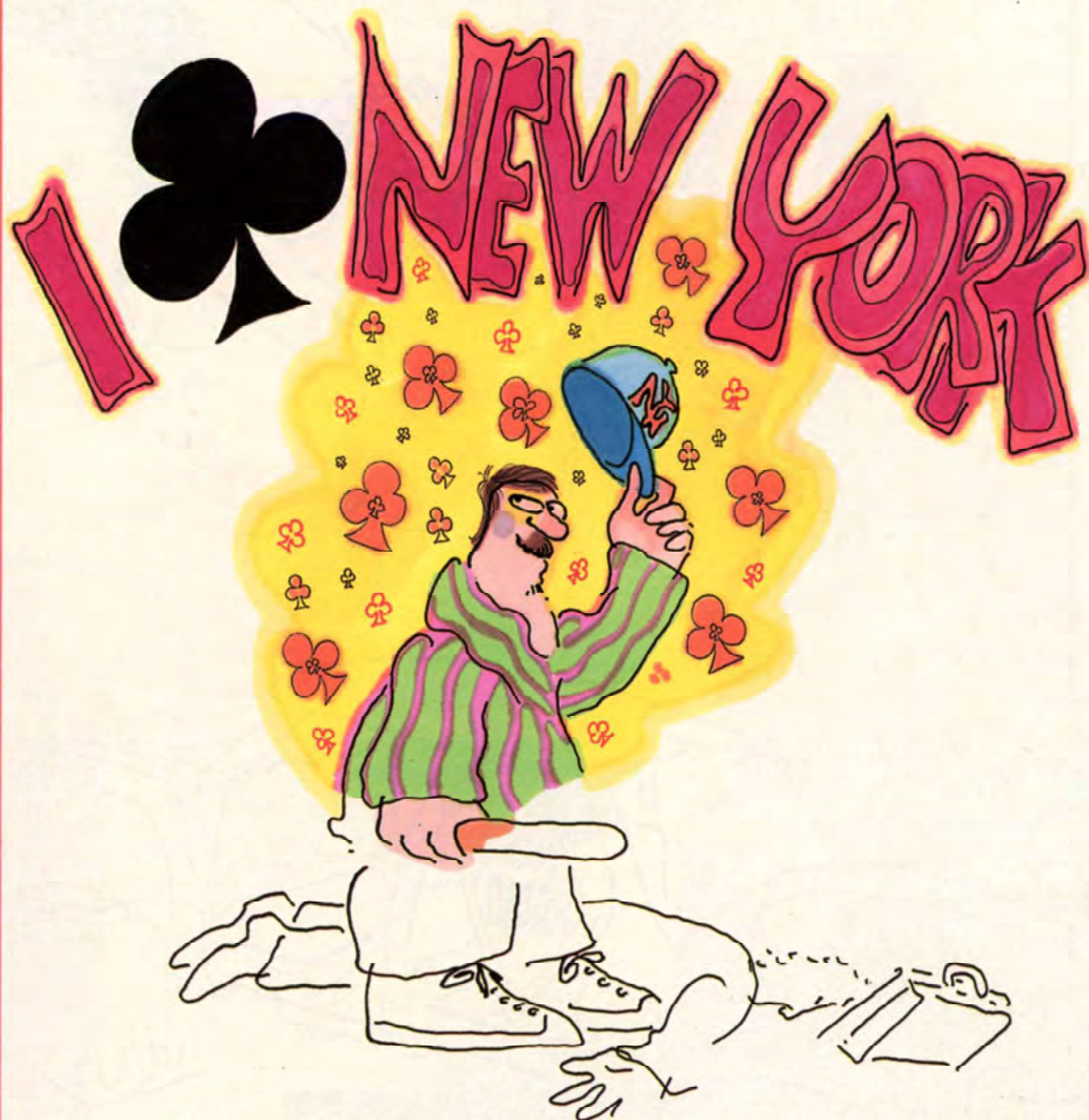
According to other informants inside Aguilar's organization, however, Aguilar's cocaine habit caused him to embark on the bizarre behavior that would ultimately help bring him down. "One night," said an El Paso source, "he kept saying he was going to strip all of his clothes off, open up every kilo of cocaine on his ranch, jump naked into the pile, and roll around in the coke until his skin tingled and then burned from the coke..."

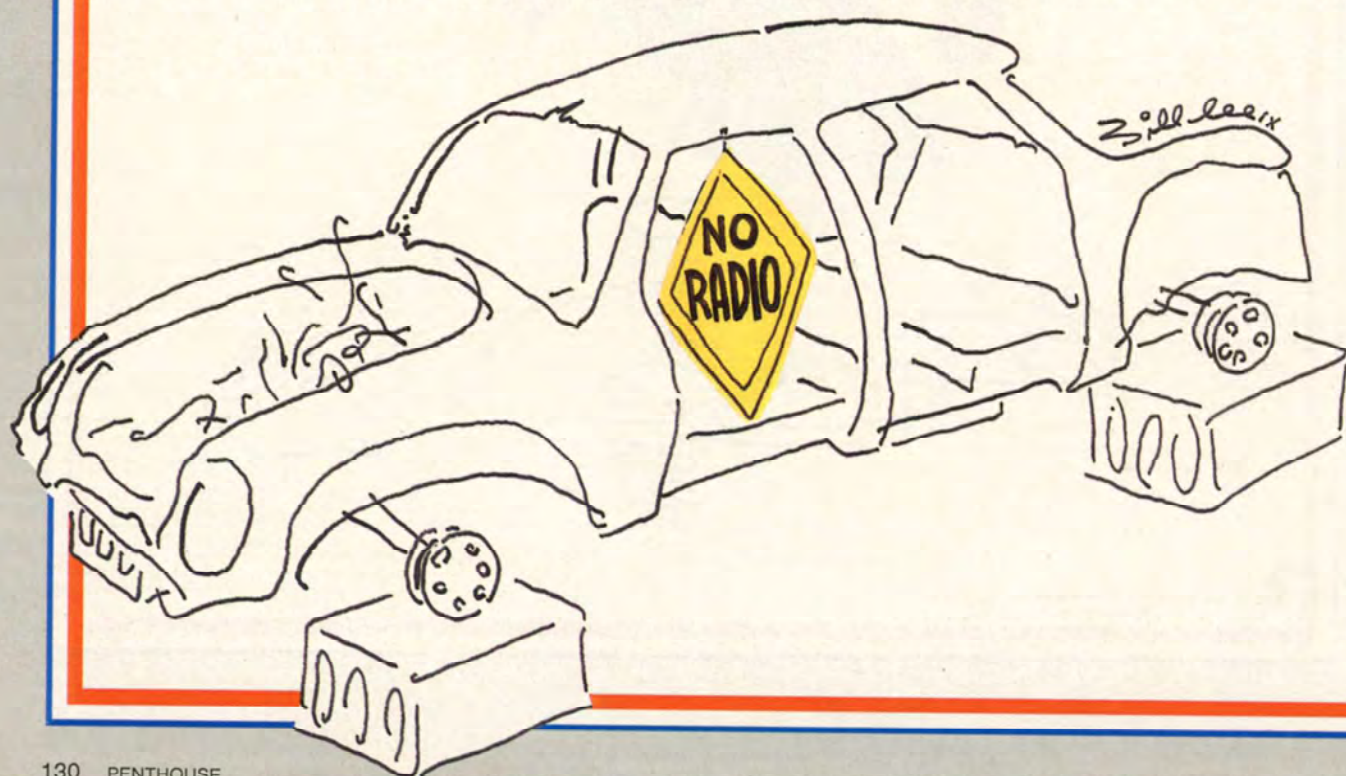
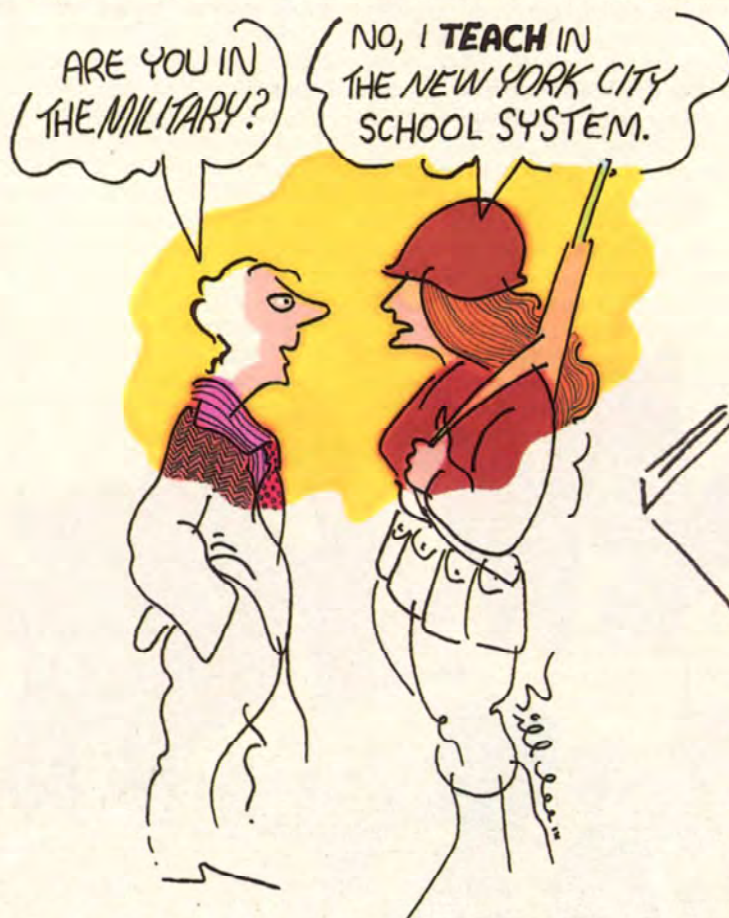
At the height of one of his cocaine

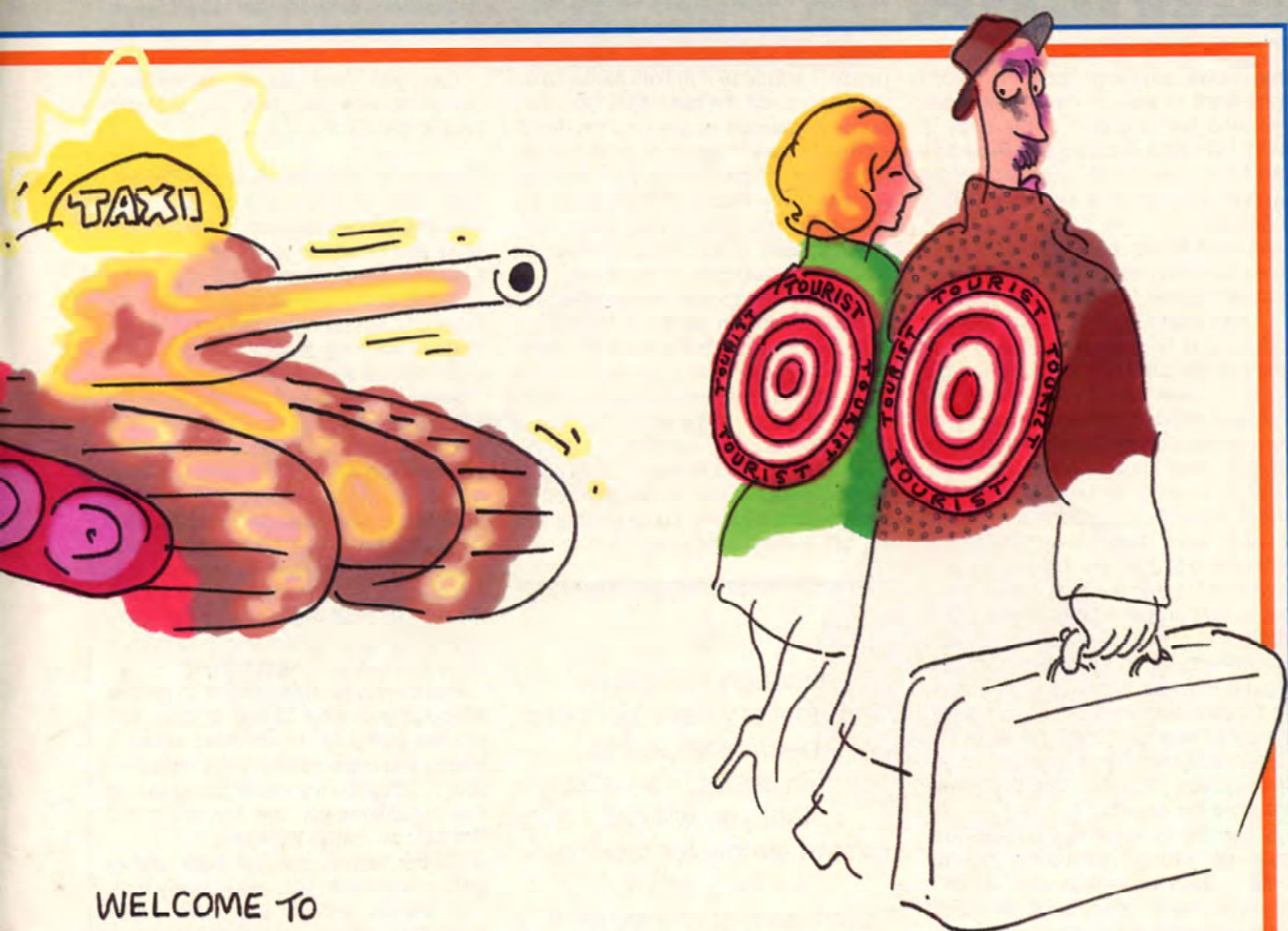
CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

Penthouse presents
a zany look at America's
Fun City.

SATIRE BY BILL LEE







WELCOME TO
LIFE STYLES OF THE
RICH AND FAMOUS
NEW YORKERS...



one knows anything about it. Also, I don't want to walk in on you by accident and find any part of his body in yours." We also decided that Ricardo's half-Latin, half-Italian ego would be happier if he were unaware of John's suggestion.

As most of my readers know, I have an ex-husband with whom I am still on excellent terms (although our relationship has been platonic since our divorce), and he comes to Puerto Rico every winter, partly for the sunshine but mostly to see me—here's where my problems started. Ricardo and my ex were jealous of and hated each other on sight, plus I had to enlist John's assistance in order to keep my naughty secret from my ex-hubby, who would not only have disapproved of my unfaithfulness to John but would probably have had his own feelings hurt. I finally had to rent an extra hotel room, which hardly ever got used, since Ricardo was officially staying in the spare bedroom of our bungalow. Although my caretaking blossomed into a sweet love affair, I thought I was handling it perfectly until John told me, "Wipe that silly smirk off your face. You look like the pussy that stole the cream."

According to all the rule books, what I did was "wrong," but maybe you can come up with the reason why—I can't. My ex-husband spent a bit less time alone with me than he otherwise might have. Ricardo had a wonderful time and returned to the big city revitalized and charged with an enthusiasm that improved his lifestyle. John had me taken off his hands for a week, and thus had extra time for his solitary, introspective treks through the jungle, which were interspersed with extroverted drinking sessions—not only with the boys, but also with the myriad beautiful girls who infest paradisiacal tropical beaches everywhere. And I, with three gorgeous men in love with me, was in a seventh heaven of delight.

THE LONG ARM

I thought about writing to Ann Landers, but considering the nature of the question, I figured she would trash my letter, and I really need an answer.

I got into some trouble and did a little time in the state penitentiary. Now I'm out, but I have to submit to random urine testing. My man and I enjoy oral sex very much. But if I swallow his semen, will it show up in the test?

I really would appreciate an answer A.S.A.P. It is frustrating when things get real hot and we have to stop.—O. G.

Your apparently naive question opens up some interesting and rather shocking issues. It would have helped if you

had been more specific and open. However, I must assume that the "trouble" you got into was drug-related, hence the urine testing. If you are on parole, I suppose it makes sense to try to keep you off the hard stuff, but compulsory analysis of your bodily fluids seems like an invasion of your civil liberties—a negation of your human rights—only made possible by the concept of the "war" mode in the campaign against drugs. What will happen next? Strip searches in the street?

My medical adviser assures me that swallowed sperm would not show up in a urine sample, but should you have normal heterosexual intercourse without a condom just before the urine test, some of your man's ejaculate could easily get into your sample.

Although both fornication and adultery have not been decriminalized in certain states, I think it unlikely that you will get busted simply for fucking—as

Although fornication and adultery have not been decriminalized in certain states, it's unlikely that you will get busted simply for fucking—as long as you don't accept money for it.

long as you don't accept money for it or do it where anyone can see you.

But—and it is a *big* but—if your lover is using certain controlled substances, they may well show up in his semen and pass through your digestive tract unchanged if you swallow his come.

THE ART OF SEDUCTION

I had an unfortunate coincidence happen to me when I attended a seminar on "How to Find a Lover or a Loving Companion." The seminar was given by a psychologist who has 17 years of experience with dating services and has been advertising for one year. She also has a Ph.D. in a field related to dating.

Anyway, the problem is that I am attracted to her more than the other women who attended the class, and I feel that I am in love with her. I'm afraid that if I approach her to ask her out, I would be taking advantage of her since she is the person who is helping me find the right companion.

I would like to seek professional help from someone who specializes in problems such as the one I have. If this feeling continues, and I don't find the

right girl, I think that I'll have a nervous breakdown, even though I can't be absolutely sure that this woman is Miss Right.

Can you help me or recommend someone who can help me with this problem?—G. S.

There is an old joke about an Englishman who was too shy to ask for a blowjob, so he just used to lay it on the table and burst into tears, which is what I felt like doing when I read your letter.

What has happened to all those lovely male chauvinists of yesteryear? Has the aggressive male really joined the list of endangered species?

Although some women still have the natural feminine instinct to play hard to get, there is not a female alive who does not feel complimented when a man makes a verbal pass at her. It is not normally considered an insult to tell a girl that you find her attractive, and please try and explain to yourself (it is too late to do it to me) why you think it would be "taking advantage" of a woman to ask her out. Do you think it constitutes sexual harassment?

Part of your problem seems to be that although you want to find a lover, you are not going to do anything about it unless you are sure she is the right person. . . . But you are *never* going to find that out unless you ask her out in the first place—catch-22 again.

So be happy; despite your wishy-washy approach, you are actually halfway toward solving your own problems. Don't delay any longer, but ask her for a date right away, and remember, any woman—especially one who has a professional involvement in sexual matters—is likely to be interested, if not delighted, when someone makes a pass at her, even if it is a four-foot gnome with Bugs Bunny teeth, jam-pot glasses, and a stutter. **CH**

CREDITS

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EXTRA

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

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 9, NO. 7

EXORCIST III: THE CARDINAL



New York leading Catholic prelate John Cardinal O'Connor is blaming heavy metal music for the recent upswing in Manhattan exorcisms. How many demonic possessions of Ozzy Osbourne fans have there been in New York recently? According to the cardinal, in the last several months three demons have been expelled, and up to seven more possessed parishioners are growling patiently for their exorcisms. In one recent Manhattan exorcism, a 28-year-old female heavy metal fan found herself possessed by Satan. Reports one Catholic priest present at the

scene, "This woman had all the classic signs of devil possession. She could even levitate herself." Adds a psychic researcher who also participated, "The exorcism went on for a full day. She resisted, even attacking the priest. She fought so much that we strapped her five-foot-seven-inch, 145-pound body to the chair, but her power loosened the binds and she levitated out of the chair. The girl smelled of death. The smell of decaying bodies." (Star—submitted by Ernest A. Lopez, Crescent City, Calif.) Now, that's what we call soul music!—Editor

SHE GIVES BIRTH TO ALIEN DOG



Talk about bad luck—not only was a young Venezuelan woman taken aboard a UFO to have sex with some space aliens, but six months later she gave birth to a half-human, half-dog baby boy. It all began when a spaceship landed near the woman and three creatures appeared. “At first I thought they were dogs,” recalls the woman. “They had black shaggy hair, long snouts, and big floppy ears. But they walked upright and must have been four feet tall. They beckoned with their paws and barked softly. I guess it was the way they stared at me with those sad eyes that made me follow them onto the ship.” The rest of her encounter seems hazy, but when she learned she was pregnant a month later, she feared the worst. The worst is what came true in the delivery room. “Everything seemed normal,” says her doctor about the birth, “until a small brown paw poked out of the womb. A nurse screamed as the hairy baby emerged. I thought it might be dead, so I slapped it and it barked.” (*Sun*—submitted by J. Rice, Rock Island, Ill.)

Let's hope this kid gets a new leash on life.—Editor

SHE DIED IN THE CHAIR

You know you have a comfortable relationship when you feel like you don't have to talk with your wife, but if she says nothing after six weeks, chances are she might be dead. That's what happened to an elderly New Jersey couple. As hubby went about his own business, his wife was sitting upright in her chair for six to eight weeks—dead as a doornail. She was finally discovered when police arrived at the house after the husband was overcome by gas while cooking at the stove. Says a policeman who was present at the scene, “He—because of his declining physical and mental health—apparently did not notice that anything was wrong with her. . . . God knows how much longer he would have gone on like this.” (*Passaic-Morris, New Jersey, Record*—submitted by Marc Tedejchi, Fairfield, N.J.)

And all this time he thought she was just absorbed in “Wheel of Fortune.”—Editor



BOY EXPLODES IN CHURCH

What does God do to bad boys who won't listen? Why, he blows them up in church—that's what! At least that's what happened to one ten-year-old from the Philippines. Already guilty of a ton of crimes, the boy was a regular visitor to church—not to worship, but to sneer and laugh out loud at the preacher. At his wit's end, the preacher finally threw in the towel and screamed at the boy from the pulpit. “The demons own you, boy! You are evil and you will burn in damnation!” Seconds later the boy exploded, spraying flesh, blood, and gore over everybody in the small church. Needless to say, the worshipers ran from the church screaming and crying. (*Confidential Reporter*)

You can say he burst into prayer.—Editor



CATER- PILLARS DEVOUR MAN ALIVE



Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the Bolivian jungle . . . now we have to deal with flesh-eating caterpillars! Scientists always believed that caterpillars only ate plants, but now one researcher who witnessed the tragedy reports, "Evidently, a species of moth in South America produces caterpillars that eat meat. What is even more shocking is the voracity of

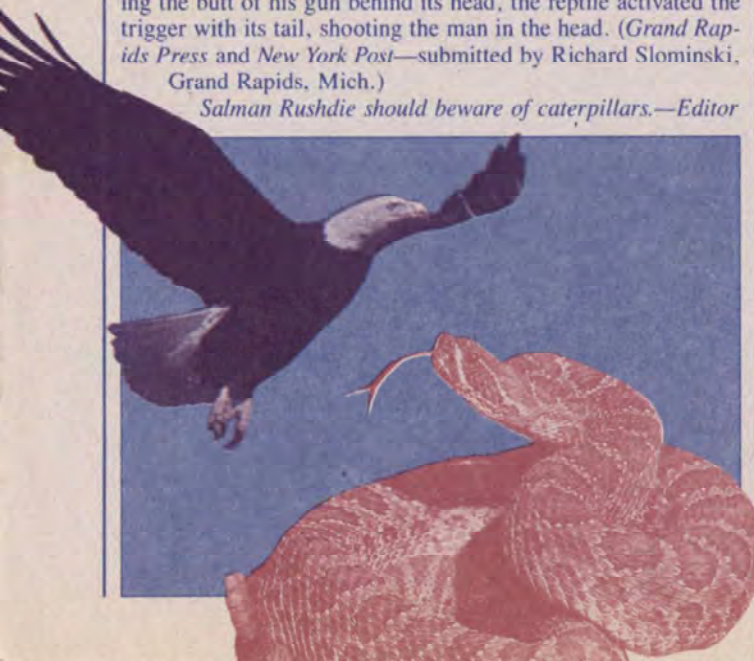
these insects. I watched in horror as they stripped the flesh off my colleague's body within minutes." His associate fell into a huge pit and was devoured by thousands of four-inch-long caterpillars. "The last thing I remember," adds the scientist, "was seeing my friend lying there, a shrieking bloody pulp." (*Sun*)

We think the facts are a little fuzzy . . . —Editor

IRANIAN ANIMALS GO BERSERK

Up, up, and away! That's what happened to a two-year-old child on a family picnic near the Iranian city of Esfahan. Reports the Islamic Republic News Agency (I.R.N.A.), "An eagle suddenly swooped down from the sky, took hold of the child's clothing in its talons, and disappeared into the wilderness before the bewildered eyes of the parents." Neither the child nor the eagle's nest has been found. Meanwhile, reports I.R.N.A., an Iranian hunter was killed by a snake near Tehran when the reptile coiled itself around his shotgun. According to another hunter, when his friend attempted to capture the snake by pressing the butt of his gun behind its head, the reptile activated the trigger with its tail, shooting the man in the head. (*Grand Rapids Press* and *New York Post*—submitted by Richard Slominski, Grand Rapids, Mich.)

Salman Rushdie should beware of caterpillars. —Editor



A REAL BATMAN

You think you've got problems? A hunter was sitting by a fire minding his own business when a UFO stopped above him, opened a trapdoor, and let out a bat-like alien creature that flew down and attached itself to his head. What's worse, when his friend grabbed a rifle and shouted, "I'll shoot it!" the poor guy screamed, "No, no! If it dies, I'll die. It's told me!" So now the hunter is stuck with a crea-

ture from outer space secured to his head. Its claws are dug deep into his scalp, and whenever he tries to touch it, it burns his hands. But it gets worse. "This thing says there's no way I can get rid of it, and more are coming," the hunter told his friend. "It says I'll have to hide out until more of them have hosts." (*Confidential Reporter*)

A true case of bats in the belfry. —Editor

HIS BAD BREATH KILLS MATE



If this happens to your wife, don't give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It seems a Japanese man kissed his wife, then watched helplessly as she staggered backward, clutched her throat, dropped to the floor, and died almost immediately. His bad breath did her in. Docs say the husband was suffering from undiagnosed diabetes, and that his wife happened to be allergic to ace-

tone, a chemical exhaled by diabetics. "He exhaled his acetone-laden breath in her face," recalls a doctor. "Although there was only a small amount of the substance in his breath, I believe there was enough to trigger a massive allergy attack." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Juan Ledesma, Brazoria, Tex.)

Shows what too much sushi can do. —Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE

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

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL



MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

binges, according to a D.E.A. informant, Rafa announced a plan to call a meeting of major narcotics traffickers to deal with the "problem" of De la Madrid, who refused to accept money from the traffickers to allow them to operate freely. To many of the traffickers, Rafa had become an out-of-control force who would eventually bring pressure down on everyone.

Then, on a warm afternoon in Guadalajara in February 1985, an event occurred that changed most fortunes in the Mexican drug underworld. D.E.A. agent Kiki Camarena, who had been leading the assault on the marijuana drug barons in Guadalajara, was kidnapped outside the U.S. consulate and was believed to have been murdered. The D.E.A. launched a relentless investigation into the abduction that focused not only on the powerful Guadalajara drug lords, but also on the numerous Mexican traffickers and officials who aided and protected the drug trade. Most of the major narcotics traffickers in Guadalajara were on the run. Aguilar and the other narcotraficantes in Juárez seemed unaffected by events in Guadalajara until the D.E.A. discovered a tape of the interrogation of Camarena just before his death. On the grisly recording, the interrogator repeatedly asked Camarena what he knew about Rafa. "We suspected that Rafa was either in the room during the interrogation or was one of many who wanted Kiki out of the way," said a D.E.A. insider.

Consequently, Rafa's fortunes sank even lower. Besieged by political enemies in Mexico City, he resigned from his position as comandante. He decided to try to escape the heat by going to America. Breaking with the centuries-old Hispanic code of family loyalty, Rafa embarked on a forbidden gambit in Mexico: Through a lawyer, he sent a letter to the D.E.A. offering to provide information on the Camarena murder and to inform on Muñoz in exchange for permission to come to America.

After a few weeks, Rafa knew that the D.E.A. had not taken the bait, so he left Juárez, where he was too visible, and went into hiding in the city of Torreón. In September 1986 he was captured by M.F.J.P. agents and charged with possession of drugs and money laundering.

Aguilar was brought back to the CeReSo jail in Juárez, his worst nightmare come true. In its dark basement, he would later say, he was subjected to a torture called "the chicken dance," in which soda water was poured through a hose attached to his nose. Rafa began to bargain and talk about his trafficking activities. While he re-

mained locked up, federal agents seized all of his properties.

Meanwhile, Muñoz operated under a bright star. The pressure U.S. narcotics agents were putting on Colombian traffickers in South Florida had severely impeded the easy flow of cocaine into America. Muñoz, with his organization, pickup and tractor-trailer trucks, police protection, and warehouses could give the Colombians assured routes to America's West Coast markets. Muñoz, too, had reason to want the deal. During the 1970s, a program by the Mexican government to spray a deadly pesticide called paraquat on Mexican marijuana crops and the destruction of several large marijuana plantations by the Mexican police had left Muñoz without supplies for his buyers. He needed a new product and the Colombians needed a new route to market.

"El Paso, Texas, was the perfect drug crossroads," said the D.E.A.'s Phil Jor-

Twice each week,
Mexican drug baron Rafael
Aguilar would cross
the border, flanked by his
bodyguards, to
have lunch in an exclusive
private club.

dan. "It's located at the westernmost tip of Texas, less than 600 miles west of Dallas, and is the largest port of entry into the United States from Mexico. More than 35 million people cross the border in El Paso northbound each year. Thirteen U.S. and international routes bisect the city and its suburbs. It's a nightmare to patrol."

The cornerstone of Muñoz's operation in El Paso was a Mexican family called the Tapias—Muñoz's "Teamsters." The patriarch of the family, Carlos Tapia Ponce, was a tall, powerfully built man with a heavy paunch almost concealed by his tropical bush shirts. To earn money to support his burgeoning family, Tapia and his brother, Hector Eduardo, went into the business of transporting marijuana for big-time traffickers. Then he brought his two sons into the business. To run the operation, he chose his younger son, Hector Tapia Anchondo, a tall, handsome, muscular man with a quiet charm and graceful style.

The Tapias were the Corleone family of El Paso. Their operation was a close-

knit structure of blood relations that allowed them to survive and prosper. They got along with Muñoz because they also hated guns and violence. The Old Man believed that violence attracted violence, that if they projected a businessman's attitude they would attract businessmen.

The Trampoline, the route from Colombia to Los Angeles, started on Muñoz's ranch outside Juárez. He had constructed landing strips that regularly received small, fast turbojets carrying hundreds of kilos of pure cocaine from Colombia. A fleet of planes and a corps of pilots made frequent flights to jungle landing sites in the mountains of Bolivia and Peru. Workers on the ranch quickly packed the rectangular one-kilo packages of cocaine into cars and trucks.

The loads were driven to one of five warehouses on El Paso's West Side. Tapia workers packed the kilos of cocaine into secret compartments of tractor-trailer trucks, a false back was put in place, and the remaining visible portion of the trailer was loaded with Mexican artifacts and furniture. The Tapias also provided Muñoz with valuable and reliable contacts in Los Angeles's Mexican underworld to deliver shipments to his Colombian customers.

In the fall of 1987, Carlos Tapia Ponce rented the warehouse in the town of Sylmar. They told the rental agent that they would be using it to house their import-export business, which dealt in Mexican art and artifacts. Once a week an enormous trailer slowly backed down the narrow driveway, was unloaded by a handful of workers, and then drove away. Otherwise, there was little activity around the warehouse. Muñoz attracted no attention. He presented the image of a real estate baron.

"Behind all this simplicity was an organization of more than 200 people," said D.E.A. Texas chief Phil Jordan, "pilots who flew the cocaine loads from Colombia, workers who unloaded the shipments, cutters, packagers, car and truck drivers, warehouse 'longshoremen' in El Paso, and numerous aides, assistants, and gofers. Also on the payroll were bank executives and loan officers, who handled the laundering, and investment advisers, who invested the family's profits into legitimate businesses."

"The Medellín and Cali traffickers looked to this operation more and more as the transshipment point to the western United States," continued Jordan. "As a result, Muñoz made the final step from small, tough businessman in the world of narcotics to a great narcotraficante in the world of criminal industry."

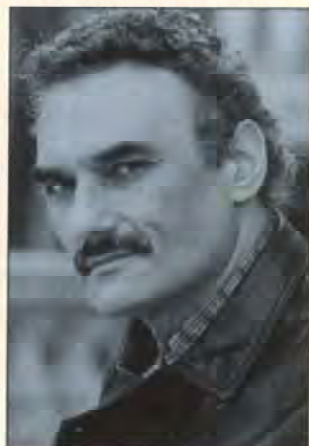
Muñoz's success allowed him to become real estate rich. He bought a magnificent ranch in Cancun; a lavish villa in Acapulco; one of Juárez's most respected restaurants, the elegant

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

A former drug agent's infantile book dumps on a case in which federal agents actually put their careers on the line.

OUT TAKES

BY JOHN CUMMINGS



As intelligence gathering has become bonded to drug trafficking, I have witnessed the trauma among federal agents and police who have come to realize that what they are fighting in the drug war is, in reality, their own government. People in the alphabet soup of law enforcement saw their government ordering them to lay down their lives if necessary to apprehend major drug dealers—only to find that same government, acting through other agencies, working with men like Manuel Noriega.

As a result, some law-enforcement personnel suffered severe personal and emotional burnout when they finally faced and understood the duplicity. Others imploded with rage.

That seems to be what happened to Michael Levine (above). After more than 25 years working undercover for the Drug Enforcement Administration, Levine now concludes that his career fighting the War on Drugs was meaningless. "The war itself is a fraud,"

Levine writes in the prologue to his best-selling book *Deep Cover*. Levine says that he was an accomplice to a charade geared solely to attract maximum media attention.

But Levine, instead of sulking, decided to give vent to his destructive rage by attacking not just the D.E.A., but just about everyone with whom he had worked. And, unfortunately, his rage gives way to petulant, often infantile rantings. The result is a book that ends up dumping on a case in which other federal agents and a couple of prosecutors really did put their careers on the line to achieve some significant results—"Operation Saber."

Levine trashes just about everything and everyone connected with Saber. Yet it was one of those rare cases centered not on street-level dealers but on men who operate with the help of a corrupt foreign government—in this case, Mexico. Two Mexican Army officers, including a general, were charged in connection with the Saber case. They have not yet been tried, since Mexico has not extradited them.

These kinds of investigations into foreign governments' connections with drugs do not sit well with official Washington, particularly the White House and the State Department, which sees such revelations as a threat to "national security." And such inquiries have been successful only to the extent that individual fed-

eral prosecutors and agents worked with stealth. They kept the essentials of their cases secret, not only from those they were investigating, but just as importantly, from their superiors in Washington.

One of Levine's main targets, interestingly, is one of the main players in Saber, a man named David Wheeler, someone I have come to know fairly well.

How to describe David Wheeler? Not an easy task. Wheeler's father was once a State Department official and Wheeler grew up with the advantages of education and travel. Yet he was a drug dealer much of his adult life. He is a man who lived by his wits and was quite manipulative. Due to his early days as a fledgling screenwriter in Hollywood, Wheeler has a flair for the dramatic.

Wheeler became part of Saber when he was arrested in a drug sting in Oklahoma in 1986. Levine thinks of Wheeler as a "snitch." Wheeler says he was "an operative." Either way, Wheeler was effective. Wheeler was, in fact, so adroit that during his years as a drug dealer in Mexico, he became one of the trusted operatives in a trafficking scheme that was actually run directly by the Mexican intelligence service, the D.F.S. When it wasn't overseeing political death squads or doing the C.I.A.'s dirty work, it was dealing in drugs. The D.F.S.'s trafficking capabilities were enhanced in no small measure by the state-of-the-art computers and

technical advice given to it by the C.I.A.

In any case, when Wheeler offered this information to the D.E.A. at the time of his arrest, it simply wasn't interested. What did the D.E.A. want? It didn't want substance; it wanted some quick headlines. The D.E.A. wanted Wheeler to give it a movie star or two. When Wheeler said no, the D.E.A. walked away. Levine says that the D.E.A.'s decision was based on Wheeler's lack of credibility. But as soon as another law-enforcement agency, the U.S. Customs Service, showed an interest in the case, the D.E.A. quickly changed its mind and sent Levine to work with Wheeler so it could again lay claim to the turf it had earlier abandoned.

It was a U.S. Customs agent named Joe Robles who put his career on the line and took a chance with Wheeler. And Robles, along with Assistant U.S. Attorney Stephen Nelson, really gambled by turning Wheeler loose. Wheeler simply could have run. But the gamble paid off.

But ironically, by trashing Wheeler and disclosing behind-the-scenes details of the prosecution, Levine could have opened the door to something he probably never intended: a new trial for the defendants he helped send away.

In an interview Levine conceded his total distaste for Wheeler. "But I wasn't trying to trash anyone," he said, "especially not Robles or Nelson. I was just trying to show how it was." 

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MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

Florida Restaurant; and shopping centers, office buildings, and hotels. He had all of the ornaments in one of his hotels replaced with gold fixtures, tinted gold mirrors, and marble. Often seen around Juárez in his western outfit, boots and a cowboy hat, he became a legend, *El Ganadero*, the Cattleman.

Meanwhile, Rafa was released from CeReSo prison and immediately went into hiding in Juárez as he began trying to resume control of his operation. Muñoz, his former underboss, was now the prince of the border cities. Looking for a deal, Aguilar resumed his partnership with Muñoz. Through his connections in Colombia, Muñoz was able to outdistance all other Mexican narcotrafficantes in terms of wealth and political power. He had become the greatest smuggler in the history of a country where smugglers were legendary.

"Muñoz was like the king," said a source. "Everyone was in awe of him. He was so smart and so under control. He used to handle any problems and disputes."

By 1988 the "overmighty family" of Rafael Muñoz, Rafael Aguilar, Carlos Tapia Ponce, and their various blood and marriage relations had created the greatest cocaine organization in the world. That first year the Trampoline

shipped 60 tons of cocaine into the Los Angeles warehouse—worth \$12 billion, more than the gross income of most U.S. corporations. At times they were dispersing as much as three tons of cocaine a week among the Colombians in Los Angeles.

In Miami and New York City, cocaine gangs competed ferociously, bloody shoot-outs occurred regularly on the streets, and informants leaked news to the D.E.A. about various rival gangs. But the patriarchal family structure of the Muñoz-Colombian operation was so tight and ordered that even though the D.E.A. knew the names of most of the principals involved and had had them under surveillance, no hints of the staggering volume of cocaine it was transporting ever reached the D.E.A. As a result, hundreds of tons of cocaine were moving undetected through the Juárez—El Paso corridor, past the offices of the undermanned D.E.A. and other U.S. narcotics agencies.

The organization was earning sums of money that were beyond breathtaking. "They had gone from being rich," said Phil Jordan, "to being very rich." But while other traffickers ostentatiously paraded their sudden wealth around Mexican capitals, the Aguilar-Muñoz-Tapia family remained insular, bound by the traditions of honoring their fathers and associating mostly with family, intermarrying and growing. They used their great wealth to move away

from the streets where they had grown up and the back alleys where they had made their first deals to the most affluent neighborhoods and isolated locations of Mexico.

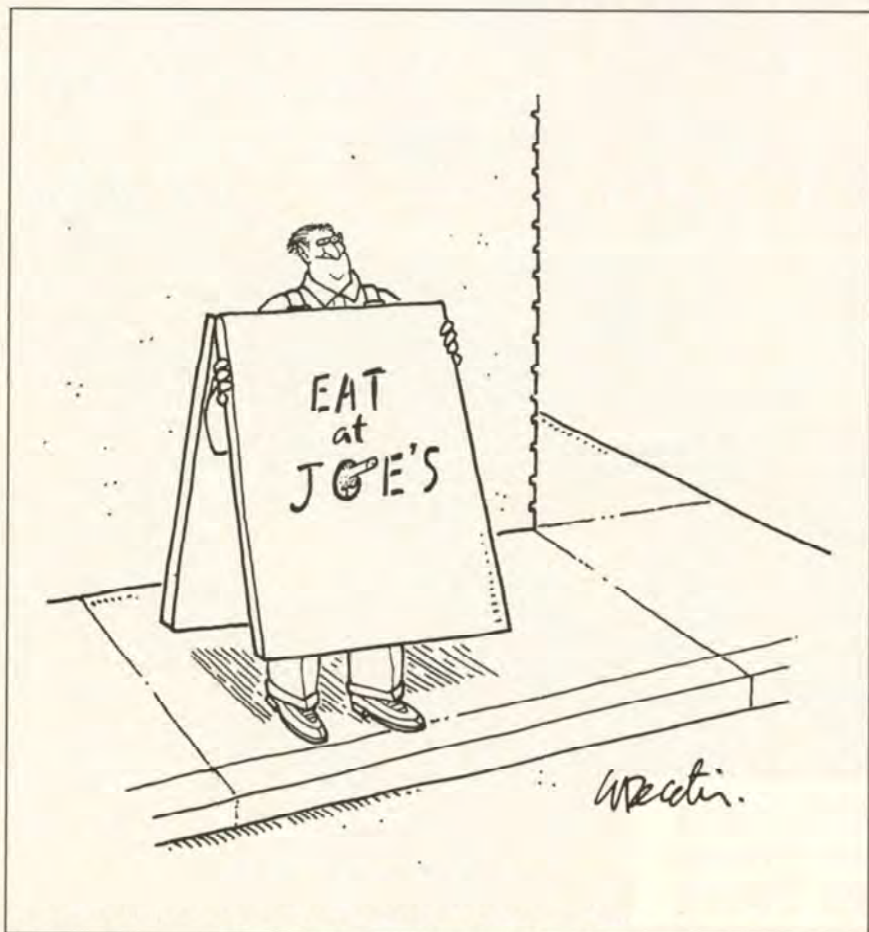
Muñoz had taken every precaution against being discovered. His planning was faultless, his security impeccable. Nothing ever went wrong. But in the end, he was foiled by bad luck. The empire would be toppled by the tip of a neighbor in Sylmar.

Saturday night after the bust in Los Angeles, the Old Man, Carlos Tapia Ponce, and his son Hector Anchondo were arrested while attending a floor show in Las Vegas. In El Paso a massive task force of U.S. and Mexican agents raided every known address of the Tapias. They found over \$3.1 million in cash. It's been said that Muñoz, who'd been keeping a low profile since the Sylmar bust, was tipped off about the impending raid—his wife and children sped away the day before the police arrived. But he was arrested a few days later when 50 *federales* stormed the hotel in Juárez where he was hiding out.

The prince of the city was in jail, his kingdom shattered by what the Mexicans call *ni modo*—tough luck. His partner and brother-in-law had disappeared into the shadows in Mexico. Despite his arrest, however, Muñoz had left a legend on the border. For a time, a group of men who had grown up in Mexico's brutal poverty had created a kingdom of great wealth. They had lived in grand style and even shared the wealth with those less fortunate. Most of all, they had created a symbol for all poor Mexicans of success and victory over all the forces that were trying to destroy them.

Perhaps the irony of the drug business wasn't lost on them. The Americans were now talking of legalizing cocaine. The U.S. government, it was proposed, could dispense it through federal pharmacies. It made sense that the Americans would ultimately control all drugs. It was, after all, American demand that had created the trade and inspired the dreams of an empire that were born and nurtured in Mexico and finally died in Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, America's drug shock troops, the street narcs and D.E.A. agents on the border, moved on to other cases or put in for transfers to other front lines in the losing war. Nothing changed on the streets. 



Should drugs be legalized? Or should even casual drug users be jailed? How about the death penalty for pushers? *Penthouse* would like your opinion. Dial (900) 568-3000. The charge is \$2.00 for the first minute and 75 cents for each additional minute.

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HGPE9

Suppose . . .
We Play 20 Questions?

GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

1. Suppose . . . you were in the southernmost state of the United States. What state would that be?

2. Suppose . . . you took a walk due south from east Detroit. What foreign country would you come to first?

3. Suppose . . . you looked at a clock between two and three in the afternoon and mistook the minute hand for the hour hand. Later you discovered your mistake, noting that you had thought the time was 55 minutes earlier than it really was. What time would it have been?

4. Suppose . . . you were a professor of English and a student handed in the following statements. How would you correct them? (a) Verbs has to agree with their subjects. (b) Don't use no double negatives. (c) A preposition is something you should never end a sentence with. (d) When one is writing, it is important to maintain your point of view. (e) Don't say the same thing more than once. It's redundant and repetitious. (f) Each pronoun should agree with their antecedent.

5. Suppose . . . you were traveling in a vehicle that was moving through an unmoving medium. If the medium were absent, your vehicle would continue to move at the same speed. Because of the medium, however, your vehicle loses energy through friction and speeds up. You'd be traveling in what vehicle?

6. Suppose . . . you were a billionaire. Your club wants to raise money for its favorite charity, Lesbian Mothers for Peace. You arrive late at a meeting called to elicit pledges and blurt out that you will match all other donations. Donald Plump, a member of the Billionaire Boys' Club, faints on hearing this. Why?

7. Suppose . . . the day after the day before a week from tomorrow is five days after Tuesday. What day is it?

8. Suppose . . . you had to determine what the following words have in common: (a) shrapnel; (b) cardigan; (c) chauvinism; (d) guillotine. What would be the link between them?

9. Suppose . . . that in your line of



work it was necessary for you to know the meanings of the following terms: *rond*, *paso doble*, and *no foot rise*. What would you be doing?

10. Suppose . . . you were convicted of a capital crime in China. How would you be executed?

11. Suppose . . . you went swimming in the highest lake in the world. You would be in what country?

12. Suppose . . . you could travel from New York to London and arrive before you left. How would you have to travel?

13. Suppose . . . you had a driveway exactly 100 feet long and wanted to build a fence on each side, placing posts exactly ten feet apart. How many posts would you need?

14. Suppose . . . you had to discover a number between ten and 100 that reads the same viewed upside down as it does right side up. What number would it be?

15. Suppose . . . there was a word that became shorter when you added two letters. What word would it be?

16. Suppose . . . you were convicted of the crime most often committed by U.S. women. What crime would it be?

17. Suppose . . . you wanted to paint your car the safest color. What color should you choose?

18. Suppose . . . you wanted to catch up to a person who was walking ahead of you at three miles per hour and had a two-hour head start.

You can follow them at six miles per hour. How long after they started would you catch up?

19. Suppose . . . you were betting on a walking race between a swan, a goose, and a duck. Which would be the most likely to win?

20. Suppose . . . you were in the one place where the U.S. flag flies at full staff around the clock and is never saluted. Where would you be?

Answers: 1. Hawaii. 2. Canada. 3. The correct time would have been five and five-elevenths of a minute past two.

4. (a) Verbs *have* to agree with their subjects. (b) Don't use *any* double negatives. (c) Never end a sentence with a preposition. (d) When *you* are writing, it is important to maintain *your* point of view. (e) Don't say the same thing more than once. It's redundant. (f) Each pronoun should agree with *its* antecedent. 5. You are in orbit in the space shuttle. The friction with the atmosphere causes the orbit to decay and the speed to increase as the shuttle drops into a lower orbit—until it commences braking maneuvers, of course. 6. Plump has just made the same pledge. Thus, if a third member pledges so much as a dollar, both of you will go broke trying to match each other's donation. 7. Saturday. 8. All four words are derived from proper names. (a) Invented by Henry Shrapnel; (b) after James Thomas Brudenell, seventh earl of Cardigan; (c) after Nicolas Chauvin, a character excessively devoted to Napoleon; (d) invented by Joseph Guillotin. 9. You'd be a ballroom-dancing instructor. 10. Efficiently. A single bullet in the back of the head. 11. Tibet. 12. You would have flown on the Concorde. With its three-hour flying time, you'd arrive in London two hours before you left New York. 13. Twenty-two. 14. Sixty-nine. 15. Short. 16. Shoplifting. 17. You'd be wise to choose pink. A Swedish survey of more than 31,000 accidents found that pink showed up least. 18. Four hours. 19. Put your money on the goose. 20. The moon.

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and fantasized about this for so long.

I can honestly say that being separated like this has its advantages and disadvantages. I sure appreciate my husband a lot more. Our reunions are wonderful and sexually fulfilling. I'm proud to be married to a Navy pilot—I wouldn't trade my life for anything.—*Name and address withheld*

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

I recently visited Paris for a vacation. The spring weather had just arrived, and the crowds of tourists hadn't come yet. Trying to feel a little French, I went out without my panties and bra—just a skirt and a sweater.

It must be a small world, because later that morning I saw a former roommate's boyfriend. We met at a large museum and at first there was some small talk about art. The underlying tension started to dissolve when we talked about how we had broken up with our respective boyfriend and girlfriend. I also told him that I had secretly had the hots for him when he was attached. One thing led to another, and soon we were passionately French-kissing next to some French paintings in France. This museum has many small, isolated rooms and the floor creaks, so we felt that we would have some warning. But

we were so hot we didn't care if we got caught.

Anyway, the fact that I wasn't wearing panties or a bra added to our passion. My friend could grab my smooth ass and slip his fingers into my dripping cunt. I've always played with my clit in bed, but it was a newly discovered sensation to have my lips parted and fingers slipping into my hot cunt from that angle. My nipples were rock-hard, and the material of my sweater was rubbing sensuously against them. Finally, we were both on the floor and my new lover took off my sweater. My breasts are firm, nice-sized, and pretty, and I wanted him to paw them so badly.

After a few moments of this, we landed in a sixty-nine position. His cock was a big one, but it was beautiful. He licked my clit so furiously, yet so gently, that I soon came all over him.

By this point I wanted him inside of me, so I turned my body around and sat on his cock. He grabbed my ass with both hands and helped me pump up and down. He also played with my breasts when he wasn't caressing my ass. All this stimulation got me going and soon I came again. Then he shot his load deep inside me as my cunt gripped his throbbing member. We were both shaking uncontrollably. It was then that I remembered where we were and that someone might find us. Laughing the whole time, we went to a local café for some lunch. The rest of the trip was

full of fun, sight-seeing, and lots of sex!—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE ROAD

The other night my lover and I were on our way home from a comedy show. We had an hour's ride ahead of us, and we weren't on the road long before our thoughts turned to sex. Loving to play the tease, I decided to make the most of what I was wearing—a hot-pink dress with buttons from top to bottom. I slowly unbuttoned my dress, first exposing my tits, then my thighs. The reaction I got from my man was all the encouragement I needed to continue.

Even with the air conditioner on in the car, you could feel the heat blasting between the two of us. I removed my panties and bra, leaned back against the door, and stretched out, putting one leg on the back of Hector's seat and the other on the dashboard to bare my now wet and hot pussy. It has always been one of his fantasies to watch me masturbate, so I began to circle my clit with my thumb, then eased my middle finger in and out of my sopping hole.

By this time it was obvious that Hector was having an extremely hard time keeping his eyes on the road. I thought it would be best to cool things down a bit, so I swung my body around and put my head in his lap with my feet against the door. Within seconds, one of his hands was between my thighs, his fingers on my throbbing clit, driving me crazy with lust.

We were both so aroused that we didn't notice we had an audience until we heard the sound of a horn. I looked up to see an 18-wheeler in the next lane. The driver was honking his horn and shouting out his window while keeping pace with our car. Knowing I'm a bit of an exhibitionist, Hector decided to play this for all it was worth. He continued rubbing my clit at a frantic speed, bringing me to the brink.

He turned on the interior lights, giving the trucker a perfect view of my naked body writhing in orgasm. We then sped off down the road, thinking we were leaving our audience behind. But a short way down the turnpike, we came upon several other truckers, all honking and waving, and realized that we must have been the talk of the airwaves that night! We decided it was probably best to take a different route before we caused an accident. I wonder if this is what Willie Nelson meant when he sang, "Just can't wait to get on the road again."—*Name and address withheld*



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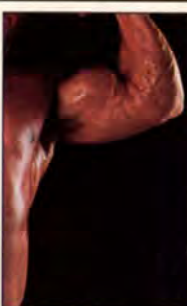
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X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Swinger's: hot sex shoots.

GAG MAG

Swinger's Ink
(VCA) **111**

Tell a person you work at *Penthouse* and fantasies run wild. You see visions of Pet parties dance in their eyes. The reality is something else, of course, but the fantasy is so persistent, it was inevitable that it would become an adult-video staple. *Swinger's Ink* is yet one more entry in a long line of videos purporting to show what life at an "adult sophisticate" magazine is really like. The name of the tape is the name of the magazine, too, and it's in deep trouble. It's about to be sold to a mysterious woman named Abigail Colton (Tracy Adams), and the sad-sack collection of misfits and nymphomaniacs who work there are worried about their future. This is the type of fantasy sex mag where the photo shoots are done right in the office, right there in front of the secretaries. How does anyone get any work done? Don't ask. The dialogue in

Swinger's Ink signals it's meant to be a comedy, but the laughs are usually at its own expense. The sex, on the other hand, makes a believer out of you. The final novelty sequence is worth the price of the rental.

PENTHOUSE PICK

All the Right Motions
(Dreamland Elite) **1111**

To some extent, sex is about surfaces. The play of eyes over flesh, the friction of skin against skin, the shift of appearances that fuels fantasy. *All the Right Motions* has the smooth, urbane surface of a high-powered lawyer who has just exited his styling salon. In fact, that's what this tape is about: lawyers. More specifically, divorce lawyers—probably the most unsexy group of people in the world, but producer Jerry Ross has managed to make a superbly erotic video about them. Kudos to Eric Price as Lee, the center of the sex storm, who manages to exude stylish arrogance. Whether he has a blonde in his lap, impaling her throat with his huge crank while he talks on the phone, or he's simply ogling his brick-shithouse secretary (Sabrina Dawn), Price sets the tone in the tape. But it is the women who give this video its erotic thrust. You'd have to have a cold lap indeed to remain unmoved by the collective charms of Tracy Adams, Keisha, Carol Cummings, and Susan Vegas. The beautiful women arrayed here are like diamonds set into brass knuckles. *Motions* packs an erotic wallop.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

The Mistress
(Cal Vista) **11111**

Here's an entry from porn's golden age that stands up especially well as a couples' tape—the story of one woman who serves as the mistress to two men, one of whom is her boss. The great Kelly Nichols plays her role of the victimized woman with sensitivity and grace. Seeing this tape again after almost a decade (it was made in 1983) made me appreciate Nichols's searing sensuality



Mistress: perfect tape.

all the more. This woman could stir crotches simply by walking across the room. The perfect tape for someone just beginning to investigate erotic video.

AMATEUR SERVICE

The Legend
(Legend Video) **111**

Director Scotty Fox wants to give us a television-style miniseries with lots of sweep and erotic pomp, and he almost pulls it off. A lot of its sexual cachet

comes from the sizzling new starlet Lauren Hall, an elegant brunette with runway-model long-leggedness. She plays a country girl who'd do anything to break out of her tight little world—even act in adult films. She sends a sample of her work to a producer (Randy West), and he likes what he sees enough to come running. The sexual ramifications spin off from there. There's a little competition going between Hall and Sabrina Dawn, her small-town best friend. What legend comes most? Maybe the sequel will tell.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Real Magnolias

(Blue Nites/All World) **1111**

If there's something inherently romantic about a girl's wedding day, an adult video about it ought to be romantic, too. At times *Real Magnolias* comes through in spades. The relationship between Sharon Kane and Tim Lowe is tender and touching. (This doesn't prevent enduring adult star Kane from giving new crossover stud Lowe a whale of a blowjob.) Even her hairdresser knows for sure as he regales the bride-to-be with erotic gossip. The romantic content of these tales varies wildly, from raging quickies to fortissimo fucks. Much of *Real Magnolias* is farfetched and strained, but the sex is always fresh and vivid. If you have a wedding day like this, your marriage is bound to be an anticlimax. The ladies will love the romance, and the men will get off on the heat. **OT**

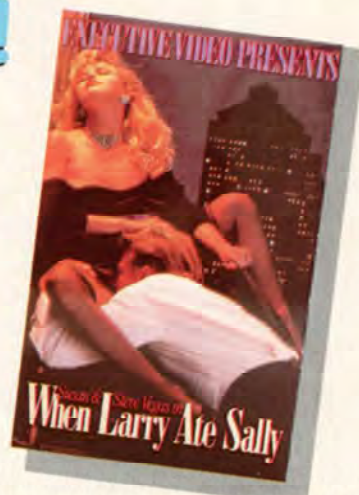
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WHEN LARRY ATE SALLY — Susan and Steve Vegas in the takeoff that takes everything off! Larry finally decides to pay more attention to his beautiful girlfriend but it may be too late. By the time he gets around to sultry Sally she's already juggling a half dozen other guys! Her sexual escapades are non-stop and "anything goes" as she accommodates their every desire! Find out if poor boob Larry can figure it out in time to save it all! Time Approximate 1 Hour 2 Minutes.

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U.N. BANS SEX, PUSHES HATE

The United Nations' history of pandering to repression continues. In 1974, at the request of the Soviets, it threw Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* out of its Geneva bookstores. And recently, citing what it terms the world organization's "responsibility to many different constituencies," a group of feminist employees succeeded in sweeping magazines that display nudity off its newsstands. To get a clearer idea of the sort of constituencies that this splendid organization finds acceptable, we dispatched our sleuths to the newsstand in the lobby of the U.N. Secretariat building in Manhattan.

There we purchased a publication called the *Washington Report on Middle East Affairs*, which bannered a "special report" on "The Fall of Drexel Burnham Lambert and the Israeli Connection." This thinly veiled anti-Semitic essay argued that "the devastation of America's economy ... provides a textbook example of why unquestioning support for Israel by organized American Jewry is a disaster for both."

The magazine itself, we respectfully submit, is a textbook example of how the U.N. coddles terrorists and hate-mongers. The Drexel "report," published by a group renowned for its hatred of Jewish supporters of Israel, astounded, among other experts, Ira Sorkin, the Securities and Exchange Commission's former New York regional administrator. "This theory is the most absurd thing I've heard about the stock market in ten years," he says. **OT**



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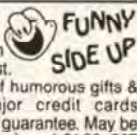
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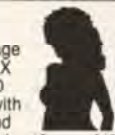
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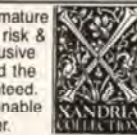
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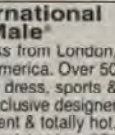
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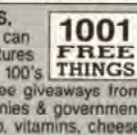
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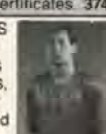
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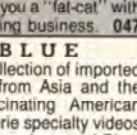
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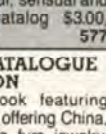
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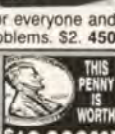
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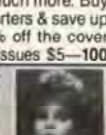
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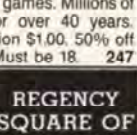
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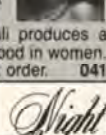
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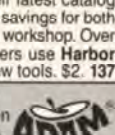
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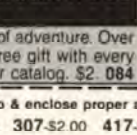
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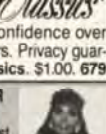
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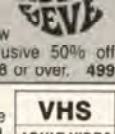
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KURT VONNEGUT'S "HOCUS POCUS"

Our 21st Anniversary Issue kicks off in high gear with an exclusive preview of Kurt Vonnegut's new novel *Hocus Pocus, or, What's the Hurry, Son?* (to be published by the Putnam Berkley Group). Vonnegut, one of America's most esteemed—and funniest—authors, presents an imaginary America some ten years into the future when the Japanese own most of the country outright, and prisons can't be built fast enough to accommodate all the citizens who don't fit in with polite society. The narrator, Eugene Debs Hartke, a Vietnam War hero, is awaiting trial for allegedly masterminding the escape of 10,000 convicts from an all-black prison in New York. And then the real fun begins.



IN THE GRIP OF A SATANIC PANIC

The allegations are, to say the least, somewhat extreme: An international conspiracy of satanists who, through human sacrifice, ritual sexual abuse of children, and bizarre rites of torture are making the world safe for the return of Satan. "They undermine society from within," insists one well-known psychologist. "They have their own doctors, lawyers, unions, to place in key positions in society." Next month Laurence Gonzales tells what startling truths he found when he investigated these seemingly far-fetched claims.



THE MAN WHO KNEW ELVIS BEST

What was the King *really* like? "An insecure, ill-equipped man with no self-esteem to begin with." That's Earl Greenwood's verdict, and he should know. Greenwood, Elvis's cousin, grew up with the King and was by his side from his childhood until his bizarre final years. In our exclusive interview, as well as in excerpts from his forthcoming book *The Boy Who Would Be King* (Dutton), written with Kathleen Tracy, Greenwood reveals how Elvis took out his frustrations and inhibitions by having sex with teenage girls—the younger, the better—and tells of the homemade sex films that would have put Rob Lowe to shame. After next month, no one will ever look at Presley the same way again.



THE SLAUGHTER OF THE GREYHOUNDS

One hundred and fifty thousand greyhounds run in this country every year for sport and profit, and each year, 50,000 are put to death for losing. According to reporter Fred Halliday, practices in the dog-racing business make cockfighting and bullfighting look humane—and instead of bookies being in charge, the 19 states where it's legal now run the show. "It's the state that makes the dogs run, its eyes on the financial prize," Halliday writes in next month's "Advise & Dissent." The abuses the dogs suffer are tremendous, and the only thing awaiting them at the end of their career is "the gas chamber, the decompression chamber, the incinerator—and there is always the bullet by the ditch or the white-coated vet with a needle: Dr. Syringe."



RIDERS ON THE STORM

Madman, singer, iconoclast—the legendary Jim Morrison, leader of the Doors, is still the object of near-worship some 19 years after his mysterious death. Finally, Doors drummer and co-founder John Densmore fills a gaping hole in rock history with his upcoming autobiography, *Riders on the Storm: My Life With Jim Morrison and the Doors* (Delacorte). Next month, right before Oliver Stone's new movie about the Doors is released, Densmore recounts the real story about how a skinny college kid from Florida transformed himself into rock's greatest poet—and its most notorious casualty.

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