

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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SPECIAL REPORT: TEENAGE PROSTITUTION

DEPROGRAMMING A MOONIE: A YOUNG GIRL DESCRIBES HER YEARS OF ROBOT-LIKE ENSLAVEMENT **JERRY LEE LEWIS:** THE SCANDALS AND TRAGEDIES THAT COST HIM THE CROWN **PAUL NEWMAN:** SYMPOSIUM ON THE ABUSES OF THE PRESS

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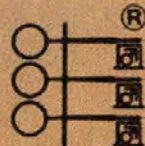
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HOUSECALL

Eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, year in and year out, standing in the wet chill of winter streets or leg-dragging hot along summer sidewalks—this is the "life" of a Moonie, a member of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's so-called Unification Church, a creature who exists for only one purpose: to raise money for Moon. For almost three years Kate Kennedy, a friendly, intelligent, and ambitious teenager, existed as a mindless robot, making up to \$90,000 tax-free for Moon in one year alone by selling candy and flowers and begging for donations. Kate had spent a weekend at a Moonie indoctrination center, curious about a community that seemed to be committed to the spirituality of its members and the welfare of the world. Innocent of their masterful brainwashing techniques, Kate believed their promises and, after a weekend stretched into ninety days, found herself "incapable of making a decision: I was ordered and I obeyed, moving in a trance." Kate's chilling story, "The Devil's Work" (page 52), is part of a book she wrote with her father, Tom, who is an American newspaperman living in Europe and whose decision to kidnap his daughter from the Moonies ended her nightmare. Tom writes of his anguish while he was trying to decide whether "to violate Kate's constitutional rights by kidnapping her or letting her stay in the cult and be destroyed." Finally, knowing that his daughter was in "terrible physical and mental jeopardy," Tom realized that she had to be forcibly saved from herself. Because increasing numbers of disaffected children are being robbed of their minds and their money by the manipulations of such dime-store Messiahs, the experiences of **Tom and Kate Kennedy** will become even more common, and the lessons they both learned, even more important.

Unlike Kate Kennedy, most of the girls who end up as prostitutes on Los Angeles's notorious Hollywood Boulevard had abusive parents and, on the face of it, nothing to live for. "What was I supposed to do?" asks Sabrina, who at sixteen was already a \$300-a-night whore. "I had no choice," she told reporter **Bill Lawren** in "The Oldest Profession, the Youngest Victims" (page 76). "My parents didn't want me; my psychiatrist told me I was nuts." So Sabrina went out and found somebody who wanted her. And in Sabrina's case, as in the case of all too many runaway kids, that somebody was a pimp. Once he established himself as the understanding father she never had, he quickly put her to work. Pimps, Lawren discovered, maintain a discipline that the Reverend Moon might envy—using nightly quotas (Sabrina's started at \$200), beatings, and sexual guidelines ("get a nice little Oriental—they're usually not cops, they get off fast, they pay, they bow, and they're gone"). And, like the Moonies, most of these children never escape. As a police detective told Lawren: "If these kids are exposed to this kind of thing for more than three weeks . . . they'll be into crime for the rest of their lives."

When Robert Redford, in director **Sydney Pollack's** movie *Three Days of the Condor*, found himself in mortal danger, he depended on the bravery and integrity of the press to save his life. But in Pol-

lack's most recent film, *Absence of Malice*, **Paul Newman's** reputation is shattered, and another character is driven to suicide by the incompetence and greedy ambition of a newspaper reporter. *Absence of Malice* has provoked a national controversy about the role and responsibilities of the press, and, in outspoken discussions with *Penthouse* contributing editor **Bob Spitz**, Newman, Pollack, and screenwriter **Kurt Luedtke** make it clear that *Absence of Malice* was not just another movie project—they are all genuinely angry and disgusted by what they perceive to be the excesses and abuses of newspapers and other media, which then hide behind the First Amendment for sanctuary ("Why Is Paul Newman Mad as Hell and Not Going to Take It Anymore?" page 80).

Their comments are put into perspective by an introductory essay by CBS-TV media critic **Jeff Greenfield**, who says that millions of Americans share an increasing fear and mistrust of the media and that reporters should think about the issues raised by the film, rather than simply attacking it. But, on the other hand, anyone who is too disgusted by the performance of the media should read Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter **Harrison Salisbury's** "Advise and Dissent" (page 104). Salisbury sounds an alarm against a growing threat from the Third World and Communist blocs to license reporters and shut down news operations that have fallen from favor. Despite legitimate complaints about the American press, most reasonable people would have to conclude, as Churchill did about democracy, that it's the worst system in the world, except for all the others!

This month's exciting fiction is from **J. C. Pollock's** forthcoming Crown novel, *Mission MIA* (page 132), about a group of American prisoners of war still rotting in hellish Indochina concentration camps, deliberately forgotten by our government for vaguely defined foreign-policy objectives. To most citizens, that's a shocking and totally unbelievable thought, but former Green Beret Lt. Col. "**Bo**" **Gritz**, a real-life war hero, says that the premise of the novel is all too probable. Interviewed by *Boston Globe* reporter **Ben Bradlee, Jr.** (page 144), Gritz claims he has access to secret intelligence information that up to 200 Americans are still being held prisoner in Vietnam and Laos, and "that only God, the mothers, the wives who remained true, and the Special Forces" want them back.

Other features you will want to read this month include "Hellfire" (page 72), adopted from **Nick Tosches's** forthcoming Delacorte biography of Jerry Lee Lewis, the wild man of rock 'n' roll, who would have been even greater than Elvis, except that his endlessly scandalous and tragic personal life kept getting in the way, and **Gary Hanauer's** "Gold Rush to the Stars" (page 124), a report on America's boundless new frontier—the industrialization of space, where unlimited treasures await man's ingenuity and determination. And don't forget to catch the all-new, exciting second appearance of our insidiously clever new feature, "Hard Times" (page 182), which, in its own unique fashion, also celebrates man's ingenuity.

Best of all, our issue is filled, once again, with a whole new galaxy of rising stars . . . the *Penthouse Pets*. And you don't need a spaceship to gather them up . . . they await your eager discovery just a few pages away! **O+**

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PENTHOUSE®

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Forum*, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Eye of the beholder

I've got to tell you about an original idea that me and my girl came up with. You see, my girl lost her eye in an accident, and now she has a glass eye.

The other night, while she was giving me the hottest blowjob, I closed my eyes. This blowjob was out of sight. When I finally opened my eyes, much to my surprise she was taking out her eye. She told me to put it in my mouth, and I did. I rolled it around on the tip of my tongue, and I could feel the porcelain iris. I closed my eyes to enjoy it.

When I opened my eyes, I found that she had stretched her eyelids around the head of my throbbing cock. Then she started slowly taking it deep into her socket. I could feel her twitching eye muscles. The feeling was unreal. Then I had the greatest climax I ever had. The feeling of her glass eye in my mouth and her eyelashes gently stroking my rod was the best.

Every night now she gives me terrific "eye." I think everyone should try it. There's nothing better than the feeling of a hot eye socket moving slowly over my cock, and my girl loves to see me roll her glass eye around my lips while we make love.—Name and address withheld

South of the border

Certain types of men turn me on easier than others, so therefore I was in Tijuana one afternoon, speculating upon the gratification of my nymphomaniacal needs for the evening. I love to "check out the meat," and they aren't afraid to show it there. A sweet young muscle returned my hungry stare and began speaking softly to me, and I knew I would have a rewarding night. We walked all around the city for hours and miles. His thick black wavy hair and golden arms were making my twat twitch. I could imagine us later when his beautiful brown eyes would close and then his long eyelashes would brush against my inner legs and lips. I speak Spanish but pretended to know only a few words. Words and talk can be such a waste of time. My body told its own language, and this young stallion was a fine interpreter.

We were at the border bridge by dusk and needed a rest. Some things never rest. He had taken command and had decided to take me then and there. I wanted him but wasn't prepared for the plowing I would suddenly get. He held me firm against the wall. He was getting very demanding, with my hair clenched in one

hand and the other hand pulling my dress up. At this point Latin love took over, and I knew I would be taken and love it no matter what, or how.

We were both short in height (he was long in other respects), so our standing position was perfect. I didn't stand for long, as I found myself lifted off my feet by the sex shove of this wild mustang, as his thick, light-brown dick rammed into me. I came unusually soon and did not mean to make so much noise, but there was no control left. He took me from the back next, and I barked like a coyote. There is a time when I just am not responsible.

Anyway the "hunters" had been aroused, and we were sharply brought to our senses when we realized we were surrounded by flashlights. Seems we had trespassed on forbidden property. They decided to just make sure I got my hot ass out of town. Our fun had certainly been cut short. I really missed the last stabs of hot flesh that would have continued into the daylight. Well, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em, I always say.

So now I am dating the policeman who had so hurriedly but very personally escorted me out of town and into San Diego, safe but shook up. I will always have a gripping sensation in my sweet suction slot when I see a bridge, especially that one.—Name and address withheld

Snug and stylish

I do not recall ever seeing a letter in your magazine concerning men who wear panty hose. I was talking with some male friends of mine at a social gathering and learned that several wore panty hose to keep warm. However, I have the same problem women do; they run on me.

At this moment I'm sitting at the typewriter, wearing panty hose and feeling rather comfortable. The nylon and its tightness acts as an excellent stimulus. I've started using the support panty hose, regardless of whether they're nude or black. They give me a great feeling of neatness. One of the girls I dated taught me that by tucking your blouse (shirt) into the top, no lines would show. So tight, white trousers over support panty hose really made for the same even line for me that women actively attempt to achieve.

Naturally I masturbate wearing my panty hose. From time to time I even wear panties under them, but when I buy panties, I buy the ones that would be good for either sex. A woman can buy nylon panties, white, no detail, no cotton crotch, for one dollar, while a man must buy the same

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identical item (not quite as sheer) and pay five dollars. What is the logic behind this?

But back to panty hose, my favorite subject. When I'm particularly interested in getting a superhigh feeling before a very important meeting (I make sales presentations) or anticipate a stressful day, I'm certainly going to wear my panty hose. The ultimate sexual excitement, the ultimate fear of getting caught, certainly distracts and stimulates me when I'm in a business environment and I'm able to remain calm.

A while ago I went to the panty hose counter of a major department store. I was greeted by a lovely young girl and told her I needed panty hose. Her obvious reaction was that they were for my wife, and we began a discussion on what she liked and why. I told her my choice would be sheer nude, and she even showed me the ones she was wearing that day. I got her to discuss the no-panties concept by having her explain that design to me.

I am very happy being a man and very much into sex and have no desire to dress in dresses, cut off my penis, have injections, or undergo any of the other things associated with a change of sex. I simply feel very comfortable in panties, panty hose, tap pants, and always buy the current issues of the women's fashion magazines to see the panty hose ads. In a recent experiment I bought a sanitary napkin from a machine from a ladies' rest room for ten cents. I now know why you must wear panties with napkins. The pad slipped down my leg under my pants. I now use any brand, and its softness next to my penis is particularly stimulating as I walk, because it rubs me. I don't put it between my legs, but higher to the front of my bikini panties with the back of the pad under my balls. The length is just right, and when I'm wearing tight trousers, it makes me look like I'm a horse with a big bulge. I enjoy it.

In closing, let's examine the fact that in menswear today, men are sold nylon bikinis, nylon hose to the knee, so why can't we complete the cycle that took women from the garter belt and stockings to panty hose? If you tabulated the responses received from an open letter in your column, I think you would get a rather impressive sampling and find that we're on the border of a new industry—Mr. L'Eggs, Mr. Hanes, Mr. No-Nonsense. But I personally don't need it, since one size fits all, and men can simply buy the "tall" regardless of what the chart on the package says.—
Name and address withheld

Survival of the fittest

I enjoyed your pictorial on the mud-wrestling girls and found it to be quite exciting, although I'm still puzzled why mud has to be used.

This past summer I was lucky enough to see my girl friend, Rose, wrestle her sister Margie and found it to be one of the most exciting things I ever saw. Rose is twenty-one, a brunette, and is very pretty. She is almost five feet six inches tall and has a

gorgeous little body. Her sister Margie is eighteen and looks a lot like Rose, but is even better. She is incredible, in fact! Margie is starting to come of age and is beginning to realize she is a real looker. Rose is getting a little jealous of her, especially when I'm over their house and Margie flirts with me and sits on my lap.

One day I was over sitting on the couch with Rose, and Margie was home also. Margie likes to mess around and sit on my lap and put her arms around my neck and kiss me on the cheek. She had on a pair of short white shorts and a blue and white halter top, anklet sweat socks, and running shoes. I had on shorts, too, and could feel her soft, shapely legs on mine, and I was getting very excited. Rose had on a pair of dungaree cutoffs and a pink bikini bathing suit top.

I could tell Rose wanted Margie off my lap, and she was soon ordering her to get up. Margie, in a spunky mood, said, "No, why don't you make me!" Rose jumped up and pulled Margie by the arm to a standing position. Margie's shorts were riding well up her behind cheeks, and I could see the outline of her bikini panties underneath wedged even further up. Her shorts always seem to be like that, and I loved watching her gorgeous ass.

Rose was quickly trapped on her back on the couch by Margie, who was lightning fast. In a flash Margie was over her, trying to secure her sister's arms. One of Rose's breasts popped out of her bra, and it jiggled as they wrestled. Margie is very athletic and is in better shape than Rose, who isn't very strong. I didn't think that she would let Margie get the best of her, though. I kept expecting Rose to unseat her younger sister and make her pay for getting too smart with her.

As they fell to the couch with Margie on top, she managed to straddle Rose, folding her wrists down. Margie released her arms and quickly unsnapped Rose's bra in the middle, exposing her tits altogether. I was really hot now. In a quick move, Margie plopped her knees atop Rose's shoulders. Margie kept a firm hold on Rose's wrists, pinning her down flat. Margie's cute ass was right above Rose's tits, which of course were still bare.

Rose really began to struggle, obviously embarrassed. Every time she tried to kick out and unseat Margie, she was met with more resistance than she could handle. Little sister was proving a bit too much for her. I really enjoyed it when Rose would try to get away and kick wildly. Eventually the crotch of her shorts was riding up her ass cheeks, too.

Rose, obviously very surprised and miffed that Margie could do this to her, was trying everything to get out, even a verbal attack. She said, "Wait till I get out of this, you little bitch!" Margie laughed and said, "That's if you get out of this!" I honestly didn't think Rose could get even, but she wanted to show me that she wasn't afraid of her younger sister.

A great finale was in store. Margie, feel-



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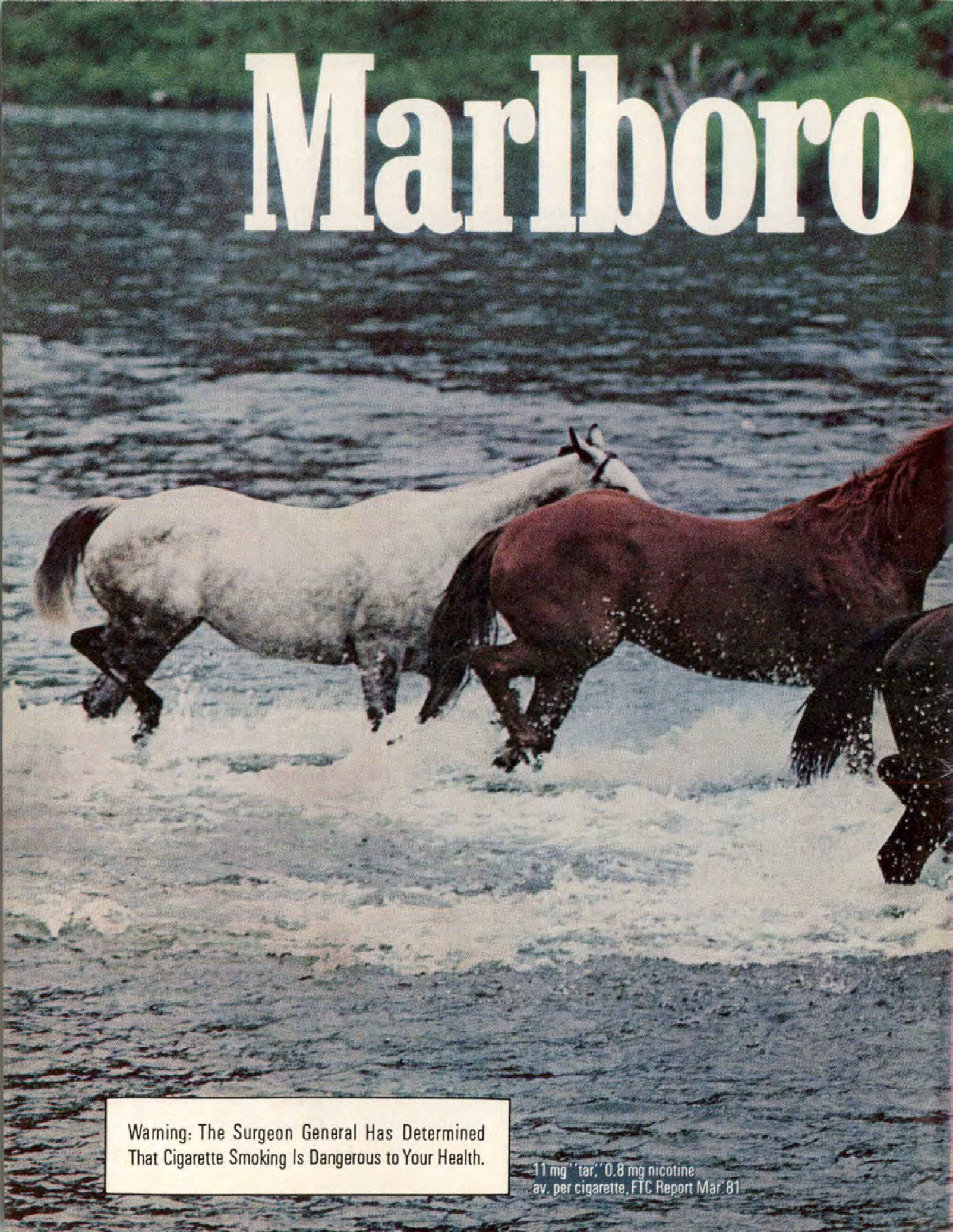
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Marlboro

A photograph of two horses running through shallow water. The horse on the left is white with a dark mane and tail, and the horse on the right is dark brown with a white blaze on its face. They are both splashing water as they run. The background is a dark, wooded area.

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Lights



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ing she could sit on Rose all day, finally let Rose up, but apparently Rose wanted a quick rematch. She got up, her bra hanging under her tits. She obviously didn't care either. She went after Margie, sticking a foot between her legs trying to trip her, but instead Margie tripped her right down on the couch again. Margie straddled her and plopped her knees atop Rose's shoulders, pinning her again.

Rose struggled hard, but Margie was keeping her down and finally said, "Tell me when you're ready to quit and I'll let you up." Well, I got to watch Rose's pretty legs buck and kick, and her shorts were now way up her ass. I know it killed her, but I finally heard her say, "Forget it—you win." Rose turned down an invitation to wrestle again, but I'm hoping they start up again some day. It was a super turn-on.—*Name and address withheld*

Toe to toe

Only *Penthouse* readers will be able to appreciate this marvelous fulfillment of my lifelong fantasy. My wife and I are in our early thirties and own and operate an exclusive ladies' shoe store. Our five years of married life have provided us with a satisfactory sex life, but not the blindingly erotic relationship we both secretly desired.

I realized when I was much younger that I have an intense foot fetish. I was in New Orleans, watching a stripper who I will re-

fer to as "Boobs," and found my eyes glued to her gorgeous size-nine feet. She wore exotic ten-inch spike heels, and her beautifully pedicured toenails were an immediate turn-on. Of course I felt different from every one because her huge breasts were her drawing card, but I was still hypnotized by her lovely feet.

Since at that time I was only an employee of the shoe store which I now own, I felt that I must suppress my desires. Only after a trip two years ago with my wife and several friends to see "Boobs" again did I realize that I was no longer in control of my desires. Her feet on the bar in front of my face gave me an instant hard-on, and when I noticed her toenails were as gorgeous as ever, I instantly creamed in my pants. This had to be the hardest my nine-inch cock had ever been, and my vision of gallons of my come drenching her toes gave me another instant hard-on.

That night, as my wife tried to seduce me back in our motel room with her crotchless panties and bouncing tits, I felt compelled to tell her that if she would slowly remove her designer sandals from her sensuous feet, it would be the ultimate aphrodisiac for me! She just thought that I had been drinking too heavily and didn't pay any attention to my request.

I realized that my wife still did not understand just how horny I got when I touched my customer's toes until one day when she caught me in the act. A beautiful blond

came prancing into the store one fall afternoon and asked if we had a navy blue pump in a size eight narrow. Before I ever got to the back of the stockroom, I was pumping my hard tool and hoping that my wife would not catch on but that my customer would notice my "problem." I found a reason for my wife to run errands when I realized that my customer was willing to satisfy my desires.

My wife left, and my customer and I made a run for the back. Within seconds I was sucking her red-hot toes as she was finger-fucking her steaming cunt. I was in exquisite ecstasy at this point and was astounded when we looked up, and in the doorway stood my wife. She was standing there stark naked with love juices streaming down her bare legs into her red kid-leather boots as she was frantically fondling her cunt.

There is no way to express how much more satisfying our sex life has been since this experience in our store. Now our favorite way to spend an evening is for her to perch on our chest of drawers and masturbate with her ten-inch vibrating dildo as I gently suck her sweet, delicious feet. My one desire yet to be fulfilled is to cover each one of her lovely toes with cheese-cake (my favorite food) and to gently lick it off toe by toe by toe.—*Name and address withheld*

Girl from N.Y.C.

I came to New York City about a year ago with my boyfriend. Before that we were both students at a university out west. Since then, my life has undergone such a drastic change that I wonder if there are other girls who have had experiences like mine.

First of all, I used to think that *Penthouse* was not my kind of magazine, and even though I secretly fantasized about having my 34-22-34-inch, five-foot-five-inch body pictured in full color for millions of people to see, I knew that my parents and family would disown me. I've realized now, though, that the story I have to tell is worth more than any picture, and I can even remain anonymous.

I was a virgin until two years ago, when I was eighteen. I must admit that I satisfied myself alone at night many times. I always thought that I should remain a virgin, though, so I could honestly tell my mother what was going on. Since meeting Russ, my boyfriend, however, I've found out what I'd been missing. Not only do Russ and I fuck all the time, but I've also found that I have an irresistible craving for cock at all hours of the day. Maybe it's because there are so many men packed into such a small space in New York City, or maybe I've just come of age. Whatever the reason, Russ knows how I feel, and he is still my boyfriend. He understands that I love him, but if I don't get laid every day, I go crazy. He realizes that he alone can't possibly satisfy my endless desire, and besides, he loves to watch (or hear me) make it with other men. That's why he



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helps me "screen" men on the street or in bars and stands watch if circumstances warrant a lookout.

For example, one night last summer, after dinner and fucking we went to a new bar on the Upper East Side. It was very hot and humid, so I wore my short silk running shorts and no panties. My purple tank top was tight enough that my nipples, which had hardened immediately after entering the air-conditioned club, formed two perfect little tips that any man could not avoid seeing. As heads turned to watch us walk by, I knew that I could have my choice of the crowd.

I didn't lose any time, spying a young man in his early twenties, sitting alone at the end of the bar. He was about six feet tall, with dark blond hair, very high cheekbones, and a slender but muscular body. I sat on the stool next to him as the legs on my shorts pulled up a little to reveal my tanned, almost bare, hips. Russ stood next to me and immediately knew what was on my mind. He smiled genuinely over at the young man and said, "Hi, I'm Russ. This is Barbara, my girl friend. Can we buy you a drink?" The young man smiled, glanced at my erect nipples, and exclaimed, "Sure!" After a few drinks we found out that his name was Peter and he had just broken up with his girl friend. Actually he admitted that she had dumped him for another man. I found this hard to believe because his strong, lean body had

already made me so wet.

I whispered to Russ that if we waited any longer I would do it right on the bar. Peter was watching me closely. When Russ leaned over and said something to him, he smiled, stood up, and said to me, "I've got something in my eye, but the light here is not as good as in the bathroom." I took one look at the huge bulge in his pants and immediately volunteered to help him out. (I wonder how he knew that I love to do it in the men's room!) In no time at all we found our way to the rear rest room as Russ stood guard outside.

As soon as the door was closed, Peter had his hand on my tight little ass and I quickly pressed my hot, wet pussy against his leg, rubbing gently up and down. "I'll help you if you help me," I said almost moaning. "It's a deal," he said as he slipped his other hand down inside my shorts and fingered my juicy, burning clit. His hand moved steadily and slow as I rocked in ecstasy against his leg, then I grabbed his bottom with one hand while I unzipped his jeans and began stroking his beautiful, throbbing cock with the other. Then he leaned against the washbasin as I bent down and wrapped my lips around a luscious ten-inch rod. I pulled my own shorts down with one hand as I sucked his cock and licked his balls. I could taste that first bit of semen, and it drove me crazy. I fingered my pussy which was dripping and ready to explode, as I stood up and

moaned, "You've got such a big, beautiful cock. I want you to put it inside me and fuck me so hard."

By this time he had his hands under my tank top, lifting it up to my shoulders. He began sucking the hard tip of my nipple, while he gently squeezed the other one, and before I knew it I was sitting on the edge of the washbasin and his long prick was sliding into my tight, hot cunt. "You feel so good," I whispered as he slid his stick in and out, at the same time massaging my clit with his left hand. "Make me come like I've never come. Use your big cock. It feels so good in there. Ooh, it feels so good."

I was going out of my mind with ecstasy as the cold porcelain against my ass made me get even hotter. I lifted my legs up and wrapped them around his bare ass as he dropped his jeans down around his ankles. He moved slowly at first, his hips rocking with mine in a perfect wavelike motion. "You're so nice and tight," he said, breathing heavily, "I could do this all night." "Yes, yes! Fuck me forever!" I cried as I lifted my legs high, the running shorts still dangling from one ankle. His motion got faster and faster, and each thrust went deeper and deeper. Peter now had both hands under my round bottom, and he was picking me up off the basin. I couldn't believe the heat and power that was flowing through my body. I was groaning and crazy now. "Yes, yes, oh, yes! I'm going to come. You feel so good. You feel so good. I'm coming. I'm coming! Fuck me hard! Fuck me hard!"

His strong hips and hands had me against the wall now. He was thrusting so deep. I was exploding into such ecstatic contractions that when he shot his big, beautiful wad deep inside me, it was like lightning and fire at once. I screamed and dug my fingers into his back and came as never before. All I could do was whisper his name over and over as we stayed in our position against the tile wall for a few minutes. After Peter put me down on the floor, I cleaned up a bit, slipped my shorts back on, pulled my top down, and tied my running shoes, which had come undone during our little "help session."

Outside, Russ was smiling when we came out. "Everything work out okay?" he winked as he put his arm around me. He knew the answer, because he had been listening the entire time. After that we all had a few more drinks before saying our good-byes.—Name and address withheld

The good doctor

Bonnie (my wife) and I were having a quiet dinner at a hotel restaurant. We were celebrating paying off her Firebird. The meal was terrific, and we were relaxed. Bonnie was feeling particularly sexy that night. She had chosen a yellow dress, in which she looked smashing. The dress was cut high, and she kept flashing me glimpses of the inside of her thigh throughout dinner. A hint of her nipples was visible, as



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she wore no bra that night.

After dinner the waiter showed up with two coffee cups filled with Tia Maria and whipped cream. The drinks were sent by a man at the bar. Well, the man turned out to be a doctor who had worked in the same office as Bonnie back in Indiana. We asked him to join us at the table. He was an attractive, distinguished-looking fellow several years older than we are. As we talked, I recalled Bonnie's earlier mention of him and what fun they had had at an office party.

The doctor had recently divorced, and he was in town for a few days at a seminar. It was a pleasure to be in his company, as he was very articulate, open, and quick-witted. It was obvious Bonnie was enjoying his company also. He invited us up to his room for more conversation and Tia Maria. In the elevator I whispered to Bonnie that with a little luck she could have a double celebration. She didn't answer, but I noticed her nipples getting hard.

Somehow I ended up settling in a chair, the doctor on one bed, and my wife on the other. She had her legs drawn up, and it was obvious the doctor could see her wet panties. Soon he turned to me and said, "Your wife is turning me on." With a wink and a look of agreement from Bonnie I said, "She's real good at that."

That was all the encouragement they needed. Soon they were stretched out together on the bed. The good doctor had

run his hands up her dress and was rubbing her pussy. Soon her hands had undone his trousers and pulled out his hard penis. I was quickly out of my clothes and helping Bonnie get off her dress. The doctor got his first view of her gorgeous pink breasts. His head was soon buried between them. I pulled off her pants, which were soaking wet. I have always enjoyed finger-fucking Bonnie, and that night was she ever ready! Between my fingers and the doctor's sucking on her nipples, she had her first orgasm of the evening.

The doctor's tongue soon replaced my fingers in her pussy. He moved around on the bed so Bonnie could suck and lick his dick. His dick was similar in size to mine, but uncircumcised. I was busy kissing Bonnie's neck and ears as I watched her suck someone else's penis for the first time. The doctor must have been saving it up, for he came quickly and flooded Bonnie's mouth. As he pulled out, I gave Bonnie a kiss—my first taste of another's come. At this point I wanted some of the same and straddled her chest and put my dick to her mouth. The good doctor hadn't lost a thing. He entered her pussy. Bonnie pulled up her legs and pulled him in as far as she could. Her passion soon had me coming. I pulled out, leaving come on her face. The two of them continued till they both came again.

I had never seen Bonnie so excited before. She got up on her hands and knees

and took me doggy-style. She reached back and rubbed her clit and felt my dick going in and out. He pinched her nipples, and soon we were coming again. We cleaned up shortly and took off, for we had to work the next day. Bonnie was still horny on the way home. Neither one of us could hardly believe what had happened, but we had enjoyed it. We made love in the morning, and Bonnie expressed a desire to be alone with the doctor before he left town. I agreed, as long as she told me about it.

Two days later she took the day off and called him. He had a meeting that morning but had the afternoon free. He invited her for lunch and a swim and whatever. She arrived at noontime, but they skipped lunch and went straight to his room. They were soon making love. As she told me later, it was just great and it was nice to be alone with him. After a quick shower together, where she drained the good doctor dry, they put on their swimsuits and headed for the pool.

They never made it there. On the way to the elevator, they stopped into a pharmaceutical company's hospitality room. With Bonnie standing around in her two-piece swimsuit and a just-fucked look on her face that made her the hit of the room, she soon had several guys grabbing ass and making suggestive remarks. Then she thought, "Why not?" The next fellow who grabbed her ass got his dick grabbed. Bonnie was soon in the bedroom with four fellows, including the doctor. She said that she lost track of how many times she came or they came, but when she came home, she wasn't finished.

When she came through the door, she began telling me about what had happened. I could hardly believe it. The more she told me, the harder my dick became. Never before had it hurt so good. I tore off my clothes and Bonnie's. Her pussy was still wet from their come, and her pussy hair was damp. I pumped my dick into her and felt their come. We were soon swooning as she graphically told me how she had sucked each guy after he had come in her pussy. I pulled out of her and had her suck me off, too. That was our wildest few days of sex ever.

That was over a year ago, and we haven't had an experience like it since, but we talk about it often. Someday the right situation will happen, or the good doctor will be back in town.—Name and address withheld

Hot line

I am a twenty-three-year-old man. I work in the newsroom of a big-city television station. Many times a viewer will call, asking for additional information on a story. For instance, if we do a story on a hospital clinic, people might call, asking where they can send contributions.

Today I got a call in the afternoon from a woman who wanted to know whether a story we showed would be repeated. I



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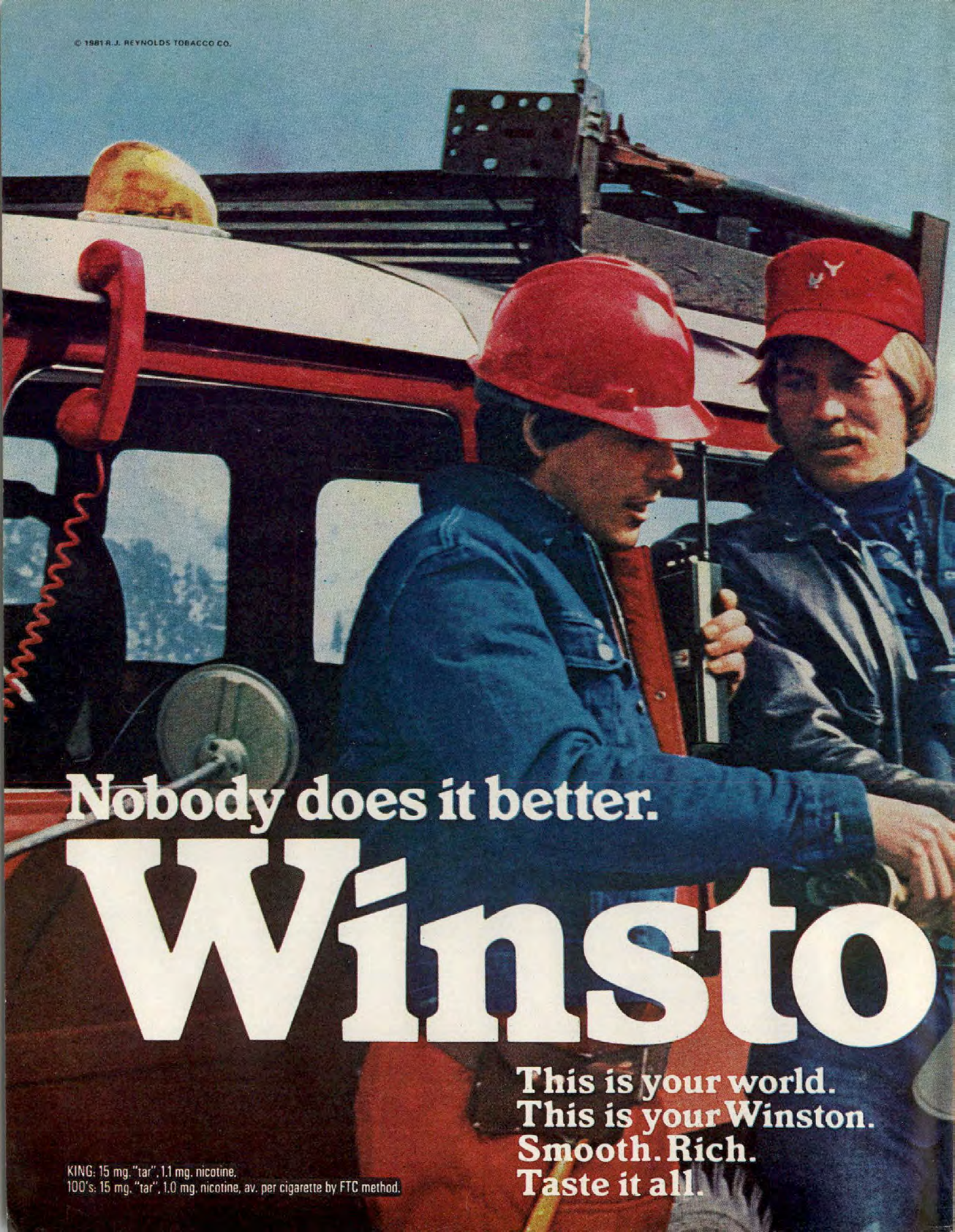
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could not find out at that instant. So I told her I would call back. I was later sent out on a story and forgot to return her call. It was hours before I remembered, and finally I called to say that no, the story would not be repeated. She wanted to know what made us cover one story and not others. As it was now after ten at night and things in the newsroom had gotten quiet, I explained a little bit about television news. Jane had a lot of questions, and I was eager to give answers. She wanted to know how many people it took to put together a show and what my job was. After I explained, I told her it was only fair that she tell me what she did. Jane, it seems, is an actress. I told her that in many ways TV news is show business, and, in some studios, there is a casting couch. We had a good laugh over that. And that joke broke the dam.

The conversation got more intimate. We exchanged stories of experiences on and off the job. She began asking me about myself. What did I look like? How tall was I? I told her that I have short brown hair and blue eyes, I am six-two, and I weigh 155 pounds. Jane told me that she was five-four and weighed 120 pounds. We began to speak about relationships. Out of nowhere she asked if I was well hung. (I had started to get hard long before this question, but now I had quite a boner!) "Seven inches," I told her. She let out a moan.

I asked her what her pubic hair was like. "Very thick. Very dark." I asked her if she liked oral sex. "Both giving and getting," she told me. I asked her if she liked her ass hole licked. She did not. "How big are your breasts?" "Thirty-seven C, and I love having them sucked on." I told her I would love to suck on her breasts. Jane told me that although she wanted me to, she was married and faithful. "Too bad, Jane. If I were with you now, I'd give you all the sucking you would ever want." She told me that maybe we'd better stop because now her nipples were erect, her pussy was wet, and her clit was swollen.

"I wish I was tonguing your clit now, baby. I wish I was licking your pussy and pinching your nipples." "Don't stop," she said. I told her that since she loved oral sex so much, she could help me do what I have never done . . . come in a woman's mouth. "I'm sure your come is very sweet" was her reply.

I told her that if we were together, we would be naked on her bed, kneeling. My cock would be very firm, pushing against her back as my left hand felt her wetness. My right hand would be squeezing one of her boobs while I kissed her neck. Jane was beginning to moan, and she kept asking me, "What next?" "Then I would stroke your cunt until you begged me to enter you. When you roll over, we'll kiss deeply while you guide my firmness into your cunt." "Oh, baby . . . I'm fingering

myself so hard." I didn't stop.

"I would grind into you so much, Jane. Our nipples would be rubbing against each other's . . . and, after we climaxed, I would kiss you from your neck to your cunt, baby. And when I got to your cunt, I'd suck as hard as you could stand. With our juices in my mouth, I would kiss you again, and this time you could taste our love . . ." With that, she let out a yelp and cooed for several minutes. When she calmed down, she told me that I made her feel sexier than she had ever felt. "What are we going to do for you?" she asked. "I'm gonna masturbate like crazy when I get home," I told her.

A little later I coached her again into feeling herself once more. I asked her to take a wet finger and rub her secretions on a nipple and tell me what it felt like. "Cool. Wet and cool. But very, very sexy." Then I asked her to take her middle finger and rub the inside of her opening. All along she was moaning and sighing. "I can't believe this! You're so good." Then I asked her to keep rubbing as she pulled her finger out. And I told her to suck off the finger slowly while letting me hear it. I looked at the clock. It was now two-thirty. Four hours we had been talking! She said that she could no longer hold her eyes open, although her pussy was spread wide. "Ready for your nice, hard dick." I can't wait until our next phone conversation!—Name and address withheld



Under new management

The following event happened to me approximately two years ago, and I am pleased that it did. One evening at home I was, as usual, spending my free time watching TV and drinking a beer, which made my wife upset because I wasn't paying attention to her. Loretta came into the living room, snatched the beer from my hand, turned the TV off, and demandingly instructed me to go into the bedroom. I was then ordered to strip. I decided to play her game and see what would happen next. I was then ordered to lie face down on the bed, and before I knew what was going on, my legs were tied to the bedposts and my hands were being tied behind me. My wife then informed me that things were going to be different around here from now on. I was told that the lawns were to be cut, cars to be washed, and a whole lot of other domestic duties were to be done each week.

The next thing on her agenda was to see if I understood the new order of things. Before one had time to think what was going to happen, my ass was being tanned with a belt and my wife was asking me to tell her that I understood the message. I quickly replied, "Yes." The next thing that followed without warning was that a large dildo was inserted into my anus, and once again I was asked if I understood what was expected of me. Following this, clothespins were clipped onto my nipples, and the dildo was worked in and out of my ass. By this time I had tears running down

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200



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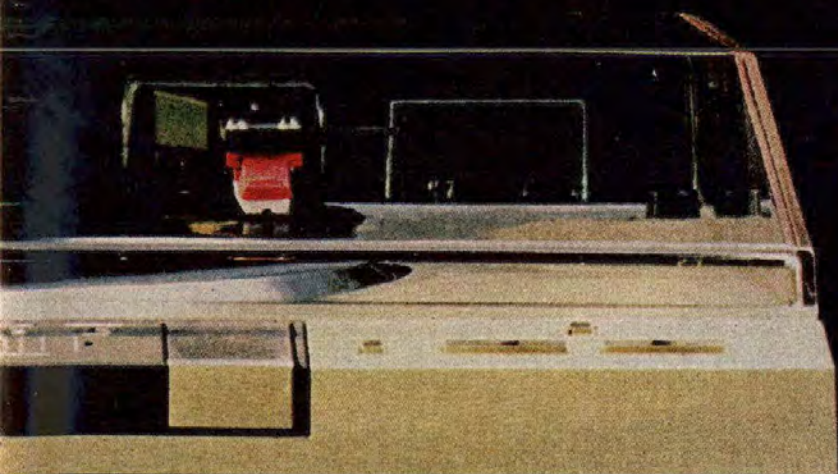
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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Roman Polanski

In reference to the article "Roman Polanski's Escape from Hollywood" in your November 1981 issue, there is one question regarding the Polanski case that I have never seen answered. That question is, Were the thirteen-year-old girl's other sexual partner or partners prosecuted with the same vigor as Polanski was prosecuted? I quote your article: "The thirteen-year-old, it had seemed, had had two prior sexual experiences, one only two weeks before. . . . She said she had first had sex at eight with a kid down the street and later with her boyfriend. . . ."

If her other sexual partners were not prosecuted with intense vigor, then the issue must be raised as to whether we are enforcing our laws selectively. Do we prosecute only those people who are so famous that the prosecuting attorney can use the case to get his name in the papers? This is probably a question only District Attorney John Van De Kamp can answer. Is the law perhaps being enforced in so arbitrary and discriminatory a fashion as to render it unconstitutional?—*Name and address withheld*

Mr. John K. Van De Kamp, District Attorney of Los Angeles, replies:

Your reader has raised the question as to whether Roman Polanski was singled out for selective enforcement. The answer is no.

The charge to which Polanski pleaded guilty—unlawful sexual intercourse (with a thirteen-year-old girl)—was not the most serious of six felonies for which he was indicted originally. As the article in your November edition so accurately details, the evidence enabled the grand jury to charge him also with rape by use of drugs (a charge, by the way, which applies also to adult victims), providing drugs to a minor, sodomy, sexual perversion, and lewd and lascivious acts on a child under the age of fourteen.

Polanski was approximately thirty years older than the victim. The evidence indicates he used champagne and Quaaludes to overcome any resistance on her part.

At the request of the victim's family, the District Attorney's Office agreed to let Mr. Polanski plead guilty to the charge of unlawful sexual intercourse in order to protect the young victim from the intense international publicity that would have surrounded a full-scale trial on all of the charges.

Given the nature of the evidence, this

case would have been filed regardless of the fame of the defendant or the press it generated. Indeed, the publicity surrounding the case worked to the defendant's advantage in that it placed unusual pressures on the victim's family and the victim,

Killing cures

I've just seen David Rorvik's excellent article "Psychiatry Kills," in the April 1981 issue. I would like to point out that the slogan "psychiatry kills" was not created by a group of exmental patients, but rather was first used in 1969 at the American Psychiatric Association convention in Miami by the Church of Scientology—sponsored Citizens Commission on Human Rights, a mental-patients'-rights group. This slogan was created on the basis of two basic facts: (1) Many notorious criminals were the products of psychiatric treatment, and some had committed earlier crimes and had been turned over to psychiatrists only to be released again to commit further crimes, often more brutal than before. Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson, Gary Gilmore, and Mark Chapman are just a few examples. There are thousands more. (2) The number of people who have died in mental hospitals is higher than all the American casualties of all the wars in which the United States has been involved, from the Revolutionary War up to and including the Vietnam War. From 1960 to 1973, 550,000 mental patients died in the United States, compared with 55,000 American soldiers killed in combat during the same period. The death rate in mental hospitals remains at 8 to 10 percent for the last twenty years. Only half of these die of old age; no doubt most die prematurely. (3) Psychiatrists, with the help of the drug companies, are largely responsible for the overdrugged condition of the American populace. LSD was first developed by the Nazis as a chemical-biological weapon in World War II and was brought to this country by psychiatrists. Thorazine, once touted as a cure-all by psychiatrists, is now known to cause serious and irreversible physical side effects. According to the *World Book Dictionary*, Thorazine belongs to a family of chemicals which are used as pesticides in cattle. To put it simply, psychiatrists do not know the difference between medicines and poisons.

This is why we say "Psychiatry Kills." It seems that those most in need of treatment are the ones who are giving it to others.—*Patrick Burns, Citizens Commission on Human Rights, New York, N.Y.*

I would like to express my sincere appreciation for your excellent article in September 1981, "Going Sane," by David Rorvik. I am a radio commentator for a Dutch national radio station. I have argued many times in my radio reports against the use of antipsychotic drugs. I have discovered that the only cure for a mental patient is the combined formula of love, interest, and vitamins. I base this belief on my personal experience. I was given antipsychotic drugs for fifteen years, and my case was finally labeled "hopeless."

But I finally refused all the drugs and put myself on a diet I composed myself that included B and C vitamins. I soon recovered, wrote two books of poetry, was published in the national literary magazines, and started as a radio commentator—all this after fifteen years of hopeless treatment!

I hope you will pass this on to your readers and that you will publish more articles along these lines. Thank you.—Willem Bulder, Groningen, The Netherlands

After reading the article "Going Sane," written by David Rorvik, I was shocked to discover that, by the end of the article, there was no mention of any Canadian institute that one could contact for more information on orthomolecular science. Nonetheless, in the article I noticed many references to certain studies conducted in Montreal or at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto and also references to different Canadian doctors, both "pro" and "anti" orthomolecular science.

Considering the number of Canadian subscribers to *Penthouse*, I think you have failed to serve a great many of your avid readers. Could you please let us know of the location of these Canadian institutes dealing with orthomolecular science? Thank you.—Sonia Cordenons, Chomedey, Laval, Quebec, Canada

Mr. Rorvik replies:

I am unaware of Canadian organizations devoted specifically to orthomolecular medicine. There are, however, numerous Canadian physicians who practice orthomolecular medicine. Canadians seeking referrals to physicians in their geographic areas should contact: The Huxley Institute for Biosocial Research, 1114 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, Tel: (212) 759-9554; and/or: The Orthomolecular Society, 2698 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94115, Tel: (415) 346-5692.

For those Canadians interested in organizations that oppose the abuses of conventional psychiatry and promote alternatives, contact: Mental Patients Association, 2146 Yew Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6K 3G7, Canada; and/or On Our Own, Box 7251, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X9, Canada.

In reference to your articles by David Rorvik entitled "Psychiatry Kills" and "Going Sane," I want to thank you very much for publishing them!



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I have had schizophrenia for a few years and have taken phenothiazines during that period. Although I believe that I *did* require them (in accordance with the thinking of mainstream psychiatry), I recently realized that I had been overdosed to the extent of excessive drowsiness, etc. Furthermore—and this was not mentioned in your articles except in reference to tardive dyskinesia—these drugs cause brain damage! A Dr. William Philpott has written a book, *Brain Allergies*, which refers to experiments proving that phenothiazine causes 20 percent loss of brain cells in rats. The book did not go into great detail, but when I asked my psychiatrist about it, he refused to listen, waving his hand to indicate that I put the book away when I tried to show it to him. My own personal evidence for this kind of damage is that my IQ has fallen twenty points in the last five years.

Your revealing story-behind-the-story of the APA assessment of orthomolecularism really set me to thinking (which I can do, now that I have been off tranquilizers for a few months and no longer have blocked synapses!). It inspired me to re-read Hoffer's book *How to Live with Schizophrenia*. Hoffer's thesis is that this illness, like all others, should be diagnosed, and then medication should be prescribed with the idea of *the cure of the patient* in mind as the only goal.

However, no conventional psychiatrist seems to agree with that hypothesis. All I seem to get are dangerous drugs and expensive talk (called psychotherapy). When I leave my doctor's office and his secretary books me for my next appointment, I think I am seeing the application of "the theory of return business"—and very little more. Which all leads me to wonder: are these psychiatrists on the take from the drug companies?—*Name and address withheld*

Mr. Rorvik replies:

While I am not familiar with the study cited by Dr. Philpott, an excellent source of information on the adverse effects of phenothiazines and other psychiatric drugs is: The Bay Area Committee for Alternatives to Psychiatry, 944 Market Street, Room 701, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. BACAP publishes a bimonthly newsletter called On the Edge.

Big Brother

In Harrison Salisbury's article "Big Brother Is Alive and Monitoring 400,000 Calls a Day" (November 1980), the National Security Agency is mentioned as a huge monitor of American citizens' communications. Could you tell me how I could find out whether the NSA has a file on me?—*Name and address withheld*

Charles W. Sullivan, Chief, Information Affairs Division, National Security Agency/Central Security Service, replies:
It is unlikely that the NSA/CSS would maintain files on individuals not affiliated

WHO CARES?



Kenny Stabler, quarterback and motorcyclist. *"If I were to show up on the field without any protective gear,*

chances are I'd be laughed out of the stadium. Or carried out. Yet I see a lot of cyclists riding without even a helmet. And that's nothing to laugh off. Like any sport, motorcycling requires proper equipment. That's why, if I don't have a helmet, I don't ride. Period."



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with the agency; however, we will conduct a search of our files in compliance with Freedom of Information and Privacy Act requests. Such requests should be addressed to me at the following address: NSA/CSS, Fort George G. Meade, Md. 20755.

An agency-wide search for any reference to an individual's name, whether in a file maintained under the individual's name or not, would cost approximately \$250. This cost is waived only when it has been determined that release of the information can be considered as primarily benefiting the general public.

Penthouse readers should be aware that certain information found in this agency-wide search, if any such information exists, is likely to be classified or otherwise exempt from release. These exemptions, when applied to NSA information, have been consistently approved by the federal judiciary.

Lee Harvey Oswald

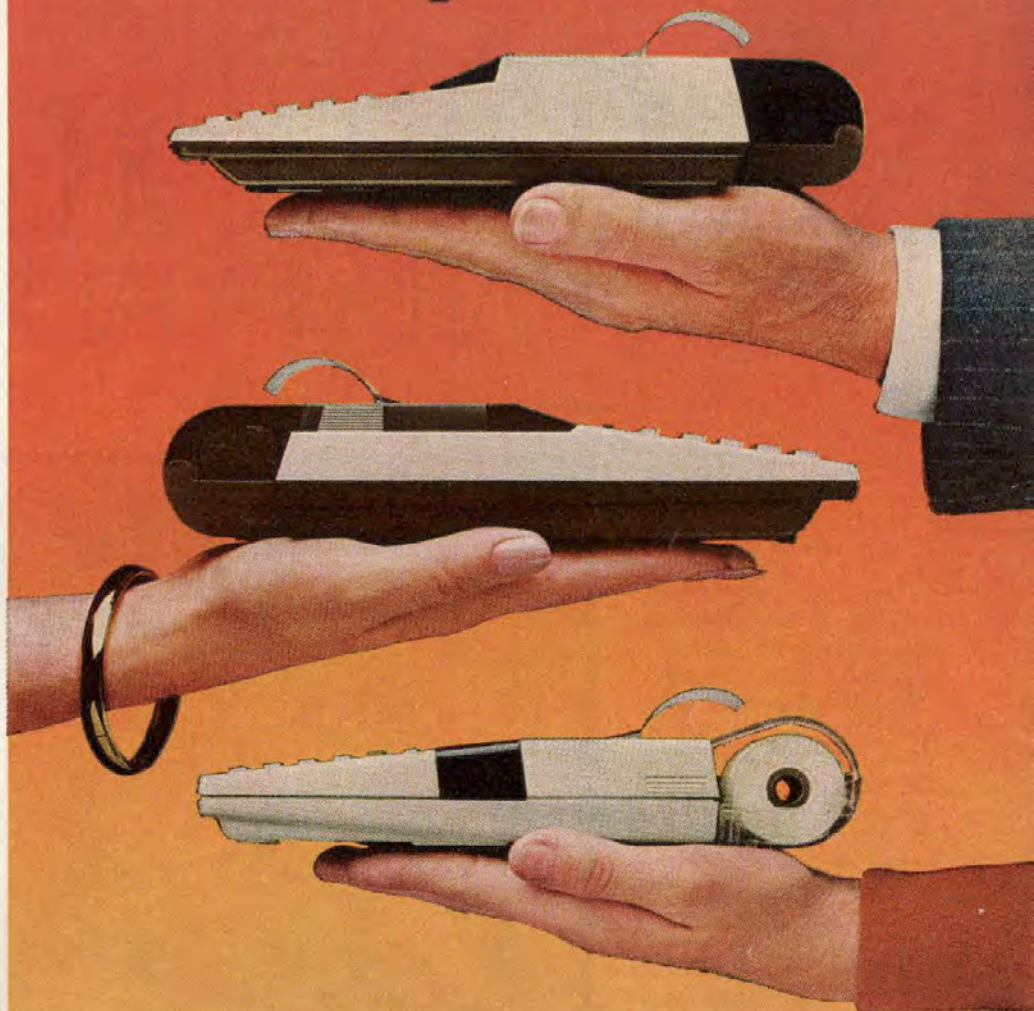
In the eighteen years since I interviewed Lee Harvey Oswald in New Orleans—the only taped Oswald interview ever made public—I've not made one public comment about how other writers have referred to that episode. I've always felt that the public record on my contacts with Oswald—the fact that I sought him out in New Orleans on August 17, 1963, to appear on my WDSU (then an NBC affiliate) radio program, "Latin Listening Post," in spite of criticism that I would be allowing a "Communist" to "propagandize" the right-wing New Orleans public—was extensive enough to prevent distortion by other writers, historians, or special-interest groups.

That's why I almost burst my appendix laughing at your piece by Warren Hinckle and William W. Turner, "The Mystery of 544 Camp St." (October 1981), as excerpted from their book *The Fish Is Red*, published by Harper & Row. On your page 180, Hinckle and Turner write, "... Manuel Gil set up the famous debate between Oswald and [Carlos] Bringuier, in which Oswald declared ... 'I am a Marxist.'" Sorry, friends, but Oswald was my media discovery, and I arranged the WDSU debate after the station manager refused to run the full length of the thirty-seven-minute August 17 tape (which I had had to boil down to fit my five-minute slot) and instead suggested I set up a debate with "anti-Castro people" on the panel. It was in answer to my question on that debate "Are you a Marxist?" that Oswald made his admission.

I hesitate to drag out the whole barrel of details leading up to my Oswald contacts, including the self-serving ones, but I will if this kind of trash history keeps popping up. For the record the only "name" reporters ever to interview Oswald before the assassination were Patricia Johnson (then Patricia McMillan), who talked to him for a North American Newspaper Alliance story when he attempted to give up his Ameri-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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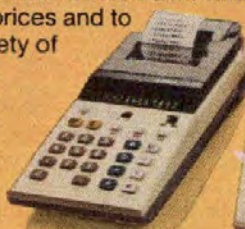
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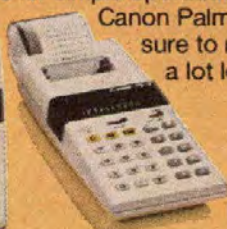
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-four-year-old, very attractive woman and enjoy a very active sex life. I've been enjoying sex since the age of seventeen, and I always heard that older men were supposed to be better in bed, but I never believed it until lately. About three or four weeks ago an old friend of my father's came to live with my dad and mother and work with Dad. His wife had died about a year ago, and he was lonely.

I hadn't seen Robert for about ten years when my parents threw a party for him when he moved in. But when our eyes met, I knew right then that something was going to happen between us in the near future. I guess the last time I had seen Robert I had been too young to realize what an attractive man he was. He is a well-preserved forty-nine-year-old hunk, a little over six feet tall, an extremely well-muscled 210 pounds, very handsome with dark brown hair and the biggest hands I have ever seen. Robert and I talked for about an hour that first night.

About a week later Dad asked me if I would be Robert's date for dinner and dancing, and I gladly accepted since I had no one special at the time. The whole time we were eating dinner I couldn't help but smell the great musk he was wearing. Every time his clear blue eyes met mine I wanted to wrap my arms around him and give him a big kiss. When we danced, his big paws just about burned holes in my back, as he was holding me tightly; and the closer we got, the more I could feel the heat of his aroused manhood. I was getting so horny I wanted him to take me in his arms and make passionate love to me.

The following weekend my parents went to my aunt's, and I knew Robert and I would have our chance to get together. I looked forward to it all week. The day they left I fixed supper for Robert,



and he was kind of startled, but I think he knew what I wanted. After we had dinner, we had a few glasses of wine and soon both of us were getting a little buzzed. He asked me if I would like to dance again, and naturally I accepted. The more we danced, the closer he pulled me to him, and finally both of us were so aroused we couldn't stand it. He picked me up and carried me up to his bedroom. He took me in his arms and crushed me to him and brought his very sensuous lips down on mine, kissing and caressing me with great deftness. Before I knew what was happening, he had me undressed and my love juices were beginning to flow down the insides of my thighs. I watched in great anticipation as he began shedding his own clothing, and

when he finally got down to his jockey shorts, I was licking my lips because his cock stood out like a big banana. When he jerked down his shorts to reveal his big, fat cock, I almost fainted. I spread my legs and said, "Come to Mama." I reached up and guided his tool into my moist cunt. As he slowly entered me, I screamed out in pleasure and pain. I was gasping, writhing, and clawing because the pleasure was so exquisite. His cock stretched my cunt to the limit and felt so big and hot. Finally we both exploded together in a beautiful orgasm that seemed to shake the whole house. Afterwards, while I was lying in his big, strong arms, I felt more satisfied than I had ever been before. I told Robert that he was the most virile and experienced lover I had ever had sex with. He said I was the first woman he had been with since his wife died. He also said he felt kind of guilty because he was old enough to be my father and he was such a good friend of my parents. He didn't think they would approve of my relationship.

When he got up to get us some drinks, I just lay there and stared

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

at his beautiful body, and by the time he got back I was feeling very horny. When he handed me my drink, I sat it down and got on my hands and knees and started licking up and down the insides of his thighs, slowly working my way up to his cock. Robert gently lifted my head up and said, "You don't have to do this." But I wanted to give him pleasure any way I could. He said he had never had oral sex before, so I really wanted to turn the old man on. As I started licking up and down the long shaft, it began to grow hard in my mouth, and when I took it into my mouth he began to moan in pleasure. I sucked on his erection for everything I was worth. Suddenly he erupted, and I swallowed every bit of his delicious semen. He said he didn't know that anything could feel so good. He knows just how to treat a woman and the right things to say. All I have to do is think of that cock slowly sliding in and out of my cunt and I get chills.

Do you think that older men make better lovers or not?—S.W.

Three months ago I met the most fantastic man I ever dreamed I would lay my eyes on. He is a fifty-one-year-old Scottish art director and painter who has been living in Spain for the last seventeen years. We have been inseparable since we met." It was in Marbella, Spain (where I spend most of my summer months), that this took place. The incredible thing about this man is that he is so young at heart. He's in great shape, has a terrific libido—much higher than that of any twenty-five-year-old lover—is a superromantic, an intellectual, and, just like me, mad as a hatter from time to time. In other words, he's a true animal who makes me feel like a Total Woman.

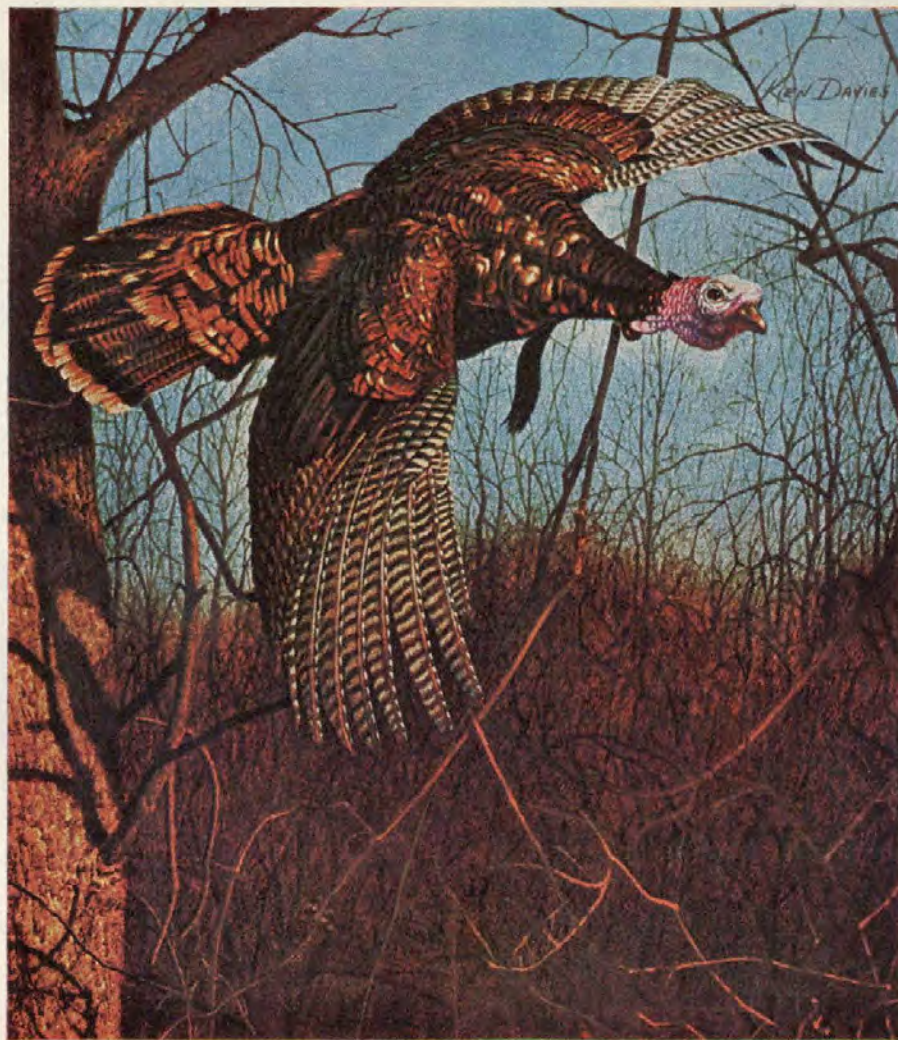
Because we are nature lovers and know what life is all about (both of us having fucked around considerably in our lives), we realize that superficial screwing around can leave you lonely afterward. Now that we have a way to exhaust not only each other's body but also our minds, I think I have reached total satisfaction.

STRANGE VIBRATIONS

My husband, Bill, was out with the boys one night when I noticed a brand-new Penthouse on the coffee table. Thumbing through the articles, I came upon your column. A man had written in about setting his wife up with a friend. As I read, I found myself slowly grinding my thighs together. As I've said, I've often been turned on by your column but this one really touched me off. I became so horny that I slowly undressed, lay back on the couch, and began gently rubbing my clit.

Before reaching a climax, I went into the bedroom and found my ten-inch vibrator. Lying back, with my legs spread wide and the soles of my feet touching, I began to slowly rub the vibrator against my clit. I wanted it inside my throbbing pussy so badly that I could barely control myself.

At about this time Bill walked in. I didn't



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even slow down. I just kept fucking, bucking, and moaning with that thick rubber cock plunging in and out of my soaking cunt. When I finally came, all I could do was smile up at him. He smiled back and asked me what had started all of this. Hadn't he been taking good enough care of me? he asked. I assured him that he was and that this had never happened before. I then showed him the article that got me so hot. He then asked if I were interested in living out this fantasy. I was dumbfounded. I just looked in his eyes, and after what seemed like an hour, I slowly nodded my head.

The next weekend we rented a motel room in a small town forty miles away. There was a nightclub nearby, and at about 10:00 P.M. we drove over, went inside, and split up. There were about a dozen couples in the club, dancing and sitting at tables and at the bar. There were also four single men at the bar. One of them in particular was attractive. It took me at least half an hour to catch his eye and smile. After making small talk for a few minutes, he put his arm around me. I responded by laying my hand on his upper thigh and gently rubbing as we talked. He began rubbing my thigh, slowly working his way upward. He massaged my clit for a while, and just as he was entering me with two fingers, Bill stopped by. He asked how long I had been in town. I told him that I was only there for the night and that I had a

motel room down the road. As we talked, Bob looked less and less comfortable. He finally stood up and began to leave. I stopped him and said, "Bob, don't be so greedy. There's enough to go around." Bill agreed to pick up a bottle and meet back at the room.

Bob fingered me all the way to the motel, and I rubbed his cock through his pants. We were both about ready to explode when we finally got to the room.

We got into a sixty-nine position on the bed, with me on top. As he tongued my pussy, I just held that club in both hands, staring at it and stroking it softly, fantasizing about having that large thing in my pussy. I then noticed movement at the window, and there was Bill. I winked at him and, taking that massive cock in both hands, began to feed it slowly down my throat. As I sucked on Bob's cock and began squirming from the attention I was receiving, my eyes never left Bill. Finally I could take no more, and moans escaped from my throat, moans that soon became, "Fuck me, put it in me, oh, please fuck me."

As Bob changed positions, Bill entered the room and began to disrobe. Bob put his cock up against my clit and began rubbing it up and down and against my lips. By now I had a death grip on the sheets. I physically craved what I knew I was soon going to get. He continued to tease me, murmuring, "Where do you want it, baby?

You want it slow and easy or fast and hard?" I moaned, "Put it in me, fuck me, fuck me hard, please, now."

As Bob commenced to do just that, I felt a familiar cock brush against my cheek while Bob entered me. The sensation was incredible. I felt stretched to the point of splitting, but any pain just added to my pleasure as we fucked faster and harder. We both came quickly. Bob pulled out and sprayed my stomach and tits with a huge load of come. I'd gotten so carried away that I forgot about Bill, who was jerking off in my face. He blew his load all over my face, hair, and mouth.

We fucked most of the night in every position and combination we could think of. I even took Bill in my ass and Bob in my pussy at the same time. With a cock in both holes at once, I never felt so completely fucked in my life. It was indescribable. Things will never be quite the same in our lives, thanks to you, Xaviera.—G.G.

It's nice to feel that I am appreciated and know that there are folks who get more out of life by following my advice. Congratulations—you have one of those marriages where two is company and three is a lot of fun. Not everybody is so lucky.

I recall one of my lovers. He was the possessive type. An Italian, if I recall. It's nice once in a while to have a lover be possessive. It makes you feel wanted. Then it gets to be boring. "Why did you look at



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that man?" "Why did you talk to him?" Etc. This lover of mine, though, was so jealous he refused to let me masturbate. He broke my vibrator. He threw out my ben-wa. I was getting scared that he might cut off my fingers. "Nobody will have you but me," he said. I suppose he felt very insecure. Maybe he thought I preferred masturbating to making love with him. The two forms of sex, to me, are quite different. And I wouldn't want to be without either. In this case, I got rid of the lover.

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

I have a girl friend and have found that since high school it has been increasingly easy to get girls. Our sex life is great. She is a fucking fanatic. But still, despite this constant activity, the problem lies in masturbation. I love to jerk off. I feel it's a problem which needs solving. It's beginning to affect my performance as a lover. Instead of lasting two or three orgasms per session, I have been finding even one a challenge. In fact, as I sit and write this confession, I'm naked, high, and toying with the fantasy of having you here, naked, and reading this. I'm going to resist the temptation, though, because I will see my lover later tonight. We will spend the night together.

I'm a sensitive person, and I often suffer great anxiety attacks, which are not to be taken lightly. They come in waves, overpowering my confidence and habitually

causing me to bite the hair off my body. Everything but underarm and head hair. It's weird. I don't know why I crave this, but every time I find myself alone and in thought I bite these hairs, mostly on my hands and wrists. Could this problem and masturbation be related? Should I get professional help? I really don't consider myself to be sick. Most people don't notice this habit.

I realize how lucky I am to be so good-looking. But why do these problems exist?—D.B.

You have to change your sexual habits. Make an effort to fuck more and jerk off less. In other words, instead of worrying about your own problems so much, try paying attention to your lover and her needs. Spend more time with foreplay and oral sex to get your mind off yourself.

BREAK UP TO MAKE UP

This past March I was in the local bar with a girl friend in hopes of picking up a good-looking dude. Well, at the biggest table in the house sat a group of drillers, who had been in town a few months. I knew a few of them because my sister had dated them. I decided to move in and see if I could make a killing. After having a few drinks and losing most of the guys to other women in the bar, I was down to the last two, both of them married and not very attractive. But they were friendly and were buying me

drinks. I talked my friend, Cheryl, into inviting these two men to go party with us elsewhere.

When we piled into their pickup truck, I ended up sitting next to Tom, the one I had hoped not to be with. But I really didn't care, because I was too drunk and too horny to think twice about it. We ended up at his basement apartment, and when morning finally came, I couldn't wait to leave.

Two days later his wife returned home from a trip, and I found myself wanting nothing more than to be with him again. So that night my girl friend and I went over to his apartment. Tom's wife became emotionally upset when he left with me, and in the strangest of ways this excited me.

Well, after two weeks of sleeping with me off and on, and on most of the occasions being found out by his wife, he finally asked her to leave and sent her home to her parents. After she was gone, I was no longer attracted to him, and he started hanging around all the time. I found myself repulsed at the thought of getting off work, knowing he would be waiting for me.

I once overheard him making a telephone call to his wife, telling her he was sorry and that he loved her and wanted to get back together. When I heard this, all I could think about was being in bed with him when his wife returned. So I started sleeping with him again. But then his wife never showed up, so I dropped him. This happened quite a few times until he finally left and went back to his wife. A few days later he returned and found me with his co-worker. Tom beat him up and left town. He returned once to pick up his things. He called me a few times, wrote me once or twice, and I always answered with excitement.

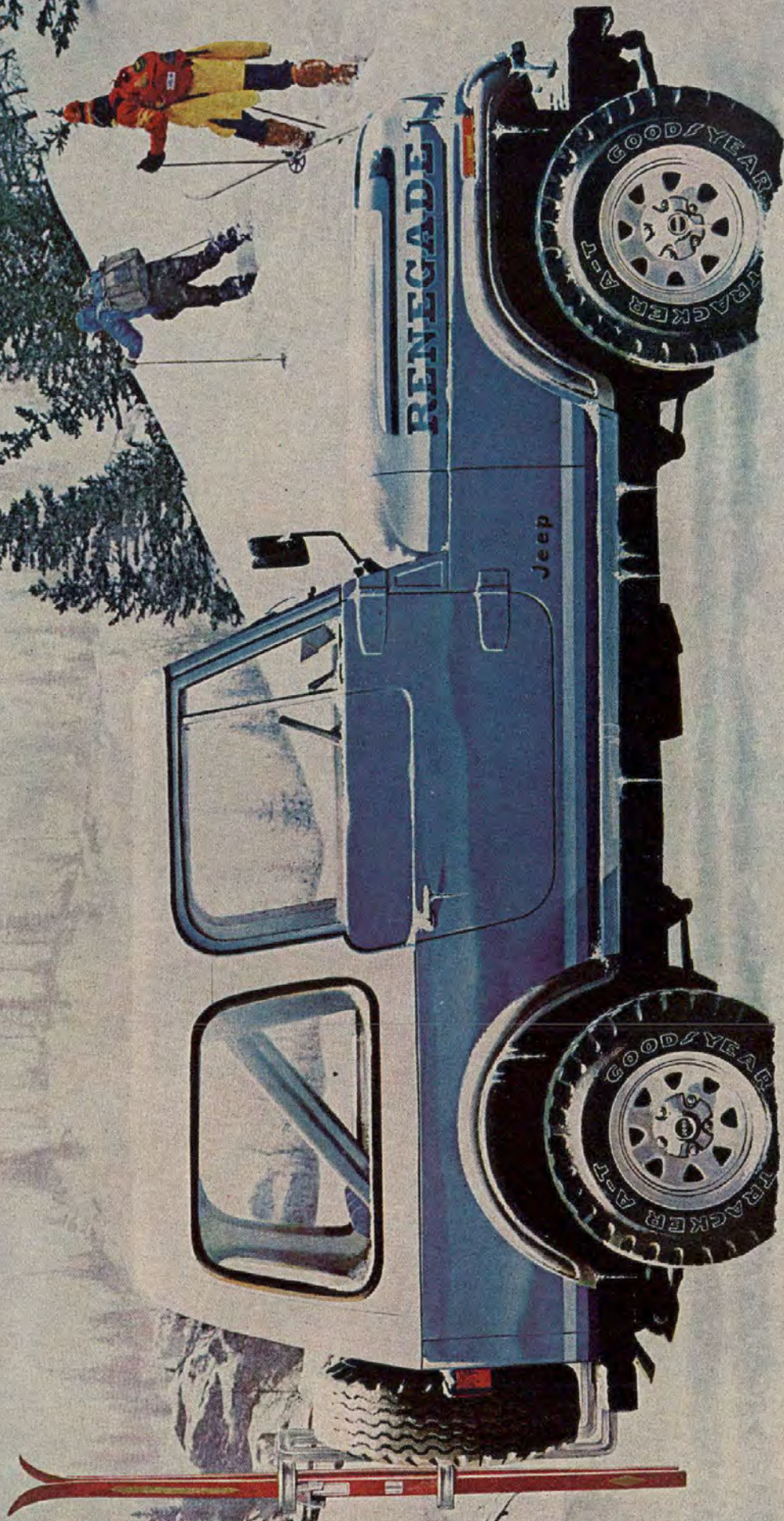
Now he is back with his wife. He never tries to make contact with me. I dream about getting back with him and breaking up his marriage. I wonder if I'm weird wanting to break up this marriage when I don't even find him that attractive—and he leaves a lot to be desired in bed.—M.N.

A potential lover is always more appealing when for some reason you can't have him. But when you do finally get him, it's often a big disappointment. I think you can see that sharing a man's affections is no fun after a while. I suggest you forget about your married lover. S & M are different sides of the same coin, and unfortunately your face is on both sides.

TAKE A "NAP"

In the May 1981 issue of Penthouse your column featured a letter from a man with a stocking fetish. You asked for anyone with an unusual fetish to share it with your readers. I'm not very good at writing and can't give you a very hot letter, so I'll come right to the point. I'm turned on by corduroy, yes, corduroy. I love to come on them, with them, and in them. Pants, skirts, shirts, dresses, just about anything made of corduroy and worn with a little pride

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



A legend must weather many storms.

Let it snow. Let it drift. Let it sleet. Let the streets go unplowed and let the faint of spirit stay locked behind garage doors till spring thaw.

The storms of winter matter little to the legendary Jeep C.J. It has been plowing snow, getting kids

to school, taking skiers to the slopes and weathering storms for more than a

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quarter of a century. Dress it for work with plow and winch or dress it for play with ski rack and Tracker® tires—history's most famous 4-wheeler will get you through in heart warming comfort.

There's room for four. The options of a 5-speed gear box, weather-tight hardtop, high-back soft buckets, and stereo sound. And something you'll appreciate every time you drive: the highest gas

mileage of any 4-wheeler made in America.*

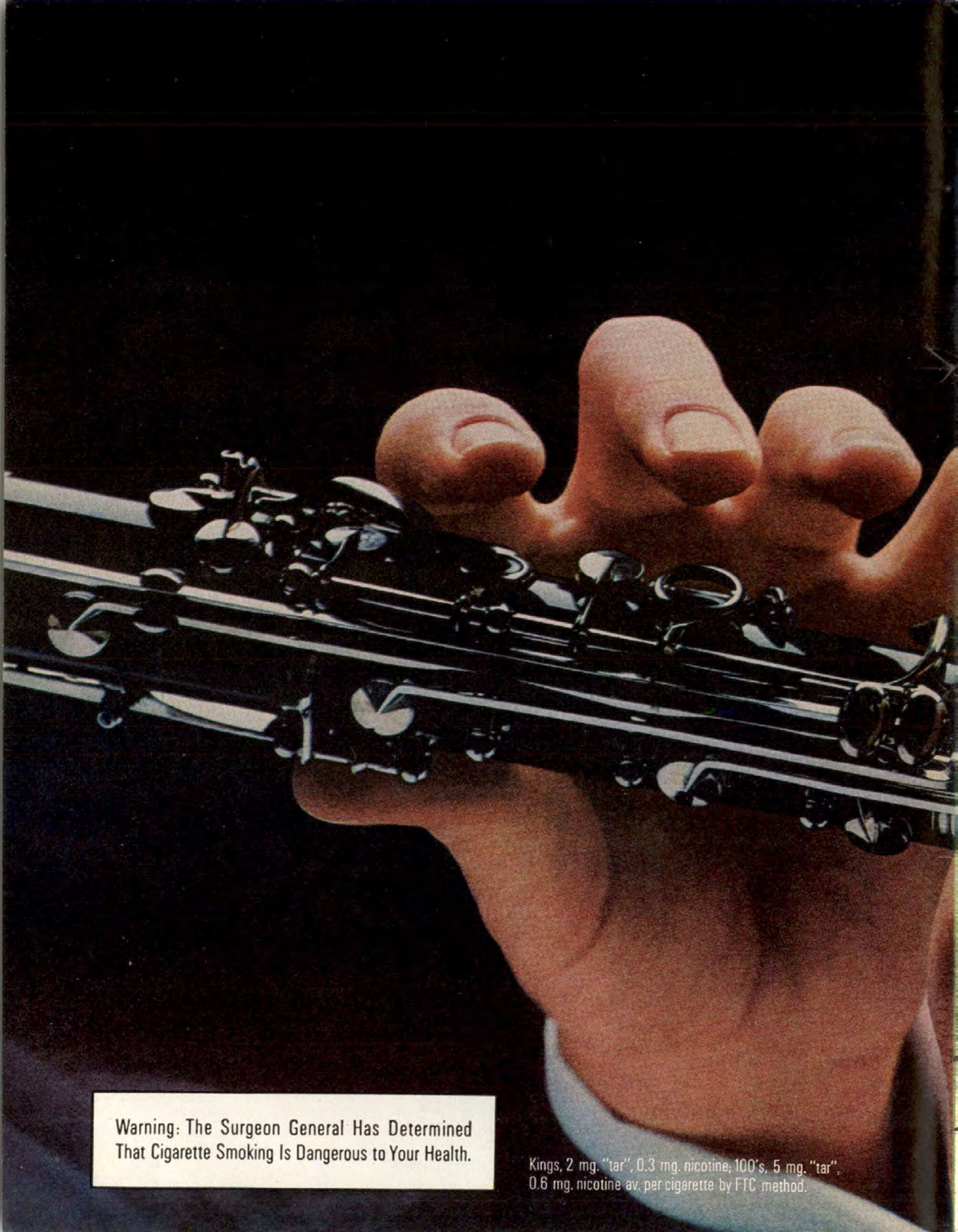
The most important thing Jeep C.J. can give any driver, though, is a feeling of confidence. Not just because it's been weathering storms longer than a lot of vehicles have even existed. But because it has weathered passing styles for just as long.

That's the confidence of owning a legend.



AT AMERICAN MOTORS

*With 5-speed. Figures for comparison. Results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. Call for mileage. Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.



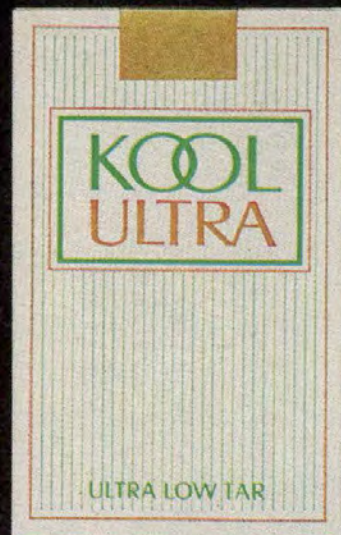
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100's, 5 mg. "tar",
0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

There's only one way to play it.

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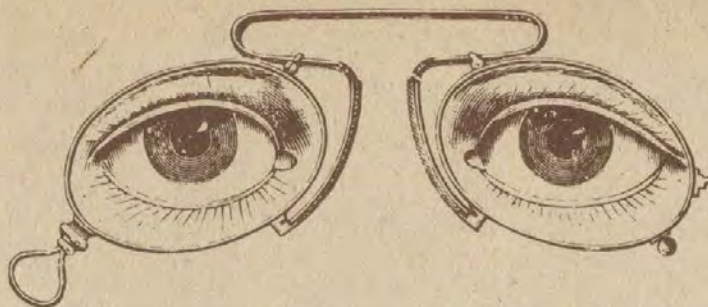


WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIET DOWN
AT THE END OF THE DAY, EVEN A FIRE
TURNS TO RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW CLOTHES

BY EMILY PRAGER

Now that Ronald Reagan's been in office for over a year, it's time we examined what it really means to have an actor in the White House. Mr. Reagan is still an actor, you know. A person doesn't retire from acting any more than he retires from cigarette smoking. Long after he has ceased performing for pay, he still feels an obsessive need to cut up if a camera is near or smile broadly at inopportune moments just in case someone is looking. He wants to put on fancy costumes, wear makeup, have his hair done, and who can blame him? Everyone wants to be an actor in this day and age. It's just one of those crazy things that our most famous actor right now happens also to be our president.

Mr. Reagan's wardrobe for his present role is the most colorful of all chief executives since Ike invented the Eisenhower jacket in the 1950s. I don't know if he once got Edith Head's advice or what, but he clearly believes in underscoring each political occasion with a total wardrobe accent. Is there a method to his costume design, or is it just personal style? Does Bob Evans get high on himself?

It began just after Mr. Reagan was shot, on the occasion of his power struggle with Alexander Haig. A costume was needed that defined invincibility, that proclaimed a presidential power which could never be assailed. The April 6, 1981, issue of *Newsweek*, in an article on the confrontation, shows a full-color Reagan in his costume of choice: jodhpurs, turtleneck, and riding boots with spurs. The perfect power outfit. Authoritarian, yet stylish. Patrician, yet in touch with the land. *Question:* Who were the last American leaders to be seen publicly in jodhpurs? *Answer:* Generals MacArthur and Patton. Guys who defended our liberty against the Nazi scourge and won! Haig in his boring blue suit looks like a wimp in comparison, looks like he never leaves his office, looks like he lives on martinis at lunch. Who would you follow into battle: a guy who gets shot in the chest and a few weeks later is back in the saddle, or a stooge in a striped tie? Up against the Bob Mackie of politics, Alexander Haig didn't stand a chance.

Ever since then, it's been a costume extravaganza. Mr. Reagan is Everyman. He is Mr. America, the macho ideal. He is tall and straight. He's got big shoulders, and he believes in the pocket handkerchief. When it's too hot to wear a tie, Ronald Reagan doesn't wear one. Why should he? In an open shirt, he's the daddy of our country. There is nothing Continental about him. No one would mistake him as being French.

Mr. Reagan addresses labor in a

brown suit and a hard hat. He welcomes back our astronauts from space in a flight jacket and an air force cap. (For GOP leaders it's a midwestern checked suit and Gucci-type shoes.) He attacks the Fed in pure white, a red tie sprinkled with blue elephants the only dab of color. At breakfast with Stockman, he cuts programs for the poor in a white Lacoste sport shirt. But at home, after a hard, conservative day, he bewails the plight of the average American in blue jeans and a denim jacket. Or jeans and a plaid flannel shirt. At home, he's just like you and me. He's just an average Joe.

But wardrobe is only one of an actor's tools. There are others, like makeup and hair. Where would Spock be without his ears? Or Jack Lord without his eye makeup? But in this area, too, Reagan wins hands down. Makeup, which made Nixon look stuffed and Carter washed out, brings healthy roses to Ronald Reagan's cheeks. Nasties gossip that Reagan dyes his hair, but, *hey!*—at least he has hair to dye. In fact, what other actor of his generation can you name that still has a full head of hair? And Reagan's hair, coiffed as ever in the style of Knute Rockne, is no small asset. Every man in America secretly hopes that when he's over seventy, he will have such hair. With the exceptions of Margaret Thatcher and Colonel Qaddafi, I can't think of another world leader who's got better hair. Reagan gets his vitamin A; that much is very clear.

I never used to think much of Ronald Reagan's acting, but lately I've changed my mind. These days there is nothing I like more than sitting down, as I did the other night, with a big bowl of popcorn and a beer and watching the president of the United States and the First Lady in *Hellcats of the Navy* on TV. They were both fabulous. This fall I caught our chief of state in a movie with Patricia Neal in which he played a wounded prisoner of war. He was just like he was when he was wounded by Hinckley, cheerful and determined, and it made me wonder whether his acting jobs had somehow prepared him for his present responsibilities. You know, in the same way that Robert Young always speaks for doctors since he played Marcus Welby. Maybe starring in a movie is not so different from starring in the presidency, when you get right down to it. In both instances what you're doing is making an illusion believable and bankable, and if you don't succeed, they throw tomatoes and drop your option. The point is, maybe we've hit upon something here and from now on: all our presidents should be actors.

Instead of primaries, we should



Anita Kunz



probably have auditions. We'd start with the traditional "open call." Any actor who wants the role of president could show up, and then, by means of a computer hookup with home television sets, we, the American public, could push a button and weed out those we don't think are the right type for the role. Those left would each have to do several things:

(1) Looking as much like Jack Kennedy as possible—navy blue suit and striped or dotted tie mandatory—but with a touch of Franklin Roosevelt in the voice, address the nation, staring directly into the camera. Any actor who could

Arabic, and know how many candles are to be lit for Chanukah. He must take a lunch better than Swift Lazar, voice his belief that the Germans have changed, and pretend to take Mexico seriously.

Once an actor has shown us all of these talents, then we look at his movies, his image. And it's here, I'm afraid, that a lot of candidates lose out.

Marlon Brando is, frankly, too kinky. Robert Duvall is strong, but can he shake Boo Radley? Pacino is, unfortunately, short. Robert Redford is an isolationist, but he would please the environmentalists. And though Paul Newman

SCENES



NIGHT MANEUVERS

We are living in Babylon," the preacher declared from his plywood podium, "and it is going to fall just like it did before. We have to get out of the cities, and we have to get the cities out of us. We will have one hour. It tells us that in Deuteronomy."

It was no ordinary revival. There was more than the usual religious fervor at this gathering of the Christian Patriots. The worshippers were not typical. One bearded man was dressed all in black. Another was wearing a black beret and a T-shirt with a picture of a robed Klansman on a rearing white horse surrounded by flames.

A young woman in camouflage fatigues sported a silver death's-head belt buckle the size of my fist. A pale, blond-haired man in wrap-around sunglasses looked like a cross between a rock star and a Hitler youth. And a burr-headed fat kid of twelve, the kind of kid who looks like he tortures cats, had a World War I trench knife on his belt, the type with brass knuckles built into the handguard. Half the people in the tent wore camouflage fatigues, and almost everyone was wearing some kind of knife—sheath knives, boot knives, folding fighter knives, belt-buckle push daggers, stilettos in fancy shoulder rigs—expensive weapons that can kill people.

More men in fatigues and berets stood around the tent. They wore forty-fives in shoulder holsters and carried assault rifles, twelve-

gauge riot guns, and automatic weapons on assault slings. The red-white-and-blue insignia on their uniforms was a cross overlaid with sword and battle-ax. They were members of the training cadre from The Covenant, The Sword, The Arm of the Lord, a survival school, who were going to lead the night class on a simulated combat patrol. Most of the cadre live on a 200-acre base near the Arkansas-Missouri border. The base is fortified with bunkers, tunnel complexes, and a twenty-four-hour perimeter defense, and the cadre live in a state of readiness, we were told, as if the "collapse" had already occurred.

"Just one hour, people," the preacher continued, "to fight, resist, and flee. Already concentration camps are being prepared to hold Christians. There is a one-hundred-million-acre compound in Alaska, one of several in the country. We have to be ready to fight, people, but weapons without God are vanity. But God . . . God can give us 223s, 308s, or he can give us the jawbones of asses. It don't matter, because He wants us to see Israel, the true Israel.

"People, I don't want to see your babies tossed around on the tips of bayonets. I don't want to see your women raped—forty times in one night. I don't want your children molested by homosexuals. So tonight we are going to begin preparing ourselves for what is to come. They're watching us. The enemy is watching us—we know who they are—and they want to stop what we're trying to do here. But we will use what we can. I know that none of us has been in a war, in combat. We don't really know what it will be like, but we will use what we can to help us prepare for it.

"Lord, help us to do thy will tonight. Help us learn the skills of combat patrolling and be with us in tonight's operation. Amen."

I'd arrived that morning at the estate grounds, fifty-five acres in central Illinois, the entrance only a couple of blocks from the courthouse in Louisville. A banner over the gate proclaimed, "Welcome Patriots." A security man stepped



Actors for president in '84: Pacino, too short; Hurt, perfection.

make this interesting would go a long way toward winning the part.

(2) Be able to improvise at a press conference. Be able to be humorous but not giddy, self-deprecating yet self-aggrandizing. Laugh at himself, but not too hard. Sleep with members of the press corps if he thinks it will help—but don't leave anyone important out.

(3) Learn the line "I am going to cut taxes!" Deliver it so convincingly that no one will even consider what will happen if you do.

Now, that's just the basic audition. But, of course, any actor up for the part must be taller and slimmer than Brezhnev, able to quip in

and Joanne Woodward are pretty near perfect, I think we need new blood. My vote, just off the top of my head, call it a hunch, goes to William Hurt. I think he would be divine. He's intelligent and sexy on film. He appeals to the young people. And like Ronald Reagan, he can cry on cue. My only hope is that before presidential audition time, he finds a gal who could do the part of First Lady. But come to think of it, why should the First Lady be an afterthought, an appendage? From now on, let's have auditions for that part, too.

Meanwhile, we'd like to thank you for coming, Nancy. Next?

out of the guardhouse to check the attendance reservation I'd gotten in the mail that stipulated: "Admission is conditioned [sic] upon the bearer being of the White (Caucasian) Race."

The guard, who was carrying an AR-18 assault rifle and who had the current issue of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine tucked beneath his arm, waved me into a parking area.

The convention site was pleasant, grassy and well kept, dotted with groves of trees, hills and meadows, and even a lily pond complete with geese. The "headquarters building," a barnlike duplicate of George Washington's Mount Vernon and built, for some reason, 20 percent larger than the original, was in need of paint. It housed display booths where you could buy freeze-dried foods, survival books and pamphlets, army training manuals, army-surplus combat gear, aluminum blowguns, bulletproof vests. Ku Klux Klan T-shirts and pocket knives, bumper stickers that declared, in red-white-and-blue, "Joe McCarthy Was Right," "Unleash our Energy—More Nukes NOW," "Anglo Power," "Stop E.R.A.," or "I Won't Give Up My Gun Till They Pry It from My Cold, Dead Fingers," and books on everything from surviving nuclear war to avoiding payment of income tax. There were literally tons of pamphlets with titles like "The Jewish World Conspiracy," "Jewish Ritual Murder," and "The Anita Bryant Story." Another pamphlet, "How to Deal with Niggers," offered a list of rules that included the advice "Never engage them in debate or conversation. Nothing a nigger knows or thinks is of the slightest importance to you." There were dozens of pamphlets "proving" that the Holocaust never happened and that the Jews are barbarian impostors, that the true Israelites—God's chosen people—are all white, Anglo-Saxon Americans.

The Freedom Festival participants were utterly humorless. The only times I heard laughter were when someone told a racist joke. These were mostly blue-collar people who had worked hard and,

not getting their share of the American dream, were looking for scapegoats to blame their problems on, Jews and blacks. They reminded me of Germany before Hitler came to power—people looking for a cause, a leader, and for self-respect.

At a seminar on small-unit tactics conducted by a general, a stocky woman in her fifties stood up, looked around, and said, "I don't know if there are any spies here, but why don't we just eliminate some of the leaders like Kissinger and Rockefeller instead of just waiting for it to happen?" People in the crowd chuckled and nod-



ded their heads, and the general said, "Well, it isn't that a lot of us haven't thought about it, but this isn't a class on assassination."

At that point I was acutely aware of an armed security cadre standing behind me, and I decided then to use a much smaller notebook and to use a pseudonym for this article.

The Christian Patriots believe—and they hope—that one or more of the following will happen: The Communists will invade the United States from Cuba, Mexico, and Canada. The economy will collapse, and traitors within our own government will precipitate a nuclear war. The cities will go up in fire storms, and marauding hordes of blacks will flee the cities to loot, rape, and murder. Whichever, the Christian Patriots will establish an area in the Midwest, where they will hold off the hordes and survive. This area will be a "Golden Triangle, the true JerUSAlem," as foretold by George Washington

after he was granted three visions by an angel at Valley Forge.

After the prayer, the cadre lined up into columns of twelve to fifteen people. I looked over at a high-school kid in the next column and saw that he had an automatic pistol in a fancy cross-draw holster. As I watched, he pulled the pistol out and fumbled with it for a full minute, trying to cock it or put the safety on or off or something. He clearly didn't know what he was doing. I'd thought that only the cadre would have weapons, but as I looked around, I saw that I was wrong. Half the people in the class were armed. They had shotguns,

pistols, and sophisticated assault rifles on their persons.

And then I saw a pretty girl I'd seen that afternoon in the small-unit tactics class, a cute brunette who'd been wearing a "White Power" button. Now she was wearing camouflage fatigues and carrying a short-barreled .12 gauge riot gun. I had an impulse to go over to her and say, "Hey, why don't we knock off this silly shit? Let's go somewhere and talk or something." But she had that look on her face, just like the others. They were *serious*. They thought that this was the real stuff. They'd all read their training manuals, but none of them knew that once the shooting starts, all the rules go out the window.

We were told that the evening's exercise was to teach us to "get down" quickly when fired at by the enemy. When the squad leader fired his rifle into the air, we were to fall down, facing alternately left and right. Abruptly, the speaker

fired his rifle, having braced it casually against his hip. Some of the participants fell quickly in the correct direction, some of them in the wrong direction, while others crouched, looked around, and then went down on all fours while a few just remained standing, hunched over and confused.

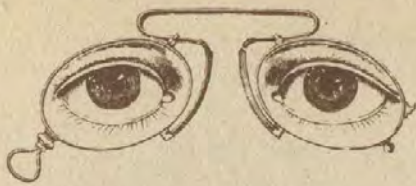
"All right, people," the squad leader shouted, "that was pretty slow. When you hear a shot, you get down. You don't have time to think about it. You think about it, and you're gonna be dead. Okay. Everybody back up. Let's try it again."

He fired again, and again, until almost everyone was falling quickly and in the correct direction. The overall military commander of the Christian Patriots walked among the participants, carrying a stick. He was wearing a khaki uniform with red shoulder boards. He had a total of twenty silver stars on his two shoulders, and enough stars, crossed swords, and enameled brass badges on his beret to pass as an Eagle Scout at a national jamboree or as the star of a Gilbert and Sullivan musical. He rapped people's heels with the stick after they fell, telling them, "Get those heels down." There seemed to be some confusion as to whether the heels should be turned in, out, or to one side to avoid, I suppose, serious heel wounds.

Finally, the columns "moved out" toward a pasture, falling whenever the squad leader fired into the air. It was dusk, and for a few minutes I tried to pretend that I was back in Vietnam, heading for a night location, but the whole business was so absurd that I gave it up. One enthusiastic trainee rolled behind a patch of weeds after falling and was singled out and praised by the squad leader for his imagination and quick thinking. I kept wondering, "Don't these people realize that it's fine to fall down when you're shot at, but after that you are going to have to do something?"

By the time it was dark, we were lying prone in the grass, sweating, while the mosquitoes bit hell out of our necks, wrists, and ankles. Women and children were clus-

Perry A. Reale



tered around a couple of cars behind us while the cadre split into two groups to simulate a firefight and "give us some idea of what it's like to be in combat."

The guy next to me wanted to low-crawl through the grass, get behind the cadre, and "ambush" them. I declined to go with him, and he seemed disappointed in my lack of enthusiasm.

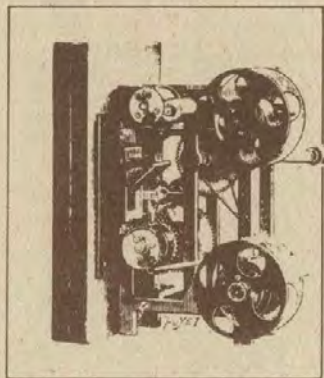
And then the firefight began. The two groups fired bottle rockets—those little firecrackers attached to slivers of wood—at each other and threw strings of firecrackers. For ten minutes the rockets hissed through the air, whistled, cracked and popped, turned into green and red pinwheels, and spun in the grass, throwing sparks. It was a pretty enough display but not like any firefight I've even been in. Both sides yelled racial insults at each other in the dark, "Come and get it, nigger!" "Come on, jigaboo!" "Eat that, spear chucks!" The guy who'd wanted to ambush the cadre giggled and said, "I hope that reporter from Boston isn't still here."

Out in the dark someone yelled, "Two things you can't give a nigger—a fat lip or a black eye." The crowd thought that was a good one. I heard the women and children laughing back by the cars. One of the women yelled, "Take his ears. Take his ears," and that got more laughs.

After the firefight, the cadre offered up a prayer, thanking God for allowing us all to "successfully complete this training exercise without anyone being injured."

I went back the next morning. There was a light rain falling, and most of the people with exhibit booths had packed up their stuff and left. A Christian self-defense group was practicing the "overhand nose smash" in the drizzle, shouting as they slammed their fists down in unison. As I walked back to my car, I noticed the general looking out at the rain from behind a screen door in the 20-percent-larger-than-the-original replica of Mt. Vernon. He seemed to represent the spirit of the place. Inept, confused, and unutterably sad.—Tom Herron

FILMS



CHECKING OUT

The end-of-life movie, a fairly new type directly descended from the end-of-life Broadway play, enjoys at least one unfair advantage. It's that in the face of death, everything about life seems precious. You need only assume death's pres-

ence in order to validate the most simpleminded affirmations. Who could ignore even the weather report—"Looks like a good day tomorrow"—from the lips of a dying man?

By "death's presence" I mean nothing so traditional as "last moments." They have been haunting the movies forever. When I was a kid, I hated them almost as much as I hated love scenes, though I know now that like love scenes, you must accept a few last moments if the good stuff—the jokes, the terror, the suspense—is to make sense. But in the end-of-life movie the jokes, the terror, the suspense, have to do only with dying. Usually you won't even see the last moments. But you will be made to understand that life is terminal and that somebody's term is just about up.

Thus Norman Thayer, ex-college teacher, central character of Mark Rydell's *On Golden Pond*,

celebrates his eightieth birthday in the bitter knowledge that he may not live to see his eighty-first. With his loving and long-suffering wife, Ethel, he has come to his comfortable summer house on a tranquil New England lake. There he awaits the arrival of his semi-estranged, fortyish daughter, her latest lover, a dentist, and the man's pubescent son. The middle-aged folks leave—a romantic trip to Europe. The boy remains behind. And through a summer of trout fishing and Parcheesi, old Norman and young Billy Ray, despite a mutual mistrust and almost mutual irascibility, forge a friendship that matures the kid and humanizes the old man to the point where something beside the contemplation of his own decay can interest him. Only then, I suppose, is he ripe for the fall.

It is a heartwarming story. That means, it is the most outrageously contrived, sentimental treacle—saved, so far as it is saved, by the great old actor whose vehicle it has become. It makes everyone else fail. The kid, in an annoyingly slick performance by Doug McKennon, has, beneath his smart-assed manner, a golden heart that is just waiting to be burnished. The daughter, the forty-three-year-old Jane Fonda, breathtaking in a bikini, carries a psychological burden ("Mother, I have been answering to Norman all my life...") of a sort born chiefly by middle-aged children in Broadway plays. And her mother, Katharine Hepburn, must express such unflagging zest for living ("Norman, the loons are teaching their baby to fly. Isn't that exciting...") that even the gentlest among us may have to suppress an urge to kill.

Playing straight man to Norman's geriatric petulance must be a thankless task. I suppose that Hepburn does it valiantly. But doing it valiantly and doing it well are not the same thing. The late career of Katharine Hepburn is, of course, full of marvelous resonance. It is not, however, so full of marvelous achievement. So much of her energy must go into the mere protecting of a performance that very little is left for art. The ac-



Katharine Hepburn and the Fondas, Henry and Jane: ripe for the fall.



John Badham on the set of *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*: good work around the edges.

tress who can still move me to tears with her last reading of the calla lily speech in *Stage Door* (1937) now moves me to little beyond good wishes in material not much more transparently theatrical.

What moments she has as Ethel are mainly the moments Norman brings to her. And as Norman, Henry Fonda has the field day he deserves. In a way, it is too easy a role, this octogenarian played rather as a precocious, pampered young person confounded at discovering the indignity of his own old age. But of course it is only as easy as Fonda makes it, and his wonderful bad manners (blaming everyone around him for each near-disaster that his feebleness causes) never descend to mannerism. He is frightened, charming, sly, cruel, grudgingly kind by turns. Behind his steel-rimmed glasses, his old-man's bushy eyebrows, the slight protrusion of his mouth, he has fashioned a closed cell of feeling, and nothing, not even reconciliation with all the generations of his family, will make him wholly open out.

Mark Rydell's production tries hard enough, God knows. It is so handsomely pictorial, so evocative of flowing nature, that it almost overpowers the calculated stage play at its center. Norman Thayer probably wouldn't be bamboozled by such placid eyewash. But I am, a little—the beautiful trees, the marsh grass, the glistening lake, even the dartings of those silly,

trowel-headed loons.

On the other hand, the work around the edges of John Badham's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* makes the movie, almost despite the strident lesson in self-determination at its core. It's not that the



Richard Dreyfuss and John Cassavetes: sympathy for both sides.

film's hospital intensive-care unit is so stunningly realistic. It's rather that so much of what goes on there—even the hospital routine—works with an intelligence that keeps refashioning the drama rather than just providing a creditable background for the themes.

A brief scene near the end catches this perfectly. In the middle of the night a young nurse has come to change the position of the quadriplegic hero in his bed. He awakens, and as she works she tells him that his campaign to be taken off all artificial life-support systems, so that he may be allowed to die, has made him a celebrity in the hospital. The scene is

obviously intended to foreshadow a victory, to advance the story right up to the judicial hearing that is the film's climax. But the actress involved (Abigail Hepner) happens to be very good. And the effect of her voice in the night, her kindness, and her gentle efficiency is momentarily to transform the hospital into the place of compassionate care it is supposed to be. No big deal. But you could live in the company of that nurse, and Ken Harrison (Richard Dreyfuss) is choosing to die.

This sort of understated deepening of a situation is typical of John Badham, whose big films, *Saturday Night Fever* and *Dracula* (but not the excellent *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings* or the TV-movie sleeper *Isn't It Shocking?*) have allowed him only occasional passages for the exercise of his best talents. *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* turns out to be a director's movie, however,

lows-humored one-liners always score a mark. But then the one-liners aren't all bad, and this is a world where everyone from the chief of medical service (John Cassavetes) down to the black orderly—especially the black orderly (Thomas Carter)—gives almost as good as he or she gets from Ken. Richard Dreyfuss, never my favorite actor, may be at his best here. It is not too surprising that the inability to move anything from his neck down clarifies his performance, frees it from extraneous "acting," leaving him more direct, less fussy, than in any other recent film.

The moral issue at stake is whether there can be a justifiable suicide (the film wastes a lot of breath assuring us this *isn't* the issue), and as problem melodrama this has its points. Some of the fleshing out seems clumsy (especially a prepackaged performance by Bob Balaban as the lawyer Ken retains to represent him), but more of it is remarkably open and free. All the women around Ken share in this: the head nurse, Rodriguez (Alba Ohms), and the student nurse, Mary Jo (Kaki Hunter); the girl friend (Janet Eilber) Ken rejects; and especially his doctor, Claire Scott (Christine Lahti). When he tells Dr. Scott that she has beautiful breasts, loud enough so everyone in intensive care can hear, she responds with such graceful embarrassment that she reminds me of Diane Keaton at her best in *Annie Hall*. She is beautiful, all of her, and strong enough to stand up to Dreyfuss at his most resourceful.

Ken Harrison wants to die, above all, because he can no longer work. His antagonist, doing his job, is the chief of medical service, who means to keep him alive. It is another one of John Cassavetes's good performances (the list grows very long), and it is also one of the film's achievements that this potential ogre of well-intentioned pride emerges nearly as sympathetic as the man he wants to save. The guts it takes to give the other side its due tells you just how well *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* overcomes its glibness and its flaws.—Roger Greenspun



WORDS



UNNATURAL SCIENCE

It's all right with me when a video science jockey espouses extraterrestrial life, on prime-time TV. I can almost believe it when he tells me we'll be living in space colonies the shape of wagon wheels by the end of the century. I've read H.G. Wells, and Jules Verne, too. But when esteemed scientists—Nobel Prize winners—believe that seeds from outer space gave birth to mankind or that one day soon a human soul will inhabit a computer, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. It might be wonderful, and it might even be true, but it sure is weird.

Our information-addicted society is generating so much data that scientists can't think up theories fast enough. Science today has become a surreal landscape of expanding and contracting universes, meandering continents, and restless subatomic beasts called quarks and leptons. It's easy to get lost and frightened. But *Talking Tech* (Morrow) is the ideal guide through the bizarre world of scientific capability, controversy, and conviction. Here, finally, is a book that explains what a meltdown really is, how holograms work in 3D, and sixty-eight other shibboleths that everybody uses in conversation but doesn't understand. It's like science class in the sixth grade, when it was still fun and didn't require too much math. Authors Howard Rheingold and Howard Levine deftly part fact from conjecture, observation from speculation, and safely deliver the

reader out of the technological wilderness.

Unfortunately, there's no promised land waiting on the other side. With their backs up against the cutting edge, theorists strain for explanations. Is sexual preference a genetically encoded trait? Is it possible to give a person a shot against old age? Even the most basic questions, such as the true origins of life, remain entangled in mystery.

Who could be more capable to trace the long journey from microbe to man than Francis Crick, the Nobel Prize-winning biologist who helped crack the genetic DNA

code? In *Life Itself* (Simon & Schuster), Crick approaches the problem by asking what the chances are that life could get started on a planet similar to Earth, somewhere in the universe. He begins by setting up the biological hoops through which all molecules had to pass in order to become the chemical basis of life. It's all very tedious, and the chalk dust practically lifts off the page until chapter eleven. "From this point on," says Crick, "we must leave behind quantitative considerations." And that's an understatement. Suddenly, the book turns into science fiction.

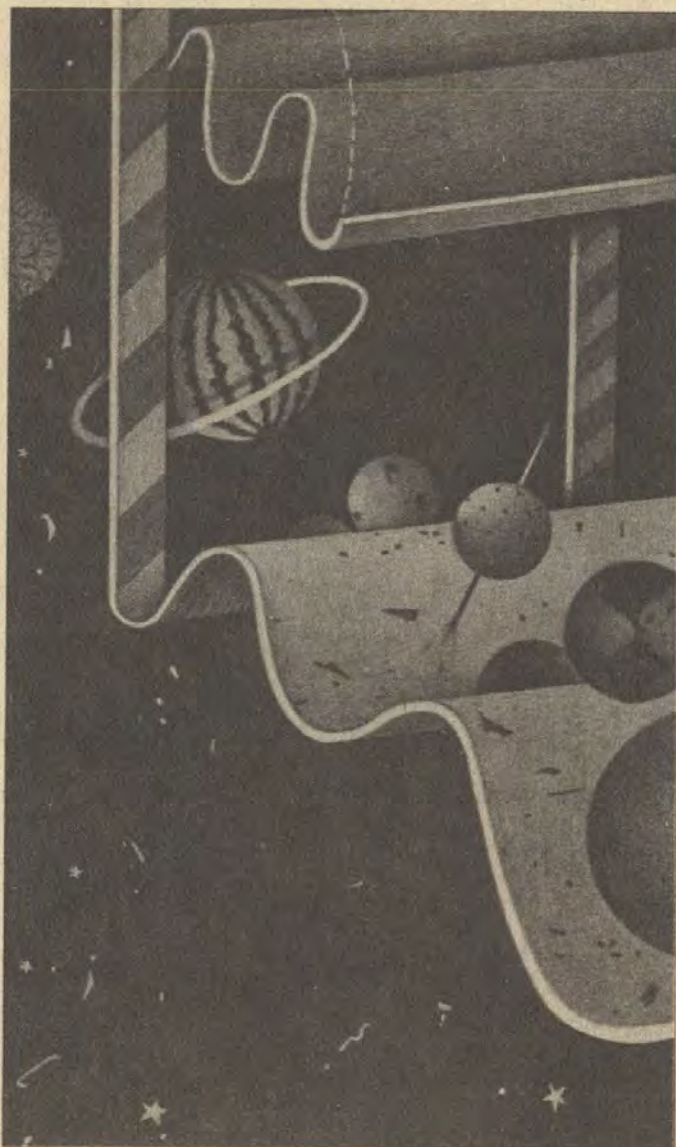
Four billion years ago, on some distant planet, a race of intelligent beings put microorganisms similar to bacteria on a spaceship. These single and multi-celled creatures landed on Earth and, feasting on the nutrient-rich oceans, eventually evolved into man.

Crick calls his theory "directed panspermia." While his science may be sound, his psychology is not. Wouldn't a superintelligent civilization have better things to do than indulge in cosmic intercourse? Crick suggests that perhaps their planet was doomed by some interplanetary catastrophe, a collision with a meteor or an exploding star perhaps. But as James Edward Oberg demonstrates in *New Earths* (Stackpole), any technologically sophisticated race would have it well within its means to dislodge a meteor from orbit and create hospitable environments on practically any planet of its choosing.

Taking planets apart and putting them back together again to create a world that could sustain vegetation and animal life is called terraforming. It takes big tools to do a big job, and Oberg thinks nothing of detonating H-bombs to stir oceans or of constructing a necklace of orbiting mirrors to warm up a chilly planet. Already on the drawing boards are plans to tug comets to sites where they can be mined and to toss a wet world into a dry one by manufacturing a climate with oceans and air.

Oberg has a whole bag of terraforming tricks to change Mars, Venus, Mercury, and even the moons of Jupiter into Earth-like Edens. With world-building on the brain, it's not surprising that Oberg should get a little evangelical. One day, he predicts, macro-engineers will travel through the galaxy, leaving in their wake blue-green worlds ready for human colonization.

Remember *Rodan Meets Godzilla*? Fans of the four o'clock movie will be glad to know that somewhere in this cosmos there is probably a planet ruled by giant intelligent reptiles. Gene Bylinsky's *Life in Darwin's Universe* (Doubleday) makes the scientific case for all your favorite matinee movie



Seth Jaben

monsters, including intelligent ectoplasm, giant insects, and even sentient planets. At any point along the primrose path of man's evolution, says Bylinsky, nature could have veered off, favoring the development of a different species. For example, had the dinosaurs not become extinct 65 million years ago, reptiles would have had the opportunity to evolve into an intelligent race.

But like their celluloid counterparts, Bylinsky's extraterrestrial zoo is strictly Grade B. His imagination is composed of hindsight. He does, however, refresh one's appreciation for the eerie and

gence. Man's successor, proclaims Jastrow, will spring not from his loins but from his brain. It will use circuits for nerves and electricity for blood. By 1995, computers will supersede man's ability to remember and reason.

Jastrow is serious about computers being considered as an intelligent life species. He speaks about them with an eerie respect and affection. Computers are approaching the point where they will be responsive to the world around them, able to learn from experience, and even assume feelings and emotions. When computers reach that stage, says Jastrow,



Francis Crick, Robert Jastrow: science fiction, science fact.

strange life forms that already populate this planet. (Octopuses are remarkably intelligent, have cameralike horizontal-bar pupils, and green blood.) The only truly different alien life form Bylinsky comes up with is a creature modeled on the koala bear. Marsupial man would have a shaved head and a pouch in which to carry young, like the kangaroo. Somehow I don't think Hollywood is interested.

As for a clear picture of how the human species might next evolve, Bylinsky abruptly changes the subject. It's as if his crystal ball has blown a fuse. Can it be that mankind has reached its biological limits? Is the curtain coming down on human evolution? Most definitely, says Robert Jastrow in *The Enchanted Loom* (Simon & Schuster). After a million years of growth, our brain size has stopped expanding, and with it our intelli-

we'll have no choice but to consider them not only alive but also members of a superior race.

All in all, it's been a bad year for the future. There are lots of downbeat science books going around. Nuclear holocaust. Economic collapse. Environmental disaster. Readers are being told that one day our mischief is going to do us in—permanently. Dougal Dixon's *After Man* (St. Martin's) is based on the unhappy premise that 50 million years from now, life on earth will be merrily evolving without us. He introduces us to a host of mammals, reptiles, and birds that only vaguely resemble the lucky couples that made it onto Noah's Ark. Rats, predictably, not only survive but come out on top. Dixon speculates that over the millennia rats will develop a doglike appearance, with teeth modified for stabbing and tearing flesh. Can't wait.—M. S. Kaplan

SOUNDS



KEEP ROCKING

There's an alehouse in lower Manhattan, tucked away on the outskirts of the Lower East Side, and it's to this alehouse that rock singer Peter Wolf repairs when he's visiting New York. Wolf is lead vocalist with the **J. Geils Band**, a Boston-based outfit that's been rocking along since 1968 without a single personnel change. The J. Geils Band sells lots of records and lately has two hit albums in *Love Stinks* and *Freeze-Frame*. They've played in lots of theaters, sports arenas, and outdoor stadiums, on their own and as a favorite opening act of the Rolling Stones. Peter Wolf can afford to frequent joints that are more exclusive than the alehouse, but the alehouse is where you're most likely to find him. He's been known to spend entire days there.

Wolf is razor thin, wears black, and tends to lapse without warning into mile-a-minute disc jockey raps that he remembers from his adolescence. "I grew up in New York City, and since I was obsessed with rock 'n' roll, I spent my nights listening to those guys," he explained one afternoon as he washed down a sandwich of soda crackers, cheese, and hot mustard with a cool draft ale. "Guys like Alan Freed, Jocko Henderson, the Magnificent Montague—they really loved rock 'n' roll. They were great, great teachers. And when the J. Geils Band first got together, we all considered ourselves students—students at the college of

musical knowledge."

Wolf signaled for another round. "In the early days," he continued, "we were studying R&B, Chicago blues, some jazz. Rock 'n' roll meant a tremendous amount in our lives, and we were trying to familiarize ourselves with the tradition of rock 'n' roll. But rock 'n' roll is still going on, still developing. There's a lot of exciting stuff going on right now—new bands, young record labels—and we have a responsibility to ourselves to stay on top of it. If there's anything out there that can inspire us, we're gonna search for it, because we have to continue to grow. Otherwise we'll become just another boring, banal band."

You don't ordinarily hear that kind of talk from bands as established as J. Geils, but J. Geils isn't your ordinary band. Their stage shows could fool you. Hard-edged guitar boogie and gritty street-corner soul are what their fans come for and what they get. Wolf sings, screams, stomps, and jumps like a jackrabbit while the instrumentalists—Stephen Bladd on drums, Daniel Klein on bass, Seth Justman on keyboards, Magic Dick on harmonica, and J. Geils himself on guitar—lay down one



Wolf: rock-'n'-roll obsession.

David Wainwright/Henra



steaming groove after another. A great boogie band, you think. Then you hear the records.

The earliest J. Geils albums earned the group a reputation as "America's Rolling Stones," but by the time they recorded *Monkey Island* (1977) they were getting restless. On that album they tackled a Louis Armstrong classic, experimented with strings and horns, and explored a much broader range of moods than anyone had thought them capable of. *Love Stinks* (1980) found Seth Justman and Peter Wolf writing catchy pop songs and using synthesizers to give them a bright, new-wavish feel. It may have alienated some of their boogie-mad fans, but it was the best-selling album of their career. Until *Freeze-Frame*, that is. More than a year in the making, *Freeze-Frame* was a grab bag of experiments and innovation, with pop appeal. It was such a departure that Peter Wolf wondered whether people might run out of the room when he played it. Instead, people bought it.

It's evident even to casual listeners that the musicians who made *Freeze-Frame* have their ears wide open. Justman's arrangements for brass, strings, and synthesizers recall pop and soul one minute, modern jazz the next. Magic Dick, an exceptional harmonica soloist whose forte is Chicago blues, takes off on imaginative flights that leave Chicago a planet or two behind, and J. Geils's metallic guitar work exposes his jazz roots, which haven't been that noticeable in the past. The rhythm section locks into an impressive variety of patterns, from pulsating electro-pop to Afro-Latin to punky funk. Justman's resourceful production brings out nuances without sacrificing drive, and it brings out the best in Peter Wolf.

"As a producer, Seth will push real hard," Wolf said. "On one song, 'Do You Remember When,' we talked about going for a kind of Sinatra-type classic croon, and I don't think I would have been able to get it had it not been for Seth's tenacious belief that I could. He felt it was important for us to make

some innovative music that could really inspire people, and although it took a long time and wasn't always pleasant—halfway through we thought maybe we were going crazy—we stuck with it. By the time we were finished we'd really rallied together, so much so that the way it feels now is like the times when we first got together—everybody's so up and excited."

Justman, who is soft-spoken and curly-haired and is classically trained, came walking into the ale-house and spotted Wolf. The ale had been flowing, and Peter had been sliding brimming glasses my way, and we'd progressed from

Magic Dick, whose wraparound shades and curly mass of dark hair effectively camouflage an easygoing personality and tastes that range from early jazz to the latest punk and new-wave releases, emerged from a neighboring room and sat down on the bed, fascinated. When Shaw's band executed a particularly neat passage, with a tricky drum roll and syncopated riffs from the saxophone section, Dick and Wolf both sat bolt upright. "Let's hear that again," said Dick. Wolf hit rewind and played it again, and again, five or six times in succession, until both of them had taken the passage apart in



J. Geils: "Rock 'n' roll is the most exciting thing you can do."

talking about soul music to singing old favorites, much to the amusement of our neighbors at the bar. Seth downed one or two in the process of prying us out of the place, and we rode uptown to the hotel where the band was staying.

Everyone in the J. Geils Band seems to listen to music constantly and to delight in springing latest discoveries on the others. And since they've been doing this for a dozen years or more, their latest discoveries can be pretty esoteric. "Listen to this," Wolf said, almost as soon as he'd unlocked his room. He flipped a cassette into the miniature sound system that travels with him, and out came the dulcet strains of a forties swing band. "Artie Shaw," he explained.

their heads and figured out exactly how it worked.

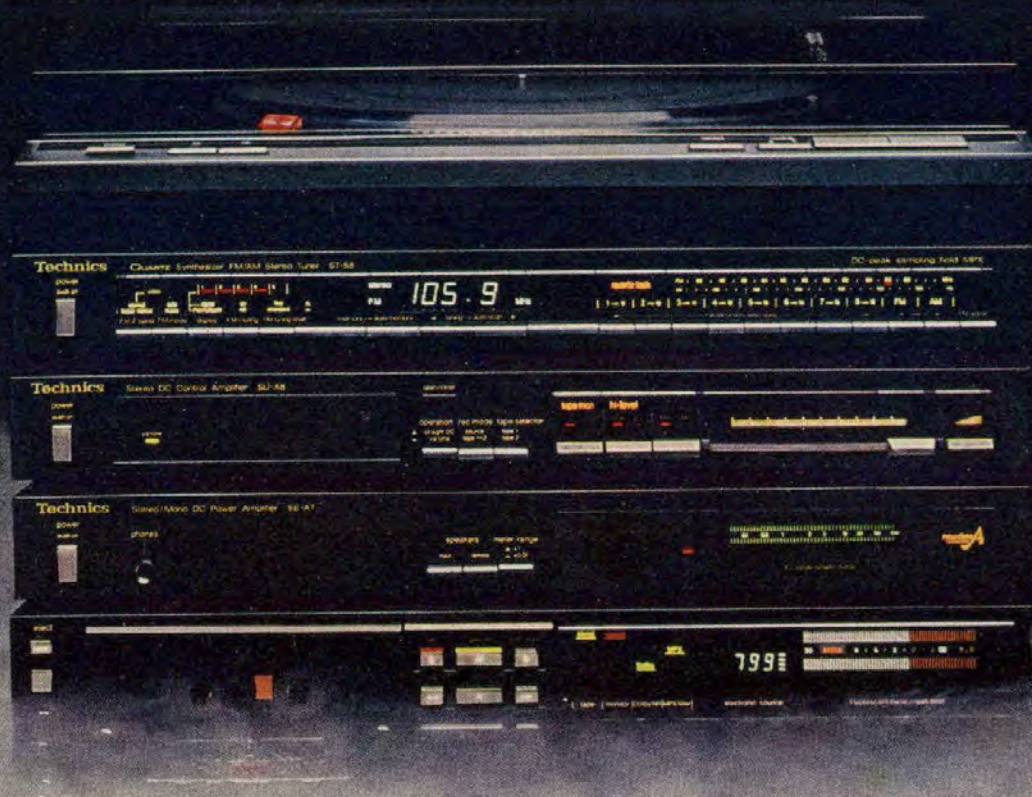
And that was the way the night went. Wolf played tapes that included jazz vocals by Betty Carter, soul and funk, even a distant after-hour's recording of Elvis Presley and an unidentified starlet fooling around at the piano. Band members came and went, talking music, music, and more music. They had been touring, first as openers on the West Coast leg of the Rolling Stones tour, then as headliners with their own concerts, but their energy seemed undiminished. "After all these years, the Stones are cooking harder than a lot of new bands," Wolf commented at one point, "and that's because their spirit's still fresh. You

sit and talk to them backstage, and it's never 'What's the best hotel? What are the best restaurants?' It's always about music."

The J. Geils Band has been on the road for years; they've practically lived there. "For a long time, we didn't make money on our records, and touring was the only way we had to stay alive," Wolf recalled. "We built up an audience for our live shows, and that kept us going when we didn't have hit records. And I'm glad we're still out in the trenches. A lot of musicians complain about the road being hard, but to me being out there playing rock 'n' roll is the most exciting thing you can do. Bands that are tired of being on the road should get the hell off of it, because there are a lot of people who would like to be out there in their place."

What about people like punk and new-wave musicians, many of whom wouldn't be caught dead listening to over-thirties like most of the J. Geils gang? "Well, most of the musicians in those bands couldn't care less about becoming rock stars and making millions," Wolf said. "But they sure know how to use music for expression; they know how to grab an audience. There's so much going on, so much new music. You don't hear it on the radio unless you listen to college stations; they're the ones who are pumping out all this incredible new energy. Some of it's stuff you might not want to listen to over and over, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't listen to it once or twice. A lot of it's fly-by-night stuff, on little local labels, recorded and put out on a shoestring, spreading by word of mouth. And that's great, that's the way it should be; that's what rock 'n' roll was to start with."

Wolf lurged over to a suitcase full of cassettes and began rummaging through it, looking for something else to play. "Rock 'n' roll always had personality," he added. "It's always had spirit. And that's what keeps us going. If something excites you as much as rock 'n' roll excites us, you have to make your own contribution."—Robert Palmer



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to kidnap his daughter to save her from herself

THE DEVIL'S WORK

BY KATE AND TOM KENNEDY

Born and raised in Europe of American parents, Kate Kennedy at eighteen went to the United States in January 1976, with the idea of traveling and meeting new people before settling down and going to college. Her plans came to an abrupt halt in March, when she was invited to spend a weekend at the Unification Church's indoctrination camp in Boonville, Calif. That weekend extended into a two years and ten months' stay. The "Moonies" played on her guilt over not having her life organized, over leading a freewheeling life on the road, and over not living up to her parents' expectations for her. The Moonies offered a solution, a community where she could perfect herself and better the world. Little did she know that her life in the cult would become worse and worse. She quickly became a member of one of Rev. Sun Myung Moon's mobile fund-raising teams, which raised money for his growing international empire. Kate's ordeal ended when her father, Tom Kennedy, rescued her in Denver, Colo., on January 31, 1979, and had her deprogrammed by three young ex-cultists. After she returned to her parents' home in Paris, she tried to make sense out of her experience by recording what had happened to her. It grew into a book, *The Devil's Work*, coauthored by her father.

KATE KENNEDY'S STORY

September 1978. How had I become such a failure at twenty-one? When I was eighteen, I brought in \$90,000 a year for my church, the Unification Church of Rev. Sun Myung Moon. Now, less than eighteen months later, I was burned out, wiped out, and spaced out. I had slipped to \$60,000 the second year, and now I was bringing in nearly nothing.

When I made \$90,000 and \$60,000, I didn't have a secretary or a chauffeur or any assistants. Everything I made was net, tax-free for my master, Mr. Moon, the messiah. I worked alone—no salary

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

either—and spent eighteen hours a day, seven days a week and 365 days a year, selling candy and flowers to get donations for the Unification Church. Even the \$90,000 a year, they told me, placed me only twenty-second in the list of top Moonie sellers. I had a long way to go, the cult leaders told me. Yet, at twenty-one I felt that I had come a long way and that I couldn't go any further.

From March 25, 1976, until January 31, 1979, my life-style was pretty much like this: I lived in a world of guilt, fear, hatred, lies ("Heavenly deception," they taught us, was all right), poor diet (rarely did we have protein), and the mind-and-body-numbing fatigue. The most sleep any of us ever got in my MFT (Mobile Fund Raising) units was four to five hours a night.

I dislike remembering these times, and I still can't believe that such a thing could have happened to me. After indoctrination for nearly ninety days in the cult, starting with the recruitment in Oakland and then in Boonville, Calif., I ceased to think. I was incapable of making a decision: I was ordered, and I obeyed, moving in a trance.

On July 28, 1976, I arrived at the MFT house in Itasca, a suburb of Chicago, Ill., with fourteen other cult members. The MFT Center was located on Thorndale Avenue, near Route Ninety. In July 1976 there were 100 members living in this small house. By 1977 there were only sixty of us, thirty boys and thirty girls.

I got up on a regular day (365 a year) at 6:20 A.M. surrounded by girls from everywhere—Mexico, Japan, Belgium, France,

and, of course, America.

My first thought was "Oh, no, not another day."

I had gone to bed after 2:00 A.M. so exhausted that I hadn't taken off my clothes. The strong smell of unwashed bodies in the room eventually stopped bothering me. We slept in sleeping bags on the floor. What did bother me was the endless fatigue.

I waited. We all waited for the last possible moment, and then I would roll over on my stomach, pull my knees up under me, and try to pray.

"Heavenly Father . . ."

I could not think of anything to say most of the time. If I did, it went like this: "Heavenly Father, I am going to make three hundred . . . er . . . uh . . . two hundred fifty dollars today in the name of the True Parents [Moon and his third wife]. Amen." I was really still asleep.

Moonies are coldhearted human beings. If you saw someone dozing off while praying or actually asleep, it was standard practice to slap, punch, or kick her awake. Satan—ever present—controlled the body. Sleep and eating an adequate diet were heinous sins, the MFT leaders told us over and over again.

Like a zombie, I struggled out of the fetid sleeping bag and dragged myself to the girls' bathroom. Since there were always at least thirty of us using this one small room, we were instructed never to flush the toilet. In the crush of people I tried to brush my teeth and comb my hair. We each had a small cardboard box for our

few belongings, and I would shove my things into this box and be ready for the long day ahead.

I would go out to the Dodge van, sweep the floor, and check the oil. Then I would collapse in a seat and catnap until the driver showed up. The driver would rush out at the last minute (he, too, had been grabbing all the sleep he could), start the van, and career down Thorndale Avenue as we in the van prayed aloud. Suddenly the van would stop at a gas station or a parking lot to drop off the first fund raiser.

Certain drivers would say, "Who wants to go first?" And all who did not volunteer would be the first sent out. Different captains had different techniques. They worked on the ego, if that is the word, by saying the best and the bravest were the first to volunteer.

But anyway they did it, it was traumatic. The longer I was in MFT, the worse that moment of getting out of the van became. But I always went, whether excited with the prospect or frozen with dread. The actual getting out was emotional and physical pandemonium, especially in the Chicago winters. Twelve persons, their winter equipment (two hats, four gloves, thick sweaters, ski boots, and personal diaries) plus, of course, the heavy trays of product. It would be eighteen hours, at best, before we would return to Itasca. I saw MFT members shake and shudder and almost have a fit when it came their time to get out.

"Kate! Ready?"

With a plastic smile—our faces ached in the cult from these smiles—I would give a childish glance to show I was ready as usual. And I would hurry out of the van. We always had to rush. Our slogan was "Quickly!"

Some mornings were worse than others.

"Drew, Kate, Jean, and Karine, get off here. I'll be back at eight-thirty." And with no breakfast at all, we would be dropped off in Manheim, a major intersection near O'Hare Airport, on Highway Eighty-three. The four of us would huddle at the intersection and pray. Our prayers varied, depending on how long we had been fund-raising. In the beginning I'd just say, "Amen! Let's go!" And dash off, selling anywhere and everywhere. But later on some of us would think, "I have to give a good example to the new members. I can't go and have a coffee." Or, "Oh, God, I can't do this anymore. Please help me. Please make a car run over me."

And so it went, day after day after day.

After I had been fund-raising for six months, there were days when I would decide not to work. I'd say to myself, "I hate this and I am leaving," sounding like the eight-year-old they had regressed me to.

But what would I return to? My past was a blur, since I was indoctrinated into the cult. The UC makes sure that you throw away your past, that you totally reject it, and they teach you to fear it. You are so tired, so confused, and, in a way, so re-





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lieved not to have to worry about any problems that you are not moved to indulge in the past, in sex, in any past happiness or unhappiness. It's crazy, but the cult leaders lecture endlessly that a return to one's past could be at the price of world destruction. How could I have believed this?

On most weekdays the van picked me up around 11:00 P.M. or midnight. If it was a weekend, the pickup was between 2:00 and 3:00 A.M.

The van finally arrived, almost running me over; the driver was exhausted, too. I took off my hat and my gloves and said a prayer. The prayer didn't mean anything. It was the routine, the way we did things. If someone forgot that prayer, they would be chastized by the driver and accused of being selfish and ungrateful. When I had had my head down long enough, I said, "Hi, Captain. Hi, everyone. Can someone give me a Frisbee?"

Usually no one had much to say. It had been a long eighteen hours for each of us, and anyway we had done all our talking to the hundreds of persons we had approached for money. We used Frisbees to hold the bills and the change. This counting up of the money was no easy task. Just imagine, if you can, twelve spaced-out Moonies in a careering van, all counting out loud. (We had to count aloud to stay awake.) Clutching the Frisbee on your lap, you could hear the drone of numbers being counted. After three starts I came up with the total of \$142.73. A low total. I asked for the result book. If I was too insistent, I would be told that I was bad be-

cause I was a "servant, a slave," and I had no say-so. If I didn't insist on getting the result book, the team assistant would whine, "Kate, your result isn't down yet."

The van was always a mess at the end of the day, smelling of stale food. When did we wash? Change clothes? I don't know. I was often blamed for losing things, for being ungrateful for what I had. I remember having only two pairs of slacks for two years, and a ski jacket, which was washed once in all that time.

If we were lucky, the counting ended, and then I put my knees on the seat in front of me and cuddled down for a winter's nap. The areas we covered in and around Chicago were vast, and the trips could be long. I would no sooner close my eyes than the driver (no doubt fighting to stay awake) would call for a song: "The Lord into the Garden Comes."

At the end of this droning hymn we were "home." It meant heaven was near. It meant four hours of sleep in the sleeping bag on the floor with thirty other girls jammed into the same small room. I didn't care.

We stumbled out of the van to make a circle near the one-story frame house. If you know Chicago in the winter, you can imagine the freezing temperatures at 2:00 A.M. By now we were all wide awake and facing the awful reality: the commander was inside and waiting for us. He was always inside except to make his Tuesday and Friday trips to the bank to send our fund-raising money to New York, to Moon. I guess he also went to the witnessing, re-

cruiting, and PR center on Sheridan Road in Chicago.

Because I had spaced out that day, I knew I would get it. I walked into the garage in a cold sweat, took off my shoes, and sprinkled "holy salt" and made a cross at the same time in the air in front of me.

"In the name of the Heavenly Father, of the True Parents, of the Holy Spirit and myself. Amen."

This was to purify myself. I have no idea where the salt came from, but I was told it could be made by a "blessed" person (someone married by Moon).

My heart was beating wildly as I opened the door. I dashed into the sisters' room, took off my clothes, and crawled into the sleeping bag. The less I saw the better. But a meeting was going on with the leader, and I was stuck.

"Meeting, meeting!" the cry would go about. "Brothers and sisters, meeting, meeting!"

I didn't move. I wished I were dead. I was scared either way—all of us were. We knew if we did not go, they would drag us there, and that was worse. As we came out from under the curtain separating the sisters' room from the living room, you felt everyone's eyes fixed on you.

Yikichi Sake, commander for the region, stood in the center of the room. He was in his late thirties or early forties. He had been in the UC for eight years and said he came from a military background in Japan. He was about five feet five inches tall and weighed about 100 pounds. He was hard as a sidewalk.

I walked toward him.

"How much?" he screamed.

"Around one hundred fifty dollars," I mumbled.

"Not so good! You must look at me when I talk to you," he said, still screaming.

I was too scared to look at him. I really could not, although I tried to.

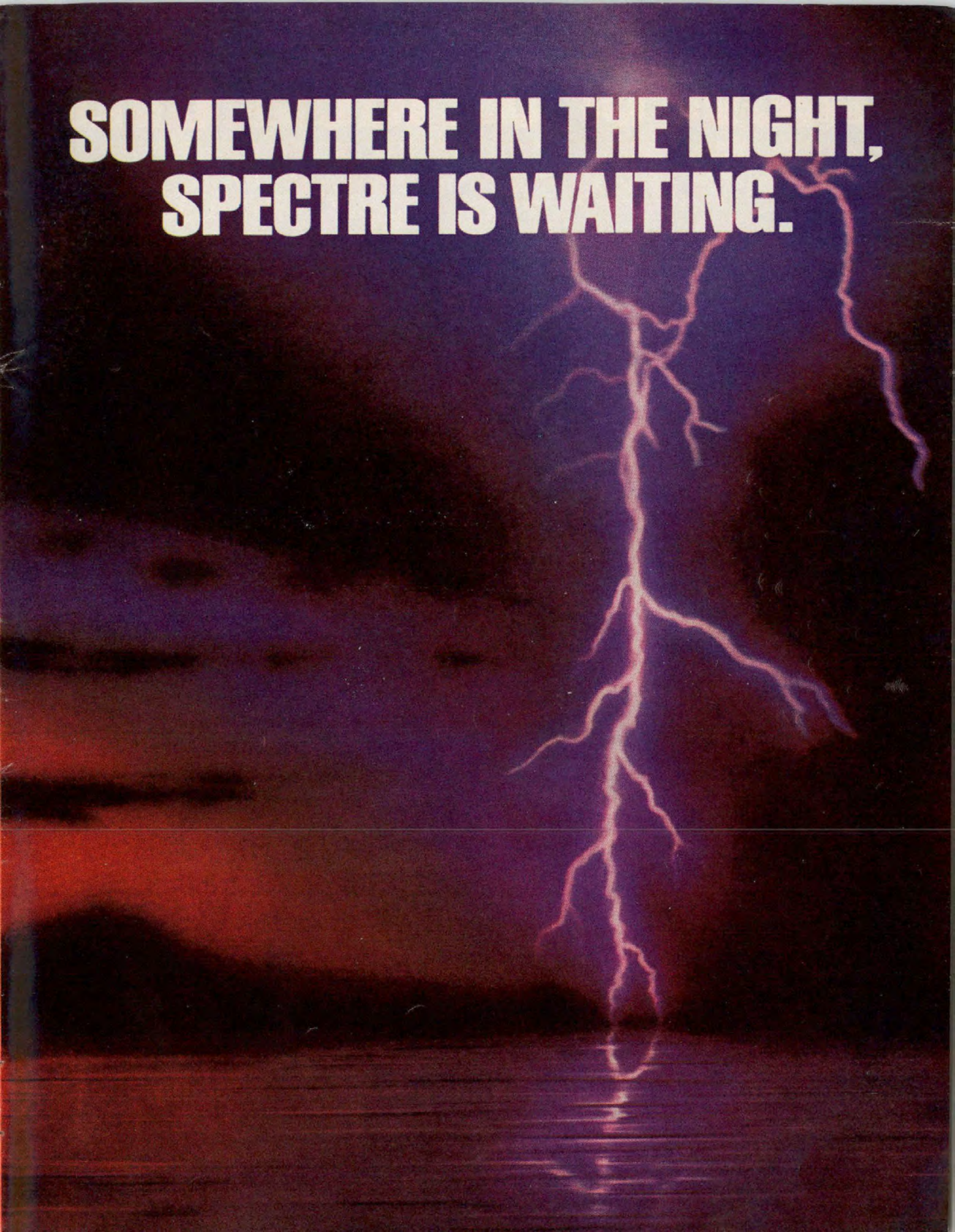
He insisted. "Your eyes must look here." He pointed at his eyes with his two fingers forming a vee.

Mr. Sake bounced about as he talked to the sixty of us. It was 2:00 A.M., but he was fit and ready to act. The commander was the only member of the MFT unit to have his own bedroom and bath. Three Moonies stayed in each day to tend to his needs; usually they would be burned-out cases before they shipped them out for more indoctrination—as they would eventually do with me—or perhaps a Moonie whose parents were trying to kidnap him or her. Mr. Sake was always well cared for, rested, and very fit indeed.

After he finished interrogating the nervous ones, who had brought in \$150 or less, he launched into a speech (his English was terrible), citing Moon's suffering and how he needed money, especially if he was to have lobby leverage in Washington. He went on about not worrying about safety in driving and about saving time. He said that not only did we have to



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Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

break our necks making money, we were to be really quick about it. "Hit and go," he said over and over.

Back and forth he paced, hammering at us to make more money. With the advantage now of being able to think clearly about the situation as it was then in 1977, I know that the MFT unit had five teams. Each team had twelve members. The first team averaged \$250 a day per person for 360 days a year or \$90,000 from each of the twelve members.

Members of Team No. 1 brought in \$1,080,000 a year. Members of Team No. 2 averaged \$240 a day, or each member made \$86,400 a year, with a team total of \$1,036,000 a year. Members of Team No. 3 made an average of \$180 each day or \$64,800 a year, a team total of \$777,000 a year. Members of Team No. 4 made \$150 each day or \$54,000 a year, a team total of \$648,000. Members of Team No. 5 made only \$130 each day or \$46,800 a year, a team total of \$561,000.

Thus Mr. Sake was handing over \$4 million a year from the sixty MFT members he was criticizing. His two trips a week to the bank to send money to Moon in New York meant \$80,000 a week to the Unification Church from the sixty of us. It was all tax free. I caught hell for bringing in only \$150 that night because I had spaced out and didn't work the eighteen hours. Even at \$150 a day, that meant \$54,000 a year.

I was not capable then of putting any of this together. It was difficult enough to stay awake long enough to count to fifty dollars, much less put together what everyone of us knew, if we only had time and rest to think. We all knew everyone's quota or daily goal down to the last penny. It was never a secret what each of us made.

Mr. Sake reminded us to lie if arrested for soliciting without a permit—never tell them of the Itasca address. Always use the Sheridan Road address of the UC. Don't mention the UC or Moon unless you are pressed. The cult then operated under 62 fronts (by 1981 there were more than 100 fronts), and although I was told many of them, I was always too exhausted to remember the exact names. I usually fell back on a Christian youth group. I never questioned why Moon operated under so many fronts. But why, if he was the leader of a religion, didn't he say it was the Unification Church? If any Moonie did ask that question—I never heard it voiced—I am sure he or she got the standard lecture on "heavenly deception."

Finally Mr. Sake dismissed us to bed. It was after 3:00 A.M. We would be back in the vans in less than four hours.

I felt bad after meetings—worthless, guilty, even more afraid of the next day. My situation was hopeless. I had to do so much before climbing back into that sleeping bag. I had to pray and take a cold shower as an indemnity toward being forgiven for spacing out—the "indemnity bank." Not only did I have to pray for my sins, I had to pray for all the people in the world. Apparently Moon had paid all the

indemnity for history and the world by addressing the crowd at the Washington Monument on September 15, 1976, but I had the sins of my ancestors and family (my parents and two sisters) to pay off. Each time I goofed off, there were sins added to my list. I was always overdrawn at the indemnity bank.

TOM KENNEDY'S STORY

My rage at this money-making political cult that was destroying our daughter, mentally and physically, was overwhelming. We now had no doubts whatsoever that we were dealing with anything but a bogus religion. It was "religious" only to take advantage of the protection afforded by the First Amendment of the Constitution. Herein lay one of our dilemmas: did we go ahead and violate Kate's constitutional rights by kidnapping her or let her stay in the cult and be destroyed? We had no choice, despite the arguments of the ACLU lawyers retained by Moon, who insisted the cult had the constitutional right to destroy its members.

I was beginning to realize how far out of touch I was with the climate in the United States regarding cults. It appeared that words like "good" and "evil" and "moral" were only abstractions to the defenders of the Moon cult. Wasn't anyone aware of Pavlov's work, the Moscow show trials, U.S. POWs from the Korean and Vietnam wars, Chinese thought reform methods, the efficacy of coercive persuasion and incessant indoctrination? Even after Guyana, where 180 infants

were murdered by their parents at Jim Jones's orders—if this does not prove mind control, then I don't know what other example to put forward—the Moon-retained lawyers defend the cult's right to keep its members in the bondage of mind control.

Over all was the pervading fact that no matter what we did, we were going against U.S. law. Adding to our bewilderment was the realization that the U.S. government was aiding and protecting the cults, thus contributing to the destruction of our daughter. It was a nightmare! We began to feel like cultural foreigners in our own country. The climate of the Justice Department was unbelievable to us who had grown up in Middle America, who in our wildest dreams would never consider going against constitutional law. And here we were preparing to do it.

At that time I had just finished reading the reports of the few professionals who have investigated the cults and who are helping ex-cultists return to normal living. I read with horror their reports of the strong possibility of irreversible brain damage done to persons during long periods of mind control. They cited cases of adults in their twenties and thirties who would be in mental institutions for the remainder of their lives. Incessant indoctrination and chanting, unbelievable physical hardship, and poor diet take their toll in the cults in the form of a burned brain.

I knew we had to help give Kate back her freedom of will and mind, because she was in terrible physical and mental jeopardy. Afterward, if she never wanted to see

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



"Alice is intelligent, a snappy dresser, great cook, and terrific dancer. On the other hand, Mildred lets me come in her mouth."





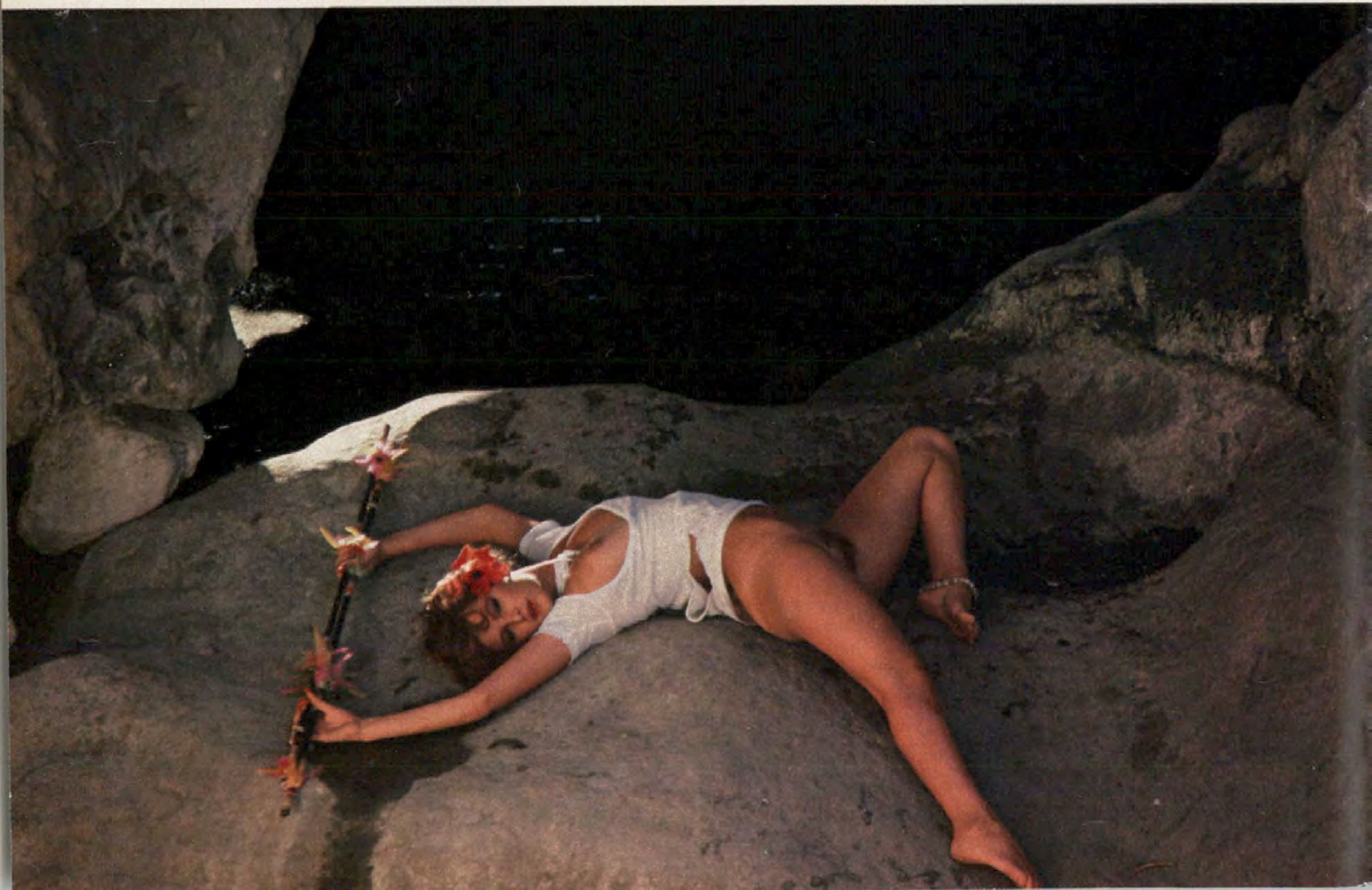
*Though exchanging the
limelight for
sunlight, she saves the last
dance for us.*

LAST TANGO IN PENTHOUSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

We suggest you enjoy the view. Pretty Carla Russell, the terrific, tawny creature hereinafter exposed, is and has been for several years now one of this country's most prolific and sought-after models. Sadly, this may well be her last triumphant appearance. Her love affair with the camera was fulfilling, but she's ready for a simpler life-style—wants to depend on herself for the adulation she's always gotten from men. For some people, Carla maintains, getting down to basics means buying a certain soap. To her it's basking in solitude and the simple pleasures of camping out alone. "My grandfather, a simple, rugged man, was hipper than Timothy Leary," insists our opinionated Pet, "and in lots of respects I take after him. He didn't need drugs. Nature was intoxicating enough . . ."





Rock climbing on the northern California coast, for example, is wonderfully therapeutic. Even curled up alone in a tent at night, Carla finds a multitude of ways to amuse herself . . .





Though her current boyfriend is terrific, Carla wishes he weren't such a city slicker. His way of communing with nature is to water his potted plants or sit by the pool, sipping wine. Still, he has his redeeming qualities. Out here she climbs the rocks; with him, she climbs the walls.



Carla's favorite heroines are those in romantic films and novels, like the passionate, enigmatic beauties in *Swept Away* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. Like them, our Pet finds the crashing waves a source of solace during lonely or troubled times. In any case, spying this natural beauty in her element makes roughing it look easy.













In the beginning there
were two kings of rock 'n' roll:
Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis.
One made millions. The other made
music—the devil's music.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the master bedroom of Graceland was still. Elvis Presley lay in his blue cotton pajamas, dreaming. It was the same old dream.

He walked through Tupelo in the late afternoon on a summer's day, toward the home of the virgin Evangeline. He was smiling as he turned a corner and entered a street where lush hackberry trees swallowed the sun. There was the house of her father, where she waited, wrapped in that magic, unholy thing from her mama's bottom drawer.

He felt a chill. He was naked. Pleasance became dread, and he flushed with panic. He would retreat across town, where his mother was not dead, and there fetch his clothes. If he hurried, there was time. He took a shortcut through a backyard that he recognized, but he was soon lost, running scared in a strange, unfriendly place, until he came to a meadow like none he had ever seen, and afternoon became night and the meadow became endless and he screamed.

The telephone at his bedside was ringing. It was one of the boys downstairs, calling to tell the Boss that there was trouble.

The Graceland security guard had watched nervously as the 1976 Lincoln Continental sped up

Hellfire

BY NICK TOSCHES
PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM SHEA

the gravel driveway and struck the gate.

"I want to see Elvis," the driver shouted, with a voice as harsh as the clangor of chrome and wrought iron that preceded it. "You just tell him the Killer's here."

The guard recognized him as Jerry Lee Lewis and told him that Elvis did not want to be disturbed. This displeased Jerry Lee. He pulled out a .38 derringer, and his eyes, which were already partly closed, lightened with a further wrath. "Git on that damn house phone and call him! Who the hell does that sonofabitch think he is? Doesn't wanna be disturbed! He ain't no goddam better'n anybody else." Jerry Lee spat in disgust, then commenced yelling anew. He did not relent, and the guard went to the phone. "Elvis says to call the cops," the boy at the house told the guard.

Jerry Lee howled and waved his pistol toward the manor. The guard did as he was told, and a patrol car arrived in less than a minute. The officer peered into the Lincoln and saw that Jerry Lee had the derringer pressed against the door panel with his left knee. He pulled the door open, and the gun fell. He picked it up and found that it was loaded.

"I'll have your fuckin' job, boy," Jerry Lee hissed.

The officer drew him from the car, frisked him, and locked his wrists. More patrol cars came, and Jerry Lee was taken away.

Riding slowly, against his will, the prisoner glared into the slow river of dark night, wondering what had gone wrong. The thought came to him, and just as quickly fled, that there were no Breathalyzers in Old Testament days. This must mean something. He thought about singing a song, the old one about meeting in the morning; but he didn't. Then at last he grinned and shook his head, for he knew that the cold, brilliant handcuffs would not long contain him.

By the end of July 1957, the record "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" had sold about 100,000 copies. Then it ran into trouble. Many people feared the song and its singer. Even some who liked Elvis damned this new boy, this Jerry Lee Lewis, as lascivious and evil. Mothers smelled his awful presence in the laundry of their daughters, and preachers stood before their flocks and railed against him and his sinful song. Slowly, radio stations began to ban the record, and it was heard less and less.

Judd Phillips, the Sun Records promotion man, took Jerry Lee to New York and arranged for him to audition for Steve Allen. Impressed by Jerry Lee's combination of musical virtuosity and audacious showmanship, Steve Allen eagerly agreed to have the young man perform on his NBC-TV program the following Sunday night.

"The Steve Allen Show" of July 28 opened with a skit by Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa in which Franciosa reenacted his marriage proposal to Winters.

The show grew duller as the hour passed. With less than five minutes left to the show, Jerry Lee was given his signal. He sat at the big piano and looked sideways at the camera, eyeballed it the way he looked at those girls in that Arkansas beer joint, and then began to rake the keys and howl about the shaking that was going on. He rose, still pounding, and he kicked the piano stool back. He played some high notes with the heel of his shoe. Then he stopped and looked at the camera sideways again. Neither he nor Steve Allen had ever heard louder applause.

The very next day, "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" began to rise anew, and nothing, not preachers, not mothers, could contain it. At the end of August, the record held the number-one positions on the C&W and R&B charts—only Elvis before Jerry Lee had placed a single at the top of both those charts. Then it rose to the top of the pop charts. By summer's end the record had sold well over a million

6

Jerry Lee gave it
to them hard and frenzied,
as a man who lay lustful
and betrayed upon a
hated wife; and then he
left the stage.

,

copies.

Jerry Lee returned in a Cadillac of triumph to Ferriday, the small Louisiana town of his birth. He embraced his father, Elmo Kidd, and his mother, Mary Ethel, and his sisters, Linda Gail, who was ten and very tall, and Frankie Jean, who was almost thirteen and already married. He embraced Uncle Lee Calhoun, the patriarch of the parish; and Uncle Lee, who was in his sixties but still riding a horse daily across his many acres of black land, smiled at Jerry Lee and told him that he had done good.

The old man was right: Jerry Lee had done good. Less than a year ago, no one outside of Concordia Parish had known who he was. Now his fame was second only to that of Elvis. Less than a year ago, he had been poor. Now he was making more than five thousand dollars a week. He had everything, it seemed. Everything except Myra Gale Brown.

Born in 1935, the son of a Louisiana tenant farmer, Jerry Lee had grown up torn between the Devil and the Holy Ghost. Most of his kin were in the Assembly of God, a Pentecostal sect whose members spoke in unknown tongues. As a teenager

he himself had planned to enter the ministry and toward this end had studied briefly at a Pentecostal Bible institute in Texas. But the Holy Spirit had never been able to hold him for long. Before he was old enough to buy a drink, he had been pumping the Devil's boogie in saloons of Natchez, which lay across the Mississippi River from his Louisiana home.

The Devil had also lured him at an early age into the thralldom of female flesh. He had married for the first time when he was sixteen. Without divorcing his first wife, he married again the following year. This marriage had produced two sons. One of these, Jerry Lee, Jr., was now almost three; the other, Ronnie Guy, not quite two, was and would ever be declared by Jerry Lee to be no son of his but rather the bastard stain of his wife's adultery.

Now there was Myra Gale. She was his thirteen-year-old cousin, and he was in love with her. On September 4, he filed for a divorce from his wife, Jane, then moved into the Memphis home of his aunt and uncle, Lois and J. W. Brown, Myra Gale's parents.

Jerry Lee's next record, "Great Balls of Fire," released on November 3, became the biggest hit in the history of Sun Records. His fame and his purse grew greater and greater, and fate seemed to be a faithful bride at his feet. Imperiously, he refused to precede any other act on stage. At the opening of an Alan Freed package tour at the Brooklyn Paramount on March 28, 1958, Freed insisted to Jerry Lee that Chuck Berry be allowed to close the show, in deference to his rock-'n'-roll seniority. Jerry Lee did as he was bid that night: he went on before Chuck Berry. He had the crowd screaming and rushing the stage, and when it seemed that the screams had grown loudest and the rushing most chaotic, he stood, kicked the piano stool away with violence, and broke into "Great Balls of Fire." As the screaming chaos grew suddenly and sublimely greater, he drew from his jacket a Coke bottle full of gasoline, and he doused the piano with one hand as the other hand banged out the song; and he struck a wooden match and he set the piano aflame, and his hands, like the hands of a madman, did not quit the blazing keys, but kept pounding, until all became unknown tongues and holiness and fire, and the kids went utterly berserk with the frenzy of it all; and Jerry Lee stalked backstage, stinking of gasoline and wrath, and he said to Chuck Berry, real calm, as the sound of the kids going crazy and stamping and yelling shook the walls; he said, "Follow that, nigger."

On the afternoon of May 13, not long after the close of the Freed package tour, a Memphis judge divorced Jerry Lee and his wife, Jane. Jerry Lee sat quietly in the courtroom. He did not contest the alimony judgment, nor did he mention that he had secretly married his thirteen-year-old cousin, Myra Gale, the previous December.



PENTHOUSE BENDS OVER BACKWARDS

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Painting courtesy of Louis K. Meisel Gallery

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

THE YOUNGEST VICTIMS

BY BILL LAWREN
PAINTING BY ARNE BESSER

Last year police arrested
4,000 prostitutes on Hollywood Boulevard.
More than 1,800 of them
were under the age of eighteen.

Sabrina is nineteen now, and she hasn't turned a trick in over a year. She lives with her boyfriend in the suburban calm of L.A.'s San Fernando Valley, where she studies to become a manicurist. Life is stable, quiet, almost housewifely—and that's the way she wants it.

Still, when times get rough and money runs low, Sabrina thinks about going back over the hill to Hollywood Boulevard, where for two years—starting at age sixteen—she was a working prostitute; a street-smart, sophisticated, \$300-a-night whore. It's hard to believe at first glance—one is deceived by her curly blond hair and look of pincushion vulnerability—but there is an offhandedness about her, a detached toughness that could not have come from too many cherry phosphates or a lack of orchids at the prom.

"I had no choice," she says with a shrug. "I was a victim. My parents didn't

want me; my psychiatrist told me I was nuts . . . What was I supposed to do? Go find somebody who wanted me. And that's what I did."

Find somebody who wanted me. The theme repeats itself again and again, the common denominator in the mathematics of heartbreak. For Sabrina; for Leslie, whose mother kicked her out of the house at age twelve; for Madelaine, who had to leave home to escape an abusive stepfather; for the thousands of runaways who trek to Los Angeles every year, the story is essentially the same: a litany of broken homes, uncaring parents, unsuccessful friendships.

Much of this emotional effluent spills out onto Hollywood Boulevard, where police made an estimated 4,000 arrests last year for prostitution—more than ten arrests a night. Although it is difficult to pin down the number of juveniles, because most underaged girls carry false IDs and will admit their ages only under

extreme duress, sociologist Lois Lee—who has studied some 15,000 prostitution cases over the past six years—places the figure at about 1,800, or 40 percent.

For two years Sabrina was one of those numbers. As in most cases, her trouble started at home.

I was basically a rich kid from Pacific Palisades. My dad's an engineer. My mother owns a store. We lived on a nice street, in a big house overlooking the ocean. Everything was fine, normal. Then one of my brothers got mad at me one day and told me I was adopted when I was a baby. My parents had never told me. My mom didn't want me to know.

After that my mother and I started fighting. "Why didn't you tell me?" I'd say. And that would start it. She'd fight with me, nag at me all the time. Pretty soon I stopped going to school, started locking myself in my room, ignoring her. She thought I was sick.

Then I started running away. The first time was just for a couple of days; I stayed with a girl friend in San Juan Capistrano. The second time I took all the money I had from my paper route and headed for wherever. But my brother found me and dragged me home. My dad beat the shit out of me that time. The next time I ran, the police picked me up and put me in Juvenile Hall. My mom just said, "Leave her there." But my dad came and picked me up.

Then I ran away again, stayed about three months with some bikers in Long

Beach. This time my parents moved. They just packed up and moved without telling me. I had to look them up in the phone book. All the time I was gone, I hoped my dad would come looking for me, would tell me that Mom wouldn't mess with me any more. But he didn't. I felt really horrible. Finally I came home on my own and went back to school. One day I came home in the afternoon, and the police were there. My mother said, "You're going to the hospital." The cops said if I didn't go, they'd put me in restraints and take me there.

So I went. It was the day before my fourteenth birthday. They put me in the psychiatric ward with a bunch of looney tunes. My psychiatrist was an asshole. He told me I was sick, made me think there was something really wrong with me. And there wasn't! I mean, I might have been a little rebellious, but everybody's got to go through that. You grow out of it if you're allowed to.

For Sabrina, the parental problems stemmed from conflict—what psychologists like to call "postadolescent adjustment syndrome"—and neglect. It is a common combination and usually includes a third ingredient: guilt. "Each and every one of these kids," says Lois Lee, "has been used as a scapegoat for the problems in the family. And they're carrying this around with them. One of the hardest things to do is to convince the kids that the family problems are not entirely their responsibility."

For some kids the "family problems"

are more blatant than Sabrina's. Leslie's mother was an alcoholic. "All my mother wanted to do was drink all day," she told a reporter. "She said I got in her way." Madeline had a stepfather who used her as a combination sex object and punching bag. "He kept trying to seduce me," she said. "When I wouldn't do what he wanted, he beat me." (This pattern of parental sexual abuse is astonishingly common. Sociologist Robert Heiser cites estimates that 75 percent of adolescent prostitutes have been involved in incestuous relationships.) "My mother wouldn't listen when I tried to tell her what was happening. She was afraid my stepfather would leave her if she confronted him."

"What was I supposed to do?" Sabrina's question echoes in the mind, reverberates with the weight of what is left unsaid. Almost without exception, the girls who flock to Hollywood Boulevard feel themselves to be powerless, without impact. They have few legal rights, fewer resources, and absolutely no history of success in dealing with life in general and their own psyches in particular.

"Most of these kids have had problems since day one," says L.A.P.D. Detective Larry Broadhurst, who spent two years working with juveniles in the Hollywood Division. "Not one of them had a decent little go-to-school, regular home life. We don't get prom queens or cheerleaders. These kids are the misfits, the outcasts."

"They can come from anywhere," says Sergeant J. P. Williams, a vice squad supervisor in Hollywood. "I've had them from Oregon, Idaho, Florida—even one from Nova Scotia. They come to Hollywood for the glamour and the attraction, all the stuff they read in the newspaper and see on the news."

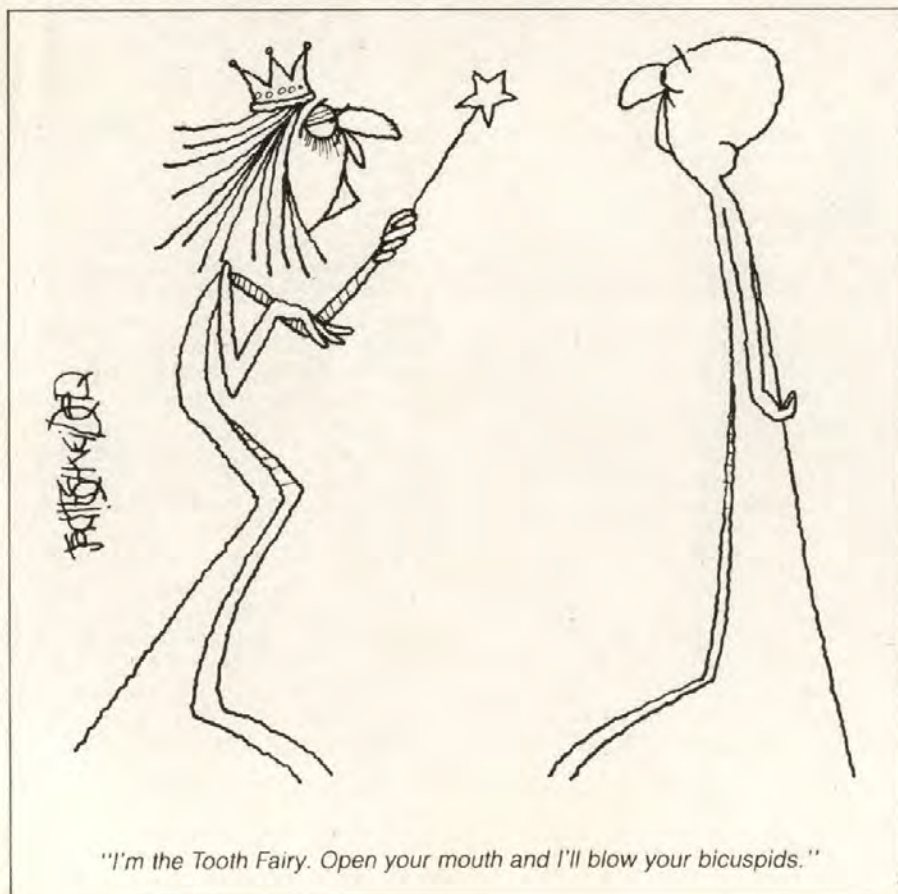
"I've even had a couple of them say, 'I came here to be a star,'" he says with a sigh. "The typical bullshit."

For many runaway girls the introduction to Hollywood takes place at the Greyhound bus station, fertile ground for the "trick catchers," "chicken hawks," and "poop-butt pimps" who are there to welcome them.

"They actually line up inside the station, sort of holding up the walls," says Lois Lee, who founded Children of the Night six years ago to help runaway teenagers. "They're real sleazy characters. And they're more dangerous than your high-class, sophisticated pimps because they're nuts."

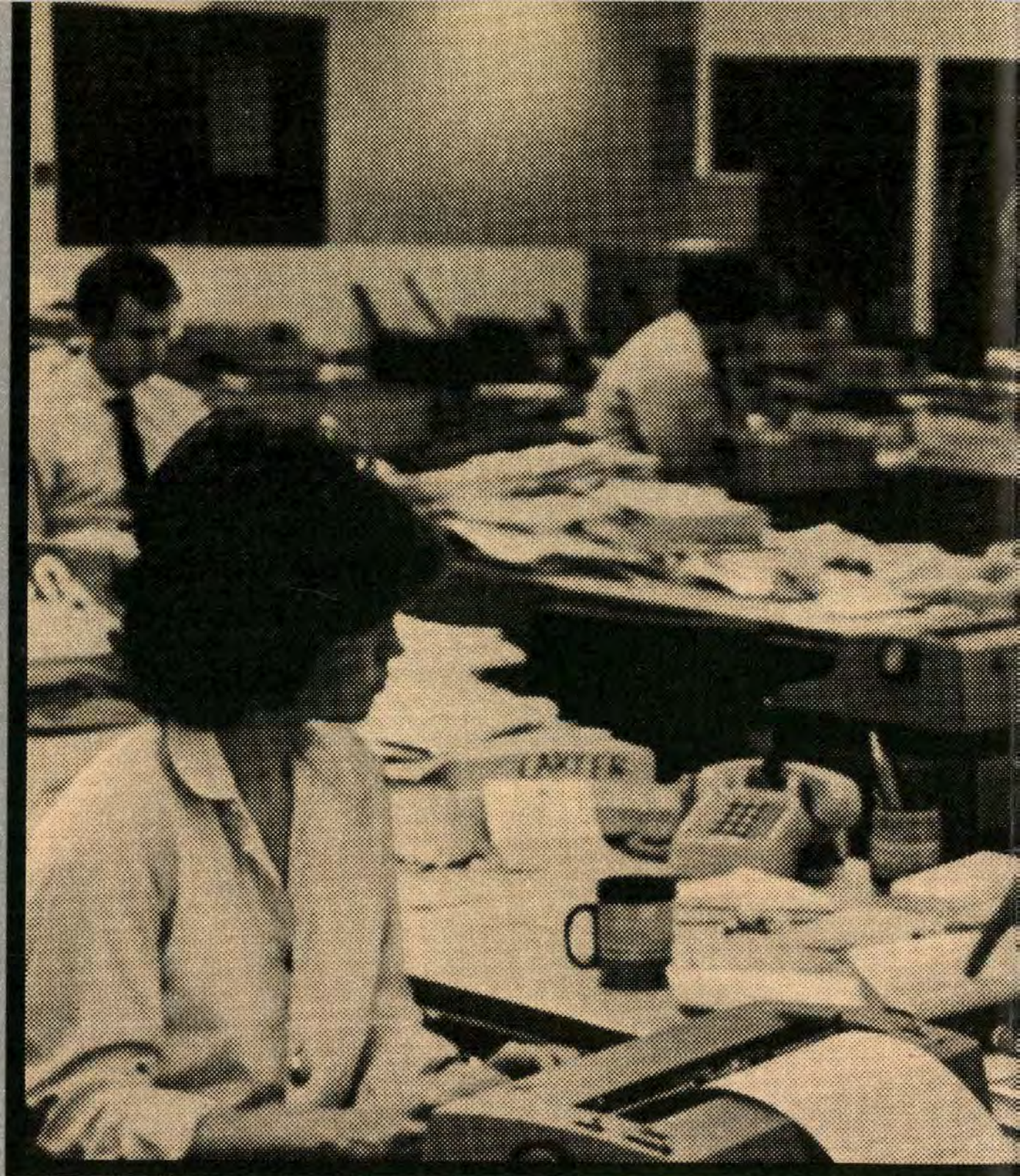
"I've researched the place myself. I put my hair in a ponytail, put two gold chains around my neck, and started walking through the station. This barber comes out of the barber shop and says, 'Hey, honey, what's happening? Come back in here.' So I went into the shop, and he starts talking to me. 'Hey,' he says, 'don't mess around with these jive-ass people down here. I'll shoot you to a pretty boy who'll take care of you. Man, he's got mansions, he's got a Mercedes, he's got Rolls-Royces. He can make you a star.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



"I'm the Tooth Fairy. Open your mouth and I'll blow your bicuspid."





WHY IS PAUL NEWMAN MAD AS HELL

The controversial film *Absence of Malice* has provoked a national debate on the rights and responsibilities of the press. In this exclusive Penthouse symposium, Paul Newman joins with director Sydney Pollack and screenwriter Kurt Luedtke to explore these vital issues.



AND NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE?

For generations of journalists, the movie house has always been a place of refuge, a haven in a heartless world. Politicians rail at our lack of patriotism—"Whose side are you guys on?" Secretary of State Dean Rusk used to ask during the Vietnam fire storm—advertis-

ing salesmen gnash their teeth when a paper or television news program goes after a major advertiser, demagogic moralists accuse the media of a godless attack on traditional ethics. But from *Deadline, U.S.A.* to *All the President's Men*, movies have almost always shown the reporter risk-

ing life and limb to uncover crime and corruption, protect widows and orphans, and preserve the Constitution itself.

So it's an instructive experience to sit in a packed theater on the cosmopolitan, trendy-liberal East Side of Manhattan and listen to an audience cheering a quietly merciless evisceration of journalism in the film *Absence of Malice*. It is equally instructive—not to mention amusing—to listen to reporters and broadcasters reacting to the film as if Hollywood had suddenly decided to take a Zippo lighter to the First Amendment.

A spate of newspaper and magazine articles have attacked the premise that any veteran investigative reporter would commit the misdeeds depicted in this film: writing up a confidential (and spurious) government file without checking the facts, printing a story that drives a troubled woman to suicide, then wrecking one's own career by "exposing" a payoff that never took place—that was, in fact, fabricated by a press victim for the purpose of making federal prosecutors and the press look like fools.

Journalists, wrote the *New York Times*'s Jonathan Friendly, "doubt that any self-respecting paper would long tolerate, much less encourage, the kind of naiveté of the reporter, much less the deliberate sensation-seeking of the editor." According to the *New York Daily News*'s Marcia Kramer, "If Sally Field had spent a week with me . . . she would have balked at portraying a character so naive." Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Lucinda Franks added that the journalists "seem half the time as grossly distorted as if seen in a funhouse mirror. . . . In real life [the Sally Field character] never would have made it as an investigative reporter in the first place."

Some of this outrage simply demonstrates that reporters are as susceptible to thin-skinned defensiveness as any other professionals. I didn't notice an outburst of indignation at the treatment of health professionals in Paddy Chayevsky's *Hospital*, or at the portrayal of network TV executives in *Network*, or at the view of nursing-home operators on a famous "Lou Grant" episode. Nor is it possible to view the film as terribly unfair in the light of real-life malfeasance on the part of the fourth estate:

- Would a great newspaper print facts without checking? The *Washington Post*'s "Pulitzer Prize" story about a nonexistent eight-year-old heroin addict was far worse a wrong than anything depicted in *Absence of Malice*, as was its gossip column's account of the bugging of Ronald Reagan's Washington guest quarters at the hands of the family of Jimmy Carter.

- Would a reporter run a story knowing that its publication might make the person who is its subject take drastic, even fatal action? A *New York Times* reporter ran a story about the Jewish heritage of an American Nazi leader after being told that the leader might take his own life. After the report appeared, the subject committed suicide.

- Would a reporter sleep with a source about whom she wrote? A *Philadelphia Inquirer* reporter did just that.

- Would journalists permit themselves to be "used" by prosecution-hungry government officials? From the days of Joe McCarthy to Watergate and Abscam, and from Washington to DA offices around the country, such reporting has been, and still is, commonplace.

More significant, however, is the point that journalists seem utterly unable to grasp. We who report and write for a living seem to regard what we do as a public service; we're the "good guys," protecting victims from wrongdoing at the hands of the "big shots." We expose corruption, political double-dealing, consumer rip-offs, to fulfill that classic definition of journalism: to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable." And a lot of powerful, unsavory people, from mean streets to corporate suites, don't like the press because it often does this job well.

But the fact is, a lot of ordinary, honest, hardworking Americans don't see the press this way. To them "the media" have become just another one of the big shots—wealthy, powerful, capable of doing great harm, and absolutely unaccountable to anyone for what they do. To wit:

- A DA or a cop still needs a warrant to bug a telephone or stake out a suspect. A reporter and a camera crew can hide microphones and cameras with no authority except the conviction that somebody may be doing something wrong.

- A police officer can't stop someone on the street without "probable cause," a standard that has to hold up in court. A journalist can chase a citizen down the street, cameras rolling, and paint a picture of guilt that no explanation can eradicate.

- A prosecutor can't quote evidence in a trial without a defense lawyer's demanding that an entire conversation be presented to a jury. A top-rated news show can edit a two-hour interview into a one-minute sound bite without ever putting a damaging remark into context.

"But we're not the police!" investigative journalists reply. True: but in our mass-media society, the power to expose can often be far more devastating than the power to investigate and even to indict. Such prominent Americans as John Connally, Maurice Stans, and others have resumed a place in the councils of power after winning jury acquittals on criminal charges. But who recovers from page-one, prime-time charges, aired with no institutional protections whatsoever? As Paul Newman bitterly remarks, after a phony news story has smeared his reputation and destroyed his business, "You say somebody's guilty, people believe it. You say they're not guilty, nobody's interested."

Some journalists see *Absence of Malice* as a dangerous film, coming at a time when the public seems willing to punish the press with enormous libel verdicts for factual errors of minimally damaging effect (the Carol Burnett case against the *National Enquirer*), or even when satirical, clearly fictional accounts appear in controversial publications (the Miss Wyoming case against *Penthouse*). Others warn that, at a time when Congress and the administration seem determined to impose criminal sanctions against a vigorous investigative press, this film will damage the cause of the First Amendment. A *Village Voice* critic called the film "a timely backlash movie [which] feeds on and fuels the burgeoning suspicion of the press."

It's a curious notion, considering how often the press has rejected—rightly—appeals from the government not to print embarrassing stories that might harm "the national interest." But this reaction to the film also fails to note how deeply millions of Americans have come to fear and mistrust the press: not because it's too liberal or run by Eastern Jewish elitists but because it's gotten too arrogant, too self-righteous, and too indifferent to the real questions about ethics and standards that this film raises.

Of course government censorship or regulation is wrong. The question is: how to build an ever fragile consensus behind the values of the First Amendment. In a major survey taken for the Public Agenda Foundation in 1980 by Daniel Yankelovich, the pollster found "a serious disagreement between leader and the public" about the purpose of freedom of expression. Media leaders, he said, see freedom as a good in itself. But "in the public's view, the primary objective of freedom of expression in the media is a fair, balanced presentation of all points of view. . . . If leaders do not acknowledge the legitimacy of the public's concern, they can hardly expect the public to rally to the support of principles" of free expression.

A good place to start thinking about these concerns would be to make *Absence of Malice* required viewing in the newsrooms of America.—Jeff Greenfield, commentator for CBS News and syndicated columnist.



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Paul Newman, Sydney Pollack, and Kurt Luedtke spoke individually with *Penthouse* contributing editor Bob Spitz, who edited their comments into the following symposium.

Penthouse: As a film, *Absence of Malice* attempts to confront the tensions that seem to exist today between private citizens and the press. What actually motivated you to make a film like this?

Paul Newman: There are acute inaccuracies and abusive journalism running rampant today, and perhaps something will be done about it—although I'm not sure what can be done.

Penthouse: What kind of a job is the press doing, in your estimation?

Kurt Luedtke: By and large, I really have to say that I think the American press does a very good job. But the notion that it's infallible, or perfect, or should not be the subject of criticism or scrutiny, is ridiculous. The popular notion that we're really infallible and perfect and always on the public's side just ain't so.

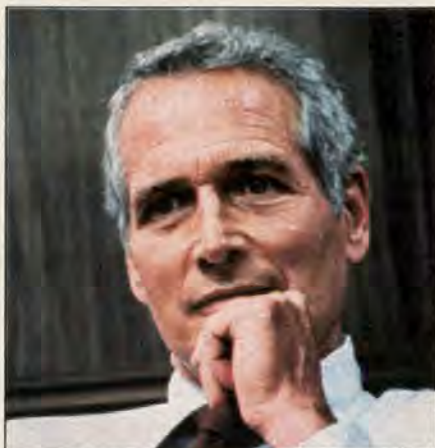
Sydney Pollack: There is something that we all believe from our childhood: that is, if it's in print, it's true. Everything that's in print is chiseled in stone: "Look, so-and-so's doing such-and-such; it says right here in *Time* magazine." I did feel that it was worth taking a hard look at—not the evils of the press as much as the difficulties of monitoring truth on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis.

Newman: I really believe that if certain papers have nothing happening, they infuse rumors into a piece and try to stir something up. They're expected to come up with something sensational every night of the week to keep their readers' noses buried in the pages, and, well, you tell me... if nothing's happening, what do you do? Well, in their case, they make it up.

If I were a journalist, my primary concern would be that people believe what I write. That'd be all that matters. But today they're all scrambling for the big event, the big story. Reporters make a name for themselves at our—the people's—expense.

Pollack: I think there's been a shift in the emphasis of the press since Watergate, a kind of post-Watergate morality. A greater sense of urgency to break stories that expose rather than explain. The fact of Watergate, the fact of the Pentagon Papers and things like that, have created a kind of drive in young reporters specifically to find and uncover something behind every rock. Journalism has become less explanatory than predatory. The search for wrongdoing and perhaps for Pulitzers has become almost obsessive since Watergate.

Luedtke: I can't say that I've ever honestly seen a situation where I was aware that someone was damaged because a journalist was after a prize. I think all good newspaper people are after the big story. It's in their bones, and they know a good story when they smell one.



PAUL NEWMAN

I would say that
ninety percent of what people
read about me in the
newspaper is untrue... Ninety
percent garbage!

I sometimes think that, out of all the people who should realize how complex the world is, it should be the press. And yet sometimes I think the press is the last to realize that it's very, very difficult to compress truth into eighteen paragraphs. Every senior newspaper editor in America will tell you what Abe Raskin was saying fifteen years ago, which is that every time he is himself directly involved in an event or proceeding that winds up being reported, he's amazed at how little the press manages to get right.

Penthouse: How much coverage of a celebrity's life that finds its way into print is accurate?

Newman: I would say—conservatively—that ninety percent of what people read about me in the newspaper is untrue, completely fabricated, or altered in some way. Ninety percent garbage.

Penthouse: Have you ever tried going after a paper that printed lies about you or your family?

Newman: The rule of thumb is: it's not worth it.

Penthouse: But what about Carol Burnett's case against the *Enquirer*? Last year she sued them for libel and won a fairly large settlement, the first celebrity to emerge victorious against them. Doesn't that give you some kind of incentive to sue?

Newman: Yes, but she had a way of proving—of measuring—the damage inflicted upon her. She was actively working with

alcoholism groups, and that gave her case credibility. That's essential to establishing a case. It was a way of measuring the effect that a story like that had on her life.

But what do I do? Go in front of a judge and say, "I've had terrible back pains ever since I read this article?" Or, "I had terrible emotional distress. I cried all night long." I wouldn't have a prayer! So it really doesn't matter how nasty they get about your personal life. I'm helpless in matters like those and have learned not to let things like that bother me. [He pauses reflectively.] Aw, that's not true, either. They rile the hell out of me! They do. I just have to grin and bear it, because that's the kind of protection we "public figures" get from the press.

Penthouse: The First Amendment, as it has been interpreted by the courts, generally guarantees most citizens their right of privacy. "Personalities," stars, famous people, however, must prove malice—not just negligence—to win a libel decision. Where do you draw the line between private citizens and public figures?

Luedtke: The argument is this: that if you choose to make your living in the public eye, you have voluntarily made yourself a public figure. Given the current state of libel law, what that apparently means is that, by choosing to make a living in the public eye, you have agreed in advance to tolerate innuendo, inaccuracy, and speculation. You have agreed to tolerate absolute falsehood unless you can show reckless disregard. I don't feel very comfortable with that. I think we ought to have a little leeway with someone like Paul Newman, but I don't think it ought to go to the extent of absolute inaccuracy, where no public good for printing material other than false interest can be shown.

Penthouse: The federal interpretation of the First Amendment dictates that if you're a "public figure," you've elected at your own free will to make yourself the object of speculation. How do you feel about that as it relates to your life and your career?

Newman: I think the laws governing that are much too easy in this country. We've got to be a lot more careful what we say in print about people, or we can do incredible emotional damage. I've been in situations where people I know are getting a divorce. I've gone to their house to play Ping-Pong, and all of a sudden I'm the guy who broke up their marriage. That kind of stuff's printed all the time about me.

Pollack: Look at Jean Seberg. The FBI leaked a story that found its way into Joyce Haber's column, about Jean's having a child illegitimately with a Black Panther. That so affected Jean Seberg that when the baby died, she put the baby in a glass-topped coffin and flew it back to Marshalltown, Iowa, her hometown, and stood there so that the people who came to the funeral could in fact see that the baby was white—and, therefore, the child of her husband, Romain Gary, and not an illegitimate child by a Black Panther.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



SHARON

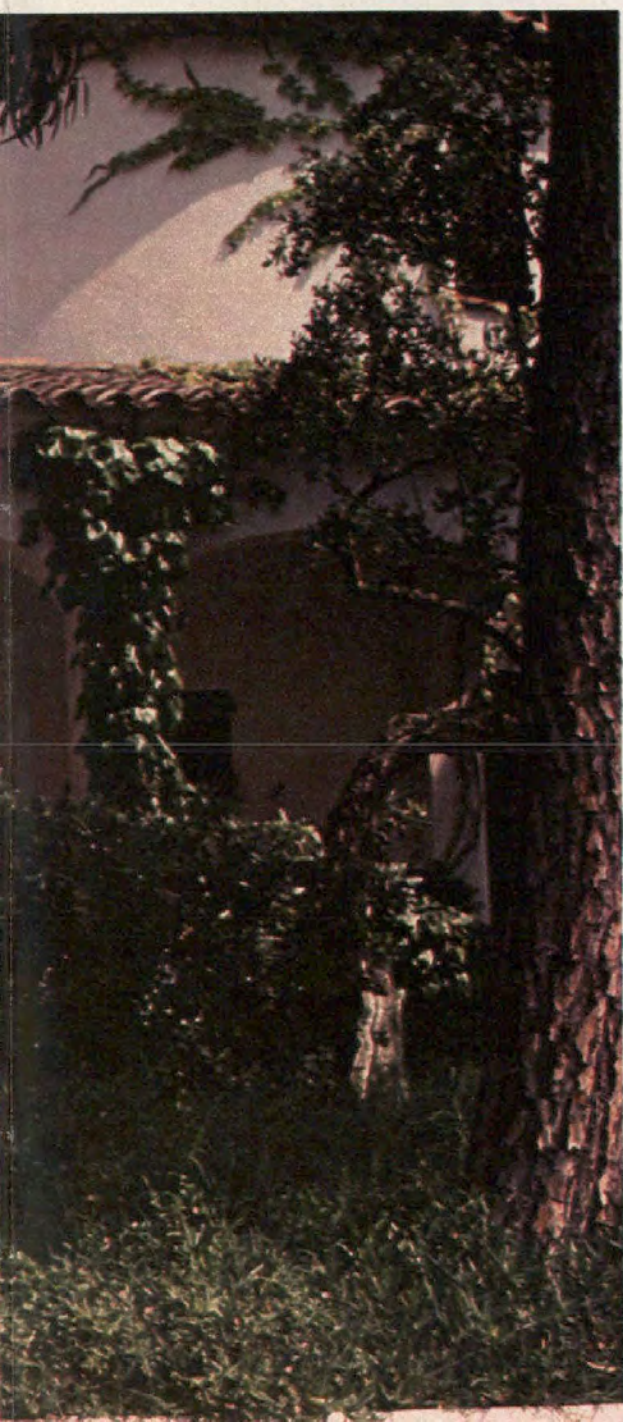
She might tone down her antics to please a certain man—as long as he pleases her first.

STRIKE FORCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOREAU

The Empire (British) strikes back. London-born Sharon Axley, our irrepressible March Pet of the Month, intends to take this country by storm. So far, so good. Seems American men take to our 37-24-36-inch towhead like crumpets to honeyed tea. She's been here for a year and hasn't had a dateless night.







Proper British gents were a different story. Seems they were put off by her penchant for outrageous antics: wearing spandex to the races at Ascot, for example . . .











Or—a more stirring example at left—showing off her perfect tennis form in ways unheard of at Wimbledon. Appearing in *Penthouse* is a fortunate turn of events—she can flaunt her sex appeal and shock value all at once . . .



Our vibrant, pixie-faced Pet has another claim to fame. Looks remarkably like Blondie's Debbie Harry only more so! Not that Sharon can sing, she admits. She's better at whispering.

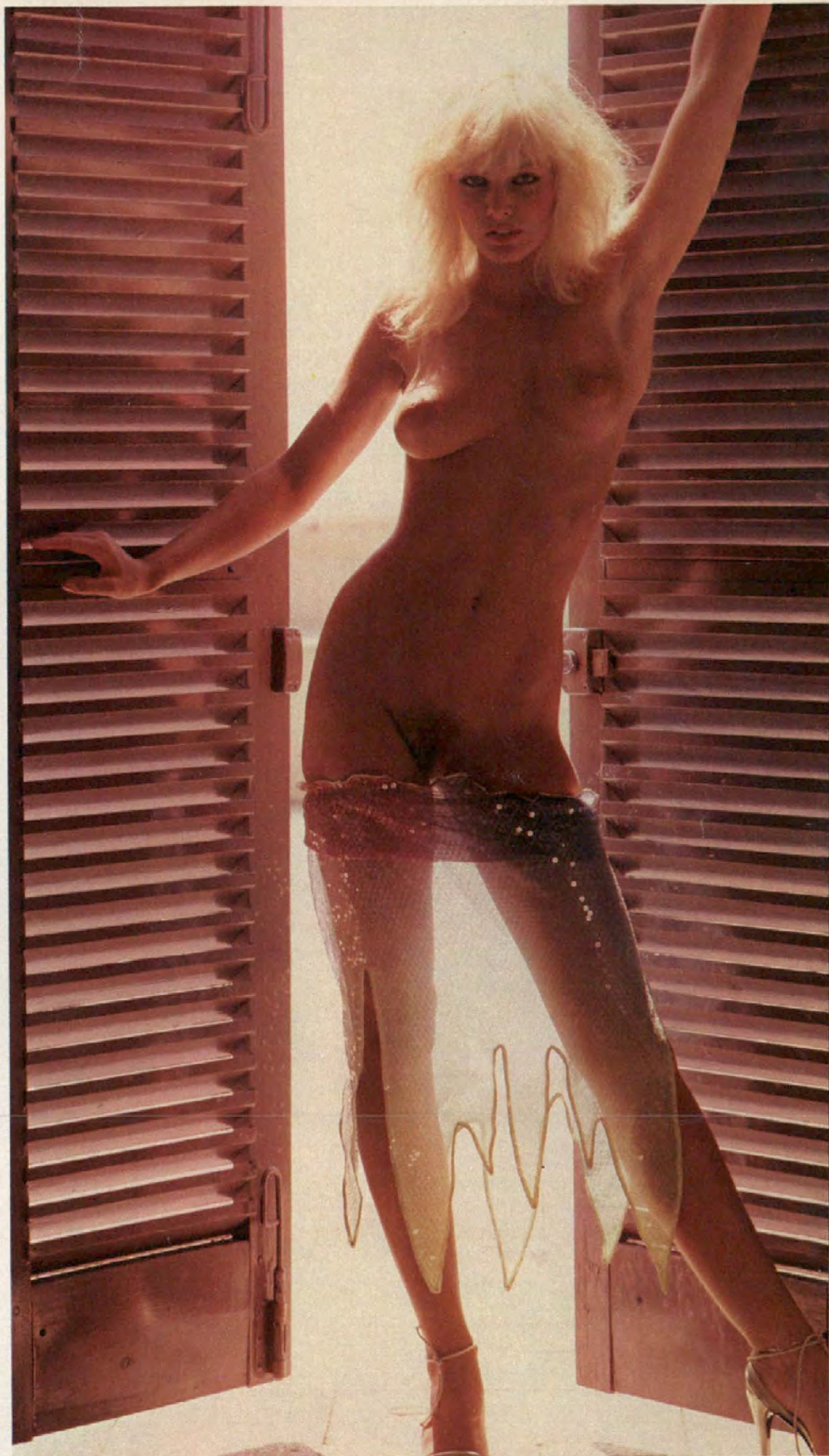


What Britisher, we ask, would she most like to share a bedroom with? Sharon bites her decidedly unstiff upper lip in careful consideration and suggests Albert Finney. Last on her list? Prince Charles! Claims such a clumsy horseman could never get her to the finish line. We sigh, and jockey for position . . .









Though currently a college junior, Sharon admits she'd give up higher education to land a member of the landed gentry.

On either side of the Atlantic, she adds. She might even tone down her antics to please such a man as long as he pleases her first—and with great regularity. That could be quite a challenge, but then what else is good old Yankee ingenuity for? O—







MISS SHARON AXLEY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Pat Hill

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

The author, a longtime editor and foreign and domestic correspondent for the *New York Times*, won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting from Russia. His two latest books, *Against the Grain* and *China in Revolution*, will be published later this year.

THE THIRD WORLD THREAT TO OUR FREE PRESS

Suppose it is seven o'clock. You sit down, flip the switch to the evening news. The screen stays dark. Seven minutes into the hour a few blips appear. Gradually the screen lights up, and Dan Rather emerges—Dan or Jack Chancellor or Tom Brokaw—and you hear him saying that owing to "circumstances beyond our control we have been unable to bring you a report on the war in central Africa."

Next morning you pick up your morning paper. Half of page one is blank except for notations: "Our correspondent was unable to get permission to report the elections in Nizamabad." Or, "No report has been received on the earthquake in the Andean Republic."

What's going on here? Sudden censorship? A worldwide communications failure? Sunspots blotting out wireless, cable, and teletypes? No way. It is something totally different, something most of us have never heard of, the product of a creeping disease called "a new world information order," blocking our access to the news from half the world. You think it can't happen here, that somehow Woodward or Bernstein, Sy Hersh or Mike Wallace, will get through and tell us what is happening. I wish you were right. The fact is that a blackout is already in progress.

For ten years the "new world information order," conceived within the Third World and enthusiastically encouraged by Communist diplomats, has been slowly drawing a dirty gray scrim over whole continents and parts of continents. Every country in the Middle East has been affected, some more, some less. Africa is two-thirds closed to free reporting. Asia, except for two or three bright spots like Japan and Hong Kong, is moving in the same direction. So is Latin America.

A "new world information order"—the words echo Goebbels and Nazi Germany, but the inspiration comes not from Nazi survivals, not from communism or totalitarianism per se. It comes from the developing world, that unstable mix of backward, semideveloped, self-conscious, aspiring countries, proud, sensitive of their new nationhood, largely inexperienced, which constitutes almost the totality of Africa, Asia, the Middle East, and a healthy percentage of Latin America. These are countries that believe themselves victimized, unfairly treated by the "sophisticated Western media" and the "capitalist press," by which they mean, specifically, U.S. newspapers, U.S. news agencies, AP, UPI, NBC, ABC, CBS, *Time*, *Newsweek* plus the Western European media. The number-one target is the U.S. Naturally.

The complaint: we monopolize the gathering, reporting, and distribution of world news. We distort or ignore the Third World. We report their scandals, their coups, their revolutions, their failures. We never mention the bright side, the progress, the positive. We paint, they say, a caricature, not a true picture. Because we control the collection and distribution of news, they have no way of correcting our "preconceived" and unfriendly image. Even worse, they must come to us to obtain the news of the world.

I have oversimplified the indictment a bit—but not much. What do they propose to do? Take matters into their own hands. Take control of the reporting and dissemination of news

•For ten years a "new world information order," conceived within the Third World and enthusiastically encouraged by the Communists, has been slowly drawing a dirty gray scrim over much of the globe. •

about their part of the world. They will establish a "new world information order" under which each nation controls access to its news by a system of licensing correspondents and their news agencies. Only reporters cleared as being "reliable" and "objective" would be permitted to operate, and then only on behalf of media which are also "reliable" and "objective." Only reports which are cleared as "reliable" and "objective" would be permitted to be transmitted. Some nations, indeed, would go further—only "positive" reports could be transmitted and published.

Who is to judge the reliability, the objectivity, the positivity, of the reports and the reporters? The country concerned or, more properly, the regime in power. The fact that these regimes change rapidly and that what today's dictator calls "objective" tomorrow's will label vicious propaganda is a technical difficulty which the "new order" has not addressed.

Moreover, the Third World would set up its own agency or agencies to report and distribute the news. No others need apply.

The arena of the battle for "the new order" has been, up to now, UNESCO and the halls of the United Nations. But it is also carried forward in organizations of African states, of Asian states, of Pan-American states, in other words, wherever the Third World convenes.

The movement is abetted by Moscow, and the controls which it would impose are even more pervasive than those of the Soviet government. American and other Western representatives have fought a long, hard delaying action against the new order, but the end may come this year. UNESCO in 1980 specified that by 1982 a definitive draft of the new order should be presented for action.

American spokesmen have argued against the new order for ten years. They have conceded that developing countries have some legitimate complaints. They are often ignored or insufficiently reported. Their press often functions badly. Many have no real information capabilities, no means of making their situations readily accessible to foreign correspondents. But, in fact, many Third World states and their leaders do not practice what they preach. They do not encourage objective reporting. They prefer puffery. And, in their own news about neighboring states, they frequently indulge in the practices they condemn. Indeed, their reporting on their neighbors not infrequently is biased, vituperative, and vicious.

Some efforts—not very vigorous and hardly successful—have been made by the Western media to assist Third World countries to improve their facilities and access to world news channels, but this has had no real influence on attitudes.

Already many of the "new order" countries have imposed severe restrictions on the Western press. Of roughly 108 non-Marxist Third World states, 48 already employ extremely tight press controls. Another 36 impose less severe controls. Only 24 are classified by media specialists as largely free of press interference.

Add to these numbers the Communist states, the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, China and the Communist states of Asia—say, fourteen or fifteen in all where news is defined as

what serves the state rather than what actually happens—and you can see how high the barricades will rise if the "new world information order" comes into being.

Once this happens, a foreign correspondent like myself would be required to get approval from the "order" before entering large parts of the world. The backers of the plan vigorously deny that this would mean the licensing of reporters. I think it would. If I was denied entry by one state, the other states would honor the denial: barred from one, barred from all. This goes much further than present-day Communist restrictions. Traditionally, each state has made its own decisions. I have been barred from Moscow and welcomed in Outer Mongolia. Or barred in Albania and welcomed in Peking.

Curbs on the operations of Western news agencies have already been introduced. When twenty-three news agencies of nineteen Asian and Pacific countries launched the Asia-Pacific News Network on January 1, 1982, it immediately recommended that members permit Western news agencies to distribute their reports only through the member bodies of the Asia-Pacific Network.

Nor was there any mincing of words as to the reason. Mohammad Rahmat, Malaysia's information minister, said: "There is a need to insulate the Asian readership from the distorted news circulated especially by the Western media." The Western media, he declared, paint a picture of the emerging countries as plagued by disease, disaster, murder, and every variety of ill.

For practical purposes adoption of the new order would limit genuinely free reporting to the United States, Canada, Mexico, and a few other countries in the Western Hemisphere; to the seventeen Western European countries; to two or three in the Middle East; to Japan and Hong Kong; to Australia and New Zealand.

What can be done to halt the slow spread of this distorting film over the world's news lenses? Possibly an alert American public would help. A recent survey showed that less than one person in a hundred had ever heard of the new order. Last year Congress voted to ban UNESCO funding if the new order was imposed, but the proviso was removed before passage of the final appropriation. Nor is UNESCO the root of the problem. The problem stems from our festering relationship with the Third World. We have not demonstrated to these countries that a free press, regardless of hard edges, rough words, uncomfortable stories, is worth more than censored, slanted propaganda. In fact, we haven't even tried.

Thirty-five years ago Winston Churchill stood on a platform at Fulton, Mo., and warned: "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent."

It is time that a new Churchill warned us that a gray screen is now descending which will blur our vision of whole great continents and will enormously raise danger levels in the world unless we can make a case to the emerging countries that truth and a free flow of information is the only real guarantee of their independence. It's not going to be easy, but the alternative is no less terrifying than Churchill's iron curtain. •

Penthouse: People seem to thrive on stories like that.

Newman: You bet. Now, I don't know what percentage of people this applies to, but it must be a growing percentage, because if you read newspapers, story after story is utter garbage, nonsense like that. Yet people read them, although they must know they're not true. Newspapers may be picking up short-term circulation, but they're cutting their throats in the long run. When fifty percent of the people don't believe what they read in the newspaper, then maybe editors will learn. But who knows? What will be the tragedy of that? You figure people won't buy them, but they still have to figure out what's on sale at Macy's. But that's all papers will become—advertisements—because no one will have any faith in the type of stories they print.

Penthouse: But, on the other hand, there are papers and magazines that would argue that the public honestly enjoys this brand of gossip/entertainment-as-news type of reporting.

Luedtke: But the public isn't running the newspapers. If the rule is simply to supply what it is the public will thrive on, then we've got a lot of radical changes to make at a lot of newspapers. If that's the benchmark, then some pretty terrible material is going to result from that.

Newman: With all those murders and rapes and gory situations that make the front page, I guess there are plenty of people who want to read about it. I know those people are going to get off on stories like that. I think that, in the final analysis, they don't give a damn about the news. They just want to be entertained.

All I know is that reporting, of late, is ludicrous. I turned on the six o'clock news the other day, and first they reported two grisly murders—that was their big lead. In third place was the replacement of the premier of Poland, followed by the burial of Moshe Dayan. That's the order of priorities. Do you believe that shit? TV broadcasts in a sensational vein. Their news is for the lowest common denominator. Television can do that . . . well, we're in a lot of trouble.

Penthouse: Even someone as prominent as Jimmy Carter was not immune from a paper like the *Washington Post*, whose story that he and Rosalyn had the Reagan's Blair House apartment bugged was hardly factual. Do you think they should have printed the rumor in the first place?

Luedtke: That's stretching the definition of news too far. I agree it's probably true that the *Post* was correct, in that it was being whispered about in some small circle that the Carters were part of the bugging of Blair House. But that is much too fragile a truth to stand on when you know full well that it's not going to be read in exactly the way it was intended. You're effectively



SIDNEY POLLACK

Eva Sereny/Sigma

I don't believe journalists
should have to
identify their sources, or
we're going to stop the source
of 80 percent of the
hard-news coverage we get.

disseminating a rumor, and if the rumor were of a sufficient size and magnitude and enough people were involved that you really were dealing with a bona fide news event—and rumor can sometimes be a news event—that would be one thing. But when you are dealing with something that you believe not to be true, that's simply being gossiped about, then I think it should not be printed.

Newman: It would be interesting if Carter took it to court, wouldn't it? They said it was a rumor. They didn't say it was a fact. A little nifty doubletalk, if I do say so. But I'm the victim of this kind of stuff all the time, and I wish to hell there was something that could be done to prevent it. But since I'm someone who makes movies, who entertains people, I have to allow untruths to be printed, not just about me but about my family as well. It's really not very fair.

Penthouse: Do you have any suggestions that might be put forth to prevent this kind of a situation?

Newman: I'm not sure. That would have to be left up to much better and stronger minds than mine. But something has to be done . . . something that corrects items in papers like the *New York Post*.

After *Fort Apache*, I went out of my way to mention the *New York Post* as a garbage newspaper. It simply invented captions to go with certain photographs of me, telling stories that didn't exist. This was in relationship to a sense of turmoil they

wanted to create around a picture that was about the South Bronx—and it simply didn't exist. I mean, they invented riots where there were no riots. They *invented* them—not blew them out of proportion, as they would like people to believe. They simply invented situations. Now, I guess what they wanted to do was to create a sense of turmoil where there wasn't any story, just to aggravate things.

They took a picture, when we were three or four days into production, where a girl production assistant was just going over to one of their photographers, just on her way to rehearsal, walking to the set, and when that picture appeared, the caption beneath it said, "Paul Newman gasps in horror as production assistant wards off protesters." *There weren't any protesters!* There wasn't any situation. That was made up.

Penthouse: And there wasn't anything you could do to prevent it? Or any action you could take against the newspaper?

Newman: Like what? What grounds would you suggest I have? I'm not hurt in any way, nor was I libeled. I held a press conference to point out to these newspapers that certain situations falsely reported did not, in fact, exist. I told them it was not a racist picture and that people were taking things out of context, just misconstruing everything. During the course of it, I mentioned that particular situation. And after it was over, I went down to where the cameras were and talked to some guys from the *Amsterdam News*, and when the *New York Post* reported it—the press conference—they said, "It was broken up when the protesters stormed the hill." *I couldn't fucking believe it!* There were a couple of people down in the streets with pamphlets, but all they were doing was handing them out peacefully.

Penthouse: *Absence of Malice* presents a somewhat contemptuous view of the press. Its theme is that an essentially honest and professional reporter can still be manipulated—and duped—by government agencies wishing to disseminate rumors. Do you feel that's the case across America today?

Pollack: I believe that it can and does happen. I don't necessarily believe that's an indictment of the press as much as it is an indictment of the process. We're dealing with a process here. Newspapers are particularly vulnerable, and so are the television media, to outside manipulation. From law-enforcement agencies, from political agencies you read, "Sources close to the president said . . ." or "Sources in the White House said . . ." Sources, sources, sources! Who are all these people?

Anybody in the world can say anything they want about another person in this society and be assured of more protection than the person who's the object of this story. That's one helluva volatile situation to have to deal with.

Penthouse: Then you personally feel that there is a gross injustice in the manner by which sources are protected—that jour-

nalists should be able to both protect and identify their sources? How is something like that to be satisfactorily achieved?

Pollack: I don't believe journalists should have to identify their sources, or we're going to stop the source of 80 percent of the hard-news coverage we get. But I do believe that it becomes incumbent on the part of the reporter to be doubly careful about the accuracy of those leaks. Doubly, triply careful. Also to weigh what the consequences are to everybody involved. How much need-to-know is there? You have to weigh that. If it's the Pentagon Papers, I would certainly agree with the *New York Times*—we do have a right and a need to know. I applaud their decision to go ahead and print it. I'm not so sure, for example, about the Burros case.

Burros was a guy who was a member of the American Nazi party. It was discovered by a leak, to the *New York Times*, that Burros was also a Jew. A reporter from the *New York Times* went to interview Burros and confronted him with this fact. And Burros, in effect, said to him, "If you print that story, I'll be ruined. Everything I'm about will destroy me. You'll destroy everything."

The reporter received another phone call from Burros just before he printed the story, saying, "If I go out, I'm going to go out in a blaze of glory." Anybody listening would have known that he was talking about suicide. The story was printed, and Burros shot himself, put a bullet through his head. I'm not so sure what was achieved. I'm not certain I'm for or against... but I'm saying it's worth a lot of serious thought.

There are things reported all the time in which one can question the degree of need-to-know.

Luedtke: I remember a terrific situation in which a candidate, who happened to be black and who happened to be a criminal lawyer, was running for public office in Detroit. An individual who was a former FBI agent called and said that he understood that the newspaper was looking into the background of this candidate, and he wanted us to know that our continued inquiry might well jeopardize a federal investigation. That, I might add, is a real cute stunt. He wanted to persuade us that, indeed, something was there, and he couldn't have done a better job. We didn't get suckered by that. But I hate to think about the times we have been and still don't know about it.

Penthouse: So, in effect, you feel that government agencies and politicians attempt to use the press to promote their own best interests?

Pollack: Well, that's a part of it, I think. You know, innumerable times when newsmen needed desperately to get inside a story, a member of the FBI would "discreetly" oblige, leaving them alone with internal FBI files. City papers, in highly competitive situations, and wire services literally scrambled for favors from the FBI. They followed every new lead from official



KURT LUEDTKE

Paul Schumacher

The press on its own ground is very powerful. We do own the printing presses, we do own the televisions, we're very hard to push around.

sources and raced to the phones with every revision to the Ten Most Wanted list. They were being manipulated—which is part of what the picture is trying to get at.

Penthouse: Were you ever in the position where you regretted having printed something about a person who got hurt over the piece's appearance?

Luedtke: Absolutely. Many times. My paper printed a story about a ranking Detroit police official being under investigation. And, indeed, he really was under investigation. As a result of which he lost his job, and his ability to get another job was severely damaged. And nothing came of the investigation.

Penthouse: Did you print a retraction to that order?

Luedtke: Well, we couldn't retract, because what we printed was true: he was under investigation. Whether or not there was ever any reason for him to be under investigation is a very different story. We were able to work out a situation where, through a very conscientious U.S. attorney, the unusual step of formally announcing the end to an investigation took place—and saying, formally, that there was no reason to proceed further, that there was no reason to think that this individual had committed a criminal act. In the meantime, his police career is over. He now has a job, but it's quite clear to me that the news stories affected that man's life.

Penthouse: Then you're asking for some

sort of uniform—perhaps federal—restriction on the press?

Luedtke: Absolutely not.

Pollack: The only thing I can say as a layman—as an outsider—is that the selection process of who is or isn't allowed the responsibility of reporting a major event has to be a tougher selection process, because we are finally and ultimately at the mercy of the individual who's doing it. And I don't see any way we're going to change that rule. Government legislation would just be a form of censorship and absolutely unacceptable. If I thought a newspaper should be censored, then I'd certainly have to advocate the censorship of film. Then books. And I don't advocate that at all. I think that would be a disaster.

Penthouse: All of this comes at a time when the Reagan administration is trying to roll back the Freedom of Information Act, which grants access to heretofore confidential files the government may have about us. Don't you find that a bit disconcerting?

Luedtke: People make much of the Freedom of Information Act, but the fact is it's only fifteen years old. The republic got along fine for more than 150 years without it. It only makes information easier to get; it does not make the information readily available. Reporting is frequently hard work and frequently should be. It seems to me that what we care about in the First Amendment is the right to publish. And I don't think we can tamper with the right to publish without doing much greater damage.

Pollack: Here is my hope—and I'm being an idealist. My hope is that a picture like *Absence of Malice*—that the best possible thing I could hope for is that it would have the effect of jolting the press people into the realization that if they don't do something about it themselves, then a combination of public opinion and the present administration could eventually press for some kind of legislative action. And I think that would be a disaster.

Luedtke: I think it's always possible that people in the press can say, "Gee, I wish they hadn't made that movie. People are not very happy with us already, and this (movie) is going to add fuel to the fire."

Penthouse: That's a valid point. How would you answer that?

Luedtke: The press on its own ground is very powerful, very capable of taking care of itself. We do own the printing presses, we do own the televisions, we're very hard to push around. If we are confining the First Amendment question, the freedom-of-the-press question, to the right to publish, it would take something that would require at least a little help from God to do much to set us back.

The place it might show up—in some people's eyes, a detriment to the press—would be in the expansion area, to get still more room for the press. You've got some people now who insist upon making access a First Amendment question, who contend that, for instance, reporters

should not have to testify for grand juries. These people will probably think, perhaps with justification, that this movie would be a tall setback to us. They're talking about a right that I don't think they should have anyway, so I wind up being not terribly bothered by it. I'm particularly not worried about—what people seem to keep asking—is, Isn't the press in great danger from the administration?

Penthouse: I would think that's a rather valid question.

Luedtke: And I think it's absolute nonsense. If the American press is susceptible to being done in by a singular administration, it would have happened 200 years ago. There are a great many administrations that would have liked to have stuck it to the press. If we're no more powerful than that, then apparently society is safe from us and no one should worry about us.

Penthouse: *Absence of Malice* portrays a situation in which a reporter, played by Sally Field, allows herself to be manipulated not only by a government agency but, later, by her emotional involvement with a chief suspect in an investigation, played by Paul Newman. People are going to be somewhat disturbed that the reporter in the picture is a woman, and in effect it says to them that women, although highly professional, are susceptible to intense emotions and subsequently cannot be trusted.

Luedtke: To the extent that that may be a reaction, of course I regret it. I personally would have preferred that the reporter involved be male. The structural problem that we had with that . . . we did want at least something of a love affair in there. So, to reverse it, we would have had to conjure up the notion of a female murder suspect tied to the Mafia, which I think strains the credibility.

Penthouse: And yet, remembering the example of Laura Foreman, in Philadelphia, a reporter who admitted being tied romantically to and accepting gifts from her major suspect, there indeed seems to be a problem that reflects this very notion. A woman can become more emotionally attached.

Pollack: I think a lot of that goes on sexually both ways. Some editors have said: "I wouldn't have any reporter like that working for me!" I think that happens to be bullshit. Many of them may believe what they are saying, but a lot of people who have made that comment have reporters like that working for them, and I can document it.

Penthouse: Is there anything you might want to say about the character Mike Gallagher and the way he was able to compromise the reporter who stalked him in the movie?

Newman: Sure—he thought Sally Field was great in bed. God, there were no

words to describe that one-night stand!

Penthouse: But Gallagher was just setting her up for later on, when he turns the tables on her. Isn't that right?

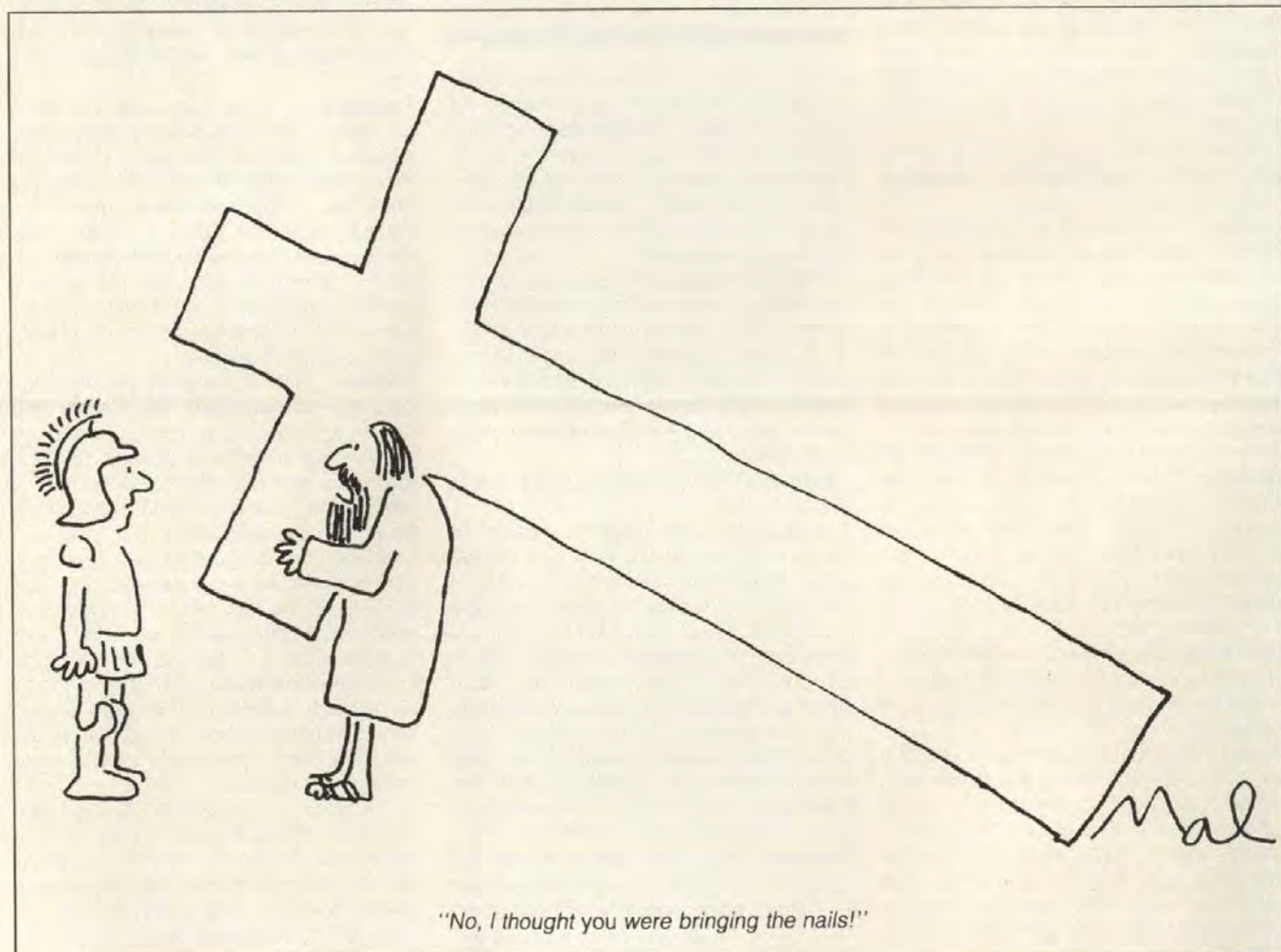
Newman: No way. That was real all the way. A stiff prick has no conscience. [He roars with laughter.] It's true, though, isn't it?

Penthouse: Well, it doesn't bode well. In fact, the movie seems to present the hypothesis that women reporters are too emotional to be trusted with their work.

Newman: Yes, well, I think that's unfortunate. It looks like, "Fuck her, drop her right in the sack." So I think feminists will take that viewpoint, that we show they're the weaker sex, and well—good, good. People'll have a lot to talk about. But you know as well as I do that wasn't Sydney's intention. He merely wanted to create a love story, and that was the way it had to be.

Penthouse: But what do you think it says—or rather, how do you feel about a woman's emotional stake in reporting a story accurately? Do you think that she's too susceptible to a romantic entanglement?

Newman: [A lot of laughter.] I think both sexes would like to get their news in bed. I would. But as far as the norm goes, I think most professional journalists go by the book and keep their emotions at home. Let's face it: you can spot the stories that were gotten by a piece of ass. O+



"No, I thought you were bringing the nails!"







A WOMAN LEFT LONELY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Bored, alone, and lonely, the lady invited a houseguest—a sweet country cousin, unused to big-city ways. Though they'd not seen each other since childhood, the attraction was instant as summer lightning. The lady's blondness was a pale fire, drawing her friend to the flame. Though distant relations, they sensed they'd become close friends. When asked to stay, the dark one demurely assented, her face lighting up with pleasure. Soon they shared every confidence, told every dream. Then one summer day, while they strolled together in the sun, a passing breeze pressed their filmy white dresses against their bodies, silhouetting hips and breasts, inspiring a new desire. Eyes cast downward, they silently slipped the gauzy fabric aside, revealing resplendent flesh still blushed by their sudden passion. Stroking tender breasts, they kissed and murmured endearments that had only been thoughts before.



The lush, expansive estate that once seemed a luxury prison becomes a hedonist's haven. Delighting in softly feminine flesh, they shower each other with warmth, bathe each other with sighs. Their eyes can't take in enough of the visions before them . . .



Mischievous children,
they indulge in
exotic dress-up games,
adorning themselves
in old-fashioned lace and
ruffles only to cast
them aside for less-than-
Victorian pastimes . . .









As with all constant lovers,
their moods are many and changing.
In a moment of tender passion,
they cup each other's breasts as if
holding goblets of nectar;
later, turning more playful, they
bend to each wild impulse,
expressing their growing affection
in cheeky new ways . . .





Lounging by the pool, they favor the soothing sensation of sun-warmed skin. Nesting in the dark one's lap, the blond invites the caresses of tongue and fingers.





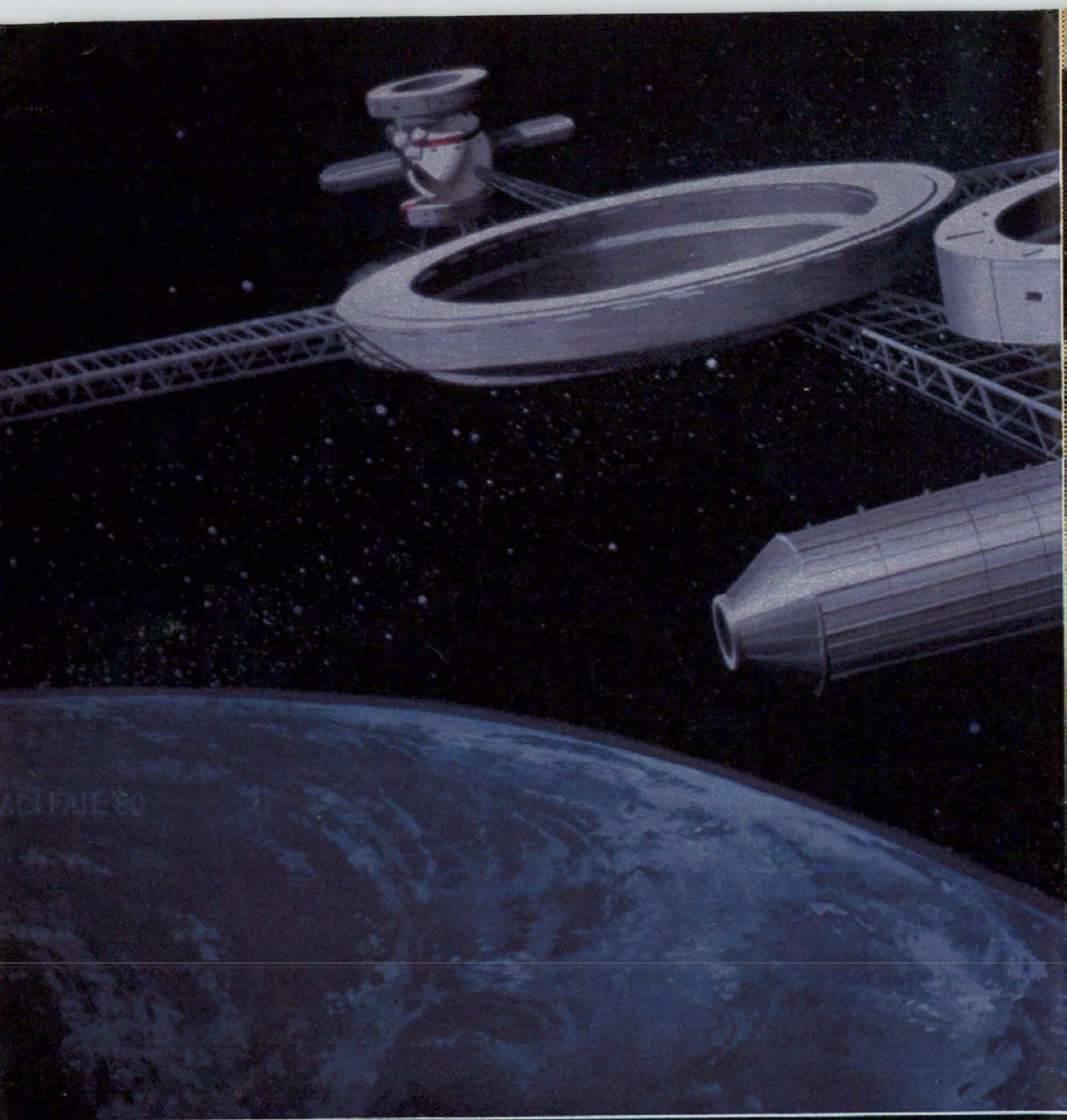


Later, in the private comfort of the bed they share, the dark one enters into a new realm of trust, invites her friend to share her most intimate moment. Once shy, she's become a bold adventuress; once modest, she sees her now cherished body as an object of untold wealth, a treasure to explore together.





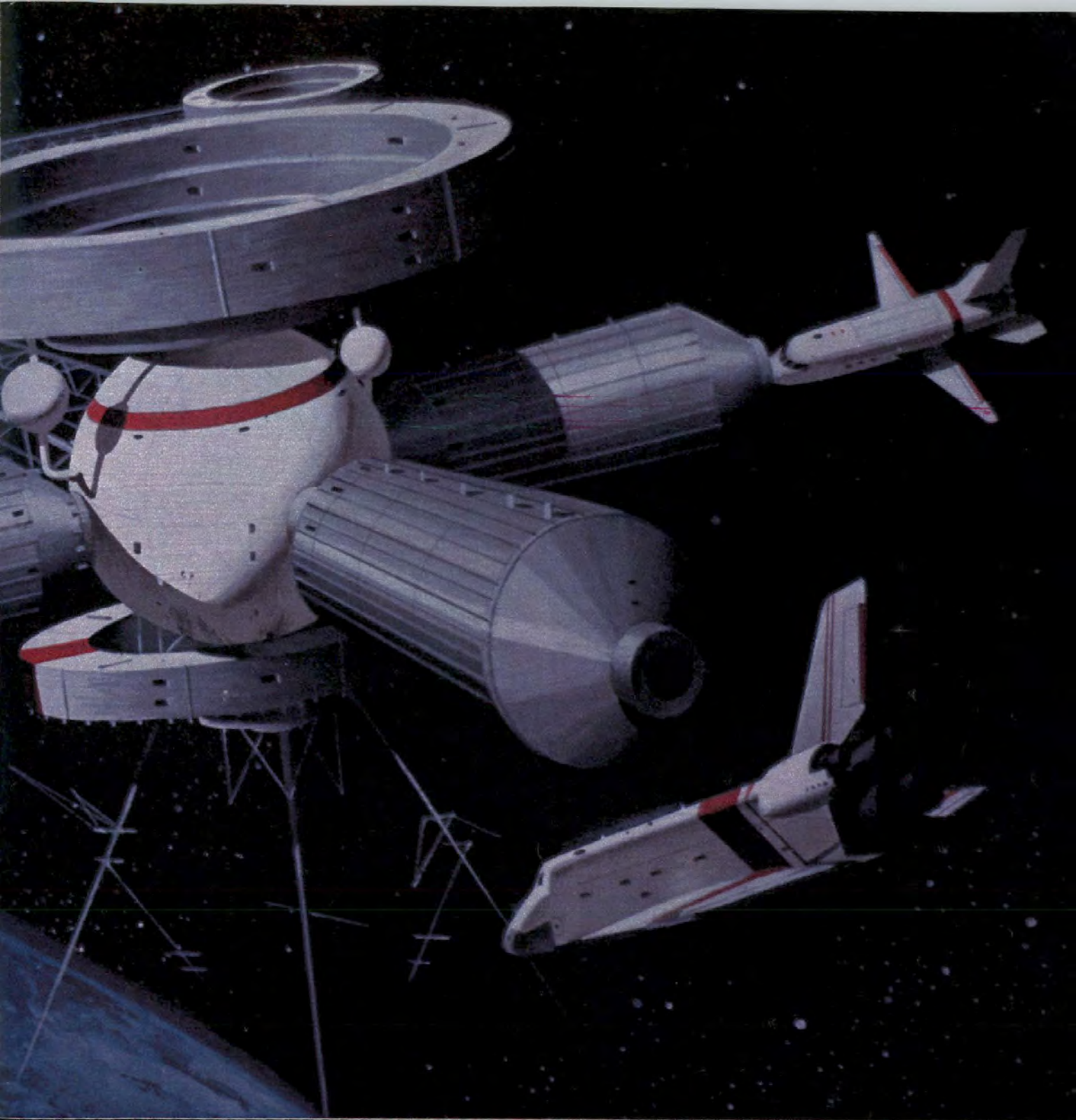
Teasing her friend with her tongue tip, she flicks the delicate weapon near her partner's most vulnerable flesh, inspiring exquisitely molten shivers of surrender. Readily repaying the favor, her graceful hostess tenderly turns her around, caresses the globes of her satiny haunches, admires the dark, musky cleft her hands have caressed so often. Then, sighing, she takes the plunge that midsummer dreams are made of . . . 



The untapped resources of outer space can provide pollution-free energy, miracle medicines, and unlimited precious metals.

GOLD RUSH TO THE STARS

BY GARY HANAUER/PAINTING BY VINCENT DIFATE



At the beginning of next summer, if all goes right, a shiny white rocket ship called the U.S.S. *Private Enterprise* will zoom skyward from a small patch of concrete north of San Francisco and curl gently over the Pacific Ocean. Inside, as powerful thrusters burn and the craft hurtles upward some seventy-five miles, an astronaut will film and broadcast the event.

Bob Truax, the man who has spent the last six years of his life building the vehicle and preparing for the stunt, will be down below with his financial backers, who had to raise \$1 million to fund the effort, watching hopefully and nervously.

Why send a man to the edge of space, a mission first completed by Yuri Gagarin some

twenty-one years ago? Why risk someone's life in space with only a \$1 million budget—minuscule next to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's 1981-82 allotment of nearly \$6 billion—and a lot of spare parts, not to mention a crew made up mostly of volunteers? Why, indeed, would anyone want to build his own rocket ship?

The truth is that the flight of the *Private Enterprise* (which is also named the X-3), if successful, will usher in a new era that futurists, scientists, manufacturing experts, and veteran space technologists have been dreaming about for years: the age of private development in space. If their predictions are correct, manufacturing, mining, and, in the long run, just about every industry are about to take a giant leap into the cosmos.

Truax plans to recover all of his rocket and use the whole rocket many times—not just a portion of it, as NASA is doing with the space shuttle. "Private enterprise can do things better and cheaper than the federal government," boasts Truax, who headed up many of the nation's earliest rocket programs, including Thor and Polaris. "Someday there will be more people working in space than on earth. The first step in making the industrialization of space a reality is getting private enterprise involved."

"Space-made products will find a large market on Earth," agrees Donald Waltz, manager of advanced studies at TRW, Inc.

If even part of what some experts say turns out to be correct, in fifteen years, everything in your household, from kitchen blenders to lawn mowers, will be made of alloys harder than diamond. Hamburger will be half-price. The same will be true of some medicines that are nearly priceless today. Steel will float on water. Gems surpassing the biggest known will be "grown" in orbit. Superthin wire capable of holding a million pounds will be commonly available. As factories move millions of miles away and the need for "dirty" forms of energy fades, pollution will disappear. You'll talk to anyone you want to on your wrist telephone.

The futurists who paint this rosy portrait see space enterprise as not only a new, boundless frontier but also a safety valve for our planet's pressing problems—energy, pollution, inflation, war, disease, even overpopulation. According to G. Harry Stine, author of *The Third Industrial Revolution*, "The dawning of the Third Industrial Revolution in space holds the real promise of completing the first major cultural, moral, ethical, and philosophic shift to take place since the beginnings of the Neolithic Age one hundred centuries ago."

Geologist and mining engineer David Kuck, who has studied the composition of lunar rocks, thinks there are possibly "one thousand times more accessible platinum-group metals to be found on the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter than on Earth" (and these precious minerals may also be found, he believes, on asteroids

closer to Earth). Kuck also believes that our moon could be an excellent source of platinum, the grayish white metal—currently valued at more than \$400 an ounce—that is used in chemical wares, dental alloys, and jewelry. And Harold Masursky, a planetary geologist with the U.S. Geological Survey's Center of Astrogeology, says that "given the past volcanic history of the moon and the fact that many rich metal deposits are associated with volcanic activity, it would surprise us *not* to find concentrations of iron and copper there."

Kuck foresees large lunar troves of such rare platinum metals as rhodium (valued at \$450 an ounce), iridium (\$465 an ounce), osmium (\$135), and palladium (\$80). "They are probably strewn about right on the lunar surface," reports Kuck.

If researchers are correct, the impact that space mining could have on earth would be staggering. Platinum is a case in point. According to the U.S. Bureau of

“Someday there will be more people working in space than on earth,” says one expert. “The first step is getting private enterprise involved.”

Mines, world production of the strategically important alloy metals—96 percent comes from the Soviet Union and South Africa, not exactly the most dependable of suppliers—must increase *tenfold* in the next four years just to keep up with America's needs. Exploitation of the moon's resources may be the answer.

Apparently titanium, used in alloys, is also common on the moon—certain samples taken by the Apollo astronauts had concentrations of more than 4 percent of the feldspars associated with the silvery gray metal. This discovery has convinced some futurists that titanium may turn out to be the silver of space. "It's stronger than aluminum," says Masursky. Indeed, current state-of-the-art design calls for using titanium in many American spacecraft components.

Much of the titanium, chromium, and silica (by far the biggest component and a key source of aluminum) mined on the moon will probably never be shipped to Earth. Instead it will be utilized to build in place the very vehicles and equipment that will ply the moon's minefields and then transport the goods elsewhere.

"It may eventually be cheaper to manu-

facture space-going boxcars *in space* from materials obtained in space," Stine predicts. "We may well build things in space and land them on Earth to be expended, used, and never sent back into space again. Because the moon has a surface gravity only one-sixth as great as Earth's, it would make a perfect base for just such activities."

Apollo astronaut Rusty Schweickart, who participated in the first manned flight of the lunar module, agrees: "Going to and from the asteroid belt from the moon would cost one-twentieth of what it would from Earth merely because you don't have to deal with the [strong gravity] environment."

"The moon," says Al Hibbs, senior staff scientist at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, Calif., "should, in terms of setting up a center of operations, be our number-one priority. If anything needs servicing, it's important to remember that the moon is relatively easy to get to."

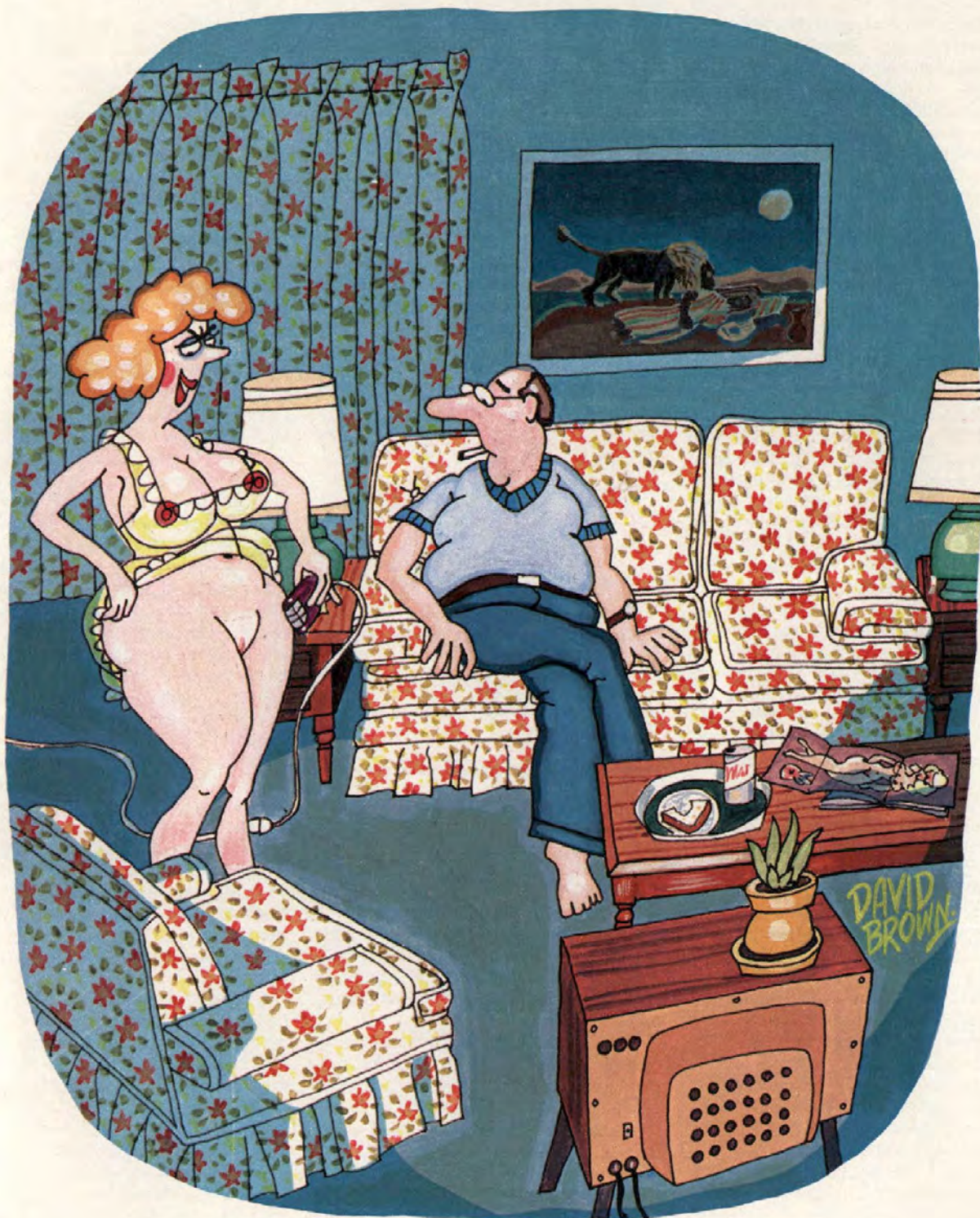
In fact, the idea of using the moon instead of Earth as a construction headquarters has completely revolutionized the concept of how much start-up money the industrialization of space might require. "Seven years ago, we thought it would cost fifty to sixty billion dollars," says Gerard K. O'Neill, director of the Space Studies Institute in Princeton. "Today, our estimate is seven to eight billion dollars. Even to build a high-orbital space station, we should be able to get ninety percent of the material we need right from space."

The moon, however, is likely to become more than a jumping-off point: there are those who believe it may yield some of the human "basics" for working and living in space.

For example, if titanium becomes the silver of space, then oxygen will be more precious than gold. The moon apparently has great stores of oxygen locked away in its soil. "It can be separated out," Kuck says. And although some other researchers still believe the lunar poles may contain water and that hydrogen, which could be teamed up with the soil-borne oxygen to make water, might lurk in the bottoms of craters, no one knows exactly where the moon's most viable resources are. Current estimates are based on the puniest of samplings: a total of 845 pounds of lunar soil brought back to Earth. The United States has landed men on the moon at only six points.

In order to gain this knowledge, NASA has made three separate requests for funds to orbit a survey satellite around the moon. Each proposal has been turned down. In the meantime, Japan is considering a probe that will map the entire surface of the moon for possible mineral wealth.

Mineral and metal shortages are not the only problems whose solutions may lie in the heavens. There is an obvious environmental benefit in mining the solar system rather than dredging the earth's oceans. As Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, says, "In certain near-



"Look, Harry—Kojak!"

shore areas, ocean dredging could have a devastating effect on the entire food chain." The concerns voiced by conservationists are heightened by the fact that a number of companies, such as Ocean Mining Associates, which is a consortium of U.S. Steel, Sun Co., Inc., Italy's Sanim Co., and Belgium's Union Minière, would like to become more actively involved in underwater mining. Glenn Paluson, vice-president of the National Audubon Society, says, "At least mining of the solar system wouldn't disturb life."

Some of the first products to be made in space will, as a matter of fact, enhance our lives—and possibly make them longer. At present, for instance, it takes 80,000 pints of human blood to make a single gram of interferon, which is believed by some researchers to have great virus- or cancer-fighting potential. Another example, says Dennis Morrison, head of the shuttle's biology research projects, is urokinase, an enzyme that some stroke or heart attack victims need from twelve to twenty doses of to help break up blood clots. The current price tag per treatment is \$3,500 to \$4,000. Using a process known as electrophoresis, which "pulls" certain molecules away from others, interferon, urokinase, and other lifesaving drugs could be produced more efficiently and in greater quantities in space. Although many laboratories already have small electrophoresis units, the delicate technique is limited because of the pull of gravity. But in space, under zero-gravity conditions, there would be no problem in producing great quantities of these drugs.

Sometime this year an automatic prototype of a factory for processing interferon and cells that may help diabetics and hemophiliacs will be sent aloft in the space shuttle. James T. Rose, former director of engineering for the shuttle and the current manager of space processing for McDonnell Douglas Corporation, which is developing the factory under a joint agreement with NASA, says his company expects a "good return" on its investment, which he describes as "a lot more than one million dollars," to date. If McDonnell Douglas is given permission by the Federal Drug Administration to begin commercial production in 1986, one plant could make enough interferon to supply a good percent of the world market, according to Rose; an estimated ten to fifteen such production units could be carried in a shuttle. Johnson & Johnson will handle marketing of the products for McDonnell Douglas.

In fact, the field of pharmaceutical processing alone—1 of 101 potential space industries examined back in 1972 by David Keller, then manager of advanced programs for the space division of General Electric—could result in a ton of new vaccines worth a total of more than \$1 billion every year, according to an obscure 1974 NASA study, "The Beneficial Uses of Space."

Putting electrophoresis to work in space also might help ranchers breed livestock

with more meat poundage and cows with more milk. The livestock sperm industry that's already booming would get a \$422 million-per-year shot in the arm from space processing, according to one authority, because, as with interferon, zero gravity would facilitate the isolation of purified hormones and X- and Y-type chromosomes, which determine the sex of the offspring.

NASA's fifteen-volume study pegs the annual value of just ten industrial-space processes at \$2.2 billion. Another report places the eventual sales for space-made electrical generators alone at as much as \$400 billion a year. Based on these and other estimates, it would not be surprising for space to become a trillion-dollar enterprise by the year 2015.

If you talk with "earthbound" plant managers about some of the most widely applicable qualities space has to offer manufacturing, about halfway into the conversation you will notice eyes rolling.

Futurists see space enterprise
as not only a new,
boundless frontier but also
a safety valve for our
planet's pressing problems.

It'll happen just when you bring up "levitation," a trick you might have seen Linda Blair perform in *The Exorcist*.

But levitation, or containerless processing, as NASA prefers to call it, is real: researchers at NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Ala., already have a breadbox-sized device that uses sound waves to float and holds drops of liquid, glass, or metal in midair without any container.

Sound impossible? It's not. In zero gravity, electric fields can keep the suspended material that is injected (either by syringe or mechanical wand) between two poles, even if it needs to be rotated rapidly.

But why levitate "small globules" (as Lowell Zoller, Marshall's manager of materials processing in space, describes them) inside an industrial furnace, as ground-based experimenters have been doing, in the first place?

The answer, once again, is zero gravity. Pour certain materials into containers, and you face the chance of contamination. Molds, jars, and even tongs limit processing temperatures. And containers "lock in" heat that, for some industrial purposes,

needs to be removed fast. Free-float the identical items during manufacture, and they will stay pure, unlimited by anything but their own temperature constraints and capable of being fast-frozen.

For glass alone, levitation is expected to carve out a \$10 million-per-year market. Among the possibilities in this sector are glasses made from totally new materials, laser products, and improved fiber optics. Marshall's Edwin Ethridge forecasts development of a superlens for cameras. Mixing two or more metals, or a metal and a nonmetal, without the interference of gravity will make the bonding of thousands of new combinations possible for the first time; containerless processing will ensure their purity. As surely as the Industrial Revolution changed every aspect of how we live, every industry, every home, everything from the vehicles we drive to the roofs over our heads, will benefit from these new alloys. But, to date, nothing much has happened, because most of the American projects to develop these alloys have not yet gotten under way. Soviet cosmonauts, however, have apparently been hard at work in space mixing metals since 1977, when *Salyut 6* was launched.

Many experts expect American technological know-how to help us roar ahead of the Soviets once we stoke the fires of the shuttle's electric furnace. But such speculation, said the late Charles Sheldon II, ignores the fact that the Russians have been actively engaged in space on an ongoing basis for five years. It also discounts the secret Soviet space budget—believed to be up to seven times our own.

Even Sheldon, who was the Library of Congress's senior specialist in space transportation technology, knew only the tip of the Russian story. His Washington office seemed to overflow with three-by-five data cards—more than 10,000 at last count—which had been gathered since he began his relentless effort to monitor data from Western listening posts, *Pravda*, *Tass*, and anything else that might provide clues to the Soviet mission. "I've been watching them," he said with a face that showed he was happy somebody cared, "since 1955."

Salyut 6 carried two one-by-one-and-a-half-foot electric furnaces, one in a hatch on the side of the ship and the other in a forward cavity where near-weightlessness prevails, according to Sheldon.

"They have created new alloys," the analyst reported. Soviet literature claims the creation of a wide range of new mixtures—"using thirty to forty elements," by Sheldon's estimate, including alloys of germanium, lithium, indium, molybdenum, and antimony. According to other data supplied to *Penthouse* by TRW's Waltz, the Russians have melted combinations of copper and indium, aluminum and magnesium, aluminum and tungsten, and molybdenum and gallium. According to Waltz, "They have been talking of foam metals, some of which will be able to float on water."

Foreign interest in space-made crystals is intense. Except for metals testing, this is the area being watched the closest by France, Germany, and Japan. The Germans not only have garnered substantial participation by industry in crystal study but also, according to most analyses, are making the industrialization of space their top priority.

It is not surprising that the most spectacular news to date about space crystals has come from the Soviet Union: a Russian radio commentator reportedly told his audience that the crystals brought back from *Salyut 6* had a commercial value of \$80 million.

How will crews be transported to space to work, and how will the moon's metals and the products produced there be brought back to Earth? The American space shuttle is just one example of an earth-orbit space truck designed to lower cargo expenses. In the 1960s Philip Bono of McDonnell Douglas proposed the vehicles *Rombus* and *Hyperion*. Unlike any rocket ever designed before, *Rombus* would carry a maximum of 400 tons of cargo at a mere five dollars per pound. *Hyperion* would be a single-stage rocket, blasted up a rocket sled on a mountain, that could power itself on liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen. Unlike the shuttle, the forty-eight-passenger craft would land vertically. Bono estimated it would cost only \$37 million to build the first vehicle.

Nobody in the West is sure how far along the Russians are in developing their own space truck, but even the early indications are surprising. It looks like the Soviets are trying to build something akin to a highly maneuverable "space van." Moving large cargo will be their main emphasis, it seems.

The Soviet shuttle will probably take off horizontally with the help of a rocket. More important, this space-going service bus will apparently be launched from and return to conventional runways. It would be like launching the space shuttle from JFK, LAX, or O'Hare. The booster also will "glide back to a landing at a runway," writer Donald Robertson told *Astronomy* magazine.

But for all their versatility, the proposed space trucks and vans of the near future will be used only within the inner solar system, as the fuel cost of their continuing any farther is prohibitive. Instead, space trains would make the truly long-distance trips. All they would require would be a big enough shove to achieve the right velocity and could then be left to continue on through space. Other space tugs would meet them at their destinations. The ships could be slowed down by rocket power.

A commuter or freight train that sails through space might also be possible, according to the futurist Robert Staehle. Staehle's World Space Foundation has been perfecting what may turn out to be one of the keys to the industrialization of space: a ship that requires no solid or li-

uid fuel, no heavy tanks to hold them, and no tug to get it started when it is at least 1,500 km from Earth.

Sailing through space, using the minute and almost imperceptible but constant "push" of photons (bundles of energy particles from the sun) in much the same way that sailboats on Earth catch the wind, is an idea first suggested by Fridrikh Tsander in 1924. Tsander discovered that in the vacuum of space it doesn't matter how slight the continuing solar nudge is; as long as it keeps coming, you can eventually build up to any speed you want.

There's a drawback to most of the sail plans that enthusiasts rarely talk about: even with modern sail designs, "gassing up" takes a long time. To develop the speed needed to get to, say, Mars, might require a whole year of twirling in various orbits around the Earth; only then would your six-to-twelve-month journey begin.

But space sailing might yet develop speed. Some ideas for its improvement

“Space is both the key to getting around the limited resources we have on earth,” says Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill, “and, just maybe, toward ending conflict.”

boggle the imagination. For example, a sail ship might be propelled from behind by a huge laser beam, or explosive charges might boost the craft to the desired speed. The ship might even be flung into the cosmos with a mammoth gun, where it would glide, like a paper airplane that never stops.

For the last ten years, a number of scientists have been trying to tackle the problem of how to move the constant stream of products they envision being made on the moon without turning the entire lunar surface into a giant spaceport. Only a financially efficient method of transporting moon-made products back to Earth will make space industry profitable and possible.

That's where the lunar catapult comes in. Instead of flying ships in, loading them up, flying them out, and repeating the process, why not use a sophisticated slingshot to "shoot" the goods to their destinations?

Not only is such a plan neat—there's no waiting at either end—but it really could work. The moon has no atmosphere to retard the "baseballs" such a slingshot would hurl. Better yet, its gravity field is

one-sixth that of Earth's. To push a container away from the ground, the catapult would accelerate its payloads to only one and one-half miles per second.

"The catapult would be built right on the lunar surface," Stine predicts. "Since there is no air on the moon, there is no need to launch a payload vertically to get through air resistance as rapidly as possible." Power for the shooter's linear electric motor could come from solar cells, Stine thinks.

The Soviet space goal is to construct a space station capable of holding up to fifty persons. During the mission of *Salyut 6*, which ended early in 1981, the Russians disclosed that they plan manned missions, with Mars—not the moon or Earth—approaching asteroids—as their first goal.

NASA, admits Rusty Schweickart, who is now chairman of the California Energy Commission, "has been so focused on the shuttle that it has failed to articulate our next step or set of steps in space."

"Whatever the goal is, it should not call for a one-shot effort, like we did with Apollo," comments Gerard K. O'Neill, who has devoted much of the last twelve years almost exclusively to thinking about space goals and how to pursue them. "Everything I see in space revolves around two words, resources and energy. Our goal should be to harness the wealth of space for the benefit of all mankind. I firmly disagree with those who predict a future of shortages. Space is both the key to getting around the limited resources we have on earth and, just maybe, toward ending conflict. Have you ever noticed how most of the conflicts we have had involve resources or territory in one way or another? When new territory can be built in the form of space colonies virtually without limit, we will have an excellent chance of reducing human conflict. If we can move out to an environment where there are virtually unlimited resources, perhaps we can end war forever."

But before we reach such a utopia, it will be necessary to spend quite a lot of money. And in these days of tight money and supply-side tax cuts, our "penny-wise and pound-foolish" attitude could prove to be a more deadly enemy than the Soviets.

Though nobody really knows how much the start-up costs for space enterprise will run, estimates made over the past decade range all the way from \$50 million to about 1,200 times as much as that, or \$60 billion. While very few experts give credence to either extreme forecast, there is a consensus judgment that even the \$7 to \$8 billion O'Neill says will be needed may have to be drastically lowered before most American companies jump on the space development bandwagon. "If we can get it down to one billion, the discretionary money available to many corporations may be enough to fund most of the effort, even without substantial government help," believes James Arnold, director of the California Space Institute.

With the exception of McDonnell Douglas Corporation, TRW, Inc., and a handful of other firms that have committed themselves to space processing projects that go beyond research, most industrial managers are still taking a wait-and-see attitude toward tapping into the cosmic treasure chest.

When NASA hired a special consultant to put on a space manufacturing symposium in La Jolla, Calif., in February 1981, agency insiders hoped the result would be heavy industry interest in the conference. "It was disappointing," reports a NASA official who prefers to remain nameless. Even INCO, Ltd., one of three companies that agreed to participate in the meeting and a cosponsor of an upcoming shuttle metal-plating experiment, is hanging back. "Sure, it's a lot of fun to grasp the ungraspable," explains INCO public-relations manager David Graham. "But we have only a broad interest in something that may be centuries away. An asteroid may have a lot of nickel, but we have enough to last us for a long time on this planet."

"Business is simply being prudent," comments Floyd Roberson, the chief of NASA's technology transfer division. "It's a natural thing for companies to be on the sidelines. A few risk takers were responsible for starting what eventually became the entire airline industry." McDonnell Douglas space processing manager James Rose agrees. "We are taking a first step. What we need are more companies to join us."

Other space industry enthusiasts want the government to monetarily encourage enterprise through tax breaks and subsidies. NASA took a limited plunge in just such a direction when it signed an agreement giving a McDonnell Douglas drug factory a free ride in space if the company would build it.

"We need a unique government incentive to lower the perceived risks," says Stine. "That's how the transcontinental railroad got built." McDonnell Douglas vice-president and general manager Erwin Branahl concurs: "Without the support of NASA, innovative companies could not begin to undertake the enormous risks inherent in these ventures."

Still, selling space development to industry may hinge on how successful NASA is at explaining why costs will tumble. Space industrialization expenses don't have to be sky-high. In fact, if current trends continue, they'll plummet to the point where almost all industries will want to become part of what will be an entrepreneurial rush into space. "Eventually, anti-pollution laws and increasing energy costs will sharply limit industrial production on Earth or make it more costly than producing the same products in space," Stine says flatly.

The fantasies of forecasters are also more plugged into robotics than ever before. "We have the potential to lower front-end costs just by designing in more

automatic systems," Arnold says. O'Neill envisions a whole swarm of self-replicating factories at work on the moon, grinding out 100,000 tons of products annually after only a few years.

As time goes by, researchers are realizing that going to work in space will save even more money than they thought earlier. McDonnell Douglas technicians recently found that impressive cost reductions could accrue from the quality alone of space-made silicon crystals. "We learned that only 10 percent of the cost is presently in making the material," reports Rose. "It's the [product] rejections that hurt. On earth, we figure rejections are about four times more than what we will have in space."

"The surest route to opening the resources of space is through private-venture-capital operations," says O'Neill. Roberson agrees with him: "We should show the way until the technology matures, stay in place as a regulator, and let

6

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9

the private sector carry on."

Already, the process is evolving: such organizations as the California Space Institute, based in San Diego, are funding their own projects, which include long-range weather forecasting, and are participating in the programs of others. Formed in 1979 with the support of Gov. Jerry Brown, an ardent space enthusiast, the state-operated group began with little fanfare and virtually no money; by 1981 its budget had skyrocketed to more than \$1 million. It recently was on the receiving end of a \$100,000 contract (to be shared with Rockwell International) from O'Neill's SSI to, as Arnold describes it, "document the steps that will be needed to process lunar soil" once factories are established there.

The first space factories will be small, temporary structures that can be crammed into the shuttle for short spins through space. By 1990, the shuttle will have the capability to "drop off" larger plants—some of them manned—at their permanent sites. Subsequent flights will bring up fresh supplies and new "shifts" of workers. The old crew and the finished products will go back in the same ship.

From the outside, these orbiters may resemble floating junkyards, Stine depicts them as surrounded by all sorts of space trash, "parts of old equipment, parts of new equipment that haven't been installed yet, old modules acting as warehouses for finished products," and by "lashed up and hung-on" solar panels and heat radiators.

At first glance, factories on the moon will seem like those on our planet. Instead of being located near ports or railroads, most plants will be clustered around shuttle stations and catapults. Facilities erected in distant mares—the lunar countryside, if you will—are likely to rely on moon trucks to get their goods to market. Two types of cargo movers are expected by futurists: electric carts, built in the style of the Apollo buggies, and cable cars unlike any ever seen before. Think of gondolas hanging upside down from a monorail, and you've got the basic picture of a "wirecar" rocketing across the lunar landscape.

Odder still is what many of the first work centers will be making: more factories. "The Japanese have been talking about building this kind of factory for years," points out O'Neill, reaching for a pad. Soon, his pencil is producing a blizzard of numbers. "Three months after the first small-scale unit, you'd have an identical one. Three months later, you would have four. Three months after that, there would be eight."

Despite the fact that nobody has a firm sketch of what shape factories beyond the moon will take, even fully automated reproducers are going to require maintenance crews now and then. When something needs servicing, the factory's computer will signal a repair shop orbiting at a distance of a few weeks' journey; an engineer will show up, fix the broken part, and leave.

Sound simple? There are those who worry that space work, for all its exciting gadgetry, will be extremely boring. Robot-watchers may become so "sedentary," warns one expert, that they will need "special exercises."

Others compare the first space developers with the pioneers who settled America only a few hundred years ago. They struggled under many hardships, but they survived, and they kept coming and coming in ever increasing numbers.

We are, it seems, at a middle course, a juncture in the fabric of future history. It is a time for deciding where we have been and where we will go now that the other planets beckon. As Ben Bova, editorial director of *Omni* magazine and author of *The High Road*, writes: "If we are to solve today's global problems, we must look beyond Earth, and we must also look toward the future. Problems that have taken generations to accumulate require long-range solutions. . . . To solve these problems, we have to create new wealth. And the new wealth that we seek is waiting for us, untouched and eternal, a few hundred miles above our heads." 

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Sergeant Detimore lingered in a Vietnamese POW camp for eleven years while the government played politics with his life. Only one man and one woman had the courage to bring him home.

Quang Tri Province, Vietnam. August 1981. The chirping calls of crickets and tree frogs, the cries of lizards, and the whining hum of mosquitoes diminished as the gray pre-dawn light washed slowly over the small jungle clearing.

Master Sergeant Frank E. Detimore shivered convulsively and brought his knees up close to his chest, curling into a tight ball. The damp night air had chilled him to the bone, unimpeded by the coarse rice mat on which he slept or the thin sackcloth blanket covering his emaciated body. He bunched the top of his light-cotton black pajama uniform tightly around his neck and pulled the blanket up over his face.

"Detimore," a man whispered softly.

Frank responded quickly from his fitful half-sleep, pulling the blanket from his face. Through the mosquito netting he saw the hazy image of one of the two men who shared his cage—both political prisoners, Montagnards of the Rhade tribe.

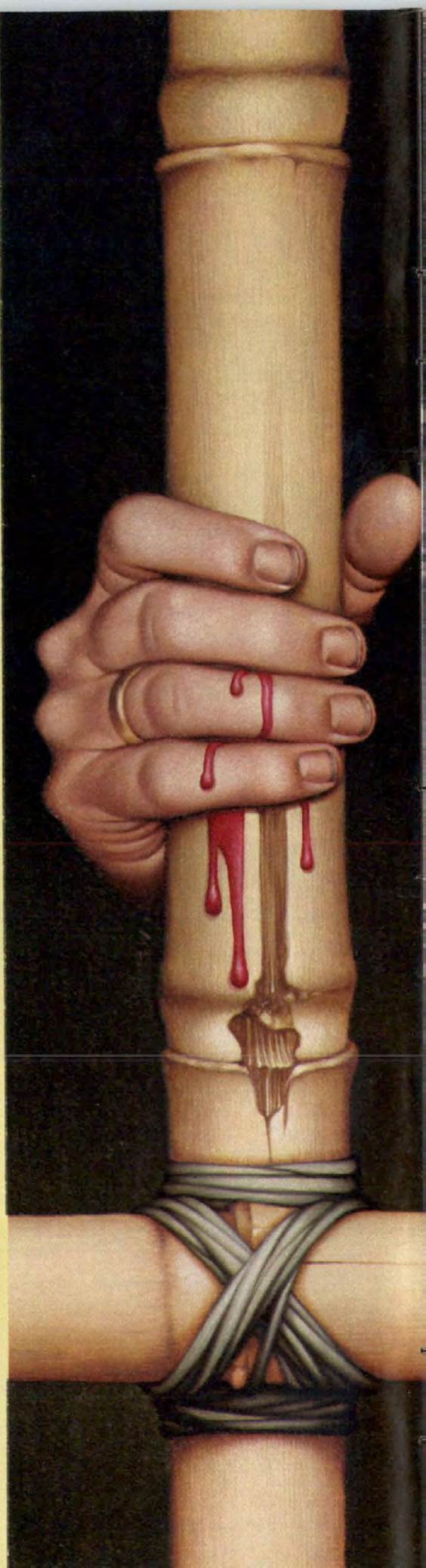
"Must put legs in irons. Guard come soon."

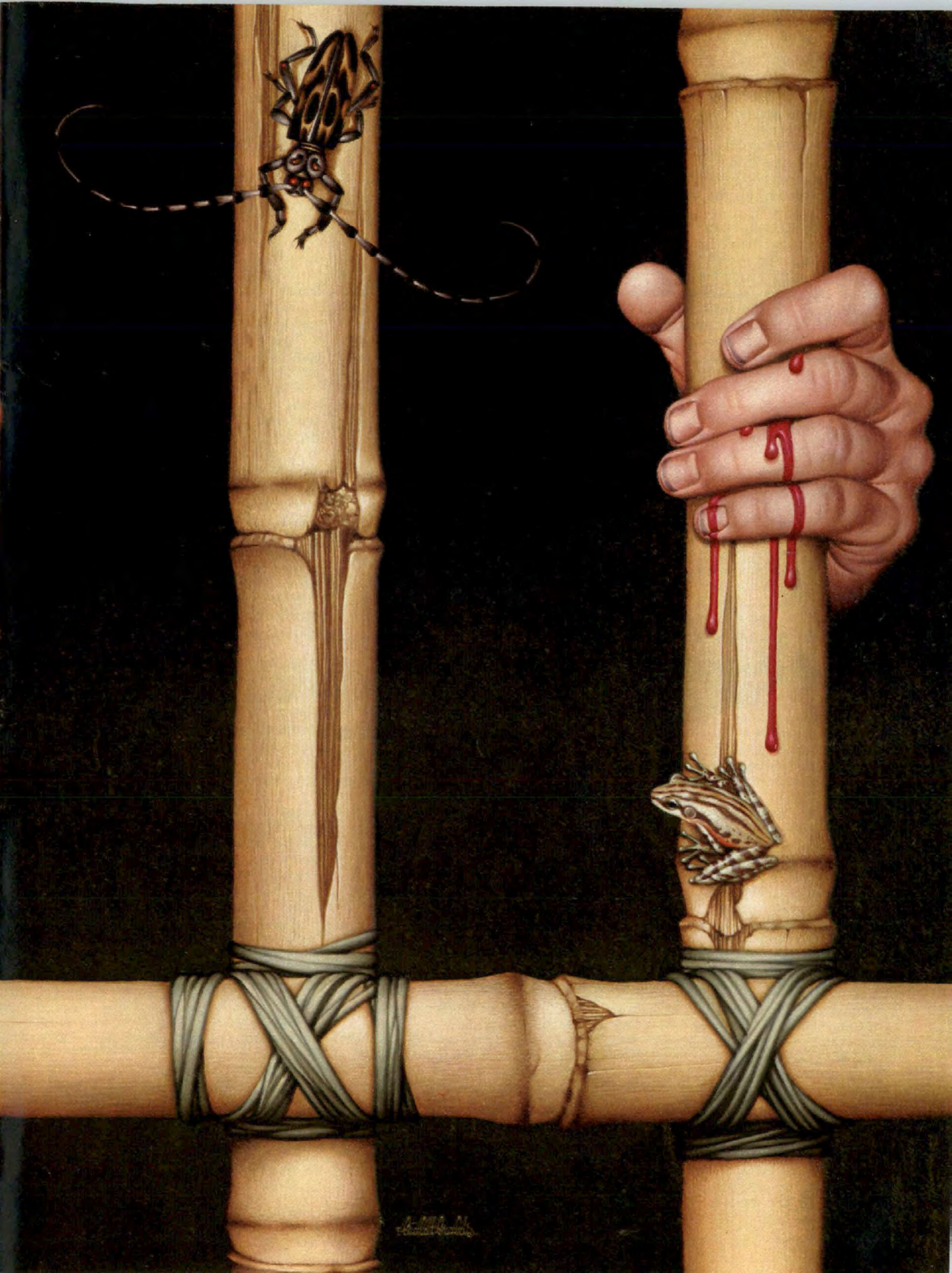
Eleven years earlier, shortly after being taken prisoner, Detimore learned to unlock the clamps with a piece of metal he fashioned for that purpose. Each night, after the guards were asleep, he unlocked the leg-irons, releasing himself and the others in the cage; and each morning, before the get-up gong, he locked them back in.

Frank extended his legs and sat up slowly; his joints were stiff and sore. The Montagnard nudged the third man and gestured toward the iron bar.

MISSION MIA

FICTION BY J. C. POLLOCK
ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS





The procedure each morning was to wake two of the prisoners a half-hour early to start the cooking fire for the morning meal. This minor inconvenience was permanently designated as Frank's responsibility—a punishment meant to degrade him in the eyes of the others for his being the acknowledged leader of the seven other American prisoners of war. The duties were shared by another occupant of his cage.

The young Vietnamese guard glanced impassively at the three men as he unlocked the leg-irons and padlock. "Go!" he ordered as he swung the door open. Detimore slipped on his crudely fashioned tire-tread sandals and came out; one of the Montagnards followed. The Montagnard walked abreast of Frank as they carried the firewood to the cooking area.

"You help us, Detimore?" A handsome bronzed face beneath jet black hair was dominated by intense, expressive eyes that held Frank's gaze.

"Yeah," Frank said. "When do you plan to go?"

"At noon rest today," Caang said. "You make *dook braak* look away, and we go."

Frank smiled at the Rhade words Caang used to describe the guards—an insulting profanity in their language meaning "monkey-peacock." He knew the chances of success for Caang and Truu, the other Montagnard in his cage, were good. They had been prisoners for only a few months and were still healthy and strong.

"I'll think of something to get their attention," Frank said.

Caang gathered a handful of dry leaves and bark from the pile stored beneath the thatched roofed lean-to covering the cooking area and placed it under the logs Frank had stacked in the fire pit. Frank glanced about and located the guard leaning against one of the cages. He was looking away from them. Reaching inside his shirt, he removed an envelope and quickly handed it to Caang, who just as quickly tucked it inside the waistband of his trousers.

"I want you to try and get that to a friendly journalist from the West. Do you think you or your people can do it?"

"I do it. FULRO have many contacts; it can be done."

Frank was very well acquainted with FULRO—initials for French words meaning the United Front for the Struggle of the Oppressed Races, a Montagnard underground resistance group fighting its own war against the Vietnamese. Caang and Truu had been arrested for their activities with FULRO.

"The letter is for your wife?" Caang asked, placing the morning ration of rice into the boiling water.

Frank nodded. "There's a list of the other Americans here and a rough map of the area with our location on it, the one you helped me with." He thought of the irony of the prison camp's location—only twelve miles from the site of the Lang Vei Special Forces camp, where he had spent

six months during the war.

"Your people come get you?" Caang asked.

"Once they know we're alive, they'll do everything they can to get us out."

Hell, he didn't know if they'd ever get out of here. He didn't even know why they were still here. Why hadn't they been released with the others? He had heard on Radio Hanoi that the war was over and a peace agreement signed. He heard the guards' radio every night. They had fought the Chinese, stopped the invasion; they were fighting in Cambodia. But there was nothing about any negotiations with the United States over POWs. Christ! Had they been forgotten? Did anyone know they were still alive?

He wondered if the letter he had given to Caang would get through, if Betty wasn't better off thinking he was dead—if his daughters would remember him. How the hell could they? Lisa was only seven and Karen nine when he last saw them on the

“Motherfucker, you confess!”
Latrine Lips screamed,
delivering a roundhouse
punch to the side of Frank’s
head, knocking him
sprawling onto the floor.

R&R leave in Hawaii just before his last mission, and that had been eleven years ago. Eleven years! There were times he found it hard to believe he had lasted that long.

Caang and Truu sat on the grassy strip separating the stream from the jungle, eating their noon ration of cold, soggy rice—the same rice cooked that morning and carried in a food pouch to the work area.

Frank climbed up the slippery stream bank and sat next to them, concentrating on unscrewing a leech from his forearm.

"When do you want to make your move?" he asked Caang.

"Now," Caang replied.

"Get ready," Frank said as he glanced in the direction of the guards. All six of them were sitting twenty or thirty feet away, eating and chattering, occasionally looking over at the prisoners along the stream bank. "As soon as I have their attention," he said to Caang, "take off. I'm not going to be able to distract them for long."

"I understand," Caang said. Truu nodded in agreement.

Frank stood and walked slowly toward

the guards, stopping to pick up a sturdy four-foot length of bamboo. He continued walking along the edge of the jungle until he was within ten feet of where they sat; then, turning to face the thick tangle of underbrush and vines, he began yelling and beating the ground with the bamboo club.

"Cobra!" he screamed convincingly enough to startle the other prisoners to their feet. "Cobra! Cobra!" He pointed fiercely at the ground as the guards, at first not certain of the reason for the strange behavior, remained sitting, then jumped up and ran to where he was standing when Frank began bellowing the Vietnamese name for the dreaded, deadly snake.

"There! There!" he yelled, pointing to a spot a few feet into the jungle.

Three of the guards opened up on the spot with AK-47s, emptying their magazines into the ground.

When the shooting stopped, the guards stood at the very edge of the jungle and stared intently into the dense underbrush, straining to locate their prey but unwilling to set foot in the suspected area. Frank poked around with the stick. "I think I see it," he said. "You got it. It's dead."

Two of the "Saigon Cowboys" who had fired at the nonexistent snake craned their necks to get a closer look but still kept their distance from the knee-deep tangle of vines. They smiled to each other, then turned to the other guards, confirming their kill. Frank looked at the prisoners standing along the stream bank. Caang and Truu were nowhere in sight.

Frank Detimore stood in the center of the officers' hut, watching apprehensively as the Vietnamese captain, nicknamed Bad Eye by the prisoners, tapped his fingers on the edge of the desk. His adjutant, Latrine Lips, named for his constant use of foul invectives, stood off to the side, his face twisted into a sadistic grin.

"Sit," Bad Eye commanded.

Latrine Lips lost no time in shoving Detimore onto the small wooden stool in front of the camp commander's desk. The short, muscular man stared hard at the prisoner before him, his left eye bright and wide with anger, his right eye drooped, cloudy and unfocused.

"You helped the *moi* escape. Yes?"

"No," Frank replied.

"Yes," Bad Eye repeated. "You draw guards away for them."

"No. There was a cobra. Your men saw it. They killed it."

"No cobra. Guards are fools. They see nothing. You helped the *moi* escape. Confess."

Frank shook his head. "I didn't help anybody escape."

"Motherfucker, you confess!" Latrine Lips screamed, delivering a roundhouse punch to the side of Frank's head, knocking him sprawling onto the floor.

"Sonofabitch up on stool!"

As Frank got to his knees, a solid kick to his ribs knocked him down again.

Back on the stool, he stared blankly at

Ballbarheads

BY ART CUMINGS



*"Why is a class in exploratory self-esteem
through sensory articulation any different from jerking off?"*

Bad Eye, who glared back. Frank knew that, confess or not, he was in for a rough night, and he was determined to hold out as long as possible. From previous sessions during the early years of his captivity, he had learned that the beating and torture continued until they were satisfied, whether you gave them anything or not. If he confessed too soon, they would continue to beat him for what he had done; if he confessed later, they would beat him for not confessing sooner. They didn't want a confession from him; they wanted to punish him and humiliate him before the other prisoners.

Detimore had not been tortured since his last escape attempt, when he had knocked a guard unconscious, but he well remembered the merciless beatings and the pain.

Bad Eye signaled to two guards standing at the entrance to the hut. One of them was the new man, a smile fixed firmly in place. "Remove the prisoner's clothes," he told them.

"Stand, sonofabitch!" Latrine Lips shouted, grabbing a handful of Frank's hair and jerking him to his feet. The two guards ripped off the black pajama uniform, shoving Frank back down onto the stool. One of the guards handed the camp commander the small notebook and pencil that had dropped out of the pocket of Detimore's shirt.

Bad Eye opened the notebook and flipped through the pages, filled with detailed drawings of a lakeside house Detimore hoped to build when he got home. A neatly folded letter wrapped in a piece of clear plastic dropped out as he reached the middle of the notebook. He unwrapped it and began reading the worn, dirty, water-stained three-page letter.

It was the only letter Frank had been given in his eleven years of captivity. It was from Betty, his wife, and he treasured it. He had read it thousands of times in the past eight years. It was his strength and salvation, his port in the storm. The only beauty in his ugly world. He knew it by heart. *I'd know if you were not alive, my darling, and I know God will watch over you and bring you home to me soon.*

Frank sat on the edge of the stool, trying to control himself, not wanting to reveal its importance to him. *You fill my thoughts and dreams as you filled my life.*

The commander finished reading the precious letter and handed it to Latrine Lips, grinning at the shaken man before him. Frank tried but could not take his eyes off the letter. Dear God, please don't let them take it. *I love you, Frank. I've always loved you and I always will.*

"From fucking wife. At home in bed with new man, sucking cock."

Frank shook with rage. "You slimy maggot!"

Latrine Lips began tearing the letter into small pieces.

Frank exploded. His first punch caught the startled man in the mouth; the second drove a thumb deep into his eye socket.

Frank spun around and grabbed the stool, throwing it at Bad Eye, striking him in the head and opening a large gash across his forehead. He dived to the floor, gathering the pieces of the letter. The new guard, regaining his composure, kicked Frank in the face while the other one pounded his head with his fists.

"Stop!" Bad Eye commanded.

The two men broke off their attack and backed away from the dazed man at their feet. Bad Eye dabbed a cloth at his forehead, then tied it over the wound. "You are very foolish, Detimore. Very foolish," he said calmly.

Frank leaned forward on the stool, still groggy, and spit a mouthful of bloody saliva into Bad Eye's shocked face. The guards attacked with a fury, raining punches and kicks on him from all directions.

When Frank regained consciousness, he found himself propped in a corner of the hut with Bad Eye standing over him,

At Bad Eye's command,
Latrine Lips tightened the
special torture cuffs
to the point where
they cut through skin and
tissue. The pain was
immediate and intense.

handing him a cup of water. When he had finished drinking, the two guards threw him forward onto his stomach. One of them kept a foot in the middle of his back, while the other pulled his hands behind his back and clamped handcuffs on him, with the tops of his wrists together.

At Bad Eye's command, Latrine Lips tightened the special torture cuffs to the point where they cut through skin and tissue. The pain was immediate and intense.

One of the guards handed Latrine Lips a length of thin, coarse rope, which he began wrapping around Detimore's arms from his elbows to his shoulders, pulling it ever tighter until it pressed against the bone. Turning him on his side, the new guard pushed on Frank's shoulder while Latrine Lips tied his upper arms and elbows together. The pain was excruciating. His arms and hands went numb in a few moments, but the pain throughout his body continued unmercifully.

The two guards pulled him to his feet and sat him on the stool. Frank was drenched with perspiration, his mouth dry, and his breathing shallow and irregular.

"Motherfucker! Confess!" Latrine Lips said.

Frank shook his head slowly.

"You confess now, sonofabitch."

Frank tried to answer and found that his voice was little more than a hoarse whisper. "No," he managed to say audibly.

This time Latrine Lips had the two guards hold Frank on the stool while he pounded his fists into his face. Ten, fifteen, twenty times. Detimore felt none of the blows. His face was totally insensate.

The breaking point came a half-hour later. The continued beatings following each refusal to confess were ineffectual, but the pain in his shoulders and chest could no longer be controlled by the will. Frank began to scream—endless, horrifying, human screams.

"You helped the *moi* escape, yes?" Bad Eye shouted.

Frank nodded his head.

"Motherfucker, speak!" Latrine Lips shrieked.

"Yes," Frank answered weakly.

Bad Eye instructed his adjutant to loosen the ropes enough to allow Detimore's elbows and upper arms to come a few inches apart. Frank felt a sudden rush of relief, then the pain returned, less intense, to surge through his badly bruised body.

"You will rest for a few moments," Bad Eye said, holding a cup of water to Frank's split and swollen lips. "Then we will discuss your unfortunate behavior."

Frank was vaguely aware of the get-up gong and the shouting and shoving as the guards grouped the prisoners in front of his cage. The man dangling by his arms on the end of the rope didn't even remotely resemble the man they knew. His face was swollen beyond recognition and his body covered with ugly bruises. He was unable to open one of his eyes, puffed shut partly from the beatings and partly from a night exposed to voracious mosquitoes. His mouth was caked with dried blood, and greenish yellow pus oozed from beneath the handcuffs on his wrists.

Bad Eye walked slowly over to the assembled prisoners, with his adjutant at his heels. He smiled at the grim faces. "I will not have escapes from my camp." He released the end of the rope, dropping Detimore to the ground with a thud, and ordered Latrine Lips to release the handcuffs and remove the ropes, revealing deep gashes on Frank's arms where the ropes had been.

"Get in cage," the new guard ordered.

Frank tried to get to his feet but found his legs too weak and his arms useless. He remembered from a past experience that it would be a few days before he had complete use of them again. He used his legs as best he could to push himself along the ground toward the cage but collapsed after a few feet. He tried again and again but only became weaker with each attempt.

Bad Eye instructed the guards to move him. Grabbing his shoulders, eliciting a piercing scream, they dragged him to the cage, throwing him inside. Latrine Lips

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



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reached in the cage and removed the rice mat, blanket, and mosquito netting. "Not need for few days, motherfucker."

The new guard clamped on the leg-irons before locking the cage.

Frank lay motionless, staring blankly at the roof of the cage. He began shaking uncontrollably, and, almost imperceptibly, tears began to flow from beneath the swollen eyelids. He had to reach deeper than ever before to call up the grim determination that had kept him alive through eleven years of a degrading, inhuman hell.

The children say good-night to their daddy and pray for him every night. Karen is holding you to your promise of teaching her to fly fish, and Lisa will settle for a ride in the canoe. Goodnight, my darling. I love you and miss you.

The rain came in a sudden, drenching downpour, beating noisily on the bark and leaves covering the roof of the cage. But Frank didn't hear it. He was in Maine, in a clearing surrounded by towering evergreens on the shore of Loon Stream, where it emptied into the south end of Cacomogoc Lake. He sat before a flickering campfire, his arm around Betty, her head on his shoulder while the children's happy laughter carried out across the lake as they made hand shadows on the side of the tent from the light of a Coleman lantern.

Washington, D.C., *The Pentagon*. February 1982.

Lt. Gen. Maxwell Roberts rose from his desk chair and escorted Betty Detimore to the door of his office. A deep frown creased the brow of the tall, burly man as he clasped both of her hands in his. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Detimore. I only wish there was something I could do." The sentiment was honest and heartfelt, but the official line he had given her had not been.

"This letter is from my husband, General. It is not a forgery or a prank."

The general nodded solemnly and opened the door. "I'll look into it, but I must tell you that we've been completely unsuccessfully at verifying any of these reports."

"This is not a report, General. This is a letter from my husband, telling me he is alive and where he is. He needs your help. You owe him that. This country owes him that."

"I'll do what I can, Mrs. Detimore," he said, avoiding the pain and desperation in her eyes. "We'll contact you if there are any developments."

He closed the door behind her and returned to his desk, staring hard at the young captain seated in an easy chair by the window.

"Goddammit, Jacobs, I hate this. I can feel the bile rising in me every time I have to lie to these people." He flipped through the file on Frank Detimore, then slammed the folder shut.

"Which unit was Detimore with?"

"CCS," the general said, rekindling his cigar. "Command and Control South, out

of Ban Me Thuot. Their area of operations was Cambodia . . . direct action and strategic recon patrols."

"Any after-action report on the mission on which he was captured?"

"Still classified top secret. He was officially reported MIA after an attack on a forward operational base in South Vietnam . . . later changed to KIA. He was actually on a mission into the Parrot's Beak region of Cambodia."

"What about the other men listed in the letter?" Jacobs asked. "We don't show any of them as POWs or MIAs."

"They're probably listed as KIAs. You'll have to run a check with every branch of the service."

"How many does that make, sir? That we're certain of?"

"With these eight . . . at least forty-two. Counting the ones in Laos. All alive beyond any reasonable doubt."

The general handed Jacobs the file folder and his notes from the meeting. "Take

Frank lay motionless,
staring blankly. He had to
reach deeper to call up
the grim determination that
had kept him alive
through eleven years of a
degrading human hell.

this down to DIA and brief them on what we know," he said. "Mrs. Detimore is a determined woman; they'll probably want to keep an eye on her. Goddamn, I hate this!"

Betty Detimore stopped briefly at the Continental Inn to drop off her luggage, then walked the short distance to the Center at the bottom of Aspen Mountain.

Crossing the sun deck, she stepped onto the soft snow at the bottom of the slope and angled her way through the long double row of skiers waiting for the lift to take them for their final run of the day. She approached a short, deeply tanned man standing in front of the ski school building and glanced at the name tag on his parka.

"Excuse me, Mr. Johnson. Can you tell me where I might find John Callahan?"

"Jack?" the man said, with an appraising look at the handsome, willowy woman before him. "Sure." He looked at his watch; it was three o'clock. "He should be down off the mountain in about half an hour."

He narrowed his eyes and squinted in the direction of the crowded sun deck.

"See that big black-and-rust dog in the corner near the snack bar?"

Betty looked where he was pointing, recognizing the dog as a rottweiler. "Yes."

"That's Boomer, Jack's dog. When Jack reaches the top of this slope, Boomer will leave the sun deck and come over and sit just about where we're standing now."

Betty thanked him, grateful for the information. She wasn't certain she could easily recognize Callahan; it had been twelve years. She returned to the sun deck and found a seat in view of the dog.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the rottweiler move. He stood alert, furrowing the brow of his broad, handsome head, his ears pricked up and forward. Betty went to the railing and looked up at the mountain. There were at least two hundred skiers on the broad, rolling slope. Boomer emitted a high-pitched whine and began pounding his front paws in the snow. Suddenly, he stood, tucked his hindquarters, and lunged forward, charging up the slope.

Boomer leaped high, and Jack caught the 130-pound animal in midair, cradling him in his arms as he skied to the bottom of the slope. Back on the ground, the dog began a series of exuberant leaps and twirls. Betty approached and stood quietly watching for a few moments. The tanned, ruggedly handsome face of the tall, broad-shouldered man had matured but had changed little since she had last seen him.

"Hello, Jack."

Callahan glanced up, then slowly stood and raised his sunglasses, perching them on top of his head. He stared blankly for a long moment; then his eyes brightened with a smile. "Betty. How are you?" He stepped forward and embraced her, then held her at arm's length.

His thoughts were filled with a rush of memories, of the time he had spent with her and Frank. In 1968 at Fort Bragg, before they went to Vietnam. It was his first tour and Frank's third. And he remembered vividly his visit to New Orleans when he returned from Vietnam, the lost and helpless look about her, and the tears as he told her the details of the mission they had been on and how Frank had saved his life and the lives of others on the mission. It had been difficult for him to face her. And even now, as it was all brought back to him, he still felt a twinge of guilt that he had not been able to help Frank.

"God, it's been . . . twelve years," Jack said.

Betty nodded. "The last I heard, you were in Rhodesia. When I called the Special Forces Association in Fayetteville, they told me you were here, teaching skiing."

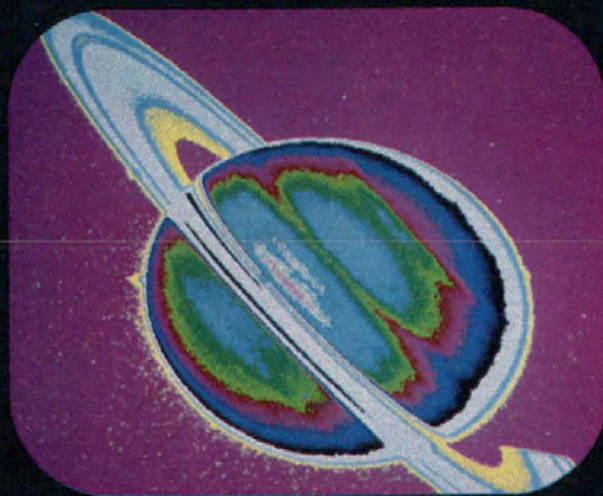
"Seven years now. How are the children?"

Betty smiled. "The children? Lisa is a freshman at L.S.U., and Karen is in her junior year at Tulane. And you, Jack? Still a bachelor?"



"Hey, wait a minute. If you're a Marxist,
I'm a capitalist, and we're both down here, whose side was God really on?"

"STUNNING!"
"MARVELOUS!"
"A LANDMARK!"
"FANTASTIC!"
"DAZZLING!"
"A BREAKTHROUGH!"
"BEST THING ON TELEVISION!"
"GOSH!"



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ENOUGH ABOUT IT. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

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CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION.

"Yeah. I think I'm beyond hope. Boomer's the only one who can stand to live with me. Did you just get in?"

"About an hour ago."

"I didn't know you were a skier."

"I used to be, but that's not why I'm here. Something very important has come up, and I need desperately to talk to you. I hope I haven't caught you at a bad time."

"No. Absolutely not. I'm finished for the day. Come on, we'll have a drink."

Betty waited until their drinks were served and the waitress had left, then reached over and squeezed Jack's hand.

"Frank is alive."

Callahan's first reaction was one of complete surprise. But then, remembering that they had been through this before, he looked at her with an expression of sadness and patience.

"Betty, it's been twelve—"

"No, Jack. He really is alive!" She took an envelope from her purse and handed it to him.

He removed the heavily creased and stained pages from the envelope and began reading, his face expressionless until he saw the map that was enclosed with the letter. He reread the letter and studied the small, crudely drawn map. One landmark in particular held his attention.

"Jesus, Betty! I know this area. It's no more than ten or eleven miles from our old camp. We ran patrols and ambushes all through here." He held Betty's gaze for a long moment, stunned by what he had just read. "How long have you had this? Where did you get it?"

"Last week. A Canadian journalist came to see me in New Orleans. He had been in Vietnam with a group of journalists to whom the Vietnamese were giving a tour of war-ravaged areas, building their case for war reparations claims. One night in Hué, on the way back to his hotel, he was approached by a man, who put this envelope in his hand, asked him to deliver it, and disappeared down an alley. That was seven months ago. The journalist just got back last week and brought it to me. Unopened. He refused any payment for what he had done and only asked that if there was a story in it for him, I give him an exclusive." Betty squeezed his hand again and shook it. "Frank was alive and well seven months ago, Jack!"

"Have you told the army?"

Betty nodded and lowered her eyes.

"What action are they taking?"

"None. The official position is that there are no more American POWs being held in Vietnam."

"Who did you talk to?"

"Everyone who would listen. Including a three-star general at the Pentagon. He suggested the letter was merely a cruel hoax. He refused to give it any credibility."

A sobering thought crossed Jack's mind. "Are you certain it's from Frank?"

"Absolutely certain." She pointed to a sentence near the bottom of the second page.

Jack read it. "Say hello to Tiny?"

Who's Tiny?"

Betty blushed and smiled. "It's Frank's way of authenticating the letter. I have one breast that is smaller than the other. He used to tease me about it—affectionately. He named it 'Tiny.'"

"What did the general say when you told him that?"

"He said Frank could have told any number of people about it. Jack, I know Frank. I know him better than anyone does. He put that in the letter to assure me that he had written it. Believe me!"

"He lists seven other POWs who are in that camp with him. Have you contacted any of their families?"

"The Defense Department wouldn't give me any information on them. They said they didn't want me raising false hopes in people who had suffered enough. Frank only gives their names. I don't have any idea where they are from. I contacted the civilian POW-MIA organizations, but the names weren't on any of their lists. They may be listed as 'killed in action.' I haven't had time to check further."

"What's Frank's official status with the Defense Department now?"

"He was carried as MIA until 1978, then declared 'presumed dead.' They awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor—posthumously."

"I didn't know that. He deserved it." Jack leaned back in his chair and tossed down what remained of his bourbon. Politics, he thought. The rotten sons of bitches were still playing politics with men's lives. He understood the mechanics of the situation. There were enough firsthand sightings from refugees and others to verify the fact of Americans still being held by the Vietnamese. But the price was too high. No one wanted to back up Nixon's war-reparations guarantee.

He stared thoughtfully at Betty and slowly shook his head. "What's your next step?"

"That's what brought me here. My father is a wealthy man, Jack. I'm his only child, and he loves me dearly. He has suffered through this with me, and he wants Frank home. He believes there is only one thing we can do: hire professional soldiers, mercenaries, to go in and get Frank."

She studied Jack's face for his reaction. There was none. "He's prepared to provide the funds necessary to organize and equip a rescue team, and to pay each man fifty thousand dollars."

Jack nodded and sat quietly.

"I came here for your help and advice. I thought you might be able to put us in touch with the right people."

"There are a lot of people who will take your money but not many who can do the job."

"Can you give me a name? Someone you would recommend?"

Jack signaled the waitress for two more drinks. "The problem is, there are too many reckless and incompetent clowns

OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER STATION LISTINGS

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KLKK/IND	Albuquerque/ Farmington
WBAL/CBS	Baltimore
WBMG/CBS	Birmingham
WCVB/ABC	Boston
WLS/ABC	Chicago
WCPO/CBS	Cincinnati
WKYC/NBC	Cleveland
KRDO/ABC	Colorado Springs
KOMU/NBC	Columbia/ Jefferson City
WFAA/ABC	Dallas/Fort Worth
WXYZ/ABC	Detroit
KVIQ/ABC	Eureka
WFFT/IND	Fort Wayne
KJCT/ABC	Grand Junction
WOTV/NBC	Grand Rapids
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KADN/IND	Lafayette
KVVU/IND	Las Vegas
KABC/ABC	Los Angeles
WLVI/ABC	Louisville
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WAVY/NBC	Norfolk/Portsmouth
KETV/ABC	Omaha
KMIR/ABC	Palm Springs
WEEK/NBC	Peoria
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KCOY/CBS	Santa Barbara/ Santa Maria
KING/NBC	Seattle
WIXT/ABC	Syracuse/ Elmira
WTOG/IND	Tampa
WWTN/CBS	Traverse City/Cadillac
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KGCT/IND	Tulsa
WRC/NBC	Washington, D.C.
KTVH/CBS	Wichita/Hutchinson
WKBN/CBS	Youngstown

with one year of combat in 'Nam trying to pass themselves off as professionals. The top-notch mercenaries are seldom looking for work. They go from one war to another; they're usually in demand."

Betty sat twisting her wedding ring, her hopes slowly diminishing. She fought back the tears that began to well in her eyes. "Jack," she said softly, just above a whisper, "if you would look into it for me, I'd really appreciate it. I just don't know where to go from here."

He reached out to Betty and lightly brushed a single tear from her cheek. "You leave this to me. I'll see what I can do."

She asked, hesitantly, "Do you think it's possible . . . to get Frank out?"

"Yes. With the right men, proper planning, and a little luck." He picked up the papers from the table. "I'll need these. I'll take some notes from the letter and return it. I'll need to keep the map." He glanced at his watch. "It's almost six o'clock. Why don't I drop you off at the lodge, and I'll go home and shower and change. We'll have dinner tonight. Talk over old times."

Boomer lay stretched across the king-size bed in Callahan's bedrom, his head and front paws hanging over the edge, watching with interest as Jack rummaged through the large storage closet on the far wall. Callahan removed a heavy, padded-leather training sleeve, a quick release leash, and a thick leather collar from the top of the footlocker at the rear of the closet. He pulled the footlocker out into the room and sat on the floor in front of it. He paused momentarily, recalling the combination of the lock, then opened the scarred and battered trunk. A memory-jolting musty odor greeted him as he raised the lid.

He pushed aside a layer of T-shirts and underwear and found what he was looking for at the bottom of the trunk: his old patrol maps. Taking them to the coffee table in the living room, he removed them from the plastic folders and spread them across the table. He got Frank's map from his coat pocket and placed it beside them. Putting another log on the fire, he sat down to study them. Boomer hopped onto the sofa and curled into a ball at his side.

He carefully checked the sketchy landmarks and terrain features on Frank's map against those on his patrol map. The river and the village were exactly where Frank had indicated. He searched his memory for the location of an area that was the hinge to what had been dominating his thoughts all through dinner.

Yes. It was here. In this immediate area. He was certain of it—as certain as he could be after fourteen years, he reminded himself. If he could verify that what he remembered was where he remembered it to be, get some recent intelligence, the rudimentary plan that was beginning to crystallize in his mind would not only be conceivable, it would be a textbook infiltration, a classic Special Forces mission;

what they had been trained for; what they did best—hit and run, hard and fast.

He turned to the cluster of framed citations and medals and photographs on the wall beside the fireplace. A group of men he had fought beside in the Selous Scouts smiled out at him—all dead now. His old A-Team stood in front of the team house. Eleven of the best men he had ever served with. Six of them killed in action. And there was Frank: burly, steady, resourceful Frank. Special Forces Officer School had taught Jack quite a lot, but it had only scratched the surface compared to what he had learned from Frank Detimore. Frank had had all the right instincts and a wealth of knowledge on guerrilla warfare plus years of combat experience.

Callahan studied the faces of the other living members of the team. Joe Galimore: a first-rate communications man and one tough trooper in combat. Rick Donatelli: an expert in light weapons and a master of hand-to-hand combat. Phil Houser: a

My father is a wealthy man. . . . He has suffered through this with me, and he wants Frank home. He believes there is only one thing we can do: hire professional soldiers to go in and get Frank.

medic's medic, brilliant, dedicated, and an expert knife fighter. And Stan Badowski—good old Smashy: the finest demolitions man he had ever seen or heard of. All senior sergeants in Vietnam. All hardened combat veterans—the best. They all had the training and experience necessary for what he had in mind. They could do it. Five highly trained men with the proper weapons and planning, with the element of surprise and quick, violent action, could decimate a company and disappear before they knew what hit them. Hell, they had done it before.

It had been twelve years since he had seen any of the men, but he was sure he could trace them through the Special Forces Association. He had no idea what paths they had chosen when they left the Forces, but he knew these men; he knew their sense of honor and loyalty. If it hadn't been for Frank, none of them would be alive—that would be their motivation. The fifty thousand dollars would make it possible for them to take a leave of absence from whatever they were doing.

He would need a week to make the necessary contacts. Three weeks of conditioning in Aspen. Two or three months

would be better, but seven months had already passed since Frank wrote the letter. They could do it in a month.

His experiences in Vietnam had cast a shadow over the rest of his life. They had taught him a great deal about himself, his strengths and his weaknesses. Probably more than he needed to know, more than most men ever knew about themselves. He had done his job well, and so had the men he had fought with, but their contribution was never acknowledged by those in power. It had been a mistake, they finally said, and they rushed to get out; they ran for their political lives. Cheerleaders in the beginning, they hadn't the stomach or resolve to finish the fight. Point a finger. Fix the blame. Cut and run. And it ended in disgrace and dishonor. And now they didn't want to discuss it, and they didn't want to pick up the pieces, and they didn't give a damn about the Frank Detimores.

Jack filled his glass again. He was beginning to feel the effects of the warm, soothing liquid. How many had he had? Four? He usually limited himself to one a day, before turning in. And how many at dinner? Two . . . three? We can do it. We can pull it off; still have our stuff. Damn right.

Jack drove uptown to the Garden District, the exclusive residential area where Betty Detimore lived with her parents, and found the Crawford residence with little difficulty. Betty Detimore greeted him at the door before he had time to ring. An anxious look disturbed her quiet beauty.

Jack smiled and nodded. "It looks like it's on."

Betty embraced him and held him tightly. "Daddy has been waiting all day to meet you. He's in the library."

"Little Bit," Harley Crawford called out. "Who was at the door?"

"Daddy, this is Jack Callahan," she said as they entered the library.

Harley crossed the room and vigorously shook Jack's hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, son. Little Bit, go get Mommy. I want her to meet this young man."

Amanda Crawford entered the room and stood next to her husband.

"Mommy, this is Jack Callahan. Frank's commanding officer, and friend."

"How nice to meet you, Mr. Callahan. Betty has told us quite a lot about you."

Callahan smiled and gently shook Mrs. Crawford's hand.

"We'll join you later for drinks," Harley said. "Right now we have some business to discuss. So you two just scoot on out of here." Placing his arms around Betty and his wife, he escorted them to the hallway, closing the large, raised-panel doors.

"What's your pleasure, Jack?" he asked, going to the built-in bar in a corner near the doors that opened onto the terrace.

"Bourbon, sir."

Harley's rough-hewn face showed grave concern as he handed Jack his drink. "Tell me, what are the chances of



"It's not your karma, it's your cunt I'm interested in."

getting Frank out . . . the bottom line?"

"Good. It's our kind of mission, Mr. Crawford."

"Harley. Call me Harley."

"Harley. The surviving members of the team have all agreed to go, and we have in-depth experience in this kind of operation."

Harley shook his head in disgust. "A man who won the Congressional Medal of Honor, and they won't lift a finger to help him. Just write him off."

"It's not the military. If they had their way, they'd go in after them tomorrow. It's the politicians."

"Let's hope it's not too late," Harley said. "Tell me about the mission. How many men are you taking in?"

"There will be five of us," Jack said, handing him the list he had compiled of the men's names and addresses.

Harley showed no reaction to the two hundred thousand dollars required for the mission's logistics. He went to his desk and brought Jack a checkbook.

"This account is set up for you to draw on for expenses during the training period: five hundred dollars a week for each man, transportation to and from your destination, whatever you need. Tomorrow I'll have fifty thousand dollars deposited in separate accounts for each man. You can hire more men if you like."

"No. I prefer to go in lean, with men I have confidence in."

"It's your show."

"I'll call you when we're ready to leave. It should be about three weeks."

Jack accepted the offer of another drink and, at the urging of Harley, related the details of his plan for the mission.

"Damn, if I were twenty years younger, Jack, I'd be right in there with you." Harley looked at his watch and emptied his glass. "Time to join the ladies for dinner." He placed his hand on Callahan's shoulder as they walked down the hallway to the dining room.

"Bring him back to us, Jack."

"I'll do my best."

"I know you will, son."

That night, after Callahan had left, Betty Detimore sat alone in her bedroom. She brought out the photograph albums filled with snapshots of her and Frank and the children. She thought about the first years of their marriage at Fort Bragg. The difficulty she had had in adjusting to the lifestyle. How she had almost destroyed their marriage by urging him to leave the army and accept her father's offer, before realizing how much Special Forces meant to him and how proud he was to be a part of them.

A happy face, beaming with pride, smiled at her from a photograph of Frank, his chin covered with a black stubble, clad in filthy fatigues as he held his newborn daughter, having rushed to the hospital

from field maneuvers.

Tears came to her eyes when she came to the large portrait-photograph that Frank had given her for her last birthday before he was captured. He was wearing his dress uniform and his beret; the children sat on his knees. The tears streamed down her face as she read the inscription: *What more could a man ask for—you and two beautiful daughters. I love you, honey.*

Betty closed the album and dried her tears. She thought about calling Lisa and Karen but held to her resolution, despite her father's opposition, of waiting until the mission was under way before telling them that their father might be coming home. Betty had decided that the pain and anguish of knowing where he was, and his circumstances, would hurt her daughters too deeply if nothing was being done to bring him home.

She glanced in the full-length mirror as she changed into her nightgown, appalled at how thin she was, having lost ten pounds she could ill afford to spare. She had been tense and nervous and afraid: afraid that the mission would fail; afraid that if successful, the man who returned to her would not be the man she loved. Nonsense! she told herself. Not Frank. He was strong. They could never destroy him.

She turned the framed photograph of him on the nightstand toward her as she got into bed and stared at it until she fell asleep.

"ONLY GOD, THE MOTHERS, THE WIVES WHO REMAINED TRUE, AND THE SPECIAL FORCES WANT THE PRISONERS BACK."



Gritz with some of his Cambodian mercenaries in Vietnam, 1968 and (right) demonstrating karate technique to students in Playa Del Rey, California.

Last May several U.S.-backed commando teams launched a foray into southern Laos, where, intelligence reports had indicated, there were still American servicemen being held against their will. The commandos—Asian mercenaries trained, armed, and paid by the CIA—"found absolutely no credible evidence of the existence of any MIAs [soldiers missing in action]," a Pentagon spokesman said.

Two months earlier, in March, former Green Beret Lt. Col. James ("Bo") Gritz, a much-decorated Vietnam War hero and an American original, was leading a team of twenty-five other ex-Special Forces soldiers in combat maneuvers in the steamy, mosquito-infested woods of central Florida. Gritz was preparing to lead his own mission to rescue American MIAs in the same area of Laos.

Today, his mission scrapped because of official pressure and

a lack of money, the forty-two-year-old Gritz paces about his modest ranch-style tract home in Los Angeles, honing his muscular frame with a weight-lifting and running regimen but uncertain what he is in training for.

Gritz was well suited for the mission he had hoped to lead. A native of Oklahoma, he is the son of a B-17 pilot killed in World War II, and he now has two sons of his own, who are in the Special Forces. He is a twenty-two-year army veteran, with eighteen of those years spent in the Green Berets, America's fighting elite. Gritz spent four years in Vietnam during the mid-sixties, during which period he undertook more than 100 missions behind enemy lines.

Gritz served as commander of the Special Forces detachment in Panama before assuming a post as chief of congressional relations for the Pentagon's Defense Security Assistance Agency.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



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

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1981.

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From six menswear designers,
here's exemplary advice on how to put Spring in your step.



TO EACH HIS OWN

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING / PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

At long last—spring. Time to plunge into closets and dig out that wonderful light clothing retired all through the cold, dark winter. With a little stash of cash, this is also the chance to invest in some new clothes and a new look. To provide a few clues on this year's spring fashion, *Penthouse* asked six top designers to wear one favorite outfit from their own collections. Have a look at the following pages and take their cue. Be daring. You'll find bold plaids and colorful stripes woven into the most luxurious fabrics like silk as well as richly textured blends of linen, cotton, and wool. The more adventurous designers have created these new sporty fabrics in suits as well as jackets. Classic is nice, but change adds spice. After all, aren't we all a bit tired of that same dull conservative pinstripe? Start small, if you like, with a subtle rainbow stripe in traditional fabric. Try a colorful silk tie or a creamy mustard blazer. Think about bright tropical pastels. Or a scarlet handkerchief. Or a plaid blue shirt. Whatever you do, don't let the warm breezes of spring leave you home in the cold. Now's the chance to get out and inject some fun and flair in your wardrobe.

NINO CERRUTI Only Cerruti, an impassioned collector of surrealist art, would dare to serenade penguins—and only Cerruti weaves elegant design dreams into functional reality with such a sharp, distinctive eye. A native Italian transplanted to Paris, Cerruti employs his talents for industrial design to create bold, clean looks that never compromise practicality. "For a man to be elegant, he must dress simply. There is nothing less elegant than to be too elegant. The right look is a well-proportioned relaxed jacket," says Cerruti, whose family has produced stunning fabrics for three generations. Here, romancing his tuxedoed pals, Nino is dressed simply in a soft blue polyester and wool "linen look" muted-plaid three-piece suit. It's available at Macy's, San Francisco; Baskin's, Chicago; and Bloomingdale's, New York.

ALAN FLUSSER "When you invest in a custom-made garment, you can't afford to have it become obsolete overnight." Flusser, whose entire wardrobe of shirts, suits, and shoes comes custom-made from Europe, brings that same scrupulous care to the designs he creates for others (plus quality fabrics in traditional but distinctive cuts). Author of the hot fashion best-seller, *Making the Man—The Insider's Guide to Buying and Wearing Men's Clothes*, Flusser's exclusive collection is featured in virtually all top specialty and department stores. Here, observed by his tireless tailor, Alan wears a check-plaid Scotch silk blazer and wool yellow-flannel trousers with a cotton gingham shirt, cotton socks, and white tasseled loafers. At Nieman Marcus, all stores; Macy's, New York; Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills.





Oron and Arelsky's Restaurant, New York City



GIL TRUEDSSON Winner of a coveted 1979 special Coty award, this Swedish-American helped create Ralph Lauren's Polo Collection and brings an international flavor to the clothes he designs: stress on clean, sharp line, elegant silhouette, combined with an American flair for color. His advice for spring 1982 is typically precise: "Try an earth-tone elegance with a casual look, a suit jacket or a sport coat in a fitted slim silhouette with padded shoulders." Viewed through a glass brightly, Gil Wears a mustard-colored wool double-breasted blazer and lightweight pleated olive trousers, set off by a multi-striped cotton shirt and silk moiré tie. Ensemble available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Rubenstein's, New Orleans; and Sakowitz, Dallas.

JHANE BARNES Jhane (that's her in the photograph) has zipped into the high reaches of the fashion industry with snappy menswear collections of sculpted simplicity, all hand-tailored in exquisite fabrics that Jhane herself designs. Following the body's own contours, Jhane molds her fabrics and knits into the most modern, minimal shapes. Her designs are as futuristic as her dreams: "I'd like to wake up in fifty years and live in a space colony; we move too slowly on earth." The young man leaping into the atmosphere is wearing a rainbow-colored silk, cotton, and wool jacket with banana double-pleated pants, accessorized by a blue cotton shirt and a luscious coconut-cream cotton sweater. Fabric and design by Jhane Barnes. At Charivari, New York; I. Magnin, all stores; Men's Loft, Philadelphia.



ALEXANDER JULIAN Small wonder that in 1980 Julian added the rarely bestowed Coty Hall of Fame Award to a host of other prizes. A regular name on the International Best Dressed List, Julian opened his own top specialty shop at age twenty-one and soon after founded his award-winning menswear company. With his stress on sophisticated detail and coloration, Julian artfully blends dazzle with discretion. "People who have a sense of their own individuality want their clothes to reflect that sense within the bounds of taste and propriety; they want to dress with some distinction." Here Alexander wears a pure green plaid silk sport jacket and checked plaid trousers, with a cotton windowpane shirt, bright silk tie, and linen madras handkerchief. At Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; Perkins-Shearer, Denver; Bixby and Kruthers, Chicago.

HENRY GRETHEL "Men today require spirited, well-made clothing for the office, dressy evenings, or weekends. They want comfort, quality, and value." So says the creator of one of America's hottest leisure-wear collections: Equipment by Henry Grethel. President of the Manhattan Shirt Company, this busy designer launched another first last fall: the Henry Grethel Collection for M.E.R. Industries. Grethel finds spring the perfect season to dress in a casual but crisp spirit. "And above all," he advises, "be relaxed." Here, stepping out for a night of Broadway drama, Henry wears a dark brown poplin jacket with beige poplin trousers, accessorized by plaid shirt and yellow crew-neck cableknit sweater. Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Nieman Marcus, Dallas; and Marshall Field, Chicago.

DRESSER

"GREAT FUN. DON'T MISS IT!"

—The Smith, Daily News & Syndicated

The Dresser, at New York's Brooks Atkinson Theater, stars Tom Courtenay and Paul Rogers.



BO GRITZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

which oversees and administers U.S. military-assistance programs abroad. It was while working at this job, in February of 1979, that Gritz was approached by a Pentagon superior and asked if he would consider retiring early to undertake a sensitive assignment as a private citizen: to determine if there were still any Americans being held in Indochina against their will and, if there were, to mount a private attempt to rescue them.

Gritz spent the next thirty months preparing for a POW rescue by weaving a subtle link between the Pentagon, private industry, and the shadowy world of Southeast Asian covert operatives. He says that his rescue plan, partly funded by Dallas multimillionaire H. Ross Perot, was a private one but took on semiofficial status because he was given access to top-secret intelligence data generated by U.S. agents, satellites, and reconnaissance planes. This information was made available to him by several high Pentagon officials disillusioned with what they viewed as the Carter administration's inattention to the POW-MIA issue.

While in Florida last March, Gritz says, he was asked to "stand down" in deference to a scheduled April attempt by the Reagan administration to rescue U.S. prisoners in Laos using American troops. Gritz says he was assured by his Pentagon sponsors as late as the last week in April that the official rescue attempt was going forward, but it never did.

Though he cannot explain why the government rescue was never launched—and the Pentagon will not comment—Gritz says his own network of Laos intelligence agents later informed him that the CIA-backed mercenaries never reached their intended destination. He charges that the Pentagon leaked a story to the *Washington Post* saying that a reconnaissance foray had turned up no evidence of any Americans in order to justify the government's own failure to act.

Perhaps more important, last June 25, Lt. Gen. Eugene F. Tighe, Jr., then director of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), told a congressional subcommittee that he believed the weight of U.S. intelligence today proved that there were still American POW-MIA's being held against their will in Indochina. Tighe said there were 2,497 Americans still unaccounted for in Southeast Asia. He said that since the fall of Saigon in 1975, the DIA had collected from refugees 327 reports of firsthand sightings of U.S. prisoners. Of these, he said, 208 were the subject of current investigation and confirmation efforts, while the rest were Americans who have already returned or are known to be dead.

Tighe's statement that he believed there were still American prisoners being held marked the first time since 1973—when the country was told that "the last POWs" had been repatriated from Vietnam—that any official in any administration has deviated from the position that there is "no substantial evidence" that any American servicemen are still being held against their will.

Boston Globe reporter Ben Bradlee, Jr., conducted this exclusive interview for *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: What makes you convinced that there are still MIAs alive in Indochina?

Gritz: I have a lot of reasons. One, it's like bears shitting in the woods. We don't see them, but they leave tracks. There have been hundreds of live sightings since the fall of Saigon. I have polygraphed Asians who have seen Americans. I've seen classified Defense Intelligence Agency reports of other polygraphed interviews. I've seen sketches and maps pinpointing locations of POW camps that are very conclusive. More than 700 servicemen went down in Laos, and not one of them has been heard from since. Some of them have got to be alive.

Then there's the recent statement by General Tighe. Of all the people in the executive branch in a position to know something definitive about this issue, Tighe is the man. His statement that in his professional opinion there are still Americans alive over there is tantamount to putting it in bright lights on Broadway.

Penthouse: What reason would the Vietnamese have for continuing to hold MIAs?

Gritz: The MIAs are important to Hanoi economically. Vietnam has a history of holding back prisoners of war to be used as political bargaining chips. The U.S. has never followed through with the reparations agreement negotiated by Nixon. I think the Vietnamese could decide to call in that marker in exchange for some or all of the POWs. We're talking about a very significant amount of money for war reparations. Second, the Vietnamese could raise the POW issue on their own if they feel sufficiently threatened by the possibility of the U.S. sending arms to China. Third, Vietnam would still like to elicit a humiliating admission from us that we were guilty of war crimes.

Penthouse: To what extent does your own



Gritz with daughter Melody and son Micheil in Panama, 1977.

experience in Vietnam motivate you in the search for MIA's?

Gritz: Once when I was on patrol in Vietnam, I had a man who took his own life. He was wounded, and he took his own life to save the rest of us. It was standard operating procedure within our Special Forces group that the mission was more important than the man and that if any of us became wounded or disabled, he would stay behind so the rest of us could escape. Of course, we stood with him, but when we weren't looking, he put his M-16 up to his head and blew his brains out. The point is, the worst thing that can happen to a soldier in combat is to die alone in the hands of his enemy. The POWs and MIAs have kept the faith, and I feel a personal obliga-

tion that they should not die alone. And, most important, we have a humanitarian and moral obligation to recover the MIAs.

Penthouse: And presumably the other ex-Special Forces soldiers that you called to Florida last March feel the same way?

Gritz: Every one of them. When I called those guys and told them we had identified a target in Laos, each one of them dropped everything he was doing and came to the training camp the next day. Many of them had jobs and families—all good reasons for not wanting to become involved. But they felt a higher calling.

Penthouse: What is the higher calling?

Gritz: The lives of our comrades. Many of those who served in Vietnam still feel lost. We have hollow places in our hearts. You see, when Nixon said that we got out with honor, that was bullshit. Anyone who fought over there knows you either win or you lose. There is no withdrawal with honor. A warrior comes home on his shield or carrying it. We did neither. We basically bugged out of Vietnam, and we did it without resolving the case of our people. There are still 2,497 MIAs over there, so how the hell can we say we got out with honor? It's such a hollow statement. For anyone that gave his blood in Vietnam, there is a tie that keeps you there until there is a genuine closure. We'll have gotten out with honor when we can account for all of our MIAs and POWs.

Penthouse: Doesn't a private operation to rescue American prisoners in Indochina smack of vigilantism? Isn't this a job that should be left to the government?

Gritz: I'm not a vigilante, and I feel strongly that no one should act outside the law or go against the wishes of our government in dealing with this problem. But in 1979 I was approached by high-ranking officers from our own Pentagon who were totally

frustrated by our government's inability or unwillingness to deal with the situation. I was asked to head up what amounted to an official unofficial rescue attempt. It was off the record. I was put in touch with likely sponsors from private industry. I made two trips to Southeast Asia and confirmed in my own mind that we do still have prisoners over there. I was given full access to intelligence data generated by the DIA. Finally, in December of 1980, SR71 Blackbird reconnaissance flights came up with final confirmation that up to thirty Caucasians were being held at a camp in Laos. In February of last year, I assembled my team in Florida. It was a private operation with tacit official approval from Pentagon patriots who had given up on Carter.

Penthouse: After all that preparation, why did you scrap your mission?

Gritz: When push came to shove, we couldn't raise the \$500,000 needed to adequately finance the rescue. But the real and most important reason was that I was contacted; through an intermediary, and asked to stand down in favor of an official rescue attempt. I was told in early March that American troops were to be going after the same target in late April. I was told that the intelligence package had been completed and sent down to JSOC [the Joint Special Operations Center] at Fort Bragg for implementation.

Penthouse: Did anyone other than your Pentagon sponsors ever learn of the existence of your private operation?

Gritz: On March 30, the day Reagan was shot, I sent a memorandum to the president. I wrote the memo because I knew there was no way top officials of the government could be made aware of the private operation unless I told them about it. There was no way people who had fed me intelligence could inform their bosses about a totally unauthorized operation. I had doubts about an official rescue ever getting off the ground. So I urged that our operation, codenamed "Velvet Hammer," be allowed to parallel the official effort so that if it failed, we could step in. I argued for my plan because it could achieve a solution to the POW-MIA issue with tacit approval from the government and with the added incentive of providing deniability.

Penthouse: Do you know if Reagan ever saw the memo?

Gritz: I'm not sure, but I know that Secretary of State Haig, Secretary of Defense Weinberger, and Richard Allen, the national security adviser, all saw it. I heard that Allen was furious when he learned that someone in the private sector had been given access to official intelligence.

Penthouse: Can you elaborate on the concept of deniability?

Gritz: A rescue operation must free some U.S. POWs while allowing the Pathet Lao and Vietnamese to save face diplomatically. The Communists have so far refused to acknowledge holding any Americans. To bludgeon them over the head with a humiliating defeat would make the Asians more antagonistic, and our only recourse

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would be to use far more force, an improbable alternative. Furthermore, any forced release using military or paramilitary forces must be limited in scope to be politically viable. It cannot appear to be a full-fledged military invasion, which then presents opportunities for accusations of aggression from third parties—i.e., the Soviet Union. The liberation must not anger the captors so much that the remaining POWs are endangered. The use of federal troops to cross borders to extract Americans could legally constitute an act of war, leaving the enemy no opportunity to save face. If a military rescue failed, the United States would be open to worldwide ridicule, and it would reduce our international political advantages across the board.

A private-sector operation with tacit U.S. government approval can accomplish the objective. The U.S. government can honestly deny any direct involvement but use the initiative to begin an official dialogue with the Vietnamese for a final resolution. The enemy will save face because they can't point a finger directly at the government.

Penthouse: Have you ruled out ongoing political negotiations as a method for winning the release of the POW-MIAs?

Gritz: It's been eight years since the last POWs came home, and nothing has happened since then. Previous administrations had us assume that those who did not return were dead, but now we know that is not the case.

Just negotiating won't work now.

Something has to break the logjam. The equation leading to a solution must include presentation of liberated Americans, combined with irrefutable photographic evidence of the camp—denominators in a subtle plan designed to let the Communists save face. Otherwise, with overt force, the lives of the remaining POWs will be jeopardized. Evidence of the freed prisoners should be secretly presented to the Vietnamese and the Laotians, and that's when the intense negotiations could bear fruit. Inevitably, the United States may have to be prepared to make concessions in the form of token admission to alleged war crimes in Laos and Cambodia. Economic assistance or reparations would be a factor in the negotiations as well.

Penthouse: How can you be sure that many of the MIAs have not defected or may otherwise not want to be rescued?

Gritz: I can't be totally sure, but if the possibility exists that even one POW wants to be rescued, we have to go after him. I interviewed a Vietnamese recently—I can't disclose his name because he's currently an agent-operative inside the Communist government. He told me there are three groups of Americans still alive in Vietnam and Laos. One group is a potpourri made up of deserters and do-gooders. He said there was a second group of about 100 Americans who had intermarried and lived in a colony. The third group of Americans are the prisoners of war.

Penthouse: Of the missing 2,497, you would concede that the great majority of

those are probably dead, wouldn't you?

Gritz: That's true.

Penthouse: How many would you expect are alive and being held against their will?

Gritz: Between 100 and 200.

Penthouse: Are you convinced that the Reagan White House was actually planning a POW rescue last May using American troops?

Gritz: I can only say I was assured by high Pentagon officials that it was, and that planning for the operation had reached such an advanced stage it could not be turned around. That it did not come off does not surprise me, because the Joint Chiefs of Staff bureaucracy is extremely cumbersome and not conducive to carrying out a successful commando raid. Why are the Israelis successful? Because they have a much smaller bureaucracy than we do. Decisions are much more decentralized, and the commando leader is given full authority. Our military bureaucracy is like a bloated elephant, and its record of dismal failures in commando operations speaks for itself: the Bay of Pigs, Son Tai, the Mayaguez, and, most recently, Iran.

Penthouse: Despite our government's positive rhetoric of late, do you think it really wants the POWs home?

Gritz: For the record, of course they do. But they dumped them in May by deciding not to go through with the rescue, and when you think of it, bringing home the POWs would open up a can of worms. It would be an administrative enema for the Pentagon. First, 2,497 sets of records have got to be suddenly pulled together, because they wouldn't know whom a rescue operation would bring back. As soon as they are told that one prisoner has been freed, they've got to get all kinds of things ready. All the money. The families. They've been told the guys are dead. What if the wife is remarried? What kind of legal implications are there? What about the guy's pay and allowances that have been spent already? There are so many things. What do you do with him?

Penthouse: What about the public? Do you think the public still cares?

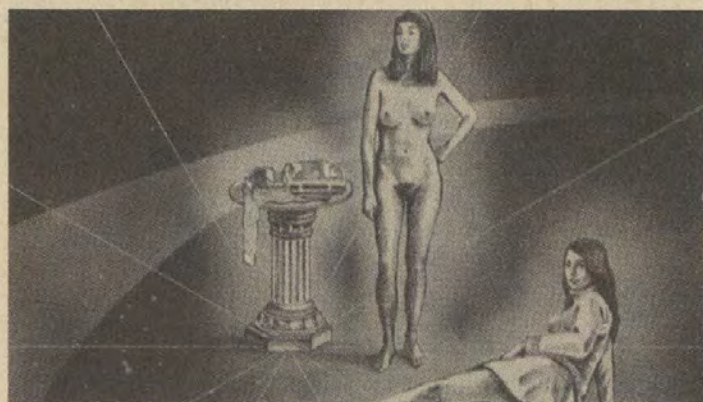
Gritz: I have a fear that the American public prefers to be entertained rather than saddled with an obligation. But the American people are the only ones that can apply the necessary pressure on the politicians to bring this thing to a fruition. I'm speaking out because I don't ever want to let it be said that people didn't know some of our men are still alive over there. I'm hoping that more and more people are starting to care. But I'm afraid that only God, the mothers, the wives who remained true, and the Special Forces want the prisoners back. It is very degrading to this nation that we have betrayed and turned our backs on our fighting men for as long as we have. It's time we brought them back, regardless of the problems it may cause for families, politicians, and bureaucrats. It is a matter of humanity and pay-back. We who survived owe it to those who stayed behind. 



"I can't come unless you pretend to be unconscious!"

An analysis of your subconscious
fantasies—what they say about you and
how they can affect your life.

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Edward, age twenty-five
I think I must have one of the longest-running sex dreams
of all time, because I've been having it since before I
knew what sex was.

The first form this dream took goes back to when I was about five years old and just starting school. I grew up in Buffalo, N.Y., and every morning I walked to school up a certain street. In this dream I'd be walking to school, and all of a sudden, I'd realize that I didn't have any shoes or socks on. Although it was morning, everything would get dark and deserted. I'd panic. It was a mixture of shame, for being without my shoes and socks, and fear, on account of this strange darkness. A lot of times the dream would turn into a nightmare.

This dream has stayed with me since then, but it's developed as I've gotten older, as my sex life has developed. Often the dream has been more or less the same; only that original scene has changed. Instead of walking to school, I'll be on a bus or at a party or at the job. But it's always the same feeling: shame and dread and panic.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PASTERNAK

In the last few years, though, the dream has gotten overtly sexual. In this latest version the same thing happens, except usually all my clothes disappear. I'm completely naked all of a sudden. After what seems like hours and hours of skulking around naked through alleyways and marketplaces, I finally find my clothes. That's what's new here: I find the missing clothes. But that's also where the trouble starts.

Whenever I find the clothes, I run into a girl or sometimes two girls. We start fooling around. But I'm wary, because I've just got these clothes back and I don't want to put them down somewhere where they'll disappear again. But I always give in.

I have great sex with these girls in my dreams. The last girl I met in this dream let me tie her up and fuck her up the ass. I had her suck me like that, while she was tied up.

One thing which I guess is important, which I should mention, is that I don't think I've ever come in one of my dreams. I might've, but I don't think so. I'm pretty sure that I've never even had a nocturnal emission in my life.

Anyway, I'm doing all sorts of things with this girl. She's beautiful. They're all beautiful in this dream—at first anyway. She's dressed exactly the way I want her dressed, in stockings and high heels. If I want something else—zap—she's wearing that. Nothing is denied. Nothing. It's like

• Just as I had gone to
caress my dream girl, she had turned
into a bundle of straw. •

she's Aphrodite. If I'm fucking her and I decide I want to be fucking someone else, a girl I used to sleep with, then she'll become her for a while.

The girl in the dream rarely says much. She has very little personality, for want of a better expression. She just goes along with whatever I want. But after I've had my way with her—and, again, I'm not coming, I'm not really satisfied in these dreams; it's more a feeling of, well, the time is up, the sex part is over—after I've had my way with her, she turns on me.

Sometimes she turns into a woman I hate to sleep with, this particular person named Ruth. I've always hated sleeping with this girl—I do it only when I'm drunk—and the dream girl often turns into her. Once it was worse. Just as I had finished with the dream girl and had gone to caress her, she had turned into a bundle of straw.

Most often, the way she seems to turn on me is through the disappearance of my clothes. I didn't want to put them down because I was afraid they'd disappear, and now they have—and I'm back where I started from.

This dream must have to do with something very deep inside me, or else I don't think I would have been having it since I was a child. I think the whole nakedness business has something to do with my not wanting to expose myself emotionally. It's true that I don't like to open up to people. Maybe I feel that if I opened up, I'd eventually be betrayed. But is the dream telling me that I'm right? That if I do shed my skin, I'll suffer for it? I'm also curious why I never dream that I'm coming—especially in light of the fact that I come left and right during the day, and that I daydream about it all the time. I really don't understand much about the dream at all, I guess, even though I've been having it for more than twenty years. Maybe I'm just a sick fuck.

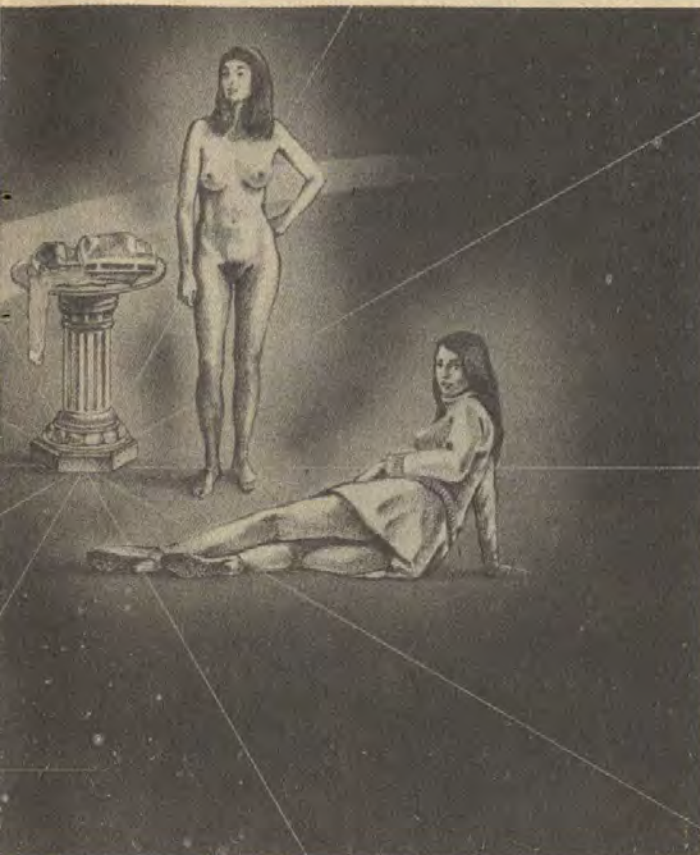


Dr. Ellis comments:

Your guess is as good as mine for this dream—and I quite agree with you that it probably means (among other things) that you don't want to expose yourself emotionally. Because if you do, if people see your naked self, they may not like it, not like you. And if that occurred, you know damned well that you would put yourself down—view yourself as a shit. So from childhood onward you have hidden not merely your bare skin and your sexuality, but anything you think you would be condemned for. Because you, self-downer that you are, would foolishly agree with other people's negative evaluation of you. That is your real problem!

In the dream you are afraid to lose your clothes. Actually, I would guess, you are afraid to lose your self, your essential value as a person. You see yourself as so empty, so vapid, that even the women in your dreams, though they do your complete bidding (suck your cock or let you ram it up their asses, as you will), don't really treat you as a person, an individual—only as a "prick"! In giving you "sex," they leave you "not coming, not really satisfied." And then they turn into someone you hate (Ruth)—or into a "bundle of straw." So much for their real interest in or love for you! In the end, they leave you stripped naked—and fully ashamed of your emotional nudity—again. So you end up where you started: still ashamed, still unaccepting of your youthness.

What can you do to stop this ceaseless repetition of alienation, accompanied by joyless sex, of fucking and sucking without real orgasm? Answer: stop rejecting yourself! If, no matter what others may think of you, and no matter how poorly you may at times (sexually and nonsexually) function, always (yes, always) you are determined to accept yourself, your humanity, your aliveness, you will surrender your long-held feelings of shame and have many dreams of



fulfillment instead of despair. Not only, then, won't you be "a sick fuck," but many real-life women will see your internal health, like what they see, and perhaps stand on line to have mutually rewarding sex with you. Try it and see!

Donna Sue, age thirty

This is a dream I've had quite often over the course of the last two or three years. In the dream I'm lying in my bed, not really asleep but in that half-awake, drifting-off state. From my bed I can see that someone's made his way into my living room. I see the shadowy figure approaching me, but for some reason I am not alarmed until he is at my bedside, lifting the covers from me and trying to get into bed with me. He is still more of a shadow than a man. I resist until I see that it's my ex-husband, Harry, who left me nearly four years ago and whom I haven't seen or spoken to in almost as long a time. He is naked, and I let him snuggle beside me beneath the covers.

We are friendly toward each other and begin to reminisce about the first, happy years of our marriage. As we speak, we aren't lying in my bed anymore. We're on a beach in South Carolina—Atlantic Beach, I guess—out on a long, old pier where Harry had carved our initials into the railing.

Then we're in a place that's like the apartment we had in Austin—like it but not exactly like it. We're making love. He has his cock inside me, and he feels lovely. He feels better than I remember him feeling: more sensitive, more responsive. He slides out of me. I barely notice it. I can't tell if he's come or not. He goes down on me. Again it's better than I remember it. It's better than anything I can remember. I have an orgasm, then another and another. I don't know how many. Never in our four years of marriage did I have an orgasm with Harry. I'm ecstatic. I want to marry him again

and drift forever, as if on a tranquil sea.

I see someone in the distance, coming toward us. It's Gus, the guy I had an affair with during the last year of our marriage. Harry knew about the affair, but he never saw Gus, and I don't know if Gus ever saw him. I get upset, wondering what will happen. I'm worried that Gus, not knowing who Harry is, will come over and talk and be intimate. That's what happens. Gus comes up to me and puts his arm around me and starts kissing me. Harry turns away in disgust, but he doesn't say anything or do anything, which is very unlike him. He's a very jealous person. He turns his back to us. Gus opens my blouse. He takes my pants off. I'm all wet, and he begins to fuck me there under the tree. I forget all about Harry, and then I see him standing there watching us. He's sort of jerking off. That's the impression I get, but I don't know why, because he doesn't seem to be really doing it.

Then Harry turns and walks away. I call for him to come back. I don't want him to be upset. Then he's gone completely, and Gus is fucking me harder and harder. It starts to feel really unpleasant, and I don't know what to do. All of a sudden I see that it's Harry fucking me. Gus has turned into Harry. When I realize this, he stops fucking me. We just get up and start walking. That's where the dream ends.

The strangest part, the part that makes me wonder the

● I have an orgasm,
then another and another. I want to
marry him and drift forever. ●

most, is where Harry's fucking me and I have those orgasms. Could it be that I'm actually coming in my sleep? They feel so real, just like when I masturbate. I guess there's no way to ever tell.

Dr. Ellis comments:

You ask if you really wanted your ex-husband, Harry, or your lover, Gus, at the time your marriage broke up. Probably both—or, as you show in your dream, a magical merger of both. For Harry, as he was or as you would like him to have been, was nonsexually friendly and companionable—but so sexually unsatisfying that things got rough between the two of you, and then he turned more and more silent, distant. Gus, on the other hand, was quite a good fuck and brought you the kind of orgasms that you wanted but, alas, never had with Harry. Harry's passivity—his being jealous of Gus but still jerking himself off (instead of jerking you off)—led you to ditch him as a husband.

Now you are alone—without a husband and apparently without a good lover (Gus), too. So you dream of having Harry and your old romance with him resurrected, but you endow Harry with Gus's prowess at fucking. Then, when you realize in the dream that Harry is Harry and not really capable of Gus's sexual power, the idealized merger ends; the dream is over.

What you'd better do in real life, obviously, is look for a Harry who is sweet and companionable but who also has some of the power and sexuality of a Gus. It's easy to dream of this kind of ideal man, but when are you going to get off your ass, go back to the sex-love scene again, and do something to find the Harry-Gus type of man you want? Orgasms in your dreams are great. But climaxing with a man for whom you really care is a hell of a lot better!

6. . . In the dream I keep
getting closer and closer to Cindy's wide-spread
vagina. I know that what I want
to do is screw her with the camera. 7

Are you actually orgasming in your sleep? Why not? If you don't, right now, have either a Harry or a Gus and if you are therefore pretty horny, coming in your sleep would be a great relief. Your dreams may nicely arrange that kind of harmless, and easily achieved, gratification. But you still could arrange for erotic satisfaction in your waking life. Wouldn't that, again, be much better?

Ted, age twenty-six

Since I'm a photographer, I frequently have dreams that involve cameras and equipment.

One of them that she liked a lot is amazing. I had this one about two months ago. It was one of those dreams where you feel everything is superreal, that it isn't a dream but reality. I was on an assignment for a magazine. The editor in the dream asks me to photograph several people on a busy downtown street, in a place that looks like the main street of my old hometown but which I understand to be downtown Philadelphia. Something has occurred to change the city. It is much simpler and homey so that people will feel more at ease and there will be less violence.

But everyone I approach with my camera refuses to cooperate and have their picture taken. I think that it must be the street I've chosen, so I begin to walk and suddenly find myself in a park of some kind. It is very green and beautiful, and the people seem more relaxed here. I decide that I'd better get a photograph soon, and the next person who comes toward me turns out to be Cindy, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor.

As I look through the lens, I see that Cindy is sticking her tongue out and that it is getting so long it can reach the camera.

"You're underage," I tell her. "You can't be interviewed."

Suddenly, she is lying down in the grass. She has her slacks pulled down and her legs apart so that I can see the lips of her vagina. In my lens this becomes a close-up . . . a fact that annoys me tremendously, especially when I notice that I have a fierce erection and I can't do anything about it.

I should point out that I have never harbored any erotic thoughts about Cindy whatsoever, although recently I was called upon to photograph a teenagers' beauty contest. I was not particularly turned on by the girls. But in the dream I keep getting closer and closer to Cindy's wide-spread vagina. I know that what I want to do is to screw her with the camera. This idea goes off like a flash in my mind. A truly original and brilliant thought, and I remember wondering why I had never thought of it before.

But when I am about to actually do it, stick my camera zoom lens into Cindy, who is lying there waiting for it, I realize that I can't. I try pushing slowly in, thinking perhaps it has never happened to her before. I am worried about doing it right. Then I realize that there's something in there, something that is preventing me from entering her, and I pull back.

"Don't you know what it is?" Cindy asks, and I get this stupid feeling it is a new kind of contraceptive that I don't know about. I feel really stupid and humiliated as Cindy

points between her legs and I finally see a tiny camera. I hear the distinct sound of the shutter mechanism, and I realize that Cindy has activated it with her vaginal muscles. I am so upset by this that I awaken immediately.

I can't get over what my mind can come up with at night.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Although you protest that you mainly enjoy all your dreams "as nighttime entertainment," there is a possibility that some aspects of them are hardly entertaining! If dreams sometimes reveal the dreamer's subconscious fears and if you are really considerably more anxious than you appear on the surface, your dream may reveal—or conceal—quite a number of apprehensions. It may indicate, for example, that you are afraid of: places, like downtown Philadelphia, that are quiet and violent; people who are uncooperative; your lust after attractive underage females; having your sex acts critically observed—and recorded—by others; not being brilliant and original; having the tables cleverly turned on you; being made to feel like a fool.

Quite a bundle of fears, if I interpret your dream rightly! I could, of course, be entirely wrong in my suspicions about your "entertaining" dream. But if you agree that I am at least partly right, what can you do to alleviate these anxieties? I would say recognize that you are too hard on yourself—that you are perfectionistically demanding (instead of realistically preferring), that you have the "right" feelings and behaviors. Also, recognize that you are refusing to allow yourself more leeway (as a fallible, imperfect human) to do some "wrong" sex acts and have some "bad" thoughts and that you are mercilessly (at least in your dreams) castigating yourself for having them. If you fuck up in your fucking, it's too bad, but it hardly makes you a total fool! If you accept your sexual (and other) shortcomings, your anxiety-filled dreams, such as this one appears to be, will significantly decrease. ☐

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse Magazine*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

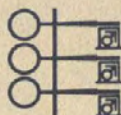
PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

TOUGHING IT OUT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to see how well you handle creeps



PSYCHOGRAPH

The world is full of nasty people. With a little luck and some fancy footwork you can avoid some of them, but you can't sidestep them all. Sooner or later you'll run up against the boss who always berates you in front of your coworkers; the teacher who calls you a blockhead before the whole class; the condescending cop who pulls you over just to watch you squirm; the bitchy mother-in-law; the lover whose favorite pastime is discussing your faults with anyone who'll listen.

This psychograph is designed to see how well you deal with congenitally unpleasant people. Do you handle them in a productive fashion, or do they suck you into playing the game their way?

Research psychologists have done vast amounts of work on what makes people nasty, obstructive, sour, nay-saying, aggressive, argumentative, sneaky, big-mouthed, boastful, vacillating, condescending, officious, abrasive, and generally obnoxious. A common thread that runs through many of these offensive behavioral patterns is that they are primarily defensive in nature. The quirky ways of obnoxious people are often misguided attempts to protect themselves from the vicissitudes of life.

While the researchers have delved deeply into the causes of such behavior, they haven't been a whole lot of help when it comes to suggesting ways that we nice guys can successfully deal with such people. The best advice on that score seems to come from the likes of management consultants, marriage and family counselors, and practicing shrinks. These are the people who, day in and day out, must provide their clients with successful strategies for dealing with the obstreperous boss, the impossible lover, the nagging parent. (Of particular interest on this score is Dr. Robert Bramson's recent book, *Coping with Difficult People*. Bramson, a management consultant with a doctorate in organizational behavior and the psychology of small groups, gives useful step-by-step advice on coping with the crazies in your life.) It is on this large body of practical, empirical knowledge that we've relied for the material in this psychograph.

PART I

Below are ten situations you might run into in the course of your life. Each is followed by alternative ways of dealing with the situation. Select the alternative you think you would choose in real life.

Remember: this is not a test of whether you *know* the correct strategies for dealing with difficult people. It's a test of whether you *use* the correct strategies

and tactics. Consequently you must be rigorously honest in answering these questions. Before you select an answer, review your own experience to see how you've reacted in similar situations. Your past behavior is your best guide on a test like this.

1. Your boss tries to intimidate everyone. He's a loudmouth who criticizes everything. You are in the middle of delivering a report at a meeting when he breaks in with his standard repertoire of bullying objections and verbal karate chops.

Your reaction:

- (a) I turn to jelly and sit down while he harangues me. If I finish the report at all, I do so in a meek, cowed manner.
- (b) I start shouting at him just as he's shouting at me. The only way you can handle such people is to give them back as much grief as they dish out. Otherwise they'll walk all over you.
- (c) I stand my ground patiently but don't show outward emotion. I say something like "I'll be happy to deal with your objections when I finish." The important thing is to prevent him from interrupting and taking control.

2. The woman you live with is like a time bomb. You never know when she's going to blow up. Everything will be fine, and suddenly she'll explode. It's impossible to predict what will set her off.

When she launches into one of these tirades, what do you do?

- (a) I just clam up and ignore her. You can't deal with somebody who's behaving in such a juvenile way.
- (b) I'll do anything to break the increasing fury of her anger. I'll shout something like "Hold it! Stop! We can talk, but not like this."
- (c) I snap right back at her, indignantly telling her to shut up. There's no reason why I should be her emotional punching bag.

3. You are shopping in an exclusive store. You ask a question, and the salesman replies in an extremely snotty, condescending manner.

Your response:

- (a) I slink away, angry at myself that I don't have the guts to speak up.
- (b) I insult him as loudly and nastily as I can, saying something like "Up yours, you mincing faggot!"
- (c) I respond in a conversational tone

of voice, telling him there's no need for him to behave like that. If I feel really incensed, I report him quietly to the manager.

- (d) I call loudly for the manager and make a big scene about how poorly I've been treated.

4. Harry, a guy who works with you, is always whining and complaining. He never misses a chance to take you aside and, in a conspiratorial tone of voice, criticize your superiors and coworkers.

Your reaction:

- (a) I listen patiently, then walk away. I don't agree or disagree with what he says. When I do talk with him, I always stick to facts, not opinions.
- (b) I agree with whatever he says, even if I don't really agree. Sometimes this makes me feel as sleazy as he is, but I'll do anything to shut him up.
- (c) I brush him off impatiently, saying something like "Oh, give it a rest, Harry. You're always griping."

5. Al is a bullshit artist. He always acts like he's a big expert; yet he usually doesn't know what he's talking about. You're in a meeting with him and several other people. As usual, he's making an ass of himself. You've got the correct data that will show that he's wrong.

Do you:

- (a) Go in for the kill, showing off your own knowledge and leaving him shot down in flames.
- (b) Give the correct data, but introduce them in a way (like "Al, perhaps you overlooked this . . .") that gives him a graceful way out.
- (c) Say nothing, but later send a memo with the correct data to the other people who were at the meeting.

6. The lady in your life is charming, but she doesn't say much. In fact, it's often hard to coax more than a one-syllable answer from her before she clams up again.

To help her open up, do you:

- (a) Talk more yourself to fill the void.
- (b) Keep quiet even if the silence seems to go on forever.

7. Jim is your business partner. Unfortunately, he is also an incorrigible pessimist. Every time you bring up a new idea, he shoots it down. "That will never work" is his invariable response to anything you propose.

What do you do?

- (a) I stop proposing new ideas. They'll only rock the boat and create more friction between us.
- (b) I go ahead and put my ideas into practice without consulting him.
- (c) I present my ideas to him, and if he doesn't have any legitimate, concrete objections, I go ahead with the plan despite his pessimism.
- (d) I marshal all my facts and argue for my viewpoint. If you have enough evidence, you can convince anyone.

8. The woman you live with has one fault that drives you crazy: she makes promises and doesn't keep them. She'll say that she will meet you at three o'clock and then never shows up. She'll promise to leave the weekend free so the two of you can go to the country; then, when Friday arrives, she announces she has to work Saturday. That sort of thing.

How do you handle her?

- (a) I get angry and say, "Look, I'm tired of this crap. If you don't change, there's going to be big trouble."
- (b) I don't say anything. I just smolder with resentment.
- (c) I try to keep her from making promises that she probably won't be able to keep. I say something like "Look, you don't have to commit yourself definitely. Let's stay flexible. I'm willing to compromise."

9. Your secretary is a chronic procrastinator. She never gets anything finished on time.

What do you do?

- (a) Avoid giving her deadlines, because you know they'll just make her even more nervous and less productive.
- (b) Give her reasonable deadlines and say something like "I'll check with you a few days before this is due to make sure everything's on schedule."
- (c) Give her a deadline and, when she doesn't meet it, blow up and threaten to fire her if she doesn't shape up.

10. Les is a needler. He smiles constantly but cuts people up under his breath. He'll slap you on the back like an old friend and then say, "Well, champ, it looks like you fucked up again."

How do you handle him?

- (a) I ask him to explain his remarks.

When he says something snide, I say something like "Would you mind telling me just what you mean by that?"

- (b) I ignore him.
- (c) I insult him right back. I smile and make a cutting remark about him.

PART II

The following statements reflect various attitudes toward people and life in general. After each, check the letter which expresses how strongly you agree or disagree with the statement. Select (a) if you agree strongly; (b) if you agree moderately; (c) if you don't feel strongly one way or the other; (d) if you disagree moderately; (e) if you disagree strongly.

1. Most people are basically incompetent.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
2. There are only two ways to do things: the right way and the wrong way.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
3. Anger is sometimes a useful emotion.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
4. You can't change people; so there's no use trying.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
5. People who behave badly don't have to act that way. They do it on purpose.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
6. The golden rule should really read: "Do unto others as they do unto you. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
7. I can't worry about other people's problems; I've got enough of my own.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
8. Talking about problems is a waste of time. Actions are all that count.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
9. Arguments should be avoided at all costs.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
10. Life is a win-lose proposition. If I win, you lose; if you win, I lose.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

SCORING

Part I

The "correct" answers (that is, the tactics more likely to be effective with troublesome people) are listed below. Give yourself five points for each one you chose.

1. c 3. c 5. b 7. c 9. b

2. b 4. a 6. b 8. c 10. a

Part II

All possible answers in this section have been assigned point values, which are listed below. Add up the point values of the answers you chose.

1. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
2. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
5. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4, e-3
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
7. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
8. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5, e-3
9. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5, e-3
10. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5

Combine the points you scored on both parts of the psychograph. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 10.

If you scored 71-100 points:

You are an expert at handling troublesome people. You don't let them walk all over you, nor do you let them aggravate you to the point where you lose control of yourself. You understand that these people are often insecure and can—with careful handling—sometimes be transformed from roadblocks into positive assets. You invariably choose the strategy that gets you what you want. But you also understand that most interpersonal relationships extend over time. Consequently, no matter how tedious a person is, you don't seek to destroy him. You choose tactics that leave the door open for interaction.

40-70 points:

Like most of us, you win some and you lose some. Frequently you choose the correct strategy for dealing with difficult people, but just as often, you find you've fallen into their traps and are playing the game by their rules. You let down your guard, and they get the better of you: either forcing you to knuckle under or to blow your stack in the most unproductive manner. But you are certainly on the right track. Remember: when you have to deal with an obnoxious person, the most fruitful strategy will usually be the one that allows both of you to retain your self-esteem.

10-39 points:

You usually blow it. When faced with a difficult person, you are likely either to cave in and let him walk all over you or to respond with such hostility that you lose all your effectiveness. Sometimes your own attitude provokes people into being even more difficult than they might ordinarily be. It's almost as if you expect people to be bastards. You're rarely willing to give anyone the benefit of the doubt. Your attitudes and behavior virtually ensure that you'll have trouble with many people. You're likely to bring out the worst in those you meet. In fact, there's a good chance you're a tedious person yourself. Sorry about that. 



"I pronounce you man and wife for the time being..."

HELLFIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

The world was still unaware of that marriage when Jerry Lee arrived in London on the night of May 22 to commence a thirty-seven-day concert tour of Great Britain. Judd Phillips at Sun Records had advised Jerry Lee against bringing Myra Gale to England with him, but Jerry Lee had spurned that advice.

When they stepped arm-in-arm from the plane at Heathrow Airport that night, Jerry Lee and Myra Gale were set upon immediately by reporters and photographers from every London daily except the *Times*. They asked who she was, this smiling little girl in tight black slacks and a black-and-white jumper.

"This," said Jerry Lee, "is my wife."

The reporters wanted to know how old she was.

"Fifteen," said Jerry Lee.

The reporters wanted to know how long they had been married.

"We were married two months ago, and we're very happy," said Jerry Lee.

The reporters asked Myra if she didn't think that fifteen was too young an age at which to be married.

"Oh, no, not at all," Myra said. "Age doesn't matter back home. You can marry at ten if you can find a husband." Then the flashing lights blinded her, and she clung to Jerry Lee. They escaped the newsmen and were driven in waiting limousines to the Westbury Hotel in Mayfair, where they checked into Room 127.

The next day, Jerry Lee was shown a copy of the London *Daily Herald*. There was a large photo, taken at the airport the night before, of Jerry Lee and Myra Gale embracing, and in bold black letters the words "ROCK STAR'S WIFE IS 15 And It's His Third Marriage!"

That same day, across the sea, Sam Phillips, the president of Sun Records, picked up a copy of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* and inhaled slowly through his nostrils. The headline was: JERRY LEE LEWIS WEDS. After receiving news of the marriage from London, a Memphis reporter had done some digging, and now, in the *Press-Scimitar*, it was revealed that the marriage took place "almost exactly five months before Lewis was divorced from his second wife," and that "Myra's birth certificate reveals that she was born on July 11, 1944."

Jerry Lee and Myra were driven on Saturday night, May 24, to the Regal Cinema in Edmonton, for the first show of the tour. Two thousand British teenagers sat in a murmurous anticipation so perfect that it seemed to be orchestrated. The lights dimmed, and there he was in a shocking-pink suit with sequined lapels and a black ribbon-tie; and he was beholding the audience while they beheld him from behind a blind of applause. He felt power, then loosened the grasp of his eyes and turned away toward where Myra stood in the

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wing. He raked the keys of the big piano and howled of the fire, and the audience, receiving the Devil's message variously, was no longer murmurous, but wild with sound, or silent, according to the bent of their souls.

Jerry Lee gave them little more than ten minutes—"he treats his audience with an attitude bordering on contempt," one British reporter wrote a few days later—and the teenagers, those who had been loud with excitement, those who had been silent, began to jeer and hiss as the curtain fell. Someone started to sing "God Save the Queen," and others joined in amid the jeering and hissing. Finally the curtain rose, and Jerry Lee gave them more, gave it to them hard and frenzied and unrelenting, as a man who lay lustful and betrayed upon a hated wife; and then he left the stage.

On the following morning, Sunday, May 25, the *Daily Sketch* said that Jerry Lee "throws together everything that is bad in rock 'n' roll. Drooling at the piano, Lewis moans, grunts, wails, and sneezes so close to the microphone that he might be eating it." The front-page editorial in the newspaper *People* was more hostile, calling for all teenage subjects of the crown to boycott Jerry Lee's concerts and thus "show that even rock and roll hasn't entirely robbed them of their sanity." The editorial also urged the home secretary to have Jerry Lee deported from the United Kingdom.

Jerry Lee and Myra were driven that Sunday to the Kilburn State Theatre; for the second show of the tour. On the following day, the *Herald* reported that only one thousand of the theater's four thousand seats were filled, adding that, "Those who stayed away missed nothing."

On Monday an editorial in the London *Evening Star* said that, "Lewis should not be allowed to parade his charms before British teen-agers. He should be deported at once. He is an undesirable alien." Later that night, Jerry Lee performed at the Granada Theatre in Tooting, where he was met by cries of "Cradle robber!"

He was scheduled to appear the following night at the Odeon Theatre in Birmingham. But that morning the British agent Leslie Grade, who had booked the tour, met behind closed doors with the president of the Rank Organization, which owned the theaters that Jerry Lee had been booked into for the rest of the tour. After the meeting, Grade announced that the tour had been canceled.

At 2:15 that Tuesday afternoon, Jerry Lee and Myra Gale left the Westbury Hotel through a side door. Limousines carried them to the airport, where photographers and reporters were waiting. Leading Myra Gale past them, Jerry Lee picked up a paper at the airport newsstand and glanced at the headline, which proclaimed that France's new premier had averted civil war.

"Who's this de Gaulle guy?" he said loudly as the newsmen caught up with

him. "He seems to have gone over bigger than us."

As the Pan American clipper headed toward Idlewild Airport, the United Kingdom celebrated the success of its exorcism. Under the headline BABY-SNATCHER QUILTS, the London *Daily Herald* reported in its Wednesday edition, "The Jerry Lee Lewis circus flew sadly out of London last night."

Upon landing at Idlewild on Wednesday morning, May 28, Jerry Lee found that what awaited him was almost as bad as what he had left behind. As the crowd of reporters rushed toward him, Myra ran into a private waiting room. Photographers flooded Jerry Lee's vision with their white flashing. A reporter from the *Daily News* asked Jerry Lee if he didn't think it was a bit odd for a man to marry a thirteen-year-old girl.

"You can write this down," Jerry Lee said, raising his voice. "She's a woman."

He and Myra Gale boarded a Capital

“
If I'm so dumb
and you're so smart,”
Elvis replied to Jerry Lee,
“how is it that I'm playin'
the main room and
you're playin' the lounge?”

Airlines plane, and they were back home in Memphis a few minutes after two in the afternoon.

Thinking that it might placate the press, Jerry Lee decided to remarry Myra in a ceremony of impeccable legality. On the weekend after returning to Memphis, he and Myra Gale drove south to Ferriday. They filled out a marriage license at the parish court house in Vidalia. Since Jerry Lee's last Louisiana marriage, more than six years before, something new had been added to the license form, and Jerry Lee filled this new thing out quickly and audaciously: "Relation of Bride to Groom: NONE"

The press would not relent. In its "Newsmakers" section, in an item captioned "Alpha and Omega," *Newsweek* reported the more lurid details of Jerry Lee's expulsion from England, juxtaposing the report with the news that Pat Boone had recently graduated from Columbia University magna cum laude. In the New York *Herald Tribune*, columnist Hy Gardner remarked that "the Jerry Lee Lewises are going to have an addition to the family. He bought her a new doll."

The summer passed, but trouble did

not. Elvis, whose kingship Jerry Lee had dreamed to usurp, sailed in khaki to Germany. Before departing, a reporter at the Brooklyn Army Terminal asked Elvis how he felt about what had befallen Jerry Lee.

"He's a great artist," Elvis said. "I'd rather not talk about his marriage, except that if he really loves her, I guess it's all right."

Not long after arriving in Germany, Elvis met and fell in love with a fourteen-year-old girl named Priscilla Beaulieu. He eventually brought her to live with him at Graceland, keeping her, carefully, quietly, waiting till 1967 to marry her without taint.

By the time that Elvis sailed for Germany, Myra Gale knew that she was pregnant. On the morning of February 27, 1959, she gave birth to a seven-pound boy-child. Jerry Lee decided to name this son Steve Allen Lewis, in honor of one of the few decent men he had met outside of Concordia Parish.

Soon Jerry Lee moved his family into a new home, in the Coro Lake section of Memphis. It was a ranch-style house with a swimming pool. Jerry Lee liked to sit by the pool and not smile and not think. It was only a matter of time, he knew, till he would once again be on top. He would sit there and know that, and he would clench and unclench his fist.

He rested one hand upon the cold porcelain urinal steadying himself. He was somewhere in Minneapolis, and it was Easter Sunday, 1962. All was not well. Since that ruinous summer of 1958, there had been no more big hits, no more big paychecks. But still he pumped onward, roaming the country in a dirty Cadillac, howling of the fire and of the shaking, seeking his own vague salvation.

He was no longer the contender to the throne of the kingdom of rock 'n' roll. Things were different now, strange and unreal. Elvis reigned in solitude now, no longer performing in public, withdrawing into a mystery commensurate with his sovereignty. Rock 'n' roll itself had changed. It was soft and weak. At times it seemed to Jerry Lee that only he himself was rocking on, burning true after all these years. But his fame had dwindled, and so had his purse. He had once played for thousands of dollars a night; now he played for hundreds. He continued to make records for Sun, but Sun itself was barely there anymore.

Yes, it seemed to Jerry Lee as he flushed the urinal and raised his head; yes, it had become strange and unreal, all of it.

Nine hundred miles away, in Memphis, as dusk settled on that Sunday of resurrection, Myra Gale sat at the kitchen table making a grocery list. Little Steve Allen Lewis, who had turned three in February, pulled at her skirt for attention. She reached out and rubbed his blond crew-cut. She finished the list and looked at the clock. It was 6:40; there was still time to get to the store. Then she noticed that Ste-

vie was gone. She searched the house, calling his name, and the farther she searched and did not find him, the faster and harder her heart beat beneath her breast. She ran to her neighbor, and in terror she asked him to search the pool.

In about five feet of water, near a little ladder at the edge of the pool, the neighbor met a horrible, gently drifting weight. He raised it and, trembling, laid it on the concrete patio. Myra Gale felt something that she had never know to exist, and she came apart in shock.

He had always been strict with Myra Gale. Since adolescence, she had been shaped like soft clay within his hands. Jerry Lee dictated what clothes Myra Gale wore, and he dictated these clothes according to the precepts of the Pentecostal church. He did not allow her to wear makeup or to cut her hair. He told her which records she might listen to, which television programs she might watch, which books she might read. (Once, he had caught her with a paperback copy of *Tobacco Road*, the 1932 best-seller in which an older man marries a twelve-year-old girl. He tore the book from her and censured her mightily.) Myra Gale, who knew little of the world, simply believed that all marriages were like her own, and she bent her knee in diffident fealty.

Still, he smelled a sinfulness in her. Women had thrown themselves on him for five years. Wherever he went, it seemed, cheap-perfumed things parted, lithe and yielding as the wind-blown Mississippi reeds of his boyhood; had parted first to receive whatever scrap of garish, stinking fame and glory they might, then later to receive the grotesque wraith of that fame and glory. Every time he disgorged himself in the mouth of whoredom, he cursed all women for what they had, to him, shown themselves to be. He turned on his wife, unable to see or to believe that she could be any different from the rest. He accused her of adultery, and he struck her.

Now a demon, or demons, inspired him to make accusations of a new sort. He began to imply that little Stevie's death was a heavenly punishment for Myra Gale's sins. In the past, Myra had obeyed her husband's command that she attend church regularly (though he attended only rarely), but his new accusation brought a chill to Myra Gale's teenage soul, and she ran to the Holy Spirit for comfort, praying no longer in mere obedience but rather in heartfelt need. A preacher at the Church of God on Highway 61 told her that the Holy Spirit could return the dead to life. For almost two years following this revelation, she besought the Holy Ghost to breathe miraculous life into her dead son, to wrench him from beneath the awful dirt and deliver him into her arms. She took to the pulpit and declared her love for the Almighty, as her husband all the while condemned her for her blasphemous hypocrisy. When she was twenty and the Holy Ghost had given her no sign, she unclasped her hands, cut her hair, and wept.

Jerry Lee's contract with Sun expired on September 6, 1963. Two weeks later, on September 20, he signed a modest deal with Smash, the new, Nashville-based subsidiary of Mercury Records. He recorded prolifically for Smash, but he could not recapture what had been wrested from him in that fateful May of 1958. Hardly anyone outside of Concordia Parish knew if he was dead or alive.

He had drunk and taken pills since he was a teenager, pumping piano in the Natchez honky-tonks, but he had allowed neither the liquor nor the pills to reign over him. Since the death of his son, however, he had grown more extreme, and whiskey and drugs were fast becoming as important a part of his life as God and music. The booze and the pills stirred the hell within him. At times he withdrew into his own shadow, brooding upon all manner of things: abominable, inutterable, and worse. At times he stalked and ranted in proud and foul omnipotence, commanding those about him as Belial his minions. He was the Killer, damned to be, for as long as there were good and evil to be torn between in agony. He would sit backstage in a thousand dank nightclubs, and he would know this, and he would swallow more pills and wash them down with three fingers more of whiskey, and he would know it even more. He would walk like a man to the stage, with his cigar in one hand and with his drink in the other, and he would then pound the piano and sing his sinful songs, night after night, year after year.

By the end of 1967, the record company had all but given up on Jerry Lee, and they planned to let his contract expire without renewal the following year. But on the cold, gray afternoon of January 9, 1968, in Nashville, Jerry Lee recorded a song called "Another Place, Another Time." It was a straight country lament about booze and broads and loneliness, but the way he sang it, it seemed to contain all the sadness in the world.

The record hit the country charts in the first week of March, and it rose till it was a Top Ten country hit.

It stayed on the country charts for more than four months, and it crossed over to the pop charts. For the first time in ten long years, Jerry Lee Lewis's voice was heard throughout the South and the land beyond. He narrowed his eyes and watched that returned whore, errant fame, raise her skirt, and he felt her belly warm to his, and he threw back his head and he roared as he had never roared before.

The hits kept coming. As 1969 began, Jerry Lee was the hottest country singer in the south, making more money than he ever had in his life.

And he had done something he had not intended to do. He had stirred Elvis from seclusion. Since 1965 there had been no Top Ten pop singles for Elvis, no Top Ten country singles. Fewer and fewer people were buying his albums or paying to see his movies. In the summer months of

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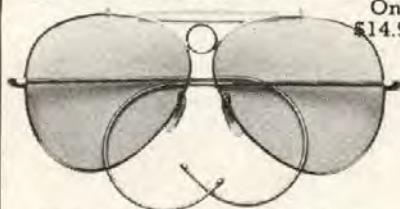
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1968, when Jerry Lee's voice had once again come to be heard throughout the South, Elvis had gone into the NBC studio in Burbank and taped a television special. Broadcast on December 3, the one-hour show, "Elvis," effectively revived both his career and his confidence. In July 1969 he performed in concert for the first time in almost eight years, at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, bringing an end to his retreat from the public and renewing in Jerry Lee's heart the desire to wrest the throne of that kingdom that now, in 1969, no longer was but behind the uncalm eyes of these two unusual thirty-four-year-old men who lived in opposite parts of Memphis, Tenn.

Fame continued to hold her skirts high for Jerry Lee throughout 1970. His concert price eventually rose to \$10,000 a night. He bought his own plane, a DC-3, and hired his own pilot to fly him from city to city, fortune to fortune, night to night. But it was not meant to last. The Devil's joke had just begun.

Not long after Jerry Lee's thirty-fifth birthday, Myra Gale and he decided that it would be financially wise to make her the legal owner of their home at 5042 East Shore Drive in Memphis. On October 21, 1970, they signed a document that rendered Myra Gale the landlord and Jerry Lee the tenant of their home. After signing the papers, Jerry Lee departed for a tour of Australia.

He did not know that Myra Gale had hired two detectives the previous spring to gather evidence of his sins.

On November 9, while Jerry Lee was in

Australia, Myra Gale filed a divorce suit against him. Her bill of complaint accused Jerry Lee of various infidelities. She stated that since 1964 she had "been subject to every type of physical and mental abuse imaginable," and that on several occasions Jerry Lee had threatened to "hire people to throw complainant in the river and to throw acid in her face." And, she said, he "drinks constantly." Shelby County deputies served Jerry Lee with the divorce papers as he stepped from a plane a few days later. He stared at what the papers said, and he shook his head and swore.

He was still suffering from his loss of Myra Gale when he learned on the day after Easter, 1971, that his dear mother had slipped into darkness and had been taken to Concordia Parish Hospital. She died there the following week, at the stroke of midnight, April 21, taking with her a piece of her son.

In the first dark hours of April 23, the day after Jerry Lee laid his mother beneath the dirt, a cruel windstorm swept through Memphis. Jerry Lee's Douglas DC-3 was moored at a private airport on Democrat Road. The Hecate wind took that DC-3 and hurled it across the ramp, smashing it against a parked Cessna. Jerry Lee went out and bought a bigger plane, a Convair 640 turbojet with twenty-six seats and a full bar.

Three weeks later, on May 12, the divorce became final. A judge awarded Myra Gale the house near Coro Lake, \$175,000 tax-free, and two Mark III Lincoln Continentals. On September 3, four

months after the divorce, Myra Gale married Peter Malito, one of the private detectives that she had hired to investigate Jerry Lee.

A month later, on October 1, Jerry Lee was sued by a woman who claimed that he had verbally and physically assaulted her during his recent performance at the El Captain South supper club in Memphis. She complained that he had insulted her over the public-address system, that he had thrown a hardbound book at her, twisted her arm, and tried to drag her across the electric organ he was playing.

On the following Thursday, October 7, Jerry Lee married a pregnant twenty-nine-year-old Memphis divorcee named Jaren Elizabeth Gunn Pate. They separated two weeks later, reconciled, separated again, reconciled.

In the spring of 1973, he bought a second plane, a Cessna 340, and a new home, a fifteen-room manor on a thirty-acre tract in De Soto County, Miss. But his wealth had begun again to dwindle. The country hits became smaller and smaller, and none of them crossed to the pop charts. The \$10,000 bookings became fewer and fewer. And the night began to wear the scent of sulphur.

It was August 26, 1973, and Jerry Lee and his band had just flown into Memphis from a show in New York. They had landed at about one o'clock in the morning, and Jerry Lee wanted to roar.

"We were real wired up and raving around the city," recalled Jerry Lee's drummer, Tarp Tarrant. "We had been in





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several joints, and the Killer had almost gotten into a fight in every place. We finally went down to Overton Square, to TGI Friday's. We had just sat down, and they were playing Jerry Lee Lewis records over the loudspeakers. At the table next to ours were two couples from Arkansas. The two men were giants and their old ladies were hogs. After a while, the men went to the restroom. At that time, one of the ladies said, 'I hate this Jerry Lee Lewis shit they're playin'.' The Killer just turned around and said, 'Fuck you, you old red-neck whore!' and turned back around.

"About two minutes later, a man tapped Jerry Lee on the shoulder and said, 'Are you Jerry Lee Lewis?' The Killer said, 'The one and only.' The man hit him and broke his nose. We were so stoned we didn't think it was broken. I told Jerry Lee to let me take him to the doctor, but he said, 'Hell, no, man. I'm rockin'! Besides, ain't nobody can hurt the Killer.'

"Nine hours passed, and we had gone to several after-hours joints. By this time Jerry Lee's nose was swollen up real big, and he let us take him to Baptist Hospital. He just laughed and said, 'One more battle scar won't matter none.' He was laid up in the hospital for a week."

Jerry Lee had given his son, Junior, the jeep for his nineteenth birthday. Now, eleven days later, November 13, Junior fitted a tow-bar to the rear of the jeep and drove from Memphis to De Soto County, Mississippi, to fetch another car, a Ford XL, from a repair shop. He was driving back along Holly Springs Road, near Hernando, at about eight-thirty that evening. He turned. The Ford that he was towing swerved round and hit the abutment of a bridge. It jackknifed and overturned the jeep. He was pronounced dead at 9:24 P.M.

Jerry Lee claimed the body of his son, and he had the hospital people put it in a rubber sack. He took the sack to his plane, and he laid it in the aisle, and he told his pilot to steer south, toward Ferriday.

On December 3, three weeks after Jerry Lee had laid his son beneath the ground, his wife, Jaren, filed a Circuit Court suit seeking separate maintenance and child support. She accused Jerry Lee of cruel and inhuman treatment and said that he and she had recently separated again.

A month later, on January 7, 1974, his bass player, Hawk Hawkins, and his steel-guitarist, Charlie Owens, quit and filed suit against him for \$8,000 in back salaries. In October the Cappaert Investment Corporation filed suit against him for \$100,838 he owed in payments on the Convair turbojet he had bought three years before.

On March 11, 1975, he performed at Bad Bob's Lounge in Memphis. He began arguing with a girl at the club, and he ended up taking a fiddle bow to her. Claiming that she had been "brutally and savagely attacked," the girl filed suit against him, seeking \$100,000 in damages. A judge eventually fined him twenty-five dollars for

striking the complainant, then fined the complainant fifteen dollars for breaking the bow.

A month later, on April 11, Jaren filed for divorce, claiming that Jerry Lee had threatened her with bodily harm.

He came upon Elvis in Las Vegas, and he said to Elvis, "You don't know what you're doin'. You're just Colonel Parker's puppet."

"Well," said Elvis, "If I'm so dumb and you're so smart, how is it that I'm playin' the main room and you're playin' the lounge?"

On the afternoon of September 29, 1976, Jerry Lee's forty-first birthday, his bass player of three years, Butch Owens, visited Jerry Lee and Jaren at the Memphis house where Jaren resided. He brought with him a copy of Jerry Lee's new album, *Country Class*, which had been released a few days before. The two men sat drinking

"Elvis killed himself over a broad," said Jerry Lee. "It took five of 'em to put me in the shape I'm in today."

and talking, while Jaren watched television in the living room. Jerry Lee pulled out a .357 magnum and pointed it toward Owens. "Look down the barrel of this," he said. Then he aimed the gun to the right of Owens and said, "I'm gonna shoot that Coca-Cola bottle over there or my name ain't Jerry Lee Lewis."

Then there was gunfire.

Owens clutched the two bleeding holes in his chest and staggered into the living room. Jaren yelled at him for bleeding on her new white carpet.

Owens was taken to St. Joseph Hospital where he underwent emergency surgery. Jerry Lee was charged with shooting a firearm within the city limits, a misdemeanor.

At nine in the morning on November 22, he steered his \$46,000 Rolls-Royce onto Powell Road, and he kept steering into the turn as if it had never happened. The Rolls flipped over into a ditch. He crawled out. The police were already there, and they took him to jail. He registered zero on the intoximeter, but, according to police chief H. A. Goforth, "His tongue seemed thick. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was kind

of unsteady on his feet."

Ten hours after Jerry Lee was released from jail, he drove to Graceland, to the two-leaved gate. He waved his pistol, and he cursed the night.

It was August 16, 1977, and Elvis was dead, facedown on his bathroom floor. A thunderstorm crossed Tennessee that afternoon. Two days later, police officers stood in solemnity along Elvis Presley Boulevard and saluted as the white Cadillac hearse rolled slowly by. They, the Killer's persecutors, saluted.

"How did you react to Elvis Presley's death?" the man from the country music magazine asked him.

"I was glad. Just another one outa the way. I mean, Elvis this, Elvis that. What the shit did Elvis ever do except take dope that I couldn't git ahold of? That's very discouraging, anybody that had that much power to git ahold of that much dope. All I did was drink whiskey.

"Elvis. That sonofabitch died on dope. His heart was twice the size as normal. That's how much dope he took. I'm tellin' you what he done. He was a dope addict. I am an alcoholic."

On December 14-15, 1977, he went into the studio and cut fifteen songs. These were the last records he would make for Mercury. Soon he would have a new label, Elektra. It didn't matter, except for the advance.

At one in the afternoon, February 23, 1978, Jerry Lee was rushed to the emergency room of Baptist Hospital, suffering from respiratory distress. Soon after he arrived, reports flooded the Memphis newspapers and television stations. Jerry Lee Lewis, these reports said, was dead.

On February 27, 1979, Internal Revenue agents converged upon Jerry Lee's De Soto County home. They confiscated his cars, his guns, his stereo equipment, and his furniture. "I don't think they'll ever bring my stuff back," Jerry Lee told a Memphis reporter. "And I don't care if they don't. I'll go out and git me some more."

He filed for a divorce from Jaren in the spring of 1979, claiming that he and she had "not cohabitated as husband and wife since October 21, 1971." On June 8, Jaren filed a countersuit, charging him with "cruel and inhuman treatment, adultery, habitual drunkenness, and habitual use of drugs."

A week later, on the night of June 18, Jerry Lee sat onstage at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood. He looked into the eyes of his audience and said, "Elvis killed himself over a broad. It took five of 'em to put me in the shape I'm in today."

Backstage after the show, a writer tried to interview him. "You've been married five times now. Do you—"

"That's my fuckin' business."

"Do you know any more about women now than you did the first time you got married?"

"Yeah. Pussy is pussy."

On September 11, after Jerry Lee's repeated failure to appear in court, a United States District Court Judge in Memphis ordered the absent and defaulted defendant and his estranged wife, Jaren, to pay \$125,000 in damages to Butch Owens, who, three Septembers ago, had been told by his employer to "look down the barrel of this."

Seven days later, Internal Revenue Service agents returned to his ranch in Nesbit to claim more of his worldly possessions. After leaving the ranch, the agents reported to the county sheriff that quantities of controlled substances were to be found secreted in Jerry Lee's home. He was arrested at noon the next day. Wearing a silk ascot and smoking a corncob pipe, he told a reporter from the Associated Press that the bust was a setup.

On January 15, 1980, Dr. George Nichopoulos sat before the Tennessee Board of Medical Examiners in the Memphis City Council Chambers, defending himself against charges that he had prescribed massive doses of addictive drugs for the late Elvis Presley and several other patients. Listed among those other patients was Jerry Lee Lewis. The white-haired doctor told the board that Jerry Lee was a drug addict and that he had been hospitalized for his addiction on at least three occasions since 1977. He said that Jerry Lee customarily took eight to ten capsules of amphetamine before every performance.

"He was getting them off the streets," Nichopoulos said. "I was trying to control what he was taking, trying to limit what he was taking, until we could get him off the pills and show him that he could perform without them."

A few days later, after deliberating for fifty minutes, the board found Dr. Nichopoulos guilty as charged.

Not long after his forty-fifth birthday, Jerry Lee read in the newspaper that the IRS had auctioned off all the worldly goods, cars and guns and jewels, that they had seized from him. He read that the money brought in by this auction did not equal his debt and that the IRS wanted more.

It was Cleveland or Toledo. Wherever it was, it was dark and raining hard. He turned on the television but found nothing but static. The static took on a strange, dreamlike clarity, and he began to see a swarm of vile insects. These were the principal demons, loosed from the brass vessel of Solomon.

He shut off the TV. His heart beat fast, and he trembled. Turn on the lights, he told himself. But to get to the wall switch he must pass a mirror. He would turn his face away as he passed it; yes, that was it. But he was forty-five, he told himself, and he must be strong, not weak.

Jerry Lee Lewis spat out his unclean fear and took hold of himself, and he walked directly toward the mirror. But there was a furious beast in that mirror, and it devoured him. 



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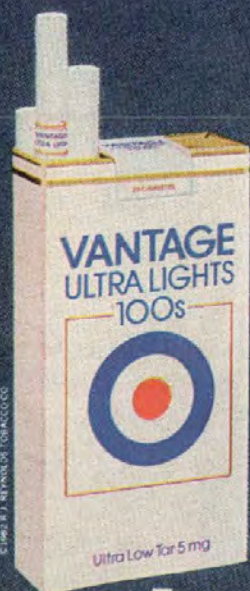


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VICTIMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"I knew exactly what he was doing. He would have shot me to a pimp and gotten a kickback for himself. And he was only the barber!"

A girl who falls for a line at the bus station—or out on Hollywood Boulevard—may end up with a harbinger, someone who, while not a pimp himself, shelters young runaways and eventually feeds them into the system. "These guys will have a one-room place," says Broadhurst, "and they'll put ten girls in it. They just like to have little girls around. You know, it's kind of neat to be a dirt-bag, low-life person and have little people running around in their underwear in the morning."

Even if a runaway can escape these preliminaries, she will sooner or later—usually sooner—have to deal with the realities of being cold and hungry in a strange city. There is only so much adventure, after all, to sleeping under a bush or in an unlocked car. "Say you get here," says Broadhurst. "You're fourteen, fifteen—where are you going to get a job? The waitress jobs are all taken. So the choice becomes: either go home or sell yourself."

Enter the pimp. He may meet a runaway through a harbinger or a bus station trick-

catcher, or he may pick her up himself on Hollywood or Sunset boulevards. In either case the pimp will almost always present himself as a sympathetic, understanding person who is interested only in the girl's welfare. To the girl he becomes—for a time, at least—the understanding father she never had.

While I was still at the hospital, I was going out on passes and I met this black guy, this pimp. At a shopping mall, believe it or not! He said he'd do this for me, he'd do that for me. He courted me and took me out and bought me nice new clothes. . . He led me to believe he was so wonderful. He was a father figure, he was romancing me, he was taking care of everything I needed. So when the psychiatrist finally told my mom I would be better off on my own, I went to my house, took all my shit, and left. I went right to the pimp. He was the only one who wanted me.

I was staying at a friend's house, and one night he came to pick me up. He introduced me to this girl named Brandy. She was his main lady.

He said we needed money so we could get a house and have a baby. He told me to go to Hollywood with Brandy. I knew what was going on, but the idea of tricking didn't make a bit of difference to me. I just wanted the money.

The first trick I turned I'll never forget. Brandy and I were standing on Hollywood

and Sycamore—that was my corner. It was about eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Brandy said, "Just watch traffic. Don't look directly at anybody. Pretty soon somebody'll stop." She told me how to make sure the trick wasn't a cop. If they solicit you, it's okay, because a cop can't do that—it's entrapment. You also look in the glove compartment and under the seats to make sure there's no radio or wires.

Anyway, we waited for a while, and then this guy stopped. He was an Iranian. We went to a motel on Sunset and La Brea; I forget the name of it. We went into the room, Brandy and I both, and we both dated him. Then he paid us, and that was that.

I worked for that pimp for about three weeks. Then the juvenile cops picked me up. I broke down and told them to call my dad. He came to pick me up. The only thing he said was "Next time you get put in jail, make sure it's not so far from home."

When I got home, I found out they'd rented my room to some other girl, like they were replacing their bad daughter with a good one. The next morning they said, "Where do you want us to drop you off?" I said, "Shit, drop me off at the bus stop. I'm going back to Hollywood."

The pace of Sabrina's entry into the trade was relatively slow, a matter of months between the time she met her pimp and the night she turned her first trick. For many others the transformation takes place with almost blinding speed. "Sometimes a girl can be in the system within a day," says Williams. "There's a network of juveniles and prostitutes and runaways on the street, and within a day everybody knows the new girl. She's got a nickname—'Sad Eyes' or 'Goldie' or something—and she's part of the scene."

Once a girl is "owned" by a pimp, she becomes little more than merchandise and is expected to produce—as many as ten tricks a day at as much as fifty dollars each. "The average for a good hustler," says Broadhurst, "would be about two hundred to three hundred dollars a day. If a girl's got a pimp, he's going to keep almost all that money. Maybe he'll give her five or ten bucks a day for necessities."

The girls' working lives are tightly regulated by their pimps. "They'll tell the girls what to charge," says Williams. "They'll give them a quota, how much money they're supposed to make—maybe two hundred fifty dollars a day or so. They even give them strict guidelines as to who they're supposed to take on as tricks. 'Black people will rob you,' they say, even though most of the pimps are black. 'Mexicans get too drunk, and they take forever to get off. Get a nice little Oriental—they're usually not cops, they get off fast, they pay, they bow, and they're gone.'"

I was turning tricks for thirty, forty dollars, fifty if I was lucky. If I had less than two hundred dollars, my pimp wouldn't come



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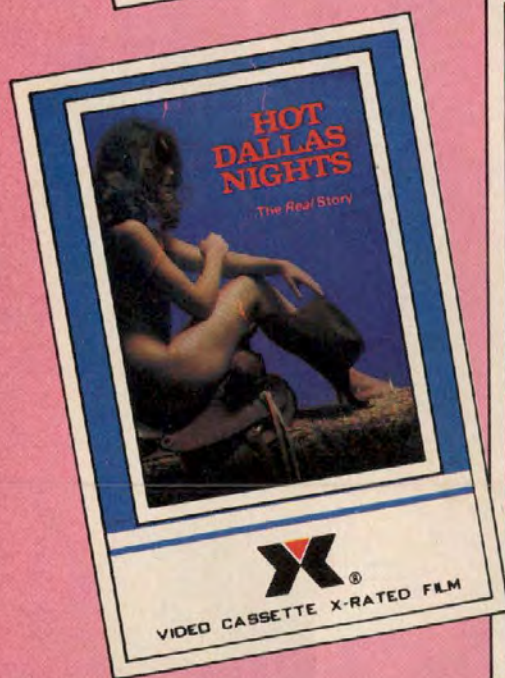
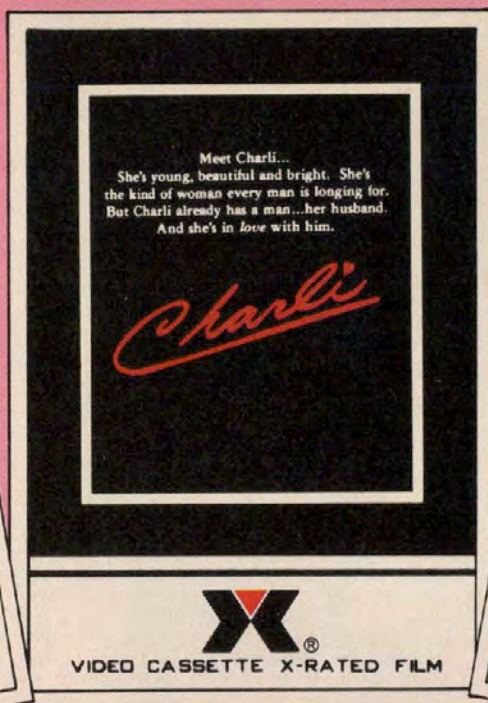
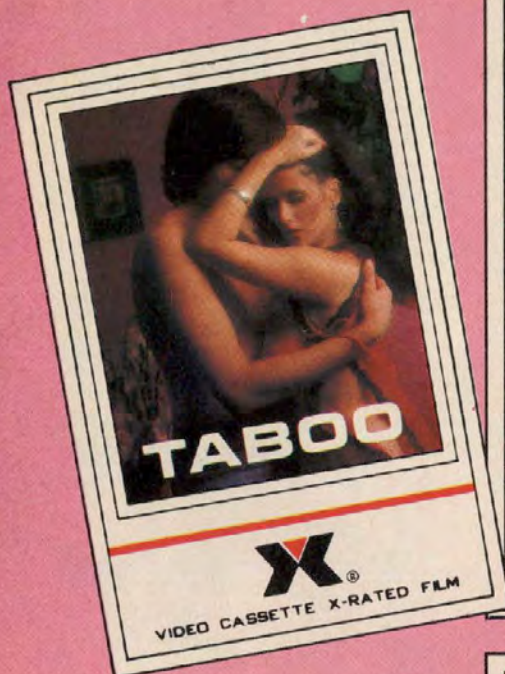
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get me. He'd just leave me there till I made my money. But you've got to have a man when you're on the street. You've got to have a pimp. Otherwise the girls or the other pimps will just rake you. Take your money, clean you out. You've got to have protection.

And if a girl decides to resist or hold back money? "If they're holding back, they're in trouble," says Williams. "They'll get beat up good."

"And if they resist," Broadhurst puts in, "well, there was a sixteen-year-old girl out here a while back, not even a prostitute. Just a runaway. She was staying at one of these dirt-bag motels, and this pimp comes to her and says, 'You're gonna work for me.' So she says, 'Leave me alone! I'm no prostitute.' Then he comes back, knocks on the door, and when she opens it, he sticks a knife right through her head. Clear through to the other side."

Some girls do manage to make a break, though, and strike out on their own as independents. Others manage simply to operate on their own from the beginning. "A lot of pimps don't want to get mixed up with juveniles," Williams explains. "It's harder to get a juvenile out of jail than an adult. And if a young girl splits from her pimp, he generally won't pursue her. It's much easier just to get a new girl."

After my parents dropped me off I hooked up with another pimp. I was with him for a couple of days. Then I got belligerent with him one night and called him a nigger. He beat the shit out of me. He hit me in the face with a hot coat hanger, and I had to get fourteen stitches. I still have the scars.

A week after that I left him. I told him I needed to make my own money because I couldn't pay the rent any more. I just walked out, and I never worked for a pimp again.

Hollywood Boulevard—the street of dreams turned nightmare gray, a DMZ of the mind. Yes, the tourists still flock to Grauman's Chinese, but the golden powder that settles on their knit shirts is not stardust but smog. And all this time Schwab's was only a drugstore, and Hollywood and Vine a lounging area for whores and pimps, pushers and drag queens.

A reporter takes a vice squad tour of the ruins, Sergeant Williams and Detective Mike Gannon conducting. We're riding in an exquisitely nondescript unmarked Pinto, which Gannon has made even homier by scattering old newspapers and McDonald's wrappers on the floor and backseat. "It's all disguise," he explains. "We certainly can't go around looking like cops."

We pull out onto Sunset Boulevard, cruise past the signposts of a vice man's landscape: a motel ("active in prostitution," says Williams) . . . a fast-food stand ("a hangout for speed freaks") . . . a massage parlor ("a mecca for pimps and

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"WORLD'S FIRST CHOICE IN NITRITE-BASED ODORANTS"

prostitutes, shootings and robberies"). It's early in the evening, about 7:30 on a Friday; yet in the space of two blocks Williams and Gannon spot six prostitutes, most of them adult. On one corner a girl who could not be more than sixteen, a pretty girl who looks like a young Lee Remick, is soliciting two men in a parked car.

As we drive, Williams begins to talk about another variety of juvenile prostitute, the "subprofessional" who turns a trick only occasionally, as a lark or to meet some momentary need. "These kids are more or less opportunists," he explains. "For them prostitution is just one aspect of a life-style that includes drugs—the latest fashion is shooting diet pills—stealing, you name it."

"They hang out on the street, getting loaded, and all of a sudden they run out of money. So somebody'll say, 'Hey, it's your turn to pull a trick.' It's almost like a party."

"You often find four, five, six of these runaways sharing a crash pad here in Hollywood," Gannon says. "They share food, drugs . . . It helps cut down the expenses. They also help break in the newer kids to the terminology of the street. It doesn't take very long for a novice to become a professional."

We turn north to Hollywood Boulevard, then west to the heart of the action: Hollywood and Las Palmas, L.A.'s answer to Times Square. This is the former site of the Gold Cup Restaurant, which in its heyday was so well known as a haven for run-

aways, addicts, and prostitutes that it inspired a song by Jackson Browne. The action there finally grew so frantic that the restaurant was forced to close. It is now the Asahi, a quiet Oriental diner, which serves only the normal Hollywood contingent of tourists and winos.

"See those two young girls over there?" Williams says. He points to two fourteen-or-fifteen-year-old girls lounging against a theater pillar across the street. One wears pink shorts and a blue T-shirt that says *Stormy*, the other a shirt that says *Bad Girl*. There is nothing especially attractive about either of them; in fact, they are curiously formless, as if their bodies were in the process of evaporating. "Nowhere to go, nothing to do," says Williams. "They'll turn a trick if they need the money."

A block or so later three young black men step off the curb in front of our car. They are elaborately dressed in velour, floppy hats, and expensive lizard-skin boots. "Pimps," says Gannon. "Popcorn pimps." One of them looks briefly into the car, a wise and furtive glance that is pure street. "They know who we are," Gannon says. "They have to." A heartbeat later the three pimps have disappeared.

"Follow those guys for half an hour," says Williams, "and you'll see a crime."

In all this talk of parents and runaways, pimps and prostitutes, there is a class of people that tends to be overlooked: the businessmen of Hollywood Boulevard and the residents of the quiet, palm-lined

streets that intersect it. "It's a big problem for those people," says Williams. "How'd you like to own an auto parts store on Hollywood Boulevard, and every time a police car comes by five whores run into your business?"

"The kids who live around here have a game called 'Count the Whores,'" says Gannon. "I'm talking about ten-year-old kids."

"The residents are really incensed about it," says Williams. (Indeed. A few days after our "tour," a group of residents on Mansfield Street—which intersects Sunset Boulevard—put up a barrier of broken bottles and old sawhorses to keep the prostitutes off the street. "This block is the best little whorehouse in Hollywood," resident Avner Garbi told the *Los Angeles Times*. "On weekends it's fast sex right in front of our homes," said another resident, George Williams. "Cars bumper to bumper, forty to fifty prostitutes going up to the car windows, asking the drivers what they want . . .")

Now, as we talk about the businessmen and residents—who, after all, are the people the police actually work for—the frustrations of being a Hollywood cop start to surface. "The people in Hollywood want us to do something about all this," says Williams, "but at the same time we get other people telling us that prostitution is a victimless crime and we shouldn't concern ourselves with it."

Williams calls the Los Angeles County juvenile justice system "a complete joke. If we pick up a teenager, we have to turn her over to the Probation Department, and off the kid goes to Juvenile Hall. If they can get ahold of someone at home and the parent or whoever says send her back, they'll dismiss the case right there and send the kid home—sometimes even pay for the plane ticket. Some deterrent. As soon as the kid gets home, she runs away again, and pretty soon she's back out there on the Boulevard."

The problem, at least from the point of view of the police, is that most juveniles are arrested not for prostitution, which is considered a crime under California law, but for being runaways, which is not. "Usually," says L.A. County Probation Officer Dan O'Brien, "if a runaway doesn't get sent home, she'll end up in what they call a SODA bed home (SODA stands for 'status offender detention alternative'), which is just somebody's house, somebody who's willing to take these kids. But there aren't any restraints, and the kids usually run away again within a few days."

"I've arrested some kids thirteen, fourteen, fifteen times," says Larry Broadhurst. "It starts to get ridiculous."

The frustration takes a toll on the police, a toll in the form of forced detachment from their surroundings, from the people they deal with, from their very jobs. Mike Gannon, who shows every sign of being an aware and sensitive person, refers to a juvenile prostitute not as "she" but as "it." And no one takes his job home with him.



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Forget the old saying that it's not nice to kiss and tell. Writer Jackie Lewis fills you in on the most sensual form of arousal going—kissing. There are ways to use your mouth that you never dreamed of.

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There is finally an alternative to insomnia, anxiety, and Valium. As a matter of fact, there are lots of alternatives, and they're all completely natural. Timothy Crowell fills you in on the latest in sleep aids and anti-stressants.

THE MYTH OF MONOGAMY

Nice girls don't play around, and well-adjusted men marry and settle down. False, insists Rosemarie Santini. In this controversial article she tells you why multiple relationships just may be the answer.

HOW TO STOP AN AFFAIR BEFORE IT STARTS

Affairs are the number-one killer of marriages today. Steven Janoff and Dr. Ronnie Edell team up to tell you how to prevent affairs from happening. Find out what infidelity—yours or hers—is saying about your relationship.

"I live thirty-five miles from here," says Broadhurst, "but I wish it was three hundred. You just can't worry about it or you'll find yourself getting dingy. I mean, you start thinking, 'What if this was my kid?'"

"I don't get emotionally involved in this stuff," says Williams. "If I did, I'd go nuts. I'd go absolutely nuts."

Still, cops like Mike Gannon are occasionally forced—if only by the presence of a reporter—to think about the nature of the problems they deal with. "Maybe it all goes back to the home, like they say," he says. "Lack of parental guidance and all that." But he sounds bemused, unconvinced, as if this stock answer is at the same time both absolutely on target yet somehow absolutely, tragically wrong.

If the police and the justice system can't control juvenile prostitution, if the girls themselves are largely incapable of regulating their own lives and destinies, what will happen to them? Even in the best of cases, when a girl somehow manages to beat the odds and return to some sort of normality, her sex life will be drastically affected.

When you're tricking, you just turn yourself off, detach yourself from your body. You don't feel a thing, even though you might act like you do. It makes you frigid.

Since I stopped turning ten tricks a day, my sex life has gotten progressively better. I'm working on it. But it's still not where I want it to be.

Temporary frigidity may seem a small price to pay for the continual emotional battering of a prostitute's life. But this is for the fortunate, like Sabrina. The vast majority of juvenile prostitutes simply never recover. "If these kids are exposed to this kind of thing for more than three weeks to a month," says Gannon, "they're gone. They'll be into crime for the rest of their lives."

It can be even worse.

I almost went to Japan. There's a Japanese Mafia that pays your way and promises you ten thousand dollars in three months. A girl I know went there and just barely made it back. She looked like death. She said, "They'll never let you go. If you try to get away, they'll kill you." I guess most of the girls who went over there just never came back.

Girls who stay with the trade may "graduate" to an incall service or to outcall—the latter-day euphemisms for "whorehouse" and "call girl." With incall, the girl will at least have a madam behind her for protection and sometimes the force of the mob. The outcall girls are really far more vulnerable.

One of my good friends was a girl named Kimberly Ann Martin. She got into doing outcall. Well, she ended up being the eleventh victim of the Hillside Strangler. There's a lot of freaks out there.

Thankfully, not all the stories have horrible endings. Some girls do manage to climb out. According to Broadhurst, "Some of them just decide: 'Okay, I'm going to be a waitress now.' Some of them realize they made a mistake and go home. They decide it wasn't so bad after all."

Most, however, will need some sort of help, some sort of real, caring intervention. In Hollywood help is available from Children of the Night, the organization founded and run by Lois Lee—the same Lois Lee who once put her hair in ponytails to smoke out the trick-catchers at the Greyhound station. Lee started as a U.C.L.A. graduate student in sociology, doing statistical research on prostitution. But she found it impossible to remain uninvolved, to see her subjects—particularly the young girls—as nothing more than a set of numbers. She then began taking some of the younger kids—Sabrina was one of the first—into her own home, and soon she found that she was in the helping business full time.

"There's nobody in the system helping these kids," she says. "The Department of Social Services won't help a prostitute, because if they give her money, how do they know she's not turning tricks on the side? The Probation Department is only interested if she straightens out her life, if she gets a job and shows up for her reports."

Lee's approach to the problem is to simply be there, available to the girls as provider of a temporary bed or simply as a sympathetic ear. She exacts nothing from a girl except a promise from her to call if she's in trouble. "I'm not a therapist," she says in explanation. "I don't want to deal with the 'why' part. I want to deal with how I'm going to get a kid back on the right track. I guess I'm more like a mother or maybe a big sister."

Lois really helped me. She let me know that she really cared about me, and she was always available, with no strings. She helped me decide what my career's going to be. She built up my confidence, made me feel like I can do it all by myself. I love her.

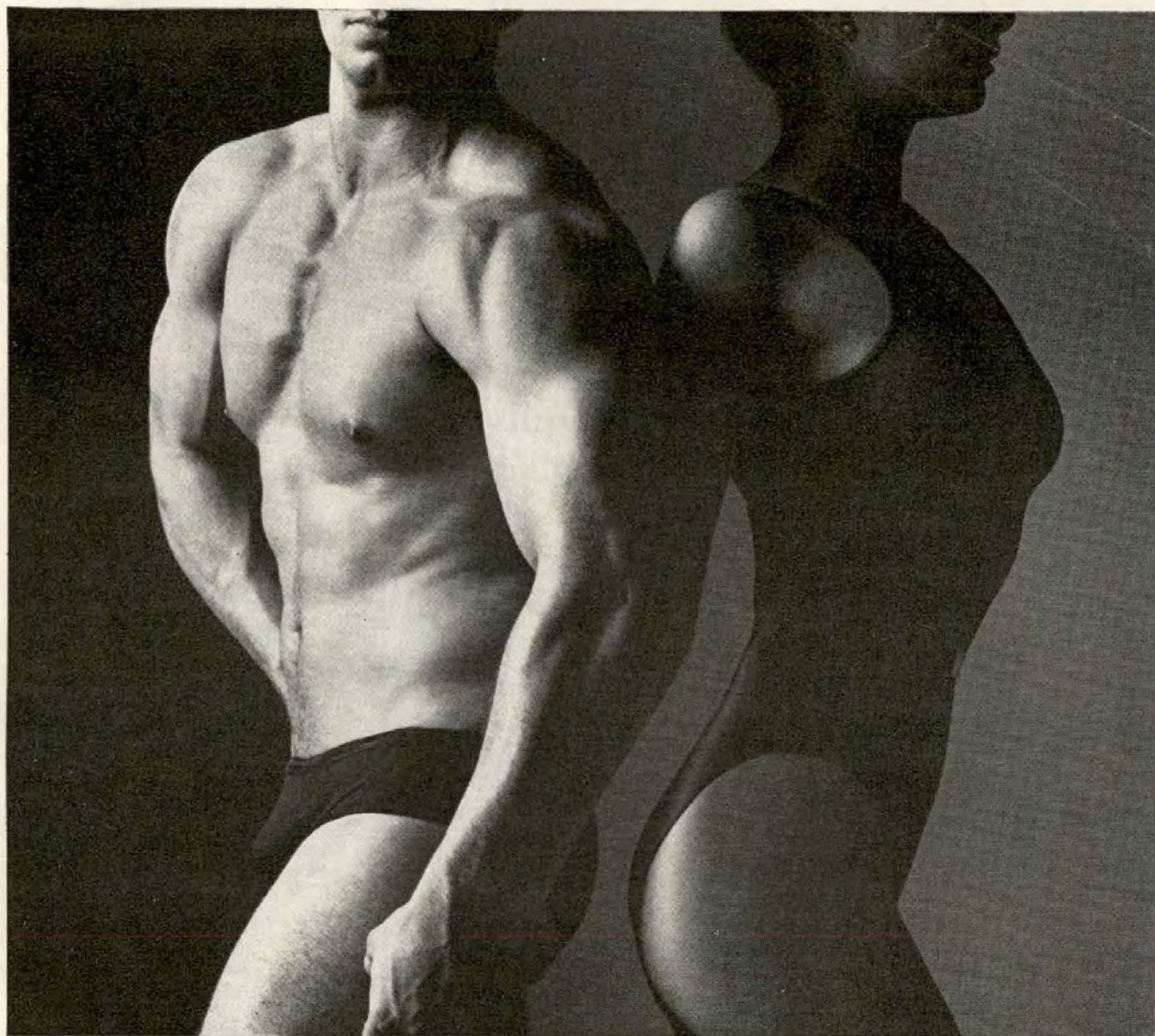
But sometimes I go by the high school, I see the sixteen-, seventeen-year-old girls coming out, walking home, going on dates . . . I think, 'What happened to that part of my life? I wish I could go back and do all that. I miss it.'

I miss it still. O—

Editors' Note:

The editors of *Penthouse* magazine would like to thank Lois Lee and Children of the Night for the cooperation and help they extended to Bill Lawren in writing this article. Children of the Night is a nonprofit organization that is funded by private contributions. Readers interested in supporting the social work of this organization should write to: Children of the Night, 8730 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211.

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

can citizenship in Moscow in 1959, and, humbly, myself, a Latin political-affairs columnist in the early 1960s for the *New Orleans States-Item*, the only reporter ever to win two awards for public-affairs reporting from the American Political Science Association.

I have no theory on who killed JFK, since Mr. Oswald did not inform me of his future plans at the time of the interview and debate.—William K. Stuckey, Dallas, Tex.

Art appreciation

I would like to take a moment to commend your peerless photographers. Their enormous talent and robust imagination seem to be boundless. I have been temporarily

paralyzed, on many occasions, by their stunning visual effects. Simply stated, your photographers visualize my dreams. What impresses me most is your wonderfully entertaining "Couples" pictorials. Never before have I viewed such richly intimate encounters photographed so professionally and within such rigid boundaries of good taste and incomparable class. I thank you.—David Alan Smith, Hollywood, Fla.

Justice for criminals?

I am writing this, perhaps partly as defense, but more as a response to your recent article in the October 1981 issue, "The Failure of the Criminal Justice System," by Seymour Wishman. It appeared in the "Advise and Dissent" column, which, thank God, was annotated with the word "Opinion."

The author, in my opinion, is narrow-minded and/or big-headed. I can't say he is ignorant, because he is a lawyer, and that means he is fairly well educated. It is also my opinion that a lawyer is supposed to defend the innocent and not read and dig so far into the Constitution that a guilty criminal is allowed to go free. That's what's wrong with the American justice system today.

Wishman, in his article, blamed the judges, prosecutors, and—worst of all—the poor street cop who is afraid to do his duty most of the time because of the hundreds of loopholes that lawyers have created to make it hard to convict a criminal.

In the past, long before most of us were born, there weren't the problems with the justice system that there are today, mainly because then they dealt with the two main facts: *guilt or innocence*, not whether some cop asked you about the crime you had just committed before he went on to read you your rights or whether you claimed insanity. Back then, if you did the crime, you did the time. The justice system needed improving, I'll admit, but it's just gone too far today. Only in these times can some slick lawyer get a guilty person off and back on the streets to rob you and me.

Where but in this great nation can prisons and jails be falling apart and cities and states be spending millions of dollars to rebuild them when they have an automatic, mostly unused, work force right inside? Prisoners cannot be made to work unless they volunteer—and then they get paid for it! Shit, most prisoners have it better inside than a lot of people on the outside. All because some lawyer is too worried that a prisoner's rights are being infringed upon—the rights that he is supposed to lose in prison!

I am not condemning all lawyers. We need good lawyers to defend the innocent and get the facts straight so that the guilty are punished and not set free. But, really, if we sit back and allow our basic Constitution to be read into so much, soon there will be no real law and law-abiding citizens will have to take the law into their own hands and try to start over again with our legal justice system.—Todd R. Pasterski, Citrus Heights, Calif.

Mr. Wishman replies:

While a lawyer may not have any intellectual conflict with the legal ethics legitimizing his efforts on behalf of a guilty client, the emotional costs to that lawyer can be high. The inescapable question is whether this is the way one would want to spend his time and skill. But the fact is that unless there are lawyers willing to represent even the most despicable client, the justice system will break down.

I agree with Mr. Pasterski that our prison system is a disgrace. We are warehousing people who come out more dangerous than they went in. (And I get the impression that the construction of new prisons is President Reagan's entire housing program.) But anyone who thinks prisons

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Cure and prevention

Peter Meyer referred in his August 1981 article, "Police State Tactics," to the Hayoun Clinic, a New York skin clinic that was forced to cease advertising when the FTC refused to accept Edouard Hayoun's documented proof that he could cure acne.

I have had bad acne and acne scars and am getting a bit desperate. Could you tell me if Mr. Hayoun is still operating anywhere? Is there a way I might reach him?—Name and address withheld upon request

Mr. Meyer replies:

Mr. Hayoun has given up on American bureaucratic boondoggle and retired to Israel. Now based in Tel Aviv, Hayoun is teaching and lecturing throughout Europe, where there is no FTC to prevent him from proving to people that he has a cure for acne.

Fortunately for the hundreds of loyal Hayoun clients—whose testimony to the efficacy of his treatments was ignored by Washington's red-tape artists—before leaving the U.S., Hayoun turned his business over to a New Jersey skin care center. Gladys Glass, a dermatological nurse and RN, is president of the five-year-old CosMedic Enterprises. She shares Hayoun's distaste for the "pills and bills" method of acne treatment. Glass and the five licensed cosmeticians who assist her have all been trained by Hayoun and are now continuing treatment on 110 of his clients. "We've seen thousands of recalcitrant and 'terminal' acne cases," says Glass, "who had gone to everybody and tried everything, and Hayoun was the only one who got it under control."

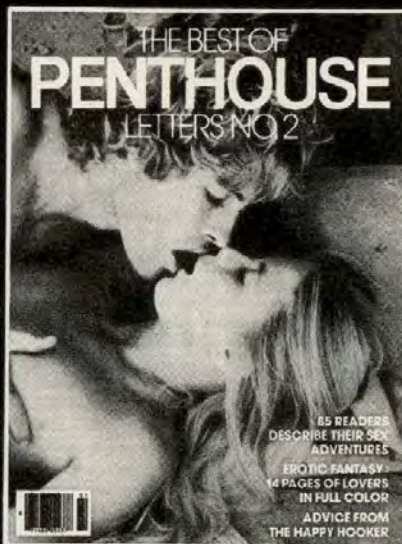
CosMedic Enterprises is still answering Hayoun's New York City telephone. To contact them directly, write to them at 1999 Route 70, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08003—or call: (609) 424-2515.

Waving

I would like to congratulate Catherine Hiller on her fabulous short story "The Waving" (September 1981). It was written with superb imagination. I was much impressed with the plot. It seemed completely plausible. The idea that people might be able to create stupendous sexual rapture in others just by their force of will is a chilling, if tempting, thought.

My first thought after reading the story was what a great movie it would make. I can just see Jane Fonda as the eminent psychologist who knows the story and will soon reveal it, much to the government's dismay (similar to *The China Syndrome*), and Jerry Lewis as the bittersweet-chocolate lover! What do you think? Please pass this suggestion on to Miss Hiller. I'll look forward to seeing "The Waving" on the big screen.—Edward Simmonds

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Surprise encounter

On behalf of a friend and myself, I would like to congratulate you on one of your Penthouse Pets. After seeing this girl and hearing her talk, we just had to sit down and write to you.

My friend and I were just walking down the street when we saw the most beautiful, sexy, and sultry looking girl we had ever seen. We had to try talking to her. She was very polite and sweet and said she would love to "chat" but had a very pressing schedule. The gentleman with her said that she was with *Penthouse* magazine, that we could hear her on the radio the next day, and that her name was Salona.

We tuned in to that station the next day. To our amazement, she was sweet, articulate, intelligent, and very informative! After hearing Salona tell what *Penthouse* has to offer editorially—and if one-tenth of the girls are anything like Salona—then you can count on us to become regular customers. In fact, my friend summed it up in one sentence: "If God made a woman better than Salona, he kept her for Himself."

Thank you for making us realize that there is at least one beautiful woman you could have a great time with at night and still want to be with the next day.—Dale Kirsch and Mike Sikora, St. Louis, Mo.

Having babies

I came across Emily Prager's essay "In Praise of Child Substitutes" (May 1981) as I was cataloging my husband's back issues of *Penthouse*. I was hurt by her article. As I read it, my mind went back to the day when my doctor told me, "You can never have children." I doubt Ms. Prager knows what hell is or what heaven is. Heaven was the day my daughter was born. Heaven was the day I saw my husband's eyes when the doctor handed him his new baby, a child made by pure love. Ms. Prager, have you ever seen a man drunk with happiness? I doubt it, for if you did, you would never have written that article! I believe you are not a whole woman until you give birth. I breast-fed my daughter for eleven months and did so with pride! I was told by many men that I was a helluva woman. Did you know, Ms. Prager, that a lot of men find breast-feeding sensuous? And that pregnant women are sexy as well as sensuous? My husband and I had one great sex life and still do! And as I was a well-dressed pregnant woman, I received more male attention than a woman with the ideal 36-24-36 figure. My husband was so proud!

I truly hope you can experience the overflowing love you feel when a child looks at you and says, "Mama, I love you."—Paula Tolleson, Villas, N.J.

Not having babies

In the September 1981 issue of *Penthouse*, Emily Prager writes, in "Playing God," that she finds it hard to believe that we are still arguing over abortion in 1981. Quite clearly, it is because of the polarized attitudes (such as hers) on both sides that

the issue remains a Mexican standoff. I just happen to be against abortion on demand.

In my mind, it remains bona fide, prima facie evidence that a woman who demands an abortion with no valid reason does so simply because she doesn't want to be faced with the burden and inconvenience of having and perhaps raising a child. That is no valid reason to have an abortion.

I don't care whether one believes in God or not. Murder is the taking of another's life in a malicious, unlawful manner. If you are a believer, then it is against God's Commandments to kill. If you don't believe, then there is still the statute of law made by civilized man to be reckoned with. Either way, murder is illegal, always was, and (let's hope) always will be.

As far as women being forced to mother children they don't want is concerned, it seems to me that there are people who have been standing in line for five years to adopt children. So, don't offer the child's future in a hostile environment with its natural mother as a legitimate excuse to have an abortion.

It is ridiculous to refer to a fetus as a "wad of cellular tissue." From the very moment of conception until death, that "wad" is a human being. The fact that it has not yet progressed to the point where he or she can speak for itself, stand up for its own rights, or vote doesn't make it any less a human being. It is not too hard to imagine the day when people like Emily Prager will be able to justify murder of unwanted babies already born.

I would like to ask just what was wrong with 1954? As far as I am concerned, the fifties were the best decade of my life. Since then, I've seen an erosion of respect for the law and of the respect of children for their elders, as well as a general trend toward more and more permissiveness. It used to be that if you "got out of line," you got your ass kicked! Today, thanks to Dr. Spock and the do-good social reformers, you get a halfhearted reprimand for doing wrong. After all, this is 1981! Anything goes! Make up the rules as you go along! Chaos! If a law seems outmoded, simply disobey it!

Yet, among the "liberal," contemporary folks there are those who are chastised for daring to be "conservative"—for insisting on respect or, if not respect, at least adherence to the laws of civilized man!

This country was founded on the principle that each man is responsible for his actions. The pro-abortion women are demanding to be excused from their age-old duty to see to it that a human inside their bodies is afforded the same rights they have.

I think I now see the ulterior motive for the pressure being applied to pass the ERA Amendment: it would serve as an excuse to legitimize abortion! After all, if men are not expected to bear children, then, in the name of equality, neither should women!—T. C. Seed, Aurora, Ill.

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MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.

You filthy scum!! Repent. Everything you say about Dr. Falwell is a lie. It is people like you that bring Gods judgment on America. Repent. Warning: Revelation 21:8 states that all liars (Yes you too) are destined for an eternal lake of fire. Repent. Your sin of lying about Dr. Falwell, Gods servant, is a stench in the nostril of Almighty God. Repent, or be judged. The Lord watches you this very hour granting permission for your heart to beat again, patiently calling you to repent. It is the Lords permission that you draw another breath of the Holy Gods atmosphere. Jesus Christ will set you free if you turn to him. John 8:36: He will lift you and all of Penthouse International out of your miserable, wretched, condemned existence, into an abundant, joyful, eternal life, but warning: The vengeance of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone awaits those who reject, or ignore salvation.

From the—First and the Last, even our Mighty Master the Lord Jesus Christ, whose Eyes are as a Flame of Fire whose

Countenance is as the sun shineth in His Strength—In Christ Pete C. Ramirez (California)

I am a part of the Moral Majority who believe in pro-life, prayer in the classroom, creation and in getting the filth out of the newstands including ones that lie. I know you have to make a profit but lying about Dr. Falwell is really tacky. I'm angry that you would do that. I believe in freedom of the press but not in slander. I hope you are totally ashamed of what you did. I hope you would repent (change your mind) from your wickedness and experience peace and joy in your life through Christ by receiving and believing in him. Repent before it is too late.—Ramona Kawahara (California)

It is inhuman for anyone to write lies in a magazine about such a fine young God given prophet as Jerry Falwell, and I hope that you repent before its too late. I really don't like what you've been saying about him. I know you need a savior, you need to get out from around all the fake plastic faces, lies, parties and all the weird trips and come out from among the world to be separate because thats the only way you'll have any peace. Thats all Dr. Falwell is saying. That is his message. Oneday you will say I wish I had done that too just wait in time you will see.—a Jesus follower (California)

I find your magazine absolutely atrocious and disgusting, but the thing that really disgusts me is that you would print anything even slightly derogatory about Dr. Jerry Falwell. Magazines like yours are partially responsible for the growing decadence of this country. A good man like Dr. Falwell should be supported in seeking to aid America in turning back to God, not degraded as you have done.—Lisa Peters (California)

I have always known that your magazine is a worthless piece of trash that corrupts the minds of millions of people. I have also known that your articles are nothing but fabricated stories designed to increase your profits. Through all of this I have kept silent. But when you publish articles that lie about a good and righteous man such as Dr. Jerry Falwell, I find it my duty to speak out. You have lied about a man who seeks to help America return to a respectable status. A status that our founding fathers tried to develop. It is men like you who are a threat to our nation, not men like Dr. Jerry Falwell. I believe that you owe Dr. Falwell a public apology. I know that millions of Christians and non-Christians stand with me. I say to you, repent.—Kevin R. Davis (California)

Corrections:

The dress worn by DiVina Celeste on last month's cover is by Donna Parker, New York. The January Pet of the Month was photographed by André Berg. 

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EXTRA

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VOL. 1, NO. 2

REAL VAMPIRES LIVE AMONG US!, EXPERT CLAIMS

There are at least 21 real vampires secretly living in the U.S. and Canada today—and some even admit they murder humans for blood, claims a parapsychologist who has taken a census of North America's vampires.

Stephen Kaplan, director of the Vampire Research Center in Elmhurst, N.Y., says the vampires are up to 300 years old but look amazingly young—thanks to the blood they ingest.

Kaplan, who has studied vampires for 10 years, compiled this remarkable census through August 1980 by interviewing vampires who responded to appeals he issued on radio and TV talk shows.

He said he promised never to reveal their identities in exchange for frank interviews about their lives. "They have this craving for blood and they live to a vast old age. There are some elements in the human blood that slow down the aging process—so much so that modern vampires can live up to 300 years."

Gave Sex For Blood

"When they can't get human blood, they drink blood from cows, dogs, cats and other creatures such as birds, lizards and snakes."

Kaplan said one attractive blonde vampire looked to be in her 20s—but "she was actually in her 60s and never used an unwilling victim. She gave sex for blood."

"I watched her drink blood from a willing victim. I watched her use a scalpel to make several incisions in the body and drink some blood."

Some vampires admitted to being killers, saying they preyed mostly on hitchhikers. Others, however, said they merely rendered their victims

unconscious and took a little blood, leaving them alive.

"Some vampires said they need two pints a week, others

said half a gallon." (*National Enquirer*)

A question of individual metabolism, no doubt.—Editor

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF DEPT.

Love Could Destroy America In Event Of A Nuclear Attack

America's civil defense leaders could desert their posts during a nuclear attack because of a crazy system that forces them to choose between family and duty.

The inhuman plan calls for civic leaders and military personnel to retreat to the safety of fallout shelters—leaving their wives and children to the horrors of a nuclear holocaust.

First: Find the man who created the plan. Second: Look at his wife.—Editor

Pained Dentist Stages Bridge Raid

Idabel, Okla.—Dentist Curtis Brookover, angry with a patient's refusal to pay for her false teeth, went to her home and yanked them from her mouth.

Brookover, 38, says he was bitten on the finger during the struggle for the \$600 dentures. The patient, Lee Ann Stoval, 53, denies it and says Brookover bruised her kidney. She is taking the matter to court. (*N.Y. Daily News*)
After giving him a real mouthful, of course.—Editor

Science: Masturbating For Fun And Profit

They don't discuss it publicly, but a number of prominent scientists have been approached and asked to masturbate into glass tubes.

The perverse scheme stems from an attempt by the Repository for Germinal Choice to ensure that couples can produce high-IQ offspring. The plan, which attracted widespread criticism when it was first announced nearly two years ago, nevertheless has continued, although the Repository's location is secret (it's believed to be somewhere near San Diego, California). The Repository is also secretive on how many women have been artificially inseminated and how many infants have been produced as a result.

To get your sperm into the Repository, you have to demonstrate "outstanding creativity" in one of the physical sciences (all American Nobel Prize-winners have been approached by the Repository for donations of sperm, but it will not say how many of them consented.) Those wanting to be impregnated by such allegedly high-level sperm have to pass an IQ test; they then select which donor's sperm they want to use after looking over descriptive summaries of them. Total cost to get such sperm is about \$100.

Who gets to lick the spoon?
—Editor

JESUS CHRIST SUPER STUD

Jesus Christ was one of the top sex symbols of his time—and may even have been married, says a respected clergyman in a book that's split Christian leaders.

Rev. Harlan Musser, pastor of the Robertson Memorial Evangelical and Reformed Church in Miami, Florida, believes that Jesus had a tremendously powerful sex drive which caused him both pleasure and anguish all his life. "Jesus was a very sexy man, a real man," Musser, 61 years

old, told GLOBE.

"He was a sex symbol to the people of his day, just as much as any singer, actor or personality of today."

Musser also takes the controversial stand that Jesus was married, and may even have fathered children. (*Globe*)
Imagine: Tormented Sex-Symbol Plays the Son of God! Next: The Return of God, God Goes to Washington, The Bride of God, King Kong Meets God, and God Strikes Back!—Editor

AMOROUS BIGFOOT STALKS WOMEN ONLY

A gigantic Bigfoot with a fondness for females has struck terror into the hearts of women who fear the giant creature will carry them off into the night.

The hairy, putrid-smelling animal has been sighted by more than a dozen people—almost all of them women—in heavily wooded areas around Chesapeake, Va.

The most recent sighting was by a 24-year-old woman, who spotted the seven-foot creature as she drove toward a campsite in Northwest River Park.

"At first I thought it was attracted to food cooking over a campfire," she said. "But now I think the creature is attracted to women. It's scary to walk about alone now. I don't want to be carried off into the woods by that thing."

(*Weekly World News*)
Beggars can't always be choosers.—Editor

JAILED 11 YEARS ARRESTED 40 TIMES— FOR STOMPING ON WOMEN'S FEET

George Mitchell has spent most of his adult life behind bars because he can't control his strange compulsion—to stomp on women's feet.

"The only thing I ever get out of this is jail," Mitchell, 31, said of his crazy way of playing footsie.

Over the past 13 years, he's been arrested more than 40 times for stomping the feet of women on the street. And he's spent nearly 11 years in the pokey as a result.

"I've never seen a case quite as bizarre as this one," said Criminal Court Judge Hohn Drapier of Nashville, Tenn.

In January, he sentenced Mitchell to a year in the county jail for stomping on the feet of women at a sidewalk art show.

Mitchell, who's black, only stomps on the feet of white women. (*National Enquirer*)
Tell us about it.—Editor



QUOTES OF THE MONTH:

"Sometimes people miss the gentleness in my films."—Steven Spielberg, director of such gentle films as *Jaws* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

"A nickel here, there, and the first thing you know the whole thing is gone."—Harold Wisell, former treasurer of Manchester, Vt., who embezzled up to \$150,000 from town accounts.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. ☐

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XAMIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

makes my cock stand on end. I have no problems with this fetish, and it doesn't interfere with my enjoyment of sex without it. But one thing does bother me, and this is that I've never heard or read of anyone else with the same fetish. I would appreciate it very much if you printed this letter and asked any of your readers who share this fetish to write descriptive letters to your column so that I would know that I am not alone.—J.B.

Well, I guess we've heard plenty from the leather and rubber freaks, but what about unusual fetishes? I'd like some letters from readers who dig not only corduroy but also other offbeat fetishes so that we can compare notes.

STUD-STOMPING

I am presently a student at a community college. I would like to share my experiences with your readers. During the fall semester of 1980 I met a girl, call her Marcia, who had grown tired of guys who believed they were real studs. Her friend told me that Marcia had an unusual talent. She called it "muscle fuck." When I asked her to explain, she told me that Marcia could fuck a guy dry by using her thighs and internal pussy muscles. She then went on to tell me that most guys Marcia dated lasted only a few minutes. It was for just this reason that Marcia was thinking the hell with men.

I talked with Marcia soon after that and asked her if what her friend had said was true. Without blinking an eye, she said it was. I then explained to her why I wanted to know about her sexual feelings. It seemed to me there were too many macho studs on this campus, and I was planning a way to destroy a few of them. I asked her if she would help me get rid of four that I knew—Dave, Tom, Allen, and Steve. To make a long story short, Dave lasted thirteen minutes. Tom, on the other hand, screamed the loudest.

This year we plan on getting rid of eight guys. In the spring we're going for twelve. Just so you will know we mean business, the four from 1980 are still attending sexual-therapy classes. One even had a nightmare that he was eaten by a pussy. What exactly is a muscle fuck, and can it be dangerous? By the way, I had a very enjoyable summer.—K.S.D.

When I was in Bangkok, I attended a live sex show where a girl actually uncapped a soda bottle with the muscular strength of her cunt. I can swear it was no trick, since the public was permitted to feel up her vagina shortly before the closed bottle was put on stage. Now, with your friend's pussy, it sounds as if she should be behind bars in a zoo rather than prowling around the college campus, fucking up the libidos of otherwise healthy young men. —J.B.



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THE SEA!

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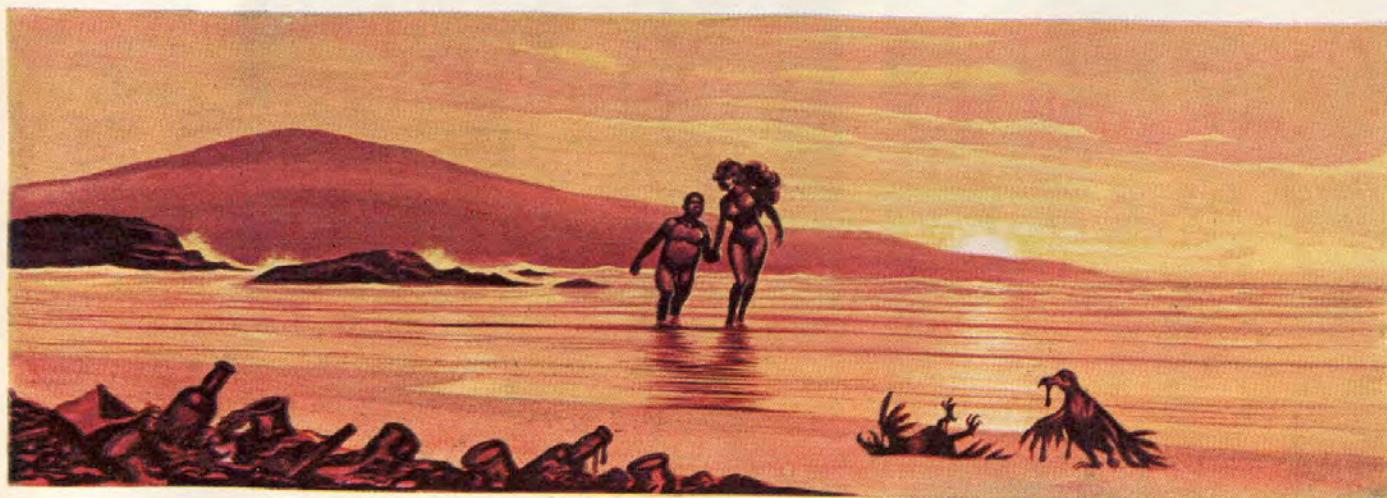
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU ALL MY
LIFE!

...?

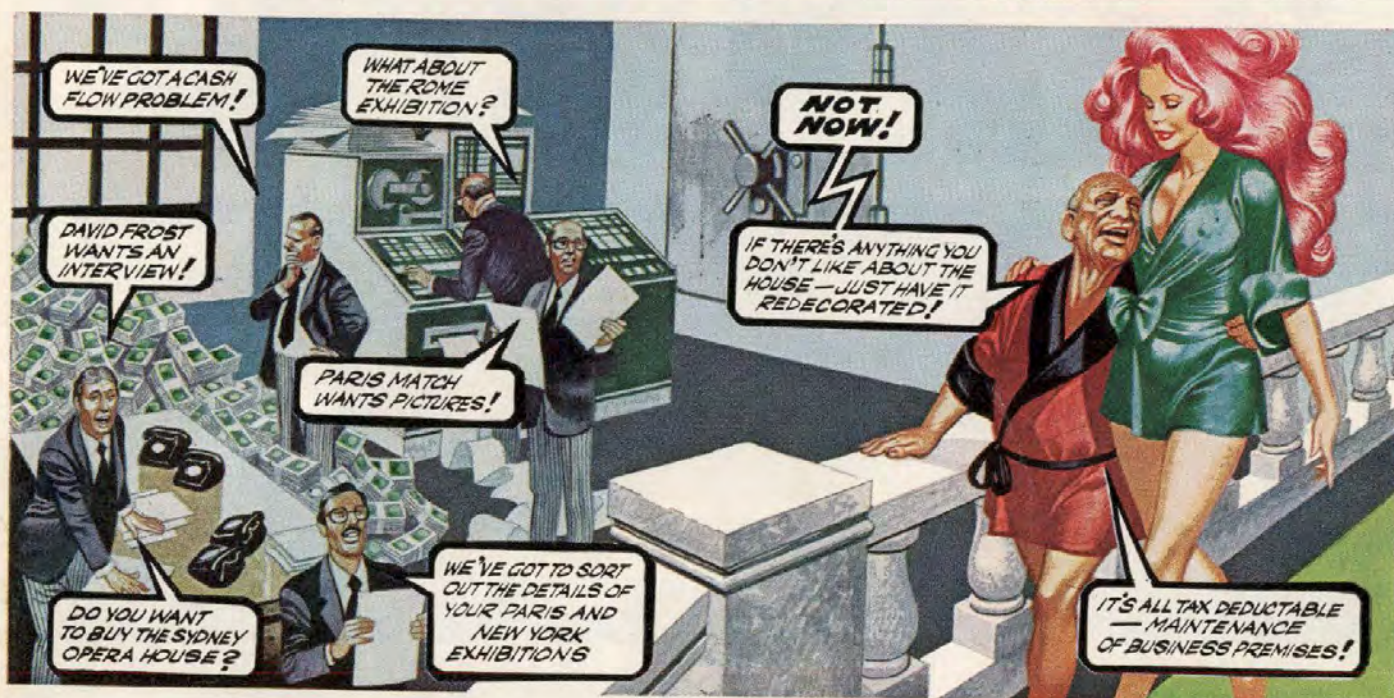


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BOILS AROUND THE ENTWINED
FIGURES, AND TWO HEARTS BEAT
AS ONE IN UNISON WITH THE
ETERNAL RHYTHM OF THE SEA!

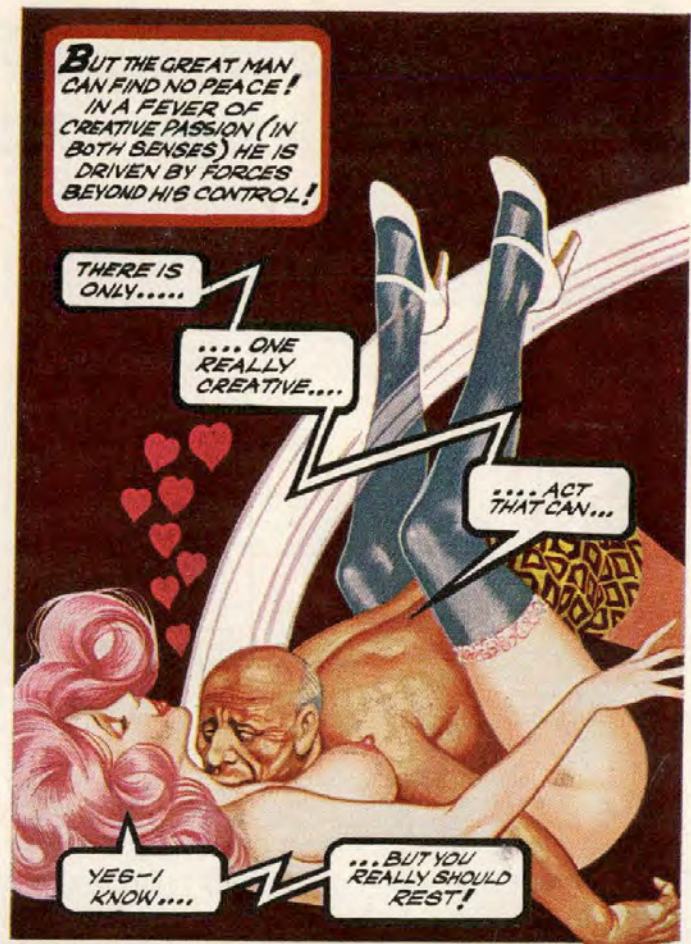
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DEVIL'S WORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

us or speak to us again, it would be all right, as long as it was *her* decision and not the decision of the mind manipulators. We did not want to control Kate's life—we wanted to save it.

I was finished with justifying my case against the Moon cult to many of my colleagues in the media, especially those who defended the First Amendment at any cost. The less they knew about thought reform or brainwashing and mind manipulation, the stronger the defense they presented. I knew that the First Amendment in Kate's case was her death certificate. Anything that impeded saving her life was irrelevant.

JANUARY 31, 1979

I sat in the late morning in the TWA departure lounge at National Airport, fighting my old battle with worry and anxiety. Details have always bugged me, and loose ends are an abomination, and I was up to my eyeballs in both categories. All I had were three amateurs waiting in Denver. No professionals to make the pickup of Kate, no writ of conservatorship good in Colorado, no well-stocked safehouse with a deprogramming team standing by. And I did not know what kind of security measures the Moon organization was taking to greet my arrival; they knew of my earlier attempt to rescue Kate.

After an hour's delay, we were airborne in a 727, with a stop at St. Louis. There was another delay in St. Louis, and the flight was now scheduled to land at 4:00 P.M. Denver time instead of 2:00 P.M. My adrenaline continued to flow.

I reeled down the ramp, trying to clear my head. I hadn't had any real sleep since last Thursday in Paris. Smile, I told myself. Exude confidence and for God's sake practice heavenly deception.

There was Kate—it had been over three years since I had seen my daughter. She had a shy smile as I hugged her, and despite what my wife had told me, I was shaken by her appearance: the blotched complexion and the fatigue etched in her face, her blond hair cropped in a bowl haircut, and she was 30 pounds over her 120-pound weight. She was wearing a light raincoat over a thin dress and a pair of sandals even though the temperature was below freezing. Her companion, a young man, who I thought to be around eighteen years old, was wearing a windbreaker, a shirt and tie, and clean but wrinkled trousers. What the hell! I didn't look too well myself. Both Kate and her companion, John, whom she introduced as a cult leader, wore the frightening 1,000-mile stare of mind control.

John told me they had a car as he snatched my small suitcase from my hand and started walking toward a stairway within the airport. "The car is parked below on one of the ramps," he answered

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when I asked where we were going.

I looked frantically about for my security team, but there was no sign of them. "Wait a second," I stalled. "Have you made a motel or hotel reservation for me? I forgot to do it."

When John said they had not, I suggested that we find a hotel reservation center in the airport and that we solve that problem here. Walking down to the next level, I noticed there was still no security team. Where the hell were they? Below a large board naming motels in Denver, there were a series of direct-line phones.

"How about a Ramada Inn?" I said brightly as I saw Joe, one of my boys, sidle up near us, a piece of paper in one hand and a pen in the other. My opinion of the security team soared.

John called one of the several Ramada Inns listed on the board and made the reservation. Joe, still scanning the board, appeared to be taking the addresses of various places.

"Imagine that," I said in a loud voice. "You can just pick up the phone and make the reservation for the Ramada Inn at 16500 West Colfax Avenue!"

Joe was six feet away from us.

Kate and John didn't appear to even notice my insane shouting, although the people around me gave me very strange looks. I figured that no matter what happened next, my security team would be able to follow us or, for God's sake, even

be there waiting at the motel. I breathed easier and shouted once more. "Let's go down to the ramp garage and get your car, John."

I sat in the back of the car and put on the rubbernecking act of a tourist in Denver in order to peer out of the back window. No car seemed to be following us; Joe must have given Sonny our destination, and they were headed for the motel and would be waiting there in the parking area. Maybe we would pull it off!

Our route turned out to be one parallel to Colfax Avenue; only someone who knew city streets like a Denver delivery boy could have made it. John even cut across supermarket parking lots and exited on dirt roads behind the store itself. If anyone was following him, John could not fail to see the car. I shuddered with relief that I had been able to shout our destination to Joe.

We were nearly at the turnpike that goes to Boulder and Cheyenne when John cut into West Colfax, and we started traveling east, past the Denver city line into Lakewood and the motel. I was impressed and scared with his route, and I felt eighty-five-years old as I signed the credit card chit. It was just 5:00 P.M., and there was no sign of the security team.

I asked for a room away from the noise of the traffic on Colfax and was given a second-story room far from the registry office. There was an exit from the motel be-

low my room; so one did not have to use the main entrance.

John was clearly in command, however, and suggested that we leave immediately for supper and then go to a movie or to the Moon center. With a voice that whined like an old man's, I begged that we rest a while and chat.

I asked John to tell me about himself, tried to draw him out. He said he was twenty-seven-years old and had been a member of the Unification Church for five years. He was Jewish, he said, but that was all wrong, he had told his family, who lived in Scarsdale, N.Y. As I stared at his tennis ball eyes, his rictus of a smile, he looked to me like an exhausted high-school senior.

As his programmed responses droned on and on—"inner," "outer," "subject," "object," "seven-year plans"—I watched Kate turn the TV set on and click to each channel, not watching. She interjected, when John took a breath, "You see, Pa? Do you understand?" This was not my daughter. Who was this person staring at me with Kate's eyes?

It was now 5:30 P.M., and I moved to the phone, dialing Sonny's Denver motel. No answer at his room; I was bewildered and felt a new touch of panic. Then I dialed a friend at the Washington Post.

"Larry, old buddy—could you check home and see if I left a briefcase in the bedroom?" I told him that I had discov-



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ered that I had misplaced some important papers. He asked how it was going. There was worry in his voice. He was a veteran of many clandestine operations.

"Yeah, it's great," I said, "I'm sitting with my daughter and another Unification Church missionary in a motel in Denver. First time I've seen my daughter in three years."

"For chrissakes!" Larry exploded. "Where's the security team?"

"Lost, too," I said, as though referring to an article in the briefcase.

"Can't you reach the team at their motel?"

"Just tried there, Larry. He seems to be out, but I'll keep calling."

I said no to his offer of calling the motel of the security team, thinking, perhaps unclearly, that it would make it that much more difficult to get through to them. I gave Larry my room number and the phone number of the motel and signed off.

Another call to Sonny's motel, under the deception of a call to a colleague in Washington. No answer. The motel switchboard operator confirmed she was ringing the right number. I was past panic now and somehow had arrived at the eye of a hurricane. Praise for the UC flowed from me; questions about the international aspect of the cult poured out. I was animated, and my interest could not be doubted.

Robotlike and maintaining eye contact with me, John went on a Unification

Church interpretation of the Communist menace and then on to Korea's importance in the scheme of international affairs. Kate hardly spoke at all, except to act as a one-woman clique for John's points on UC doctrine. I didn't want to dwell on her personality change.

Wearily, I reached for the phone again. This time—it was nearly 8:00 P.M.—Sonny was on the line. "Where are you, where are you, where are you?"

"Hi, old pal," I said in my most hearty manner and launched into my lost-briefcase query. Sonny was outraged. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"That's right, old buddy," John now was listening and watching me. The stall had gone on for three hours. I was running out of time. Even in his spaced-out mind, he knew something was not quite right.

"Yes, sir, old pal," I crowed over Sonny's bewildered questions, "I'm sitting here with my oldest daughter and one of her great companions in the Unification Church. We have had a great talk for the past three hours. If you find my briefcase, call me at this number"—I gave the room and telephone numbers—"and if you have any problems with the numbers, as I do in France, it's the number for the Ramada Inn at 16500 West Colfax Avenue in Denver. You got that, old pal?" Sonny repeated the address.

"You what?" I said excitedly. "That's great! Look, we're going out for dinner,

but we'll wait a few minutes for your call back. Thanks a million!"

I beamed at Kate and John. "My friend thinks he knows where the stuff is, and he will call back in a few minutes. I'll try to make it up to you for this long delay."

We then chatted about Satan and his evil ways. I warned John—in my Mad Hatter's role—to beware of false prophets, especially, as the Bible put it, of those false prophets who pile up treasure on earth. John glanced sharply at Kate, and there was a soft knock at the door. It was 8:15 P.M.

I opened the door. Sonny, Joe, and Frank filed in. Sonny produced a copy of the Illinois writ of conservatorship, and I told Kate I was taking her away for a little while. John demanded to see the writ, and Sonny held it for him to read.

"I don't know if this is valid!" John gasped, lunging for the telephone. "Our lawyers will have to see it!"

"Not today!" Sonny said. He wrenched the phone from John's hand and unscrewed the mouthpiece, tossing it behind the bureau.

John looked around wildly as Kate screamed at me: "You can't do this! They'll rape me and kill you!" John weighed less than Kate, and he seemed even smaller now. I assured him that there would be no violence, that everything was legal, that he should go home and forget the whole thing.



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I edged everyone out the door. Frank and Sonny had Kate by the arms. Sonny blocked out John, and I trailed them, carrying the suitcase and attaché case. Sonny's car was parked below, facing the back exit. It was a four-door Chevie rental with Colorado plates. The plates were smeared with muddy snow.

Then everything went to pieces. Kate started screaming: "Kidnap! Kidnap!"

Doors were flung open on the court, and I saw several blurred faces. Afraid that they might interfere, I shouted, "I'm her father trying to rescue her from a sick cult."

Why the car was locked, I don't know, but it added to our difficulties as Sonny fumbled with the key and held on to John at the same time. Finally, Joe and Frank got Kate into the backseat.

Sonny squeezed behind the wheel as I held John back. The front passenger door was still locked as I detached myself from John and grabbed my suitcase. At last the door was kicked open by Sonny, and I threw my suitcase in. I turned for the attaché case in time to see John grab it and sprint down the court toward the motel registry office on West Colfax.

I had started after him—the address book was an absolute blueprint for the police to track us down—when Sonny screamed at me, "Write it off, goddamn it! We've got maybe two minutes before a radio car gets here!"

Spinning the wheels, Sonny swung the

car away from the motel. He slowed and kept to the speed limit, turning left, then right, then left as we eased away from the Ramada Inn. Kate was held by Frank and Joe. I looked for road signs. "Do you know where we are?" Sonny asked.

"Where are the maps?" I asked
"Don't have any."

Sighing, I rummaged through my suitcase, which was under my feet, and found the maps I had stashed there the night before I left Paris.

It was twenty minutes before we saw a road marker, and I realized we were heading south toward Pueblo. I asked Sonny to pull off the highway, and I jumped out to wipe the snow and mud off the license plates; covered plates might draw the attention of curious cops. I was aware of being a solid middle-class lawbreaker. Not only was the Moon cult destroying Kate, but it had forced me into the role of a criminal. Lord knows how many felonies I had committed back in the motel, but it was academic; I didn't care.

Sonny asked me if I thought we could make it to Wilkes-Barre from Denver.

"Let's make Cheyenne first. Maybe we can hole up there in a motel and wait for the others," I said, knowing that this plan was remote. We were hot. If Kate screamed in the motel . . . I lit yet another cigarette and castigated myself for letting John get away with the attaché case.

At least it wasn't snowing. We were between blizzards, the road was clear, and Sonny kept the speed at a steady fifty-five miles per hour. It was now 10:30 P.M., and I wondered what Cheyenne would be like, hoping there was an enormous motel with rooms far from the registry office. My beloved daughter, a stranger to me, slept.

Kate was deprogrammed in Chicago by three former Moonies. For the first three days she would not listen to anything they said. She even tried to escape through a small window. But getting much-needed sleep and not being lectured by cult authorities "to go sell and pay for her sins" made it possible for her to calm down and take a look at the facts about Moon.

When Kate realized that maybe Mr. Moon was not the Messiah, or present-day Christ, she immediately felt that she did not have to beg on the streets for him anymore. She returned to Paris, overjoyed to live with her family and find a better meaning for her existence.

But the problems of missing her friends in the cult or responding to cult programming were with her for several months. Her therapy was, in part, to write and talk about her cult experiences. Kate also worked for four months helping to deprogram and rehabilitate others victimized, as she was, by the extreme closed-mindedness of a cult. She now attends college in upstate New York. 

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

my face, and I kept telling my wife that I understood. She then informed me that this and more would occur at least weekly so that I would make no mistake about who was the boss and that I had to agree to everything. I did.

Following all of this, my wife stripped, got on the bed in front of me, and removed the dildo from my ass (I almost orgasmed). She then took the clothespins off my nipples. She began to tell me that there would also be other duties to be performed from now on that could not be neglected. I was told to start licking her cunt, which I did very eagerly. I must've been eating her for about thirty minutes, and I started to get up, but she let me know that I would be informed when she had had enough.

After about another thirty minutes of great pleasure my wife got up, untied one of my legs, and instructed me to lie on my back. She then climbed onto my erect penis, and we screwed ourselves silly. Later on she sat on my face and made me clean the come from her cunt and bring her off one more time.

I am now more attentive to my beautiful wife, and things around the house are all neat and clean. Twice a week I'm disciplined to a point where I know my place

and responsibilities. The truth is that I love it. Our love life is also run by my wife, and there is never a dull moment.—Name and address withheld

She'll be back

Last week I was in my favorite lover's city on business but could stay only one night, so he said he would plan a very special evening.

Paul is six feet three inches tall, muscular, with not an ounce of fat, tan, and dark-haired with a well-kept beard. I am a petite five foot four inches with a tiny waist and apple-sized breasts, fair-skinned, and blond.

When I arrived at his house he met me at the door, wearing only his jockey shorts. He kissed me passionately, carried me into his bedroom, and tenderly caressed my hungry body through my dress. "Take off your clothes," he said and sat back to watch.

As I pulled my dress over my head and stepped out of my panties, Paul masturbated. I love to watch him do this. I straddled his legs and began to suck his hot cock into my throat, as deeply as it would fit in. I slowly pulled it out until my tongue touched its head, up and down, slowly fingering my pussy as he rubbed my breasts.

Suddenly he pulled my face up to his and kissed me, then said, "Open your cunt for me." I sat up, still straddling him with my knees wide apart, and pulled my

cunt lips open with my fingers. He pushed his eight inches into my "tight little cunt," and we began to fuck slowly, deliberately, feeling each sensation as he entered and slid out again and again. As our fucking grew more intense, he abruptly pulled out of me, saying, "I don't want to come in you yet," and he laid me on my back and began licking my pussy.

No one gives head like Paul. He gently, slowly, licks me. I love to watch his dark beard tangled in my blond pubes. Soon I was pressing my cunt into his face and coming as he sucked me. He moved back up to my face and kissed me, and I tasted my own juices. Then, lying on top of me, he pushed his cock into my cunt again and fucked me harder than before. I wrapped my legs around his back and met his thrusts. I was coming again, moaning loudly, and he came with me, noisily, filling me with hot, creamy come.

During our love talk he said, "Do you want to know what I have planned? I thought we would grab a bite to eat, and then I'll take you to a very private club, where I'll fuck you in front of lots of people."

I found this prospect exciting although frightening. I started rubbing my body as I sat on top of him. His cock crept up against my thigh, and I guided it into my cunt again. He placed my hands on my tits and told me to play with them while he controlled the rhythm of my hips. "Would

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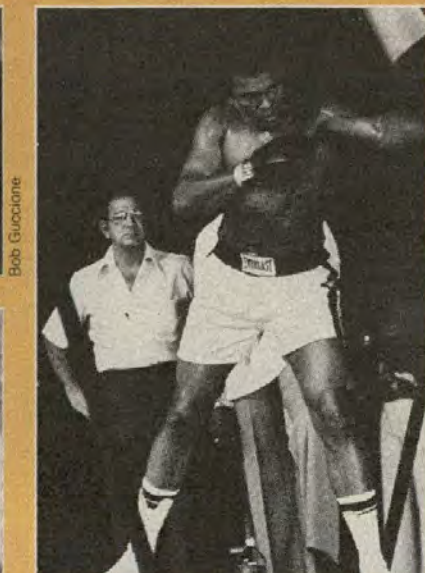
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Up Front—Since the dawn of his creation, man has worshiped tits. And rightly so, for the bounties of the breast are wondrous and many. In tender infancy the breast gives man the very sustenance of life, and in manhood, the breast gives him something to diddle with during commercials. Mastomythology is a relatively new field—just invented, in fact, by author Nick Tosches. In this special appreciation of the female form, Tosches takes a long, hard look at tits and discovers that, yes, every woman has two. But no man can get enough.

Interview with Stephen King—What does our number-one purveyor of horror (his books include *The Shining* and *Cujo*) think of newspaper headlines like "Baby Frozen in Refrigerator" or "Mom Nails Kid to Door"? "Love it! Love it!" says King. "Tabloids appeal to everything that is sleazy in my nature." And what about screen violence? "It's not going to make me feel good, but I want to see what's there." And the Bible? "The best horror stories ever written." And, of course, "Penthouse Forum" letters? "I would say that ninety percent of them are healthy." Thanks, Steve.

Sex and the Single American—Today one out of every three adults in this country is single. Some 50 million people have decided to remain unmarried, and the number is ever-growing. To examine this revolution in life-style, a new study, *Singles: The New Americans* (to be published by Simon and Schuster), presents the first nationwide representative survey of singles in the United States. Three thousand people were questioned in a scientific selection by Marketing and Research Counselors, Inc., and authors Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll. Their findings on the sex lives of single Americans are published in *Penthouse* for the first time anywhere.

Whose Country Is It Anyway?—During the last two decades, much of the United States has been lost to a silent, invading army—an army, not of tanks and soldiers, but of billions of foreign dollars used to buy up everything from shopping centers to oil equipment companies. Although foreign direct investment in the U.S. is now officially estimated at over \$70 billion, *Penthouse* contributing editor Ernest Volkman writes that the real sum is very much higher, because of an official government policy of covert support for such investments. But, more important, this money, most of which comes from the Arab oil countries, could give its owners extraordinary control over American foreign and domestic policy.

The Lord of the Ring—Angelo Dundee, who's been the manager or trainer for eleven world champions, including Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard, is a sports legend. Whether he's working with a natural, "strictly home cooking" fighter like Ray or trying to keep control of Ali, whose "gimmick-era" stunts changed the world of boxing, Dundee—"part doctor, part engineer, part psychologist, and sometimes an actor"—prides himself on getting "the best out of what's there" and, in this exclusive article written with veteran sportswriter Vic Ziegel, he lets us know how he does it. **O—**

you like to do this in front of other people?" he asked, and I said, "Maybe."

We pumped harder, and I pinched my nipples and could hold out no longer. I fell on his chest, coming, yelling as he shoved himself into me faster, deeper, and then exploded in me again, his come overflowing in my cunt.

We slept for an hour, then began to dress to leave. I was very nervous as we drove to the club, but a stiff drink when we got there calmed me down a little. Then we went to the lockers—nudity is required beyond the bar. People around us were taking off their clothes, and I was hesitant but Paul insisted I go ahead and undress in front of them.

We joined a number of couples in a hot tub. Everyone was enjoying the view of each other's sexuality, and I was relieved by the friendliness and lack of tension in the group. Next, Paul and I went into a room with mattresses all over the floor and a pornographic movie showing. We lay near the front. With my back to nearly everyone in the room, I could imagine that I was not in a public place.

We kissed and Paul slid his leg between my legs. He was getting quite turned on by watching everyone fuck. He pulled me away from the wall, and placing me on my back with a pillow under my hips, he entered me. He could see other couples fucking, and consequently they got full view of his chest and my breasts and his cock appearing and disappearing in me, although I didn't know it.

My discomfort at being "on stage" turned to pleasure as he fucked me. He pumped faster, I yelled, and he yelled, and then he poured hot jism into me.

We relaxed for a while and watched couples sucking each other and four people all tangled up together. Then we entered another room full of mattresses, with transparent cotton fabric hanging between them.

Paul sucked me and then made me sit on his reawakened cock and rub my tits while he watched the activities around us. He moved me up and down, and I reached behind me and fondled his balls. The couple on the mattress next to us crossed under the fabric hanging between our beds. They began rubbing my legs and ass and it felt great, but I was afraid.

Throughout the night other couples wanted to fuck with us, but I could never quite overcome my fear. I knew that Paul really wanted to fuck other women and watch other men fuck me, and he really believed I would enjoy it. Looking back now, I think he was right, but one of the reasons I'll be willing to do it next time is that he didn't pressure me this time.—

Name and address withheld **O—**

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