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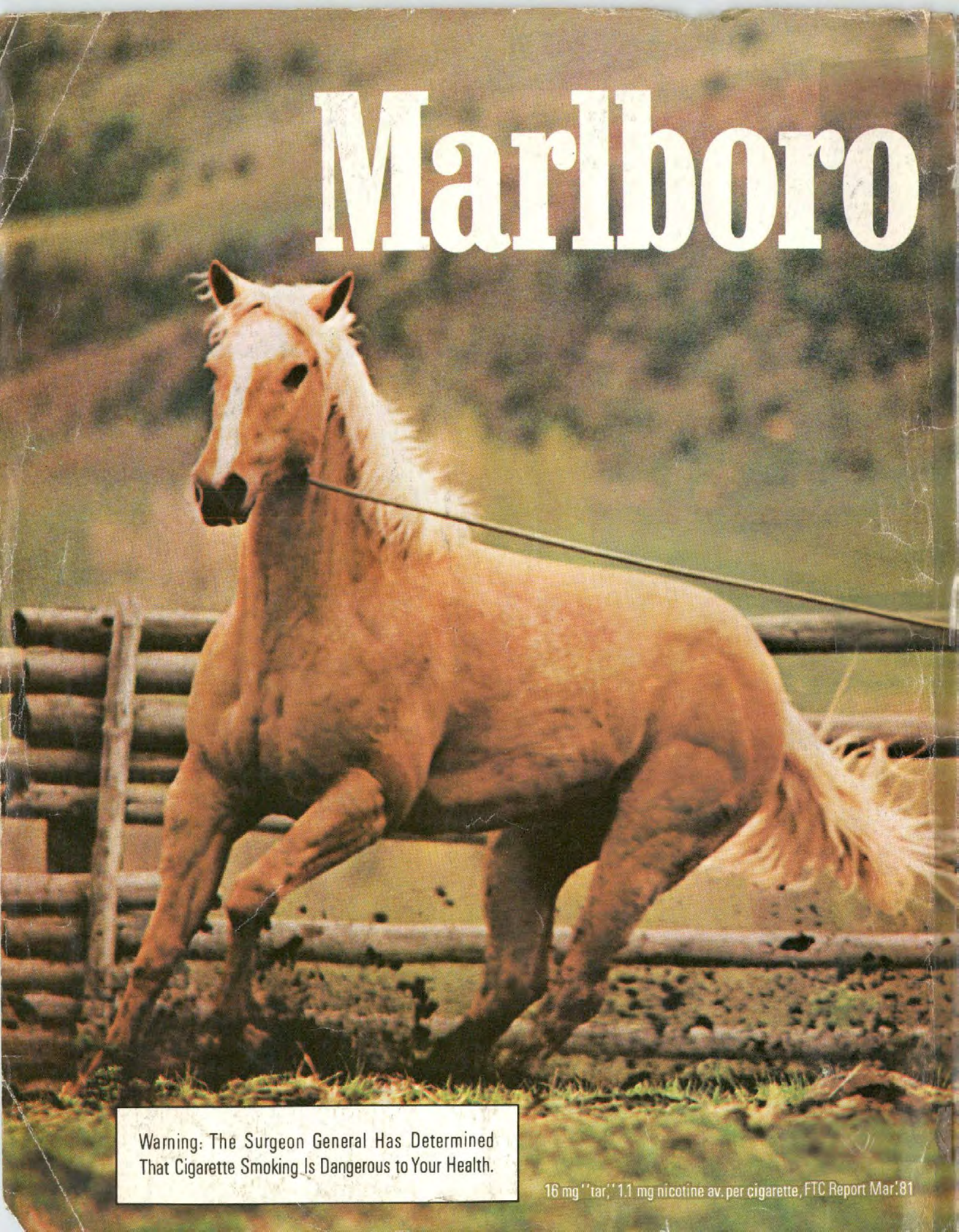
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Marlboro

A photograph of a light-colored horse, possibly a palomino or chestnut, running in a field. The horse is captured in mid-stride, with its front legs extended forward and its hind legs pushing off. A thin lead rope is visible, extending from the horse's mouth towards the right side of the frame. In the background, there is a rustic wooden fence made of horizontal logs or rails. The overall scene is set in a natural, outdoor environment with green grass and some trees in the distance.

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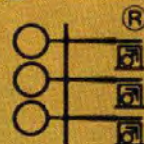


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CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	Joanne Latham Photo by Pat Hill	
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
FEEDBACK	Opinion	26
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander 31
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager 39
SCENES	Bill Lawren	40
FILMS	Roger Greenspun	41
WORDS	Marilyn Stasio, Peter Bloch	43
SOUNDS	Robert Palmer	45
THE SELLING OF AMERICA	Article	Ernest Volkman 48
LET'S GET PHYSICAL	Pictorial	Photos by Jerry Pasternak 58
SEX AND SINGLES	Survey	Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll 68
LORD OF THE RING	Article	Angelo Dundee with Vic Ziegel 72
WHO KILLED SAL MINEO?	Fiction	Susan Braudy 76
PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES	Pet of the Month	Photos by Paul Wagner 81
WHEN CIVIL LIBERTIES BECOME LIABILITIES	Essay	Nicholas von Hoffman 100
RON AND ROBIN	Pictorial	Photos by David Schoen 103
STEPHEN KING	Interview	Bob Spitz 120
HARD TIMES	Humor	128
THE NAKED TAPE	Service	Larry McClain 130
DREAMWATCH	Analysis	Dr. Albert Ellis 151
DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO TAKE THIS TEST?	Quiz	Frank Donegan 155
ACTING OUT	Fashion	Ed Emmerling 162
END TERMS	Satire	Bill Lee 178
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione 180

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HOUSECALL

One of the great stereotypes in American humor is that of the ignorant foreigner who is suckered into "buying" the Brooklyn Bridge. Well, if we don't wake up very soon, we may discover that this year's biggest April Fools' joke is on us—we're actually selling off our country piece by piece, and this time the not-so-ignorant foreigners who are buying property, businesses, and political influence make the Brooklyn Bridge scam seem less than trivial by comparison.

Today, foreign direct investment in the United States is officially estimated to be over \$70 billion. But, writes contributing editor **Ernest Volkman** in "The Selling of America" (page 48), the real sum is much, much higher, with most of the money coming from the staggeringly rich Arab oil dictatorships, who have already tried blackmail to achieve their dubious foreign policy objectives and whose billions have now given them a potential stranglehold over our own social and economic destiny. Although greedy American businessmen and appeasement-minded politicians are quick to tell us that such is not the case, these reassurances ring hollow, writes Volkman, because "the American government does not even know at this point how much Arab money is in the American economy, which makes any assurance that it can control or monitor all that money a mockery." This shocking and important article is excerpted from Volkman's forthcoming overview of anti-Semitism in America, *Legacy of Hate*, which will be published by Franklin Watts. When even the terrorist PLO can make money by investing in American corporations, it is time for us to write a quick, merciful end to this shameful and dangerous horror story.

Stephen King, author of *The Shining*, *Firestarter*, and *Cujo*, is today's master of the well-told horror story, but, unlike the villains in "The Selling of America," King's brand of terror serves only to entertain (although selling over 35 million books has also earned him riches that even the most affluent would envy). In this month's interview with *Penthouse* contributing editor **Bob Spitz** (page 120), King says that young people have become obsessed with terror because "we are the first generation forced to live almost entirely without romance and had to find some kind of supernatural outlet for the romantic impulses that are in all of us." His own literary tastes include the Bible ("the best horror stories ever written"), *Penthouse's* "Forum" letters ("I love 'Forum'"), and lurid yellow journalism ("tabloids appeal to everything that is just sleazy in my nature"). If, like most Americans, you share King's reading tastes, you'll find

"Forum" on page 8 and "Hard Times," our irresistible compilation of true but outrageous newspaper stories, on page 128. Sorry, but there's nothing from the Bible...this month.

Many of our readers (Stephen King included) have wondered how much of "Forum" describes real experiences and how much is merely the writers' fantasies. This month you'll find some clues in "Sex and Singles" (page 68), our exclusive preview of an important new study, conducted by Marketing and Research Counselors, Inc., and authors **Jacqueline Simenauer** and **David Carroll**, who will publish their complete findings in a forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, *Singles: The New Americans*. In order to find out just how "swinging" singles really are, 3,000 people were questioned in a scientific selection. This first nationwide representative survey of single Americans (more than 50 million people have decided to remain unmarried) may surprise many who believe in media stereotypes and even some singles themselves, whose sex lives may not be as typical as they think.

And if you're into creating some sexual stereotypes of your own, don't miss "The Naked Tape" (page 130), by **Larry McClain**: instructions on how best to take advantage of the home-video revolution by filming, and possibly starring in, your own erotic movies—with tips from two of the hottest directors in the business, **Gerard Damiano** and **Richard Milner**.

Who Killed Sal Mineo?, by Warner Brothers' Vice-President **Susan Braudy**, is going to be one of this spring's most talked-about novels, and we're happy to present an exclusive excerpt on page 76. Braudy's book, to be published by Wyndham Books, is more than just a fictionalized account of the last hours of the once powerful star—it is an insider's view of the underside of Hollywood, a world in which fantasy and reality often collide with deadly results.

The contributions of three men at the top of their respective fields round out this issue: **Angelo Dundee**, who has managed or trained nine world champions, including Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard, lets us know some of his secrets in "Lord of the Ring" (page 72), written with veteran sportswriter **Vic Ziegel**, a contributing editor to *New York* magazine; syndicated Washington columnist **Nicholas von Hoffman** blasts civil-liberties organizations for unnecessary and even sometimes dangerous interference in our civil and criminal justice system (page 100); and Humor Editor **Bill Lee's** "End Terms," a survey of the latest in American slang (page 178), in which he proves that the more things change, the more they change.

One thing, of course, that never changes is the unabashed beauty of our sensational Pets—especially those who are here to help us welcome the most welcome arrival of spring. And *that*, you can be sure, is no April Foolery! 

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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APRIL

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.

Love of self

I'm a nineteen-year-old guy in his first year of college. I love everything to do with sex, magazines, books, films, and of course masturbation. I love getting my rocks off any way I can.

One weekend, when my family went to visit relatives in a distant city, I had the run of our apartment. I decided to turn our guest room into a playroom. I moved the furniture around, covered the floor with newspaper and cardboard, and carried the big mirror from the front hall and set it up against the wall. Then I heated up some vegetable oil in a pot and quickly cooked a hot dog.

Armed with my well-thumbed stock of *Penthouses*, my bong, the oil, the hot dog, a jar of petroleum jelly, and a roll of paper towels, I went into my playroom and stripped. First I admired my fine, youthful body in the mirror. I ran my hands over my tight muscles, caressing my shoulders and biceps. My cock sprang to a respectable six inches. I did a few bongs to heighten my sensations and then poured the warm oil all over my chest. It ran down over my flat belly, dripping onto the newspaper. I spread it all over my body until I glistened and shone like a Greek god. I lay down, and while flipping through a current issue of *Penthouse* with one hand, I scooped out a fingerful of Vaseline with the other and applied it to my anus. Then I entered myself with the hot dog.

I swung my legs up and braced myself against the mirror so I could get a good look at the hot dog sliding in and out of my ass hole. My smooth, hard buttocks shone with the oil, and I kneaded them with my free hand. My scrotum was completely relaxed, and I pulled at my swollen, glistening balls, running my fingers through my thick, oil-drenched pubic hair. Then I sat on the newspaper cross-legged and felt the warm hot dog being shoved into my secret hole.

My cock was purple with anticipation. I jerked on it wildly as I read the "Forum" letters. Seeing myself in the mirror was such a turn-on. I let the tightness in my groin reach a fevered pitch before I stopped jerking. Then, when I regained my breath, I started beating my meat again, bringing myself even closer to the point. I rocked back and forth on the hot dog and moaned as I cranked my swollen prick.

Sensing my orgasm was near, I went over to the bureau and pulled out the top drawer halfway. Then I put a pillow for my head at the base of the bureau, and swing-

ing my legs over my head, I braced my feet against the underside of the top drawer and put the head of my cock to my lips. I groaned and pushed harder. The tip of my cock slipped into my mouth. My teeth closed around the purple head and I bit lightly on my hot, salty flesh. I could not get my cock any further into my mouth, but my balls hung down and suspended themselves inches from my eyes.

Glancing to the right, I could just see my pleasure-contorted body in the mirror and the hot dog protruding from my ass hole. That was too much. I started beating my pole for all I was worth. As I was about to release, I positioned the head of my cock inches above my eager face. Splashes of hot come splattered my face and ran down my chin and onto my heaving chest. I stuck out my tongue and licked my lips off. I was so involved that there was no need for paper towels. Then I realized that this was just the first hour of my first day, alone.—Name and address withheld

The mother of invention

After reading several of the letters concerning female domination of males, I felt it was my duty to other mistresses and "would-be" mistresses to share my experiences.

My name is Olga and I have been married for three years now to my slave husband, David. When we were first together, our relationship was not as it is today. But shortly after our wedding he revealed his submissive tendencies and desire to be my slave. At first, I resisted somewhat, although occasionally we would play some bondage games. But soon I realized I enjoyed having complete power and control over him, and we both derived sexual pleasure when I administered rations of pleasure and pain.

Initially, I got ideas from "Forum," such as attaching clothespins to his nipples or his balls to remind him of his lowly status. I now also enjoy spanking him with a Ping-Pong paddle or a good stiff hairbrush, which can be particularly effective on the backs of his legs. Recently we began to use his inventive talents to create new devices for my use in training him. The first is one of my own designs which he has implemented. Basically the device straps around his balls and waist, and a small six-inch dildo is inserted in his ass. The dildo among other things houses the battery pack. The entire package is securely locked in place and cannot be removed by him. Using a radio transmitter similar to the units used to control model airplanes

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and a receiver unit in his dildo, I control both an electrical shock device which is connected to his balls and a variable speed vibrator which is housed in the dildo buried deep in his ass. David is required to wear the device at all times except on Sunday, when I administer his weekly two-quart warm and sudsy enema.

David is required to perform most of the household cleaning chores during the week, and on the weekends I employ his best talents as a sex slave. Friday, before he gets home from work, I set my transmitter for shock and wait for his entry. When he gets within range (about a half mile), the pain in his balls is a signal of my intentions and he must act according to prearranged plans. His failure will result in his further punishment and humiliation. Last weekend, for example, his task was to bring someone home to service my pussy. Anticipating his failure, I acquired through a local group a temp black slave who was equipped with a nine-inch uncircumcised cock. The look on David's face when he saw Joe strapped to my bed was priceless. I immediately ordered David to suck Joe's cock (which, because of intense training by his mistress, will respond to verbal commands and will remain hard even after ejaculation). Needless to say, the night was very pleasurable for me, and David advanced nicely in his program.

Next weekend I'm lending David to another mistress for additional training and

to build a special stock for her. In fact, our group is currently setting up a slave exchange. We encourage appropriate women to join in the fun and begin their own new life, as it should be.—*Name and address withheld*

Jaws

I was recently in a bar, discussing how great headjobs were for getting off. You'd get rock-hard again afterwards and the woman would get more than her share as it took a lot to get off in her pussy the second time. Me and my two business partners were joined in the bar by our secretary, whom we had nicknamed Jaws because she had such a big mouth. From her questions and comments it was obvious that she hadn't had any oral sex experience and was interested.

As the party broke up, I slipped my hand under the table and right into her pussy. She squeezed down on it and never batted an eye. As we went outside, I asked if she wanted to get another drink, and she said yes, but at her place. As soon as we got there and she closed the door, she turned and I kissed her. When our lips parted for a moment, she started to slip down my body and got on her knees and undid my fly. My cock came out, and she took it in her mouth. She started to pump up and down but in an awkward manner. I grabbed her head and started to rotate her head on my cock.

After a moment we stopped and went into the bedroom and undressed. I reached around and unzipped her pants to reveal the greatest ass I'd ever seen. She had a tiny waist flowing into smooth hips with a round, tight ass. I pushed her toward the bed and slipped her pants and panties off. My cock was sticking out, and when she got to the bed, she turned around and sat down with her mouth in front of my cock. She said she was fascinated by it and started to take the head in her mouth. After she had taken a few pumps on my cock, I laid her on the bed and got on with her. She had her head on my stomach and my cock in front of her. I put my hand on her ass and worked down her crack to feel a wet pussy. As I inserted my finger, I moved my hips up and she took me in her mouth again. I told her to work on the glans near the top and moved her head up and down the underside of my shaft. I told her to use her lips and tongue and to suck and pull. She was learning quickly. I moved her head from the top down to where my balls started. When she came back up, I moved her head to take me in her mouth. She opened her lips and took my cock. I told her to let her lips relax so she wouldn't tire out. She did and was pumping me and sucking.

I then got her up on her knees and placed my finger on her ass hole. She moaned and spread her legs for me. By now she was bent over so my cock was positioned completely in her mouth. I pushed her head down around the outside again and swung my leg over her head, exposing my balls to her. I put two fingers in her pussy and told her to suck gently on one of my balls. As I pumped her pussy, she sucked one testicle in and out of her mouth and I guided her hand to keep pumping my head. She was really getting good now, and I told her to open her mouth and take both balls. I started to pump her pussy in unison with her sucking my balls in and out. Then I began to make round circles on her ass hole with my thumb, and she moaned and went faster.

It was time for a change, so I pulled her head back up to the shaft and put her right hand on my balls, with her finger in my ass hole. I then started to pop her ass hole with my thumb, and she mimicked me. She was rubbing the head, sucking and licking the shaft, squeezing my balls, and snapping my ass hole, and I rubbed her cunt and played with her ass hole. She was now moaning loudly, and I moved her head so she could take me all in her mouth. I removed my thumb from her ass hole and inserted my middle finger. As she started down my shaft, I pushed in deeper—when she came up I came out. She was the one who picked up the speed, and each time I pushed deeper she took more.

She now had everything except for about an inch, and she wasn't taking it any deeper. I told her to relax and get it all. When she took it, I held her head and moved it around to work my cock into her



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throat. It moved only a half an inch more, so I pushed my finger further into her ass hole. She arched her back and moaned as I thrust into her and buried her lips in my hair. She squeezed my balls and assisted me by putting her finger deeper into my ass hole. I now told her I was ready to come, and she moaned that it was okay. I pushed into her mouth, and each time the pressure on the head as it went into her throat got me pumping again. I soon knew that this was the one and yelled, "Take it all!" She went wild and buried her head in my hair and squeezed my balls. I came in a big way and ground her head around. Each time she went up and down I gave her some more.

After I went soft, she said that she had never even tasted the first shot. She pumped on me some more and asked if she was good. I told her she was the best and that to be able to take the whole thing was great. I asked her if her ass hole hurt, and she said it was excited and she needed to have it cooled off. I got her on her knees, and I inserted my semihard cock in her great ass. She could now talk and moan. She told me to give it to her, and I pushed in slowly. She pushed against it and yelled, "Fuck me hard, go deep, give it to me!" I grabbed her hips and started pounding her. I started to get bigger and told her so, but she said, "Get as big as you want—I need more." I couldn't believe how much she was taking and how

long I could give it to her. I could feel myself starting to come again, so I inserted my finger into her pussy and started to finger her clit. She moaned again, and as I started to come, I told her "Lie flat on your tits." When she did, her ass was more exposed. I pounded into her, and her legs started twitching. She had come several times by now, and I pushed in deeper, pulled her hips up, and twisted her ass as I shot a load deep inside her. She reached up under her pussy and stroked my balls as I pumped myself out. That was six months ago, and we're still going at it.—*Name and address withheld*

Superwhore/superwife

What makes a successful marriage after eighteen years? Communication and super sex. What's super sex? The following is.

In preparation for an evening out on the town, my wife takes her time getting ready. Plenty of exposure of her body before me prepares our minds for sex. She is a large-busted beauty, and she lets them hang and bounce, totally exposed, while putting on her makeup, etc. When it comes time for her underwear, it doesn't take long, because she only wears crotchless panties, thigh-high stockings, a garter belt, and no bra. This puts her breasts just out of reach under her blouse, just hanging there, asking to be fondled. She selects a revealing dress or blouse and skirt.

Knowing what lies just under her dress is half of the fun.

As we drive along, she pulls up her dress to expose her cunt and then masturbates for our mutual benefit. After some of her own goosing, she lets me lick her fingers off to taste her love juices. Next, after a few drinks, we start to barhop. Each time we enter a bar, she hikes up her dress, to expose her cunt. After several stops we are both very hot. We then go out for dinner. While eating, we discuss how she is going to get fucked. I goose her several times during supper. By this time we can hardly wait to get back into the car.

She drives, but before leaving she unbuttons her blouse and lets those big tits hang. I curl up and put my head in her lap and proceed to suck her breasts. She drives for as long as she can stand to and rubs my cock, too. I don't just nibble on her nipples, which usually reach about one inch long, but suck very hard on them until they hang down even farther. When neither of us can stand any more, we park, and then the fucking really begins. Earlier in the evening she has installed two Ben-Wa balls up her twat. Until now, they've just been sitting there. But now, with my cock long and hard, she spreads her twat extra wide, straddles me, and settles on my cock. I penetrate so deeply that I actually separate the balls when I drive into her. On my downstroke, they come together, which gives her a sensual feeling deep in her cunt. We fuck until we each come and are totally exhausted. If you don't think this is great sex, try it sometime.—*Name and address withheld*

Sibling rivalry

I have enjoyed your letters on spanking and would like to tell you a story about an incident which occurred about six months ago.

My girl friend is twenty-two years old, and pretty. I am twenty-nine and a successful business executive for a real-estate company. I have a beautiful home in a secluded area with a lovely pool and Jacuzzi. My girl friend, Ellen, had just called to tell me her sister Cristine was transferring here for grad school. She was a beautiful twenty-six-year-old, with blond hair and a magnificent body and face. Cristine would be staying with her until she could locate an apartment.

For her first weekend we decided to lounge around the pool area of my house and go out to dinner that evening. Well, Cristine although the oldest, was a devilish sort of girl who, because of sibling rivalry, wanted whatever Ellen had. It became apparent that Cristine would try to lure my affections. Before long Cristine had shed her top and was only wearing a skimpy bikini. She was much more developed than Ellen, and I'm sure she could grace any magazine with pride. Well, it wasn't long before Ellen and Cristine were in an argument. Ellen is about five foot three and weighs only about 115 pounds. Cristine is about five foot six and weighs about 125





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pounds. Before long Cristine and Ellen started pushing each other, and one thing led to another. They were wrestling in a grassy area beyond the pool, and since it didn't look like anyone would get hurt, I thought I would let them have it out.

Even though Ellen was younger and smaller, I could tell Cristine was out-matched. Cristine did manage to rip off Ellen's top, but Ellen reciprocated by ripping off Cristine's tiny bottom. I was getting quite excited by the spectacle. When it looked as if Cristine had had enough, with Ellen sitting on top of her naked body, Ellen informed Cristine that she had been a spoiled brat all her life and that she deserved more than what she had just given to her. With that statement, Ellen grabbed Cristine's right ear lobe and arm and stood her up, berating her all the while. A dazed Cristine could do little to resist. Watching a grown woman in the buff being scolded like a naughty child was a unique experience for me. Ellen, having a firm hold, proceeded to march Cristine into the house, smacking her bottom a couple of times along the way. When she got into the living room, she firmly yanked Cristine across both her knees, firmly wrapping her arm around her waist in the classic spanking position.

Ellen continued to lecture Cristine, with Cristine looking up embarrassed at me with her big blue eyes. Ellen then brought down a sound slap across the bare but-

tocks of Cristine. About ten spanks later Cristine was squirming and begging for mercy. As each spank was administered, Cristine's bottom became very red. After the spanking was over, Cristine rubbed her bottom in a frenzy. Then an amazing thing happened: Ellen started caressing Cristine's buttocks with her hand, stating she was sorry she had to punish her. She was comforting her in a way that seemed a little different than just an apology. Before long Ellen had worked her caresses into Cristine's pussy, and Cristine was responding with pleasure. Seeing both girls tumble naked to the floor was too much. I joined in the act and within a few minutes had both girls all over me. As Ellen licked my body, I had Cristine's cunt juices flowing with my hand. As I spread those juices up her bung hole I could see her positioning herself for a rear-end job. I was most pleased to oblige. Before the day was out, I had given it to both girls in the pussy and from the rear. Suffice it to say that we ate at home that night.—Name and address withheld

Phone fun

I know a lot of people think that the letters in "Forum" are made up. I wish I could tell them that I wrote this letter. Oh, well, at least I know it's for real. Up until about a year ago I had never even seen a *Penthouse*. Rob, now the object of my lust, brought one over so that I could check it

out. When he suggested that I read "Forum" because I'd really enjoy it, I was kind of embarrassed and tried to ignore him and the magazine. As it turns out, I really did get turned on, but I never thought I'd be writing to you about my "long-distance experience." Before I tell my story I have to tell you about Rob. He has got to be the sexiest man on earth. In fact, sometimes I can't stand it. He drives me wild just by standing there! My panties get soaked just thinking about him. I'd do anything to have him fuck me, or better yet, I'd love to tie him down and make him. He has dark hair and dark brown eyes and a beautiful tan to match. He has full shoulders, strong legs, and a great ass—not to mention a cock that's at least eight inches.

Well, one night, just after I had gone to bed and was dozing off, the phone rang. It was Rob. When I heard his sexy voice, I was immediately turned on. He asked me if I had enjoyed the night before when he had read me some bedtime stories from "Forum." I told him yes. So he started to read again, but I asked him not to because I knew I'd never sleep. He asked me why, and I told him I'd dream about him all night and that I might sleep but I wouldn't rest. I described my dreams of the night before to him. He laughed and asked me what I had done and felt while he read to me. He wanted a detailed description! The first thing I noticed was my heart racing and my breathing becoming very quick. I started rolling around on my cool sheets. It felt good but not as good as what was about to come. As I continued to describe what I had done and felt the night before, he told me to relive it and do it while I was telling him.

I dragged my nails lightly down the insides of my thighs. I caressed my legs, shoulders, abdomen, and breasts with my hands. It felt so nice. I started rubbing my clit. He told me, "Stick 'em in, stick your fingers in your pussy." I did! He asked me if I had done it. "Yes, yes!" He told me, "Slide 'em in and out, and imagine it's me. Harder, faster. Pull them almost all the way out, then ram them back in!" He asked me if it felt good. I said yes, but that it wasn't the same as the real thing. He told me he was masturbating while I was telling him what I was doing and while he was telling me what to do. He told me, "Put a finger up your anus—easy, slowly, one up your pussy and another up your rear and rub them together till they touch." I whispered, "It's so tight, I wish you were here, it'd feel so good."

He told me to try to imagine it was his cock inside me. He asked me how many fingers I had up my pussy. I sighed. "One." He told me to put in two. I obeyed. I started trembling, and I told him I was. I was soaking wet, and I started coming and coming. It felt so great. I had never finger-fucked myself like that before, and listening to his sexy voice made it even better. I wanted him so badly that I ached.

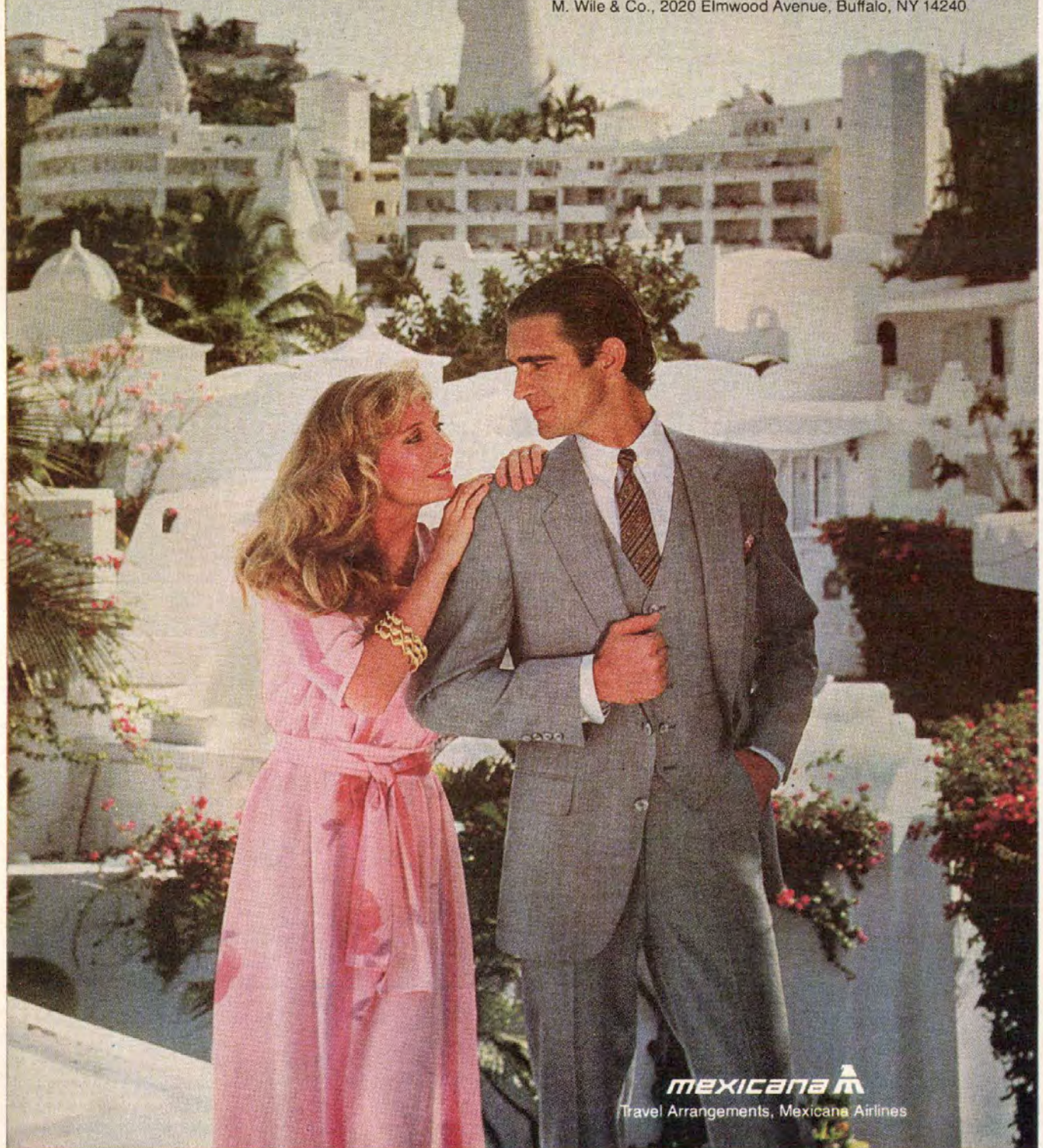
I slowed down and relaxed a little. He asked me how I was doing, and I said,

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"Great." He said, "You can't rest now—I'm just about to come." That really excited me, and I started sliding my fingers in and out of my pussy. Faster and faster I started rocking my hips. I was coming again. Over and over, I could hear him breathing harder, coming. He said, "Hold on, baby!" We both came. It was fantastic, at least, as fantastic as a fuck over the phone can be. We caught our breath and talked a little more, confessing that that was the first encounter of that type for both of us—but not the last.—*Name and address withheld*

She's game

Here I am lying in bed on a Friday night, all alone because my girl friend, Marsha, is studying for a midterm in political science. I got to thinking about the kind of girl she was when I first met her. Very naive, about sex, that is. One thing I must admit, though: she sure was ready and willing to try anything.

One Saturday night my friend Dave and I decided to go out with Marsha and her girl friend Elly. We went out to a nightclub and stayed until closing. By the time we left we were all pretty high and didn't really want to go home. Dave suggested we go over to my place and continue to party there. When we got there, we kept drinking and everyone mellowed out very rapidly.

Suddenly the conversation turned to sex, and everybody perked right up. I could tell everyone was getting horny, including myself. I had Marsha sitting on me and quickly went for her pussy, which is a nice bushy one at that. She began squirming around on me and I knew that she wanted to fuck right away. I looked at Dave and suggested that we all go into the bedroom together. Marsha and Elly didn't seem too thrilled at first, but they went along with the idea. The only light in the room was coming from the streetlight outside the window.

I went after Marsha right away, fondling her breasts through her top. Her nipples got very big and were almost popping out of her shirt. Dave and Elly seemed to be moving about the same pace. Then I removed Marsha's top and exposed her beautiful breasts. Elly looked very surprised but said nothing, as she was very horny too. Then it seemed that clothes were coming off everywhere. In a few minutes we were all nude and sitting on the bed looking at each other.

I laid Marsha down next to Elly and got down beside her. I picked up Marsha's hand and gently set it right down on Elly's cunt. Dave smiled, and Elly just lay there, not knowing what to do. I started rubbing Marsha's hand all over Elly's pussy, slowly inserting a couple of Marsha's fingers into Elly's cunt. It was hot and juicy and both of them started squirming around. They were hot as hell and didn't really seem to mind Dave and me catching all of this. Marsha looked up at me very briefly with a look of excitement and then crawled

right on top of Elly.

There it was, all happening right in front of me, and I loved it—two beautiful women making love. They were grabbing at each other's breasts and pussy like two kids with a new toy.

Marsha, being on top, was vigorously rubbing her cunt against Elly's. I reached down between their legs and inserted a couple of fingers inside of Elly. Dave did the same to Marsha. Then they went wild. Both of them going up and down and sideways. I can recall Marsha saying, "Fuck me, Elly, harder and harder!"

While all of this was happening Dave and I needed some relief, so we were jerking off while the girls were kissing passionately. After we had all had a couple of orgasms, they rolled over and began touching each other so softly. It was beautiful.

I got on top of Marsha and started slowly screwing her. Dave did the same to Elly. We were side by side, screwing two beautiful women who still hadn't had enough. They were still enjoying it. This went on for a while, and later we all gradually went to sleep. Marsha may be naive, but I have to thank her for helping me fulfill so many of my sexual fantasies.—*Name and address withheld*

Handyman special

I read your magazine for the first time about a week ago and was shocked with some of the "filth" that you print, especially the section where your readers narrate some of their sexual experiences. But now I know that what I was experiencing was jealousy! I've realized that until yesterday, my sex life has been zilch all of my forty-six years.

I'm a female executive for a large international wholesaling and warehousing corporation whose headquarters I work at in Houston. I've been married since I was twenty-one, and I have five children. In my (and several of my friends') opinion, I am still a very sexy woman, although my husband is usually too busy working or watching football games to tell me so. I have a dark complexion, long, black hair (which I put up at work), and long legs with slightly muscular thighs and butt.

Yesterday, while I was gathering all of my accounts so that I could go home, the young boy who works as janitor in our building came into my office to empty my trash can. He commented on how my office was his favorite to clean because it smelled of my perfume long after I left. As he said this, his blue eyes were piercing straight through me and his lips looked as if they were doing a sensuous dance. I said, "Thank you," and felt as though I were eighteen again. I felt a strange but nice feeling stirring in my body. I then went to the bathroom to change clothes, which I often do after work. As much as I hate to admit it, this boy had strummed a chord in me which my husband hasn't done in quite some time. He is about nineteen or twenty years old, with blond hair, a mus-

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tache, a surprisingly thick beard for his age, and a six-foot-three-inch frame. He is slender, with broad shoulders and muscular thighs and a cute little ass that is out of this world.

As I was changing into my pants, I heard a knock and then the door opened. I looked up and saw the boy embarrassedly standing there with a spray bottle in his hand, his eyeballs about to pop out of their sockets, and his mouth hanging wide open. He shakingly mumbled an apology and turned around to leave. I was in my bikini panties and I had no bra on. After my initial shock and embarrassment, I don't know what happened inside of me but I asked him to stay. I knew there was little chance of anyone finding us in there because everyone had gone home about an hour earlier.

After apparently thinking about what I just said, he paced toward me. For some reason I was so afraid! But not for long. He lovingly caressed my face with his masculine hands, brushing my hair (which I had let down) from my eyes. His arms embraced me, and we kissed savagely, our tongues searching out each other. I had never experienced anything like this, and I was shaking with both nervousness and excitement! After he had kissed and licked my whole body, and I was shaking with what I later found out to be "multiple orgasms," I was both crying and quivering in his arms. My masculine boy then peeled

his clothes off, revealing a hairy chest, slim waist, huge thighs, and the largest and most beautiful cock that I have ever laid eyes on (which is only two)! Unlike my husband's, which is uncircumcised, it was circumcised and was about five inches long when soft. As I reached to caress it, I was in awe of such a handsome organ. It grew to a silky-smooth ten inches and curved deliciously upward. The purplish veins protruded until they looked as though they would burst. I tried without success to grasp all the way around the shaft. He had a thick, blond, satiny-smooth coat of hair covering his huge horse-balls and the area around his stud-cock. God! I'm fingering myself right now just thinking about it again! I then proceeded to devour him as he did me. I stopped at his cock and started swirling my tongue around its head, at the same time milking his balls with both hands. The mushroom-shaped head of my young bull's cock was growing as large and juicy as a plump, ripe plum and also turning the same color as a clear drop of semen oozed from its tip. He began moaning like a little boy, which was an incredible turn-on!

Without warning, he swiftly picked me up, all the time groaning and licking and biting my neck. As he clamped a hand on each of my buttocks, he positioned his big cock to enter my pussy. Pressed against the wall, I wrapped my long legs around him and held on for dear life! He then start-

ed groping and licking my 34-C breasts and, without warning, swiftly slid his long cylinder up my pussy. Oh, God, was it good! As I tightened my grip on his shoulders, my legs were hugging his tight little butt, tracing quick circular patterns on it as he began his long, rapid-fire assault. I joined his fast and furious humping. As I whimpered from both the pain and pleasure of his ten inches splitting me in two, he grunted like an ape. After twenty minutes of good, solid, machine-gun fucking, I must have come a dozen times! Then, when I was in the middle of my last orgasm, he started moaning like the devil, but as I gazed through my half-shut eyes he looked like a perfect angel. Then I felt his warm seed gush into me.

As we lay motionless and tried to steal some air, I realized that I had covered the poor boy with lipstick, bites, and scratches. He withdrew his still-rigid tool from my worn-out pussy, and gobs of thick, milky white sperm spilled onto my thighs and little droplets clung to his balls. I felt like a total woman for the first time in a long time. I'm still glowing! After he dressed me, we stood up, and he cupped my ass with his huge hands and kissed me good-bye with his wet and sensuous lips.

I need this boy! Although I love my husband very much, he just doesn't give me the kind of good-lovin' and hard-ballin' that I need. The boy treats me so gently and lets me know that I'm a woman.—
Name and address withheld

Big enough for two

I am now starting my forty-second year and am in good shape. During hunting season I have been renting out some cabins and a lodge to people, including a man, his wife, and their nineteen-year-old daughter. When they arrived at the ranch last year, my eyes almost popped out, for the (then) eighteen-year-old was really built and had tits like you wouldn't believe. It was still warm in our part of the country, so I took the group out for a ride. Lauren, the little vixen, didn't wear a bra and had only a thin T-shirt on. As the truck bounced over the country roads, her tits were all over the place and her little nipples seemed to be straining to get out. My tight blue jeans, filled with about eleven and a half inches of hard meat, caused me a little embarrassment as I caught Lauren's eyes fixed on my huge bulge. Then I noticed that her mother, Kathy, had also spied what my worn jeans could not hide. They both seemed to take quite an interest, and the husband left us alone in the lodge quite often. Nothing really sexual happened that year other than a lot of stares at Lauren's tits and her mother's fine ass and they in turn devouring my dick with their eyes.

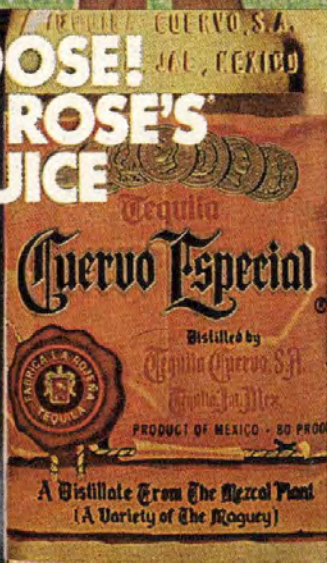
A year passed and they came back again this past winter. One afternoon, after we returned from another ride, we all had a few drinks and I excused myself and went to my room to read the latest issue of *Penthouse*. I stripped off my clothes and flopped on the bed and started reading the



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"Forum" column. It wasn't long before my cock was gorged with blood and I couldn't resist giving it a stroke or two. I did not realize that my door was slightly ajar, and I also did not realize that Lauren had passed my door and was looking in to see a sight she had never seen before. She entered the room without my noticing and just stood transfixed as I stroked my manhood.

Finally she couldn't stand it any longer and rushed over to the bed. She placed her small hand on my prick, which made it seem even longer. She said she'd wanted it ever since the first time she saw me, but that she had no idea how big it was. She reached down and played with my balls and the feeling was great. She leaned over and kissed the head of my dick, but there was no way she could ever get the head in her mouth.

I just lay there for a minute and then pulled her over on me. I kissed her lips, and then, for the first time, let my hands explore her beautiful breasts. She was so hot as I slipped off her clothing. My lips quickly found her clit, and it was evident that I was the first. She started bucking like a bronco, but my lips and tongue kept up their work. She came in an instant.

I had to somehow get my huge dick into her tiny cunt. I turned her on her back and took her legs in each of my hands and spread her open as far as she would go. I then leaned between her legs, and my shoulders kept her spread wide as I took my cock in my hand and guided it to her pussy. Wide as she was and hot as she was, it just wouldn't work. There are disadvantages to having a dick the size of a forearm when it comes to screwing young women. Seeing it wasn't going to fit, I moved up and started screwing her between her tits. Finally I came and almost drowned Lauren with my come as it shot all over her face. We both finally calmed down, and she got dressed and slipped out of my room.

Coming between tits is fine, but what I needed was a hot cunt big enough to ram my entire dick into. I had started to read *Penthouse* again when all of a sudden my door burst open and in came Lauren and her mother. I thought to myself, here's trouble, but when Momma saw my half-erect dick I knew my troubles were over. Momma stripped off her clothes, and she too had a great body. Without saying a word, she straddled me and started stuffing my dick into her pussy. It responded, and soon she was pumping away, screaming how great it was to be fucking a horse dick. Lauren got into the action too by sitting on my face while I gave her another tongue-lashing. Soon everyone came.

We three just lay there for a bit, and then Lauren moved over and started kissing and fondling my dick. It wasn't long before I responded with a full erection. Lauren seemed to want to try my dick in her pussy again, so she straddled me as her mother had done. She placed the head at her

moist, hot opening and then just sort of collapsed, driving my dick into her pussy. Her first plunge only netted her about four inches, but she kept on trying. Finally, inch by inch, she was able to take the entire length. My dick felt like someone had put it in a vise, she was so tight. After a while she relaxed a little, and I began a slight movement up and down. We really got to moving great when Lauren had a huge orgasm and literally passed out on my dick. I rolled over and was proceeding to give her some additional fucking when her mother said to me not to waste it, for Lauren wasn't feeling a thing. I said I was, and kept humping, but Kathy lay back on the bed, opened her pussy, and asked if I didn't want to fuck something that would fuck back: I couldn't refuse that offer, so I left the tightness of Lauren to explore her mother's charms.

Kathy had trouble initially taking all I had, but soon we did all right. We kept up our routine all during hunting season, and I'm looking forward to bagging them again next fall.—Name and address withheld

Two loving women

I've been a regular *Penthouse* "Forum" reader for about six years, ever since I was in college. But until last month I never had an experience of my own to write you about.

For several months I had been noticing a stunningly pretty young secretary around the halls of the government office building where I work. She's about five feet five inches, with wavy, light brown hair falling to her shoulders, luminous gray eyes, sexy, pouting lips, dynamite legs, and a great body. Her breasts aren't that large but seemed very high and firm, and she had the sexiest ass I'd ever seen. However, though I noticed her (and fantasized about her), I didn't know her name and we never exchanged more than a "good morning" in the ladies' room.

After a rough week, I stopped for a much-needed drink on my way home. I was sitting in a small café on Pennsylvania Avenue when this lovely girl from the office walked in alone, wearing high heels and a pair of tight black pants setting off that delectable ass to perfection. She had on a lavender sweater with a deep V-neck, her braless tits jiggling lightly beneath it. Naturally, I took the opportunity to introduce myself. Recognizing me immediately, she accepted my invitation to have dinner. We hit it off quite well, and the evening flew by as we enjoyed each other's company over several drinks and a delicious meal. Then she asked if I'd care to come over to her apartment for a nightcap. I was in heaven at the prospect of fulfilling my fantasies about Delores, which was her name.

When we arrived, she took my jacket and invited me to make myself at home while she fixed the drinks. Delores bent over to put the drinks on the coffee table, exposing her firm, tempting breasts to my view down the front of her sweater. She

obviously enjoyed giving me this show, for she smiled at my rapt expression when she looked up at me. She walked around to the couch and sat down close to me, reaching up with her left hand to massage the back of my neck. I placed my right arm around her, pulling her toward me, feeling her breasts press against my body. She lifted her lips to mine and we kissed—gently at first, then deeply and passionately. She broke away from my lips and began kissing my throat, then started to unbutton my shirt, kissing the bare skin as she opened each button.

I slid my free hand up the back of Delores's sweater and lowered her so she was lying on her back. She raised her arms and lifted her shoulders from the sofa so I could pull off her sweater, then took my hand in hers and placed it on her left breast. They were as pretty as I had imagined, medium in size with large areolas and saucy, erect nipples. Delores sighed with pleasure as I squeezed and sucked the rosy tips until they were hard and puckered. With her hands on my head she guided me from one breast to the other, finally pulling me up to taste her sweet lips again. While our tongues made love, she took my hand from her nipple and guided it to her crotch, holding it there firmly. I trembled with joy when I felt the wetness from Delores's pussy through her pants as her hand pressed mine against her sex. While Delores moved my fingers over her eager cunt, I felt her other hand on the back of my thigh, moving upward. Slowly she slid my knee-length skirt up around my hips, then slipped her hand beneath it to caress my nylon-covered legs. Delores purred her approval when she reached the expanse of silky bare flesh between the tops of my stockings and my satin panties.

Wanting to prolong the anticipation before bringing Delores to her climax, I pulled my hand from between her legs to finish removing my skirt, slip, and blouse. When I had done so, I lowered myself to where Delores could tongue my waiting breasts through the translucent silk of my lacy, low-cut bra. She sucked them as if she had been doing it all her life and reached behind my head to release my long, dark brown hair from my chignon. She deftly unhooked my bra, and my ample, shapely 36-D breasts tumbled free for her to continue her work. My nipples were harder than ever. Delores kept nibbling, sucking, and teasing until I cried, it was so wonderful. My pussy was aching for relief from the building tension and was dripping with excitement. Searching for satisfaction, I rubbed my cunt against Delores's leg. Seeing that I was ready, she thrust her hand beneath the waistband of my underpants and into my long, thick, luxuriant pubic hair. When I cried out in frustration, she finally plunged two fingers deep, deep into my vagina, insistently rubbing my tingling clitoris with the palm of her hand. Frantically I humped my pelvis hard against Delores's unyielding fingers,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.*

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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.

"You saved my daughter's life"

I think I have composed this letter to you a thousand times in my head since David Rorvik's article "Going Sane" appeared in the September 1981 issue of *Penthouse*. You have saved the life of my eleven-year-old daughter, for which I will be grateful as long as I live. I carry a copy of the article with me at all times and consider it a privilege that a magazine such as *Penthouse* exists, where articles like this one can be published.

I hope you will understand what I am about to tell you—how truly devastating these events were to our family. The actual period of time was six months, but it seemed like years. At the beginning of 1981, my older daughter turned eleven. Up until this time she had been a "model" child. Her grades in school were good, and all her teachers told us she was a pleasure to have in class. She was a sweet, loving child. As the months passed, her personality began to change. She began fighting with everyone. Nothing pleased her. If I tried to help, she screamed at me uncontrollably.

Then, on May 20, a date I shall always remember, she had her first of many seizures. Her eyes would dilate to a size so large that she would keep them closed shut because she could not make eye contact. She would then become extremely violent, trying to kill herself, run away, kill us with knives, etc. After several hours of this exhausting behavior, she would bury herself in a corner or on her bed, hyperventilating until she came out of the seizure. She was always sorry afterward, saying she couldn't control it and wanted to be helped.

We took her to our family doctor, who diagnosed it as anxiety and referred us to a psychiatrist—the first of many. His diagnosis was that because my husband and I have such a loving relationship and never fight, she had never learned how to express her anger and so was expressing it in these seizures. The "other" person in her would come out—the "angry" one.

And so began our three-times-a-week visits to the psychiatrist plus additional visits for my husband and me. The seizures began to come more frequently now and last longer. A day rarely passed without one or two, and sometimes they lasted as long as twenty-four hours. One night she was so violent that we forced her into the car and drove her to the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute, thinking about committing her. Her reactions were so like a drug addict's that they did toxic tests on

her to see if she had taken drugs. All were negative, and we were back to square one.

They referred us to another doctor, who ran a battery of personality tests on her. His conclusion was that she was severely emotionally disturbed, had a low IQ, and needed even more extensive therapy. We were then referred to another group of doctors. This was now August. *Penthouse* had arrived, but I had not looked at it—after all, it was my husband's magazine! How wrong I was! He opened it and discovered David Rorvik's article.

At this point my daughter was to start junior high school in three weeks. What were we going to do? My husband and I always felt that there might be a chemical reaction taking place in our daughter, causing her bizarre behavior, but none of these doctors would listen to us. We had spent thousands of dollars so far with no results and no hope that she would ever get better. Our hope was finally there in your magazine.

After reading the article, we stayed up all night and waited to call one of the numbers in New York listed at the end of your article for referrals. I called the Orthomolecular Psychiatry Association and asked for a doctor in the Los Angeles area. They referred me to a doctor, whom I called and literally begged for an appointment. I was granted one the same day! The doctor listened to our story and said he thought the problem might have something to do with allergies. We had a cytotoxic test run on her, and the results were unbelievable. She was allergic to 42 out of 150 foods. Even that wouldn't have been so bad—except that they happened to be everything I was feeding her! I was poisoning my daughter! To name a few of the foods she was allergic to: all yeast products, potatoes, lettuce, tomatoes, beef, dairy products, corn, all forms of sugar, honey, chocolate, etc., etc. If I gave her a hamburger and French fries, it was deadly. Mexican food—her favorite—was a disaster.

Once we removed all these foods from her diet, she instantly became well. Although it is difficult for a teenager to eat only about twenty kinds of food, she is happy to do it. This child who was diagnosed as being severely mentally ill was the honor student for the month of September in school, is getting all A's and B's, and is now a sweet, happy, loving child once again. Life is now back to normal.

I hope you can understand how much we thank you for the new life you have giv-

en our family. It is with deepest sincerity that I write this letter to you. I certainly hope and pray that you will read it and always feel that our hearts go out to you. You will always be a part of our lives.—
Mrs. Ardith Berger, Encino, Calif.

Thrice betrayed

In your October 1981 issue you ran the story of Tony Angelo, by Ernest Volkman, called "Twice Betrayed." My family and I are also in the Witness Security Program. I am glad to see that someone else is coming forward to let the Justice Department and the public know that the program is not worth a damn.

Before I came into the program, I was told that my past history would be picked up and sealed for all time and that my wife and I would both be given lists to use as employment background and references to assist us in finding jobs. We were also told that the inspector in our new location would help us find jobs and a home—neither of which he did. And as you might expect, we never were able to get jobs by filling our applications the way we were told to. Then, just before Christmas, we were taken off funding with no warning and still no jobs.

I would like to tell you what we have been doing to try to change the program so that it will not continue to make the witness and his family feel so helpless. First of all, we found it extremely useful to have tape recordings of all our telephone conversations with the people from the federal government. We now have some thirty-seven tapes, which contain so many lies that it would make your head swim to hear them. We contacted a U.S. senator and told him the details of our problem. He made an inquiry and was told by the federal marshal that we had been taken to the highest level of the Welfare Department and to the highest level of the Employment Office, that my wife and I had both been working for several months before we were taken off funding, that the marshal's office had gotten me a job that I had refused to take, that they had also gotten me a job interview that I never showed up for. Everything was lies. I have all the taped conversations to prove it.

There have now been an Internal Affairs investigation and an investigation by the Office of Professional Responsibility and a team of inspectors from the Management Office of the U.S. Marshall. All of these people have talked to us and have been told of our problems and the lies, but still nothing has been done. It seems that all the federal people are protecting one another.

My wife has even gone so far as to write to Mrs. Reagan but has received no answer. The president is always talking to other governments about how to provide their people with justice and human rights, but I feel that he should look into the practices in his own country—the way the people who try to fight crime are treated for their help.

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Conduct your own taste test, comparing Nikolai Vodka to Smirnoff—one of the highest priced national brands. Detect a difference? We couldn't. They're both excellent. So next time you buy vodka, remember there's one big difference between Nikolai and Smirnoff. The price.

NIKOLAI

I hope that more people from the program will contact you because I feel that the only way the program will get changed—so that we are treated as human beings instead of prisoners—is for all of us to band together to make ourselves heard.—Name and address withheld

Timerman controversy

In connection with your interview with Jacobo Timerman in your November 1981 issue, I would like to express my personal opinion on the subject.

As a twenty-five-year-old Argentinian living in Buenos Aires, I have been a witness to the cruel war experienced daily by millions of Argentinians from 1972 to 1977. I have been a witness to the thousands of murders and killings caused by left- as well as right-wing groups.

Mr. Timerman and the international financier David Graiver were the supporters, through the advertising and funds they provided, of the main guerrilla group—the Montoneros—that has been responsible for the bombings, kidnappings, and murders of military people, civilians, women, and children without any consideration to the victims, many of whom had no participation in the country's political life.

How important are Mr. Timerman's "humiliations and his tortures" when compared with the ordeals of those people who were killed with his help? I cannot deny that the Argentine military is responsible for a lot of excesses, and all of us know that many innocent people have been taken out of their homes and have never come back. But this is the high cost of a declared war against communism. They started the war and lost.

I am not a defender of the military government, and this is not the purpose of this letter. But when I read what Timerman is declaring, I can only feel indignation. Please have this very clear: Timerman was not prosecuted because he was a Jew but because he was a terrorist. The only goal achieved by this military government is the defeat of communism. We actually live in political and economic chaos but in peace. We won the peace. Your interviewer, Mr. Anthony Lewis, asks him-

self why a man whose name was scarcely known when 1981 opened could have had such an impact on U.S. political life. Is it, perhaps, because he is being supported by the strong International Left? You U.S. people should take a look at Nicaragua and Cuba.—Name and address withheld

Mr. Lewis replies:

This letter gives us an insight into the current morbidity of Argentina. Its character is indicated by its preposterous statement that Timerman supported the Montoneros guerrillas. Not even the Argentine military government, which has no compunction about accusing people of subversion—or torturing and murdering them on that sus-

(2) Not even the gangsters who kidnapped and brutalized him ever charged him with being "a terrorist."

(3) Timerman has not said, and does not believe, that he was arrested because he was a Jew; he was arrested because he had the nerve to publish stories in his newspapers about the citizens who had "disappeared"—that is, been kidnapped and killed by government forces. But his treatment was different because he was a Jew. And his experience was not unique in that regard. A leading Argentine scientist and supporter of human rights, José Federico Westerkamp, said recently:

"One thing is very sure. Once inside the military prisons, Jews are treated much worse than anyone else. They are tortured

more than others beaten more, insulted more, and raped more. In our jails people have seen swastikas and photos of Hitler. Some of the soldiers who work there evidently share the Nazi mentality. This is probably the worst manifestation of the anti-Semitic disease existing in Argentina."

Grizzlies now unleashed

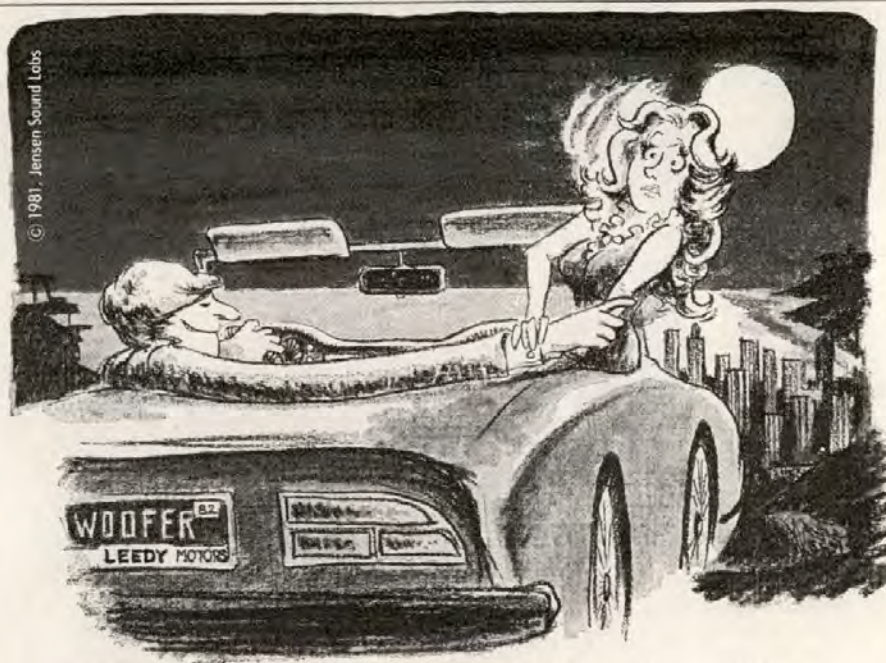
After five weeks the University of Montana has been added to the tenth spot of the NCAA Division 1-AA coach's poll. While ranked the eleventh worst team in the nation by *Penthouse* in the October 1981 issue, the Grizzlies beat two nationally ranked teams in the last two weeks. Currently off to their best start in six

years with a 4-1 record, the Grizzlies would like to relinquish their spot on the *Penthouse* Twenty Worst Teams to a more deserving team.—James M. Baker, Missoula, Mont.

Creationism and religious freedom

Isaac Asimov, "Advise & Dissent," January 1982, only alluded to the critical issue in the creationism debate: true freedom of religious choice.

America is founded on the concept that each individual has the right to his or her own religious beliefs (even if they place him or her in a minority position), and that the individual will not be subject to pressure as the result of government support of another belief.



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picion—has made any such charge against Timerman.

Another wonderful sentence in the letter is the one saying that Timerman was "not prosecuted because he was a Jew but because he was a terrorist." That is a classic example of the McCarthy technique: lies so multiple and overlapping that they are hard to untangle. But let us try:

(1) Timerman was not prosecuted at all in the normal legal sense: arrested on stated charges, allowed access to a lawyer, brought to a court that could dispose of the case, etc. He was kidnapped, held in secret, tortured, finally brought before a military tribunal that found no reason to hold him—and still detained without any legal basis.

**Pitch to her . . .
and she'll catch you by surprise.**

Note: This image has been removed to comply with posting guidelines that prohibit images of children.

Developing the skill to play baseball is an accomplishment for any child, but for a youngster like Mary it's something extra special.

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If one religious theory is taught in the public schools, then they all must be; lest children thus exposed are deprived of their religious choice. Few, if any, young children have the emotional or intellectual capacity to withstand someone else's religious teachings without having their own seriously affected. It is the right of each parent to instill in his or her own child those beliefs the parent holds to be correct. But it is the right of each child to evaluate his or her own beliefs. If a school system supports one religious theory, then that theory is represented to the child as having the support of the government, and the child's right of choice is manipulated, and the parent's right is infringed. If any right of any person is not protected, then no one's rights are protected.

Evolution is a scientific, not a religious theory. It is based on real, demonstrable evidence. While one may not necessarily agree with the evolutionist interpretation given that evidence, its existence cannot be denied.—Darrell W. Ringer, Morgantown, W. Va.

Merle Haggard

As coauthor of the Merle Haggard biography *Sing Me Back Home*, I must tell you that I liked the way the excerpt looked in your December 1981 issue. However, we should clear up one important point for the readers who have not yet read the entire book.

The "Leona" spoken of in the *Penthouse* piece is the first wife of Merle Haggard. His present wife is also named Leona. She is Leona Williams, the country singer, and should not be confused with the "first Leona." The "last Leona" is included in the latter part of the book, and while her story is just as interesting, it is certainly different.

Granted, the odds against a man marrying two women named Leona are quite high, but anyone who knows anything about Haggard realizes that he is far from being ordinary—thank goodness! Otherwise, we would not have had such a fascinating collection of stories about the life of an extremely unusual human being!—Peggy Russell, Norton, Ohio

Veterans betrayed

I read with great interest your article "The Continued Betrayal of the Vietnam Veteran" in the December 1981 issue. I congratulate Mr. Volkman on a well-written and most factual article. I, too, am an RVN vet, having served for one year in Tay Ninh Province, along the Cambodian border.

I might add that we did not lose the war—it's just that Washington did not and would not let us win it.—Bob Clark, Rph, Corinth, Miss.

I am a Vietnam veteran who served in Vietnam with the Third Battalion, First Marines, from 1966 to 1967, and like many other Vietnam veterans I am having problems: "Vietnam syndrome" or "delayed stress syndrome," as mentioned in your article

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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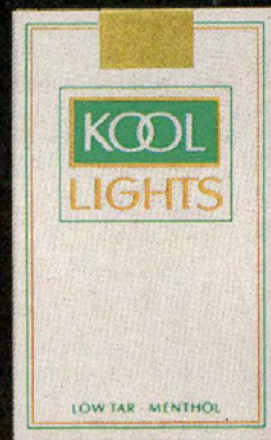
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• Yes, I do know women who ejaculate when they orgasm. But your wife sounds unusual. When she comes, you must need flippers, a snorkel, and an underwater mask with windshield wipers. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

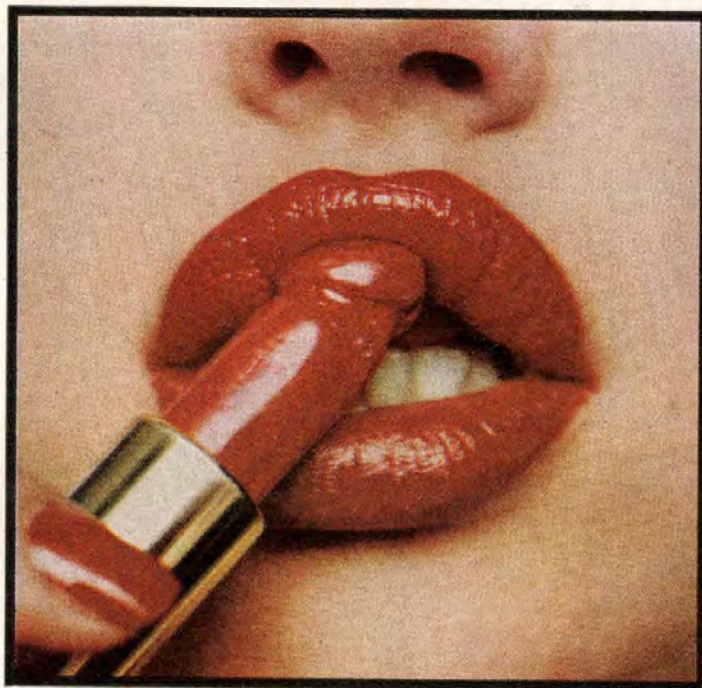
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

So often you read in columns in Penthouse of those really sexy chicks with 36-24-36 bodies and the guys with their nine-inch dicks, and it tends to make us feel inferior. I am just an ordinary guy, with a six-inch prick, who never walks into a room and turns girls on. In fact, quite the opposite. I've had to get my share of thrills from reading Penthouse.

Fifteen months ago I was a teacher in a small junior high in California. I often taught with a substitute teacher who was married. We shared a cup of coffee now and then. She certainly was not a sexy chick who would turn your head. She wore rather thick glasses and had a flat nose, and her tits were too small for the rest of her body. But she had a set of hips big enough to set a water jug on each side, and her ass was well proportioned. When she walked, her ass jiggled and caused more than one male staff member to take a second look. I always made it a point to walk about ten feet behind her when she left the lounge so that I could watch that ass wiggle.

One Friday afternoon I stayed to put some work on the board and started to leave the building around 4:30 P.M. As I passed the room where she had been subbing that day, I saw her at her desk with her head down, crying. I went into the room and made some wise-ass remark about the kids getting to her that day. She looked up, embarrassed that she had been caught in that position. When I sat down and talked with her a little while, I found out that at noon her husband had called her from Los Angeles to say he was leaving her for another woman. Now I was embarrassed. I didn't know what to say or do. I finally offered to take her out for a drink. At first she refused, but after I persisted, she finally agreed. I took her to a local restaurant that offered two drinks



for the price of one during the Happy Hour. We had martinis, and I listened a lot. She told me that her husband had been running around on her for four years. I suggested that we eat something, and she reluctantly agreed. During our prime-rib dinner, I listened a lot and gave a lot of sympathy. We enjoyed a glass of wine with dinner. We left around 8:30 P.M., and I took her home. We sat in front of her apartment for a while, and she finally said, "I just can't go inside." I offered her a cup of coffee royal at my place, and she agreed.

At my apartment I made coffee, and we sat drinking it. Suddenly she started crying again and got up to pace back and forth, saying how unfair it all was. I finally said to her, "You have no reason to feel this way. You have a

college degree, a teaching credential, and you have the sexiest ass of any person I have ever seen, and I want to see it now. Bend over that table and pull up your dress."

She was only about two feet away from me and seemed stunned by what I had said, but she bent over the table and started to pull up her dress. I grabbed it and threw it up over her back. There it was, covered with a thin blue nylon panty and framed with a white garter belt and dark nylon stockings. I pulled the nylon panties from her ass and down her legs and threw them aside. I then fell to the floor, wrapped my arms around her hips, and flooded her beautiful ass with kisses. I lapped her rear and French-kissed her globes until my mouth got tired. Then I sat on the floor, turned my head upside down, and kissed her pussy. For the first time since I had started, she moaned. I put my fingers into her cunt, parted them, and plunged my tongue into her. I found her clit and banged it back and forth. She moaned a little louder and pushed her quim down against my mouth. My neck

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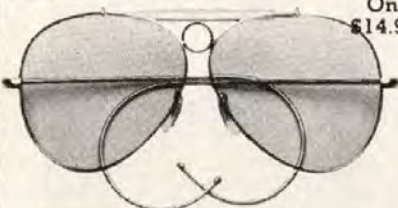
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began to get tired, so I stood up and dropped my pants down.

My six-incher was ready to go. From behind I shoved it into her cunt and went right to the bottom on the first thrust. She helped me as I banged back and forth. One time I came back too far, and it came out. She stood up, turned around, and pulled me down on top of her. "Put it in," she said. I did and went straight to the bottom of the well. She wrapped her legs around me and fucked like a woman possessed. I came after a few minutes and lay on top of her, completely exhausted. I pulled out my dick and got up to sit on the chair. She got up, holding her skirt high, and went into the bathroom. When she returned to the kitchen, she said to me, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to do exactly the same thing you just did—again."

She walked over to the table, draped herself over it, and threw her skirt over her back. There it was again, that beautiful ass, framed by a garter belt and nylon stockings. I fell to my knees, wrapped my arms around her waist, and started kissing and lapping that sexy rear end. I kissed and lapped to my heart's delight. She helped by pushing back and moaning. I sat down, turned my head around, and lapped her pussy. I put my fingers into her cunt, parted it, and thrust my tongue all the way in. I found her clit again and played rat-tat-tat with it, and she moaned and groaned. She was so hot and lubricated, and I loved the taste she produced from her cunt.

When I stood up to enter her from the rear, come was running down her legs. I entered her, and she kept saying, "Oh, it feels so good!" and pushed back against me. She stood up, turned around, and literally wrestled me to the floor. She put her knees over my shoulders, and when I put in my prick, it felt like I was on a silken highway. We fucked and fucked and fucked: She kept saying, "Oh, it feels so good!" and "It's been so long." I finally came again and withdrew. She went into the john again, and I just sat on the floor, staring into space. I was so tired!

In a few minutes she returned. This time she had taken off all her clothes except the garter belt and stockings. She said, "Please do it one more time." But before she could bend over the table, I took her hand and led her into the bedroom. I put her face down on the bed and pulled her ass high in the air. I got down on my knees on the floor and planted kisses all over her ass, stopping on occasion to lap her lubricated pussy. She was beside herself, moaning and thrashing about. I entered her again, although my prick actually hurt, and started a real slow fuck that lasted about 15 minutes. When I finally came, she just lay her head down and fell asleep almost immediately.—D.R.

Isn't it amazing how therapeutic good sex can be! It sounds like your friend just needed some attention and affection,

which you so generously provided. It's also great to hear that you got something out of it, too. You're right about most women, not having perfect bodies. As you seemed to have learned, you don't have to be winning any beauty contests when passion flares.

GIRL TALK

I'm writing in reference to a letter in your September 1981 column entitled "A Touch of Lass." It was about a young woman with desires for other women. I feel I have some advice to offer her.

When I was twenty, I, too, had fantasies of women. I had never made love to another woman, but it was all I could think of. I knew it was what I wanted. I knew that if I waited long enough, opportunity would come knocking at my door. If this girl is anything like me, putting an ad in a liberal paper is just not her style.

One way to meet other women is to watch women closely. Notice the one who looks you or other women up and down or checks out your tits. Smile at her, and if she smiles back, you have a nibble at your hook. Wink at her, and if she winks back, you have a bite. If she gets insulted and hurries by, forget it; you'll probably never see her again.

Another way to meet women is through men. Lovemaking between women is accepted and enjoyed by most men. A lot of men know of such gay or bisexual women. I find men much easier to approach with such a desire. Chances are your men friends will be willing to introduce you to a piece of the action. The men you decide to approach about this will not be grossed out or think badly of you.

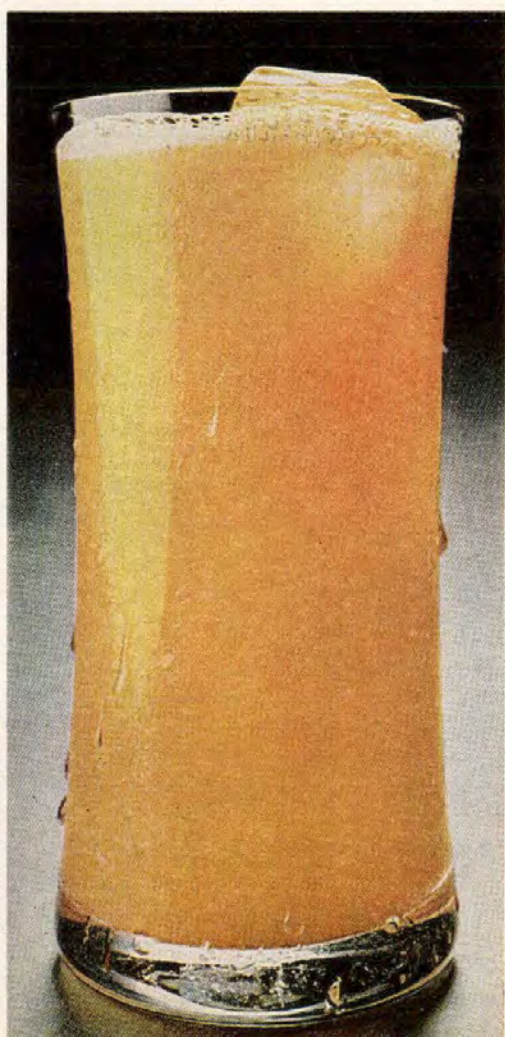
There are a lot of women who wouldn't think of making love to a woman, but if it came their way, they'd love it. I've always noticed in Penthouse that most women who write in never experience lesbian love until their mid-twenties to mid-thirties. I am only twenty-one, and most of my friends are still wrapped up in their husbands or boyfriends. I figure it will be quite a while before any of them come around. So in the meantime, I keep at least one eye open and watch for my next opportunity to knock.

Making love to another woman is the most relaxing and rewarding experience I have ever had. By the way, I am very happily married. My husband is always on the lookout for a woman to bring home to share our pleasures. Now I'm getting him into swinging and a very open marriage. We have never been happier than right now.—K.L.

Thanks for your suggestions. They make a lot of sense. It's great to hear about married couples getting into new ways of enjoying themselves without damaging their relationships.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, I LOVE YOU
I have read about many incredible sexual feats in your column but none as amazing

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as the one my wife and I enjoy. I have fucked and sucked many women in my life but nothing can compare with her sweet pussy.

Donna is forty-four years old but looks much younger because of her beautiful complexion and trim figure. She is five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is black, with this strand of silver starting to come in. Her facial features are very fine, with sexy brown eyes, thin and soft lips, and a small mouth—although she is a terrific cocksucker (she gobbles me very nicely). She has average-sized breasts but very erotic, brownish-pink nipples that grow to about three-quarters of an inch when excited and are as big around as my little finger. She has a flat, smooth stomach and a narrow waist that leads to quite ample hips, thighs, and well-rounded buttocks. Her measurements are 36-27-41. So you can see that she is a slightly built girl on the top but all ass and cunt on the bottom. Her black pubic hair forms a perfect triangle and is always neatly trimmed.

Donna's pussy is so sensitive and excitable that when I tongue her clit, her cunt lips open wide enough to drop a banana into her hot love hole. Her clitoris turns fire-engine red and grows to the size of a peanut, which is beautiful for sucking all night.

We have been married for thirteen years and have always had good sex. But one

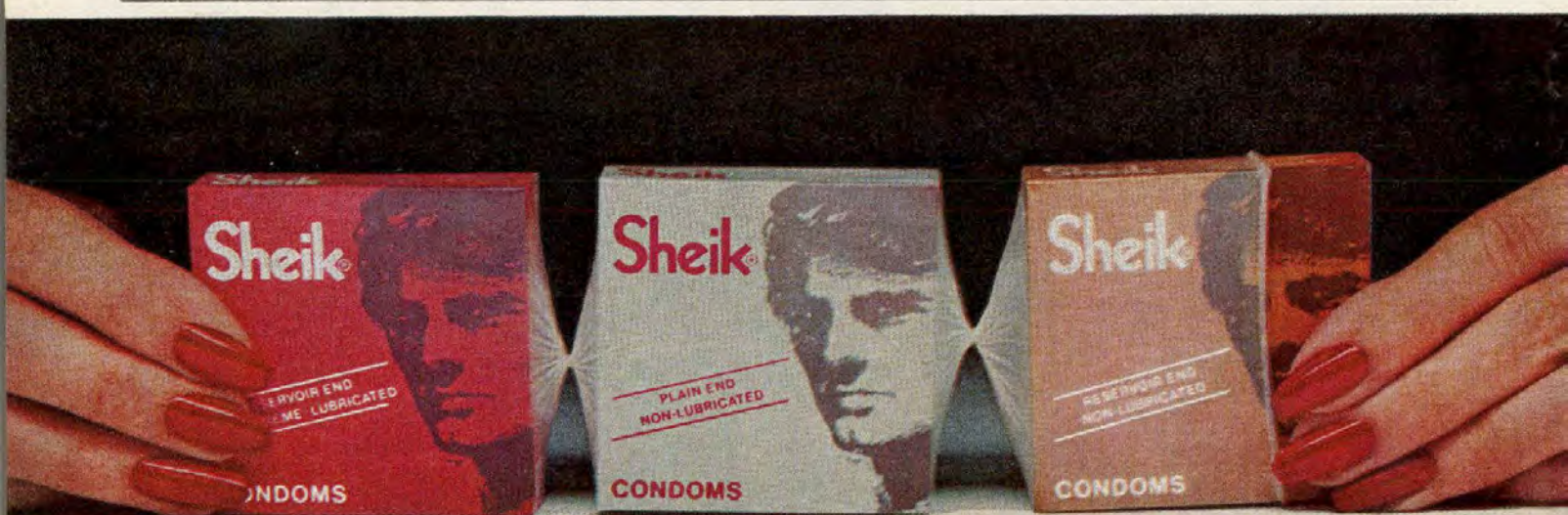
night eight years ago, while I was licking her wide-open cunt, she became very tense and started screaming, "Oh, no, I'm coming, I'm coming!" and I felt a stream of hot liquid shoot down my throat. She said that she had never had that feeling before and that it relieved a tremendous pressure inside her body. At first she was somewhat embarrassed by coming in my mouth, but I told her that I loved her for it and had never felt closer to her. Ever since that night her spray jobs have gotten more forceful. When Donna comes, she is usually lying on her back, eyes closed, legs straight up in a vee, and every muscle in her body is straining as she squirts her love juice into my mouth.

We took one big step forward in our lovemaking while on vacation, when there was no fear of the children hearing or seeing us. We undressed and lay on the bed, fondling and caressing each other for at least an hour. I paid special attention to sucking her rock-hard nipples. With all the lights on, I sat her down in an armchair and lifted each leg up onto an arm of the chair. I knelt on the floor and had never seen such a sight in my life. Her hole was gaping, and the whole area was covered with a milky white froth that had oozed from her pussy. I began kissing and sucking her enormous clit while she watched and squeezed her nipples. Suddenly she came in a long gush just as I was backing off to catch my breath. Her come sprayed

all over my face and dropped from my neck and shoulders. It was sprayed so forceful that if my head had not been there, she would have hit the TV set on the other side of the room.

By positioning her legs right and moving my head out of the way, she can squirt her juice six feet in the air, and if I put a pillow under her ass and tip her legs slightly back, she can even come in her own mouth. Initially I thought that she might be urinating, but the liquid is quite clear and has no pungent taste at all.

We wanted to share this phenomenon with someone else, so I arranged a meeting for Donna and myself with Judy, a twenty-two-year-old nymphomaniac whom I had met and fucked a few months before. Judy is a cocktail waitress at a local nightclub and is well known for being a little "kinky." My wife had always fantasized about sucking another girl and watching me fuck. So one Saturday night after closing time, we went to Judy's apartment. Donna looked magnificent in skintight white pants and a pullover top with no bra. Judy told us to fix a drink and get comfortable while she took a shower. My wife got comfortable. She was so hot that her cunt juices were soaking right through her white pants. She took them off and draped them over the dining-room chair. While we waited, Donna jerked off my huge hard-on while I stroked her nipples through the sheer top she was wearing. I didn't dare



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touch her pussy for fear that she might explode, and I wanted to save that part for Judy.

Finally Judy came out of the bathroom, wearing only a short robe and looking very exotic as her long, dark hair fell over her shoulders. She is much taller and heavier than Donna on the top, but I would say they are about equal in the hips and ass department.

Judy reached into her robe and pulled out a set of tits that must have been at least 40Ds and offered one to my wife's mouth. Donna sucked her breasts eagerly, and soon they were into full-fledged mutual masturbation. We went directly into the bedroom, where we spent the whole night fucking and sucking each other. The highlight of the evening was when Judy went to her dresser and pulled out a hard rubber cock about the size of my own and slipped it into Donna's wet pussy. All this time I was fucking Judy wildly from behind. My wife's cunt was so big that the rubber dildo disappeared from sight as Judy sucked on her little man in the boat. Soon Donna began churning and bucking, and I knew that she was going to have a big orgasm. I was so excited that I pulled out of Judy's pussy and shot a load of sperm all over her back and into her hair. I hurried down and positioned my head near where Judy was sucking. With the rubber shaft still buried in her hole, Donna started coming and showered us both for many minutes

with her sweet nectar.

The dildo really turned my wife on, so I bought her an eleven-incher that is as big around as my wrist. We named it "Big Sid." The three of us have had many wonderful sessions together.

The first time we used Big Sid was at a local hotel. Donna couldn't wait to fuck it. I knew that it might be a pretty tight fit, so I spent plenty of time licking her love hole so it would be wide open. When Big Sid entered her, she literally sucked up the first eight inches. Then she humped more with her hips and gently worked the rest of that big horsecock into her pussy. What a sight! I never thought it could be done. That night I ate her to one gigantic orgasm after another.

Another night I took a plastic ten-ounce glass, and when she was ready to shoot off, I placed the edge of it just above her ass hole and just below her cunt. The pressure of the foreign object pressing into her love nest gave her a new kind of thrill, and she came in huge streams, covering my face and hair with hot liquid, drenching herself, and even hitting the wall behind her. The glass was only to catch what I couldn't swallow and what ran down her legs. When we finished, it was nearly full. I saved it for later, as I really love the taste of my lady's juices.

How does this beautiful thing happen? Do you know of other women capable of doing the same things?—G.J.W.

Yes, I do know women who ejaculate when they orgasm. But your wife sounds unusual. When she comes, you must need flippers, a snorkel, and an underwater mask with windshield wipers. A dairy truck might be handy, too, in marketing her product.

LOVER BOYS

For all your female thirty-year-olds who need fantastic sex—get yourselves an eighteen-year-old lover. That's exactly what I did, and I'm still in an emotional whirlwind.

It started about eight months ago. We were attracted to one another immediately, but because of the age difference we were afraid to make any moves. Finally, we made a date. The anticipation of actually fucking this beautiful guy had me feeling just like a sixteen-year-old virgin. The night before our first session, I masturbated six times just thinking about how it was going to be.

When he arrived in the morning, he was obviously more than ready. The crotch of his jeans advertised his wonderful hard-on. Within minutes we were lying on the living room carpet, kissing, touching, and eagerly disrobing one another. His expertise surprised me. The dry grind was enough to make him come. This made me desperately want him in me. But first I had to make him hard again. I put my mouth ever so gently on his cock. The more cock I took in, the harder it got. The harder he got, the more intense my cocksucking became. He quickly pulled out of my mouth, rolled me over, and slammed his cock in me so unexpectedly that a small, almost inaudible scream of delight came from somewhere deep within me. We fucked for quite some time before he showered my insides with hot come. Ohhhh, that beautiful feeling! As soon as his orgasmic convulsions were over, he gently started kissing practically every inch of me until he reached the spot he ultimately wanted. He parted my lips to give full exposure to my hard, throbbing clit. By the time he really started working on it, I was shaking with desperately needed relief.

He knew instinctively I wanted him in me again. My one disappointment came when he got on top of me. I wanted to be on top of him to have a good view of this spectacular event, but he seemed reluctant to let me show any dominance. I somehow knew better than to release my total sexuality on him for fear of scaring him off. I hope that as time goes on he will allow me to give him a true, unrestricted, totally uninhibited fucking. Do you have any suggestions?

When we can't be together, we talk on the phone. Without letting on, I know he is masturbating during our conversation, so I deliberately say things that will excite him to the point of orgasm. We discuss the stories in Penthouse to stimulate each other. What a fucking joy it is to use our own experience to stimulate ourselves all over again!—W.L.



I'm glad that you enjoyed yourself. An age difference can often be stimulating, though while eighteen is a nice age, I would not like to discourage my readers from some of the other choice vintages. Youth is exciting indeed, but maturity and experience can also be quite delightful.

TAKES TWO TO TEASE

My best friend, Terry, was recently told to get lost by her steady boyfriend, Michael. She made a fool of herself trying to patch things up, but nothing worked. Michael said he was bored with the relationship, and that was the end of it. The incident made me furious, but what could I do?

I didn't think about it very much until I boarded a jet to New York, and guess who sat right next to me: Michael! We made small talk for a few minutes, and I assured him that his relationship with Terry was of no concern to me. As I was talking, my mind was planning a revenge that would make the Marquis de Sade proud.

You see, Terry had once informed me that Michael had an intense fetish for women in stockings...It literally drove him wild. I planned my revenge accordingly.

I crossed my long legs and slowly and deliberately dangled my high-heeled pumps from my stockings. I waved and twirled my foot while my shoe balanced on the tips of my painted toes. The tease was working beautifully, as evidenced by the huge bulge between my

victim's legs.

I then moved into phase two. I began complaining about how uncomfortable my shoes were and asked if he would mind my removing them. He said he didn't, so off they came. I seductively massaged them and commented on how nice a foot massage would feel. The fool took the bait instantly and offered to massage my feet. I then placed my instruments of torture in his lap and felt his throbbing, twitching cock and balls against my feet. I was putting him through hell and relishing each and every second of his agony. I told him how relaxing the massage felt and pretended to go to sleep. I would often adjust my cruel feet "in my sleep" so that they would brush or stroke his helpless area and bring his frustration to the truly unbearable limit.

When he would desperately try to relieve himself with some pocket pool, I would pretend to wake up to ask him if he was getting tired of my smelly feet in his lap. That precluded any relief whatsoever.

As the plane was descending, I "woke up" and slowly slipped on my shoes. Michael begged to see me again, but I looked him straight in the eye and coldly informed him that I had no intention of ever seeing him again, unless, of course, it was to cock-tease him again. He then knew what I was doing and limped off the plane with the worst case of blue balls in the history of man.—K.S.

You can have a lot of fun with feet. Try taking a bath with a foot-loving lover. Gently soap each other's body, leaving the feet for last. Slowly sucking on the individual toes is also fun.

One day a few years ago, a journalist came to my house for an interview. It was summer, and I had just come back from a vacation and was very tanned. I was wearing a summer dress and no stockings. The journalist sat near me on a stool low enough to have my right foot dangling in front of him. I immediately knew he was a foot fetishist. As he continued with his questions, I moved my feet up and down and sometimes close to his face. I then pulled my feet up underneath my dress allowing only the toes to peek out. A little later I stroked my foot against the inside of his leg. He simply couldn't continue writing, and he finally begged me to let him kiss my feet. He fell on his knees, and just as he was about to undo my sandals my mother walked in with the lunch she had been preparing for us in the kitchen. You can just imagine her expression and the humiliation of that poor journalist.

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

My attraction to other women started just recently while I was paging through my boyfriend's Penthouse. I got turned on by the letters, and then I saw those erotic pictures of naked women.

The other evening I called Donna and

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invited her over to watch some of the Wednesday-night comedy shows on television. She and I are very much alike in our tastes. We share a lot of the same interests, and we both have a great sense of humor. But this time I invited her over for my own very selfish reasons. I picked up Penthouse, and placed it on my coffee table along with a Time and Newsweek so it wouldn't look so obvious.

Donna arrived about 6:30 with two take-out orders of Chinese food. We ate and talked for a while in the kitchen and then went to my living room to watch television. This is when she noticed the magazines. I told her they belonged to Jeff. She told me her boyfriend read them, too, and said she sometimes liked to read the "Forum" letters. She then picked up a Penthouse, turned to the "Forum" section, and told me to read a few that might turn me on. Here I was, trying to make it with my best friend without her knowing, and she's trying to show me how to get turned on! I innocently read through three or four letters that I had actually read about ten times before. I told Donna they were very sexy.

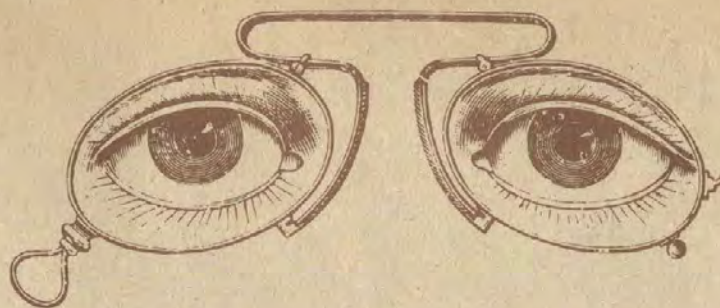
I excused myself to put the dishes in the dishwasher and to keep myself from making a fool of myself. I decided against the whole idea and figured that if I ever wanted to make it with a girl, it would have to be a complete, total stranger.

When I returned to the living room, part of my dream came true. Donna was lying on the couch (her head facing the other way, so she couldn't tell I was looking) with her jeans and panties pulled down to her knees and her sweater above her breasts. She was fingering her clit with one hand while holding a magazine and reading it with the other. The page she was masturbating to was a picture of two beautiful women touching each other.

I took off every stitch of clothing I had on, knelt down beside her, and began to lick her succulent breasts. It was my first time, and it felt so good. I then moved my right hand down her long belly and reached her hairy, black bush. I was in heaven. With her hands she moved my head down between her legs, and I licked and kissed her until my face was soaking in her juices.

I liked this session with Donna so much that I don't really care if I ever make it with a man again. I know Donna enjoyed it, too, but she still intends to see her boyfriend, Danny. She said all of us should get together and try to make it. What do you think of this situation?—C.M.P.

Why give up the pleasure you have been getting from your mutual boyfriends? I am sure there isn't a man on earth who hasn't had a fantasy about his chick making it with another woman. Decide for yourself: add the two boys to the scene, and you've got a perfect four-way swing. You can eat and suck and fuck Donna as well as take care of the needs of your male companions. It's nice to hear that so many girls get turned on by Penthouse. 



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE MAN'S EXAM ON FEMALE TROUBLES

BY EMILY PRAGER

You men think you know a lot about women. One guy recently wrote me about his girl friend. Three weeks out of every month, he said, she's really adorable. Then there's one week when she's like Bud Abbott in drag. The littlest thing sets her off. Sometimes he fears for his life. She's making guacamole when suddenly she grabs his hand and tries to force it into the whirling blender. He barely escapes with his fingertips. "But hey," he concluded, "I'm no fool. I know what's wrong with her: Female Troubles!"

Then there was the executive who wrote that his secretary is one helluva gal, but often she's absent from the office for days at a time and with no explanation. He says he asked the girls in the typing pool what's wrong with her, and they turned on him like the Commies on Mrs. Mao. "They didn't have to tell me what is what," he boasted. "I know the score: Female Troubles!"

Well, if you're a guy who thinks he knows all the answers, it's time you took "The Man's Exam on Female Troubles." For men who describe themselves as truly liberated or for simple macho pigs. Use a number-two pencil, and give your girl an expensive present for every wrong answer.

Introduction. We women have a lot of troubles. Why shouldn't we? Our bodies have more openings than a Broadway tryout, and we leak. Our lives are a constant struggle between soft and frilly and wet and damp. We're supposed to be whores in the bedroom, ladies at lunch, sexless at work, and if we go to the bathroom, it spoils our image. They tell us we're human, but it's hard to believe. You put the average woman in a draft, and she'll grow a fungus faster than a tree stump. Did I mention high heels? They throw the pelvis out. And stretch marks? They never tan. The troubles are simply endless.

But look, it's the '80s, and it's time you men knew what was what. No more secrets. No more one woman in the stirrups, another on the pool table. If you catch my drift. You men have got to face up to the fact: it's the same girl.

Trouble #1. Bleeding: A major trouble. Major. If you're like most men I know, you're pretty cranky if you get a cold. Well, consider if you will, for just a moment, how you would behave if, one week a month, every month, your lower back spasmed, your hips rumbled, and blood gushed from your genital organ. Good. Now take this test:

- (a) Would you want to go into work and do a sales presentation with blood dripping from your penis?
- (b) Would you want to join in a touch

- football game or play pool with blood dripping from your penis?
- (c) Would you want to go to Crazy Eddie's and look at stereo equipment with blood dripping from your penis?
- (d) Would you want to have sex with a girl you're trying to impress with blood dripping from your penis?
- (e) Is there any chance that you'd be anything but short-tempered, irrational, and depressed with blood dripping from your penis?

If you answered "Yes" to any of the above, then you're a transsexual or in need of psychiatric care. If you answered "No," then let me ask you this, jerk: why do you expect different from women?

Trouble #2. Not Bleeding: A worse trouble. Worse. Some Historical Background. Up until the age of ten, girls are just like other children. They play. They push their food around their plates. They go topless in the summer when it's hot. Then, suddenly, around the age of ten, they're told to put their tops on and they bleed. Big surprise. Funny no one mentioned it sooner, but really, it was too embarrassing. Bleeding means you could get pregnant. And being pregnant means you don't bleed. So, if around the age of ten, you suddenly feel attracted to boys, forget about it. Boys could make you stop bleeding. And if you stop bleeding before you've got a diamond ring, a B.A., and a promise of lifelong support, then you're a tramp, a whore, an ingrate, a nympho, and the ruination of your parents' life. Given the historical background, and keeping in mind that cessation of menses when a woman is not pregnant could mean uterine cancer, which of these is a worse trouble? Bleeding ____ . Not Bleeding ____ . Please Stop ____ .

Trouble #3. A Bad Reputation: Big trouble. Very big trouble. Circle one: A guy you know has sex with three different women in one week.

Do you (a) suggest he seek psychiatric care; (b) ostracize him at work and exclude him from the weekly poker game; (c) get the name of his coke dealer?

If you answered (a) or (b), then you're probably gay or one of the women the guy slept with and shouldn't be taking this test. If you answered (c) then continue.

A woman you know has sex with three different guys in one week. Do you (a) suggest she seek psychiatric care; (b) ostracize her at work but take bets with her coworkers on who can lay her first; (c) assume she has a drug problem?

Using the words *easy*, *trash*, *dirty*, *skag*, *loose*, *pig*, and *gearshift*, write an essay explaining why you would never take this woman home to mother. Discuss why you discard mother's view of morality when it applies to you but uphold it strictly when it applies to women. Is there a



David Gumbelle



contradiction here? Does Bob Evans get high on himself?

Trouble #4. *Faking Orgasm*: A hell of a lot of trouble. If your girl friend/wife/secretary is like most American women, then she's probably never had an orgasm. Yes, even in these liberated times, never had an orgasm. And, clearly, it's a lot of trouble trying to fake an orgasm when you've never had one. Fortunately, so few women actually have orgasms that most men don't know a real one when they see it; so most often anything kooky a woman can think of will suffice. Some men may take issue with these statements, maintaining that they can always tell the fake from the real. Fine. Take this test:

I know my girl is having a real orgasm because she (a) pants and bucks; (b) moans, sobs, and sighs; (c) screams obscenities, begs for it, and seems to finish exactly at the same moment I do, every time; (d) forces me to perform oral sex on her for hours before



Faking an orgasm is no fun.

she lets me get inside.

If you answered anything but (d), you're living in a fool's paradise and you've been duped. As for your girl, she's either in a perpetual bad mood or she's got a vibrator friend squirreled away you know nothing about. Don't worry. She probably doesn't have a lover. If she had a lover, she'd have to fake orgasm for two men instead of one, and, even for a female, that's much too much trouble.

SCENES



BREAKING UP

It has usually been fashionable, if not entirely accurate, to think of America as one piece. A unit, as in *United States*. One nation, indivisible. Sea to shining sea and all that.

Actually, we're not much of a unit at all. We squabble among ourselves, we bicker and dicker, fuss and cuss—mostly at government, which we tend to see as the root of all evil. When things get really rough and government remains unresponsive, we begin to strain against our borders. In other words, we talk secession.

Now the history books are wont to tell us that Appomattox put an end to all those secession rumblings. Don't you believe it. The truth is that even now the one thing everyone seems to want is out. Yes, secession movements—some serious and some otherwise—are blooming across the land. From Alaska to New Jersey, we are everywhere greeted with the sight of whole pies busy trying to become pieces:

Chicano-land, for example. Some Mexican-American radicals are very seriously proposing that California and the entire Southwest be given back to the Mexico from whence they came. (Please, no jokes about wetbacks, barrels of oil, or Jerry Brown.) The Latinos already have a name for the place—Aztlan, from the old Nahuatl Indian name—and at least some official recognition. Think about this: if you mail a letter to Phoenix, Aztlan, the post office will

dutifully deliver it to the Arizona we used to know and love.

"I can't think of a good reason to stay within the United States," says Rudolfo Acuña, a professor of Chicano studies at California State University at Northridge. "The president gives appointments to Hispanics, but you can't eat appointments. The economy keeps getting worse. There is less future for our people."

"I say, if you're the majority, why not rule?"

Imagine, then, Aztlan: hordes of desperate, suddenly illegal American *mojados* trying to swim out across the Platte River. American food restaurants serving real north-of-the-border delicacies ("Oye, Elena, try the pea soup"). Gringo guerrillas in the San Bernardino Mountains. Fernando Valenzuela as president, Carmen Miranda as patron saint. Et cetera.

If this vision alarms you, it may already be too late. As artist Carlos Alamaraz sees it, secession is already a *fait accompli*. "On the East Side of Los Angeles," he says, "we see ourselves as a separate country."

"We see Anglo as a foreign culture."

Michigan. Here State Representative Dominic Jacobetti is bent on making a new state, called Superior, out of its 16,000-square-mile Upper Peninsula. "We want to make our own decisions up here," Jacobetti says. "People here are fed up with land use bills, wetlands bills, water resources bills, lake-shore erosion bills—all those bills that tend to take property away from the people who rightfully own it. The people from Detroit, Grand Rapids, Muskegon—all they want is to keep the Upper Peninsula as a playground for themselves."

And how would the state of Superior support itself?

"We've got sand, gravel, limestone, iron ore, copper..." Jacobetti says. "But mostly we've got ten and a half million acres of land. We could build an airstrip off by a beautiful lake in the countryside, say, fifty miles from nowhere. We could build gambling casinos where you could fly right in by helicopter." Once the gambling rev-

enues started rolling in, Jacobetti would eliminate state income taxes and give the people of Superior a break on their presently "exorbitant" property taxes. "Yep," he says, and one can almost hear the sound of two hands rubbing, "we could definitely manage on our own. With state-controlled gambling and with the adoption of a lottery, we would really make the Upper Peninsula move."

And are the people of the Upper Peninsula ready for this move?

"I don't know if the people are ready," Jacobetti says, "but I am."

New Jersey. The sound of dice clicking is also music to the ears of one Joel Jacovitz, deputy mayor of Egg Harbor Township and head of the Committee to Free South Jersey. Although he downplays the connection, it is evident that the success of Atlantic City gambling has given a new head of steam to the eight South Jersey counties that want to rid themselves of the Tyranny of the North.

The South Jersey movement—which has already won plebiscites in five of the eight counties concerned—is fully organized, with a new flag (a "seagull-spangled banner," as Jacovitz calls it), a newspaper (the *South Jersey Alert*), and a rousing anthem, sung to the tune of "Dixie":

Oh, we're from South Jersey
and we're proud to say it

But Trenton's price is too high;
we can't pay it

Take a stand

We've got a plan
We'll make a state
Of South Jersey.

In case the song isn't stirring enough, Jacovitz has a PR campaign, including a 500-page university report, to sell the idea.

Now all he needs is some opposition...

California. State Sen. Barry Keene is running with a Two Californias concept, in which the part of the state north of the Tehachapi Mountains (including San Francisco and its suburb, the Bohemian Club) would become the state of Alta California. "Alta," of course, is Spanish for "upper" or "high"; it is a whimsically appropriate name in that one of the area's major

cash crops is marijuana.

"Pot would continue to be an item of interstate commerce in Alta California," says Keene, who also supports decriminalization of marijuana. ("Instead of diverting law enforcement's attention from violent crime," he says, "the marijuana industry should be paying its fair share of taxes.") "And," he adds, "I think the climate in Alta California would be more favorable to decriminalization than in the state as a whole. In any case," he says, "people in the marijuana-growing areas seem to be supporting the Alta California idea."

Despite support from the pot in-

exploration. "Let the bastards freeze to death in the dark," the bumper stickers say. The state is so mad, in fact, that its separatist movement is the only one that wants out not just of some other state but of the whole damned country.

"We've got more in common with Zambia than we do with the U.S.," grumbles movement leader Joe Vogler of Fairbanks, who calls himself an "Alaskan" and the rest of us "Americans." "We're tired of being used as a warehouse and vacation preserve."

"We're still treated as a colony," he grouches. "Anybody who thinks

In pursuit of his dream of a free Alaska, Vogler has run for governor (he lost), petitioned Congress, and asked for sponsorship in the United Nations. The question is, Does anyone else in Alaska feel the same way he does?

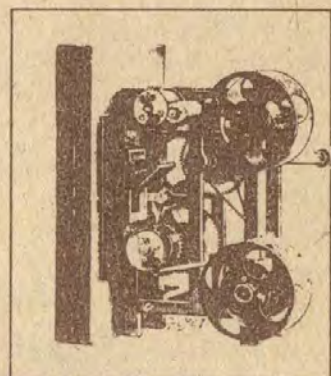
"Well," he says, "we had an initiative to study our relationship with the United States, and it passed. At about the same time our State Senate came out with a recommendation that we study the possibility of secession. I think there's a helluva good chance. There's lot of people who're mad here."

Now Vogler, Jacovitz, Keene, et al., are not the only ones trying to get out. Secession movements are also afoot in Nevada, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, and Wyoming; and new ones seem to be bubbling to the top almost every month.

But in case you think these movements are nothing more than pure serendipity and their leaders a bunch of BB's in a beer can, take a lesson from history. No fewer than five of our present states were formed by secession. In fact, at a time when divorce among families was rare, states were splitting up like so many Mickey Rooney's. Before the country had so much as a constitution, Delaware had said good-bye to Pennsylvania and Rhode Island had pulled out of Massachusetts. The whole of New England packed its bags during the War of 1812, only to be sweet-talked back by Washington. In the 1830s parts of Texas gave up for good on Mama Mexico, and in 1861 West Virginia seceded from Virginia, which had itself just seceded from the rest of the country.

So keep in mind that these "United" States in reality represent little more than an experiment in togetherness, and not a very successful one at that. If things continue to go as they seem to be going, if small continues to be beautiful, then we could very well see a day when our flag has sixty stars. And if the disunity movement will mean that we can eventually have a state called South Jersey, then maybe it's time for things to fall apart.—Bill Lawren

FILMS



SLEEPERS

Unlike some of my friends, I never think about what it costs to make a supercolossal movie. Perhaps it's because the figures are so far beyond my imagination. With a million dollars—I know nothing costs that little these days—I wouldn't make a movie. I'd take the money and run. But Warren Beatty's new movie cost more than \$30 million. Given what many of us expected from it, that would make *Reds* the most extravagant sleeper in the history of film.

Reds opened all at once last December in hundreds of theaters, a fairly typical release pattern when distributors don't count on much good press for their film. What they got, at least in New York, was a bundle of strong reviews—occasionally ecstatic, but at the least some uncommonly thoughtful praise for that rarest of film phenomena, a good movie that the majority of movie critics could genuinely understand. One friend pointed out the irony that last year's most expensive movies—*Reds*, *Ragtime*, *Heaven's Gate*—all celebrated poverty and political radicalism. But only *Reds* had the wit to exploit its politics as accessory to the True Romance of an era. Into its vast historical canvas and its three hours and sixteen minutes of running time (plus intermission), it manages to cram remarkably little. That may be one of the reasons for its success.

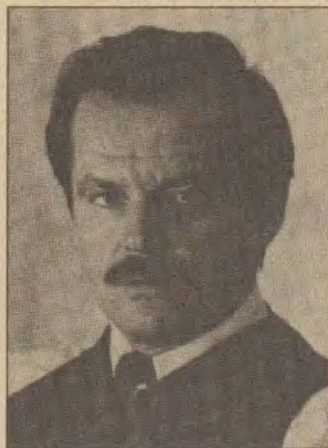
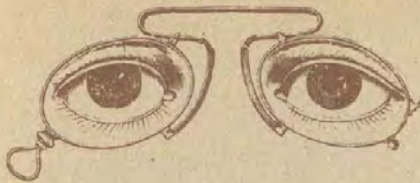
The real-life John Reed (1887-1920) is a name, American



industry, the High California movement still has problems. "Who would get the Supreme Court," asks one legislator, "if anyone wants it?" And since Sacramento would remain in the north, what would poor Southern California do for a capital? "That's their problem," Keene sniffs. "I suggest Disneyland."

Alaska is angry at lower-forty-eight environmentalists who want to limit land development and oil

we're a state, declared and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the other states, is either stupid or a damned liar. We're told to repave our own highways, build our own dams, pay for the cost of the oil pipeline. We're the only state which cannot export our oil to a foreign country. And," he adds, underscoring what is apparently a burning issue, "we're the only state where a white man can't own a reindeer."



Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill

chronicler of the Russian Revolution in *Ten Days That Shook the World*, but now not much more than a memory to the few of his contemporaries who still survive. When I was in college, the leftist debating club was called the John Reed Society. I doubt if anything like that remains.

Warren Beatty's John Reed is a radical political idealist and also the tempestuous lover of a fellow journalist, Louise Bryant (Diane Keaton). She shares him, platonically, with the activist Emma Goldman (Maureen Stapleton), and he shares her, not so platonically, with the playwright Eugene O'Neill (Jack Nicholson). The movie is, of course, about the love life. But it never pretends that history doesn't matter more. Indeed, it is history that makes the love story resonate—with the imposed absences, the passionate reunions, the adventures, misadventures—just enough history to keep moving what may in fact have been a somewhat desultory affair. Mostly waiting in the wings, only sometimes paraded before the camera, the world events of 1915–1920 help steer *Reds* in its proper course between pathos and propaganda.

World events, plus good writing (by Beatty and Trevor Griffiths), excellent cinematography (by Vittorio Storaro), and brilliant editing (by Dede Allen and Craig McKay)—not to mention a generally superlative cast. *Reds* offers the best Diane Keaton performance

outside the Woody Allen movies, perhaps the best, period. Beatty is fine when with her, slightly less fine on his own. Just what his John Reed stands for as opposed to what—in his being a Warren Beatty character—he so engagingly hides away is never entirely clear. But he has the energy, including the comic energy, to keep his character alive. If at the end we feel we've learned too little, we at least never suffer the pain of being told too much.

Of the film's canny choices, the most beautifully calculated of all are the talking heads, the thirty-odd real-life old people whom the

inspiration to make his love story stand or fall.

At the far end from *Reds*, Jonathan Kaplan's excellent, low-budget *Over the Edge* might qualify as a traditional sleeper, a small movie nobody thought to publicize until some critics and an articulate audience made a fan club of their own. *Over the Edge* actually dates from 1979. It had a little, very spotty, distribution back then. But its story of how a group of disaffected California teenagers spectacularly trash their own middle-class condominium community seems to have made the movie people ner-

found our expectations. Nobody gets away undervalued, not the BB-gun shooting loner (Vincent Spano) who beats up the hero (Michael Kramer) to keep him quiet and then becomes his friend, not even the town cop (Harry Northup) who likes arresting kids on drug busts and ends up truly caring about the best of them—until he himself ends in a ball of fire.

Over the Edge begins in listlessness. Its town of New Granada, in the middle of nowhere, with nothing to do, seems designed for the frustration of adults and the utter alienation of teenagers. It ends almost in despair, the place in sham-



Reds with Diane Keaton and Warren Beatty: pathos and politics.

credits list as "witnesses" but who function more as political chroniclers, personal gossips, distancers in time. Some of these people are famous—Henry Miller, Rebecca West, Roger Baldwin, George Jessel, Adela Rogers St. John—and some are relatively obscure. Since they were recorded on film, several have died. Some of them knew John Reed and Louise Bryant; some surely didn't. For some, the mere act of remembering has become problematic. What they bring in their voices, their thoughts, their fabulously varied, rich old faces, is the transformation of event into personal memory. *Reds* would be half the movie it is without them—though it might seem twice as long. They don't explain the drama; they test it. It is against them, their age, their vagaries, that Beatty has had the

vous. After the bad press for *The Warriors* and *Boulevard Nights* (both 1979), nobody wanted another film accused of inciting America's youth to riot.

They needn't have worried. *Over the Edge* isn't remotely a gang-war movie. It isn't even really a youth-violence movie—though there is some violence and a climactic confrontation between kids and the adults they imprison in the high-school auditorium before setting fire to the cars outside in the parking lot. In an odd way, it is a relatively peaceful movie and more complex than you might think.

As for the two attitudes possible for such a project—"Repressed Youth Fights for Freedom" or "Outlaw Teens Wreak Havoc"—*Over the Edge* chooses neither. Of course it uses both, often to con-

bles, half the kids bused off to reform school. But in between it develops unexpected turns of character, an unsensational authority with its people and its ideas. That really makes all the difference. Not a bleak film, it is rather a nonjudgmental film about an inescapably bleak world. It of course recalls Nicholas Ray's great *Rebel without a Cause* (1955), which counters its tragedy with young romance and a rhetoric of hopeful yearning. *Over the Edge* has some romance (a lovely young actress named Pamela Ludwig), but it has little space for tragedy and no hopeful rhetoric at all.

The downbeat movie musical seems an odd proposition. However, there's been a fine one recently, Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York*. And now with

Note: This images has been removed to comply with posting guidelines that prohibit images of children.

Over the Edge: caught in an inescapably bleak world.

Herbert Ross's *Pennies from Heaven* there is another, even riskier and in places almost as fine. To take a depression-era story about a Chicago song salesman who leaves his wife, falls in love, and then sporadically betrays his mistress, and finally dies for a random murder he didn't commit, and to set it to 1930s music that matches the times but not necessarily the people you see on the screen, takes either madness or a very special imagination. I favor the special imagination. Most of *Pennies from Heaven* pays off—including its artistic pretensions, its narrative grimness, its spectacular

production numbers from out of nowhere.

The songs—"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?," "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," etc.—are 'old recordings. The characters in the movie just mouth them—no attempt to disguise this—but they do their own dancing, and some of that is terrific. The theatrical ideas that support the dancing are even better. If you can watch Vernel Bagneris, as a down-at-the-heels street musician, "sing" and dance "Pennies from Heaven" in a pelting rain that becomes a light-induced shower of glistening coins without feeling joy, you belong

someplace other than a movie theater.

Steve Martin plays the song peddler—audacious casting that mostly works. Bernadette Peters plays the once innocent schoolteacher he's sometimes true to. And Christopher Walken plays the pimp who eventually takes her on. Walken has one superb barroom dance number—"Let's Misbehave"—in shoes, socks, underpants, hat, and cigar. Peters has more, especially a white-on-white classroom musical fantasy for "Love Is Good for Anything That Ails You." But Peters and Martin together have a number, a serious, meticulous, gleaming black-and-white-into-color parody of the great Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers "Let Face the Music and Dance," that is worth the whole film and then some. I shouldn't want to give up the whole film, above all not the wonderful acting of Bernadette Peters. But I'd never want to lose that number or the audacity of working something new and yet so elegantly imitative out of the genius of Rogers and Astaire. This is Herbert Ross's best movie. It makes up for everything, for *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, for *The Seven-Percent Solution*, for a whole career of Neil Simon collaborations.—Roger Greenspun.

WORDS



REAL PEOPLE

Remember how we all hooted when *People* magazine first came out? Okay, so maybe the country was getting a little celebrity-crazed, but it was a fad that couldn't last. People would eventually get bored with the private affairs of the rich and famous.

Wouldn't they?

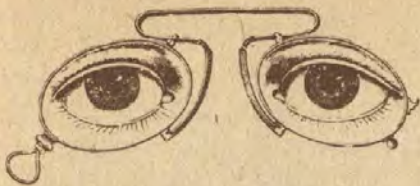
Well, even with a ton of salt and Louisiana hot sauce on them, those words make tough eating. *People* magazine not only prospered, it inspired racks of glossy imitators. And now, as the last several publishing seasons testify, intimate "inside" biographies of celebrated public figures are fast becoming the hottest movers on serious publishing lists.

The newest wave of biographies presents a bizarre mix of celebrity droolings, scholarly esoterica, and good old-fashioned squealing. Let me start with the unreadables.

Don't expect to curl up with *Rickover* (Simon & Schuster) for a chatty visit with Adm. Hyman G. Rickover. This massive tome by Norman Polmar and Thomas B. Allen calls itself a biography, but its scraps of human interest about its formidable subject seem insignificant in what is essentially a scholarly and scary work of military history. According to the authors, the life of the octogenarian naval figure is the history of America's nuclear navy, and their chronicle of his rise to absolute power should terrify those innocent read-



Steve Martin in *Pennies from Heaven*: downbeat musical with a very special imagination.



ers who always thought that only Congress and the president had the authority to determine global military strategy and shape nuclear policy.

On occasion, the authors have tried to humanize the navy's magisterial despot with the odd anecdote. Like the one in which Rickover, who had suffered a heart attack, explains why the navy should not invest in a big, costly cemetery plot if he should not recover: "I'll only be there three days, you see." Cute, real cute.

George Meany and His Times (Simon & Schuster) makes the ar-



AFL-CIO/Steve Yarnola

Meany: all work, all business.

gument that the life of that tough old bird is the history of the American labor movement. Using this premise to justify the exaltation of every dull detail in his subject's life from cradle to grave, Archie Robinson has produced a worshipful bio of the powerful leader of the AFL-CIO.

Shaped by interviews with Meany during his last four years, this book has the tone of authenticity that eludes most unauthorized biographies of bigger-than-life characters. But don't expect any personal revelations or the emergence of a great human being. Meany was all work and all business and revealed no secret charms to his biographer.

On the lighter side, the current biographies include a fair share of eccentrics, oddities, and out-and-out loonies. Probably the most off-the-wall is **William Fisk**

Harrah (Doubleday), Leon Mandel's gushy tribute to the gambling entrepreneur who turned a modest bingo operation into a sophisticated Reno empire. Although Mandel offers a ludicrous assessment of Harrah's "stature" as a literary subject, it's easy to see his interest in the colorful hustler. As a freewheeling merchant of a popular legal vice, Harrah represents the last gasp of Wild West capitalism, before the conglomerates, the Mob, and the government moved in with their modern refinements.

Despite the basic silliness of this project, Mandel writes in a lively style that would probably be terrific with some unsavory subject of nineteenth-century Western history. Some classier level of trash is what I mean.

For eccentricity and stature, it's hard to beat Jerry Lee Lewis, one of rock 'n' roll's authentic mad geniuses. In his manic **Hellfire** (Delacorte/Dell), Nick Tosches traces the convulsive craziness that has always characterized Lewis's wild career, from the early family days of dirt farming in Louisiana to the brash nights of big-time success and public scandal. Although he obviously didn't get much truck from Jerry Lee himself, Tosches seems to have rounded up a lot of cousins and kin for the rich, raw detail of the musician's hell-raising life.

Tosches has found a legitimate theme in Lewis's conflict between the Devil's music and the Lord's cruel virtuousness. I could have done without the ersatz biblical idiom he's chosen to write in ("Jane told him that his seed had taken hold within her, and that he must wed her"). Regardless, this is a damned good look into a man's personal demonology.

What good is a bio list if it doesn't include a couple of backstabs at the high and mighty? Joseph E. Persico's biography of Nelson A. Rockefeller, **The Imperial Rockefeller** (Simon & Schuster), and Robert Smith's study of Gen. Douglas MacArthur in Korea, **The Naked Emperor** (Simon & Schuster), both fit the bill nicely. If either of the subjects were still



Jim Shea

Jerry Lee Lewis: big-time success and public scandal.

alive, he'd probably be after his biographer with the most advanced modern weaponry.

The Rockefeller bio gets the style of the man fine—the driving charm, the forceful arrogance, the downright belligerent egotism of the rich kid who would be king. But although Persico was the Rock's staff member for more than a decade, he was never an intimate of his boss, and it shows in the distanced, outsider tone of the book. (He doesn't even seem to know the more vicious rumors about the real circumstances of the former vice-president's death.)

What does come through—past the awed subordinate's generally respectful point of view—is a certain snide tone that is quite fun to pick out from the pedestrian reportage. Damned if Persico didn't really like his boss, after all.

Nothing scared, sneaky, or subtle about Robert Smith's book. He obviously loathes his subject. Another chapter in the popular revisionist school of thought about MacArthur, **The Naked Emperor** takes an outraged tone in its account of the general's period of command in Korea, concluding that the great hero came close to being personally responsible for that country's civil war—and our country's disastrous interference in it. Accusing MacArthur of indolence, megalomania, mismanagement, indifference, and "sublime disregard for the truth," Smith writes with the crispness that comes with contempt and makes

a strong case for his revisionist views of this "living statue."

Among the latest batch of celebrity studies, you couldn't find a less congenial pairing than that of the moral guardian Jane Fonda and the immoralist Roman Polanski—and yet these two bios are tops among the trash. Fred Lawrence Guiles admits that **Jane Fonda: The Actress in Her Time** (Doubleday) is not an authorized biography. He never talked to her and only briefly with the man he presumes to call "Hank"; so be prepared for that long-distance-telescope point of view. But as star-stricken bios go, this one has unusual restraint, not to say outright tastefulness. Without being either shrill or ghoulish about it, Guiles sees his heroine as prey to the manipulative men in her life, including Hank. He also implies that her radical politics were rooted in rebellious urges that were less intellectual than emotional. The book isn't particularly insightful or informed, but at least it's not creepy.

Barbara Leaming's **Polanski** (Simon & Schuster), on the other hand, is a work of genuine film scholarship that also happens to be fascinating reading for non-pros. Aptly subtitled "The Filmmaker as Voyeur," this intelligent book sees Polanski's films as the biographical legend of a talented and very, very weird guy. Applying a scholar's work methods, Leaming uses some solid psychological insights to show how Polanski's

macabre personal history is reflected in his films. At the same time, she offers some quite perceptive film interpretations to show how his repetitive movie themes and obsessions are mirrored in his life.

Behaving rather voyeuristically herself, Leaming shows an unscholarly but quite human fascination for the man whom she presents as a childish but nevertheless dangerous imp of the perverse. She sympathizes with his horrendous childhood under Nazism and with the trauma of the Sharon Tate murders, but she is obviously aghast at Polanski's sa-



Starlet Jane Fonda in '59.

tyric sexual pursuits and his obsessiveness with physical pain and cruelty. And when she gets to the California rape case involving a thirteen-year-old girl, a tone of moral outrage comes through loud and clear. Which is kind of refreshing in a writer who calls the movies "cinema."—*Marilyn Stasio*

REPORT FROM HELL

Cooks and Bakers (Avon Books), a first novel by Robert A. Anderson, recalls the nightmare of the Vietnam War in a straightforward and disarming fashion. It is free from the literary and political affectations that have ruined so many other books about the war. Told from the viewpoint of an almost nameless young marine lieutenant, *Cooks and Bakers* is no left-wing indictment but a tough-minded, unblinking report from hell.

And hell is not just Vietnam. Its

roots are really back home, in the disintegration of the idea of American greatness, a patriotic notion that probably never had much basis in fact but one that certainly fueled the dreams of the motley marines in this story.

Watching his "men" during the devastating North Vietnamese Tet attacks, the lieutenant reflects that they're acting "not even like a training mission.... More like a school outing. He wished they'd be quiet, that they would act as he thought men going to battle should act."

But the lieutenant is constantly disappointed by the war's reality—just as we all were in those days, even those millions of American citizens who got no nearer to Saigon than their television screens. An old first sergeant understands what's happening: "I think that Vietnam is going to be the end of us," he predicts. "I don't think there's going to be a Marine Corps after Vietnam.... I was in Korea, and I remember what it was like. We didn't have hardly any gear at all, but what we had we took care of. These men here lose something, they just ask for another. That's not right."

There's very little that is right in Vietnam in 1968, but one of the glories of *Cooks and Bakers* is that we realize that it is still possible for men to be heroes—it's just that the terms of heroism are not what we've been taught in grade school: "They all had to do their job, whatever it might be—bringing back one of the dead or taking a building.... It wasn't easy, but they couldn't quit, because if they did, they'd be dead."

Cooks and Bakers is not a despairing book—much of it is actually very funny—and it is never sentimental, although you may feel like crying in certain places. Perhaps its most important readers will be Vietnam veterans, who have been turned off by the sensational distortions and stereotypes perpetrated by the media for so long. These men, more than almost any other Americans, should understand, appreciate, and enjoy Robert A. Anderson's extraordinary novel.—*Peter Bloch*

SOUNDS



DREAM MUSIC

In 1935, in the remote highlands of central Malaya, an anthropologist named Kilton Stewart discovered a tribe of 12,000 aborigines that had not experienced a single violent crime or instance of mental disease in several hundred years. The Senoi, as they were called, had no equivalents of police or jails, their society operating in a smoothly democratic manner with a striking absence of even minor frictions. They were ruled not by elders or royalty but by dream interpreters, seers who shared their detailed knowledge of dream symbolism and trance states with everyone in the community. These seers had developed a complex science of dream analysis that, according to Stewart, was "on a level with our attainments in such areas as television and nuclear physics."

Children everywhere dream disturbing dreams of falling. But among the Senoi, each family discusses the dreams of all its members over breakfast each morning, and children who have had falling dreams are told by their parents that the dreams are about learning to fly. This positive reinforcement is repeated each time the child dreams of falling, and before long fearful dreams of falling are replaced by pleasurable dreams of flying. Adolescent and adult dreamers receive detailed instructions on how to deal with sex dreams; it's very important, for example, to carry a sexual encounter in the dream state through to or-

gasm. Stewart reported that this communal focus on dream interpretation and dream lore produced well-balanced individuals and a well-integrated society.

Jon Hassell's latest album, *Dream Theory in Malaya* (Editions E.G.), is a musical portrait of the Senoi and their dream culture, inspired by Kilton Stewart's anthropological paper of the same name. Hassell is uniquely qualified for the task. He grew up in Memphis, where he played the trumpet in roadhouses, and after taking several university degrees he left for Europe to study with the pioneering electronic music composer



Hassell: fourth-world music.

Karlheinz Stockhausen. Back in the United States, he played his trumpet with La Monte Young and Terry Riley, the two creators of the minimal, repetition-oriented new classical music of the sixties and seventies. In 1972 he began studying the classical vocal music of northern India with a master singer, but instead of reproducing Indian music's swoops, glides, and curlicues with his voice, he found ways of reproducing them on the trumpet. His playing began sounding like a kind of hollow, disembodied spirit voice, and within a few years he was feeding it through a variety of electronics systems, getting unearthly sounds that had never been imagined. He called this synthesis of the ancient and the futuristic "fourth-world music," and an album he made in collaboration with the rock producer and electronics whiz Brian



Andy Freiberg/Fatma

Anthony Davis: the most gifted young jazz pianist to have emerged in the last decade.

Eno, *Fourth World Volume One/Possible Musics* (Editions E.G.), became a surprising success in 1980. It won him a loyal audience and ended up on a number of music critics' year-end ten-best lists.

Dream Theory in Malaya is the eagerly awaited follow-up to *Possible Musics*. The earlier album had a more even, trancelike flow and an ethereal texture. Its principal ethnic influences were Indian and African. *Dream Theory* is a different sort of trance music, rooted in Southeast Asia, where trance rituals tend to be communal and dramatic. The rhythmic underpinnings of the music are provided by bowl gongs and pottery drums, and Hassell's remarkable trumpet playing, which can sound like a baby uttering its first words or like an angel choir bursting into song, has been filtered through some of the most sophisticated effects systems modern electronics can provide. Tapes of frogs in a bog and of Malayan tribesmen beating out rhythms in the flowing waters of a stream are woven into the music like shimmering threads, lending it an almost subliminal

aliveness that warmly tempers the potentially cold electronics. The result is sheer magic. *Dream Theory in Malaya* is an invitation to step into another reality, a trip you don't need drugs to take.

Hassell isn't the only American musician whose work has been heavily influenced by the dream culture of Southeast Asia. **Anthony Davis**, widely recognized as the most gifted young jazz pianist to have emerged in the last decade, is busy making a new music inspired by the music of Bali, especially the floating, repetitious gong-and-xylophone music that accompanies the island's shadow puppet plays. *Episteme* (Gramavision Records, 260 West Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013) is light-years removed from Jon Hassell's fourth-world concepts. It uses no electronics, as Davis prefers to work with an entirely acoustic ensemble of vibraphone, marimba, percussion, strings, and horns.

But Davis, recently turned thirty, is already a masterful composer, able to extract shimmering, sleepwalking moods and textures from

his ten-piece ensemble. Melodic figures repeat, fall against each other in shifting overlay patterns, seem to bend as if refracted through a haze, and eventually break down into thoughtful improvisations that sustain and amplify the written music. This isn't jazz, although a marvelous jazz drummer, Pheeroan Ak Laff, kicks it along. It isn't exactly new classical music either; there's too much swing and too much improvisation. It's another kind of fourth-world music, a fruitful melding of East and West. "I have made no attempt to imitate Balinese music," Davis insists in his liner notes. "The music has inspired me to look at my own musical tradition in a different way."

Why has the music of Southeast Asia had such a profound effect on two of America's most resourceful young musicians? The most obvious answer is that in Malaya, Bali, and Java, music is a means of bringing on and regulating altered states of consciousness or trance; in the words of folklorist E. D. Robertson, "This is a people amongst whom inspira-

tion is still a very living thing." Robertson made a series of recordings in central Malaya of songs "given" to the Temiar people in dreams, by spirit guides. He reported that during one session, a seer "went into a trance, for some minutes remaining in a kneeling position; he then leapt up, rushed to one of the fires, and picked up glowing embers, which he put into his mouth; he then rejoined the dancers, and danced around for some minutes with the red-hot embers between his lips."

Robertson's recordings can be heard on the Folkways album *Temiar Dream Songs from Malaya*. But heard out of their cultural context, these dream songs do not sound half as enchanting as the fourth-world dream music of Hassell and Davis. By combining the trance-inducing properties of Southeast Asian music with the latest advances in electronic music and jazz, they have come up with a new music that transcends all its sources, a music that carries the listener away to realms where inspiration is truly "a very living thing."—Robert Palmer

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THE SELLING OF AMERICA

We will never have to hang the capitalists ourselves; they'll sell us the rope and do the job themselves. —Lenin

For the sophisticated Frenchmen who run the gambling casino at the Hotel Majestic in Cannes, there had been no occurrence in that legendary playground of the jet set to shake their equally legendary blasé attitude toward the excesses of the idle rich. Not, that is, until a warm summer night in 1974, when an event transpired at the casino that stunned even the worldly Frenchmen.

Into the casino swept Prince Fahd bin Abdul Aziz, member of the Saudi Arabian royal family, complete with entourage and several young women. The prince, clearly, was ready for a night of heavy gambling. From what appeared to be an inexhaustible bankroll, he proceeded to buy chips as though they were mere pennies; hundred-dollar chips were either thrown with abandon at waitresses and croupiers or recklessly bet. The Hotel Majestic is accustomed to high rollers, but even their wildest dreams had never prepared them for Fahd. In about six hours Fahd lost about \$2,500,000, a disaster that did not seem to bother him unduly: at the end of the night, he simply shrugged his shoulders and left the casino, entourage in tow, accompanied by the devout wishes of the management for his

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN MATTELSON





MATTELSON

imminent return.

This event attracted a good deal of attention in the world press and set off much bemused clucking about the profligacy of newly enriched oil barons spending their new millions in the world's fleshpots and gambling casinos, like small children suddenly let loose in a toy store with thousands of dollars to spend as they wished. There have been many such incidents in the past eight years plus other excesses—such as the Saudi sheikh who sought to buy the Alamo as a birthday present for his son or another Arab oil millionaire who contracted with the University of Houston to send two professors to teach his daughters in Saudi Arabia at a cost of \$3 million, undoubtedly the most expensive college education in history.

These have all served as causes for some amusement, but the sensational headlines obscure the fact that there is something much more significant at work here than the assorted peccadilloes of nouveau-riche oil barons who can't find ways to spend their money fast enough. The fact is that they represent exceptions; actually, the vast bulk of the Arab oil profits are being used, not to gamble away in the world's casinos, but to carry out an economic war against the Jews—a war that is now taking place in the boardrooms and counting rooms of America. There has been some spectacular publicity accompanying this investment effort, including the purchase of the controlling interest in two large California banks, an Atlanta hotel-shopping center complex, a resort island off the coast of South Carolina, an unsuccessful attempt to buy two large coal-producing companies, and a large interest in an Arizona cattle-ranching operation. But these represent only a small part of the overall Arab investment effort; most of it is carefully concealed behind a maze of secrecy and third-party operations that make it difficult to arrive at a definitive conclusion on just how much Arab investment money is in this country.

However, we know for a certainty that in 1974 the Arab oil producers had about \$50 billion in surplus money and by last year that total had grown to over \$300 billion. The bulk of this surplus money has been invested, mostly in the United States. The reasons for the attraction of America are both opportunity (this country is still the world's greatest opportunity to make money) and fear, centering on political uncertainty; as events in France have proven, foreign business is always subject to political vagaries. And nationalization isn't the only threat; to the European business community, particularly, there is the ever-present threat of unrest and war that would smash business empires only recently built since the Second World War.

So last year, according to official American government statistics, over \$15 billion flowed into the United States from foreign investors, a 500-percent increase over the amount invested in 1977. Most of the non-Arab money is from large European, Ca-

nadian, and Japanese multinational companies that now own either all or large parts of American business enterprises. Some of the more visible examples of such foreign ownership include the Marine Midland Bank, Howard Johnson, Saks Fifth Avenue, Alka-Seltzer, Bantam Books, the Pierre Hotel in New York, and Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream. Moreover, foreign investors own about 6 million acres of American land, mostly prime farmland. All told, the book value of all direct foreign investment in this country now totals about \$62 billion, and it is growing fast. (Foreign companies with investments in America currently employ about 2 percent of the entire American work force.)

Before 1971 foreign direct investment in the United States was difficult, mostly because the American dollar was linked to the price of gold. That made American assets very expensive for foreign buyers, but in that year President Nixon severed the link between gold and the dollar, allowing

There is no pending
government investigation
of . . . the serious implications
of PLO investments in
American corporations.

exchange rates to "float." Which meant that almost overnight the American dollar became cheaper when measured in terms of non-American currencies. Combined with the increasing nervousness foreign companies felt about their own assets, the investment opportunity offered by the floating American dollar set off something of a boom in foreign investment in this country. Today foreign companies have stakes in just about everything made in this country, from soy sauce to computers, and nearly 70 percent of all the major companies outside America now have subsidiaries in this country.

British and Canadian investors were the first non-Arab investors to take advantage of the new opportunity in this country, joined later by much more aggressive West German and Japanese outfits. More recently, large chunks of French capital, the French being upset about France's nationalization policies, are beginning to move into this country (Renault, the giant French carmaker, now owns 46 percent of American Motors).

The growing foreign investment in this country has been the source of some controversy for some years now, and al-

though some state governments have tightened up regulations over foreign investments, the federal government still covertly supports such investment, partially on the grounds that the American economy at the moment can use all the investment help it can get. Still, several congressional committees continue to warn that foreign investment may be getting out of control: one committee noted that twelve American companies that make semiconductors—the leading edge of the American technological superiority—have been bought up by foreign companies. And continuing unease over the growing foreign control of American banks has spurred the General Accounting Office to consider recommending an indefinite moratorium in foreign purchases of U.S. bank stocks. Another sign of the American nervousness is a new policy by the State Department, making it harder for Japanese businessmen to get American visas.

But the main source of foreign investment in this country continues to be the Arab oil producers, and this investment is by far the most dangerous. Despite numerous warnings the American government has done everything possible to ensure greater Arab investments in the American economy, investments that the government has protected by allowing a veil of officially protected secrecy to conceal their extent. And well they might, for there are indications that Arab investments are playing a growing role not only in the American economy but in other world economies as well. By May of 1976, the Arabs owned about 20 percent of the world's entire monetary reserves, and two years later, when the Arabs decided that the English pound was no longer worth keeping, their dumping of billions of dollars' worth of pounds on the monetary market nearly caused the pound to collapse, and it was rescued only after an elaborate propping-up operation conducted by other nations, especially the United States.

There is much to be uneasy about with all this petrodollar money flowing into the American economy. For example, some American companies are voluntarily participating in the Arab boycott against Israel, refusing to hire Jews so as not to antagonize Arab business interests and adopting a more pro-Arab (and often anti-Israeli) policy to attract Arab business.

The prospect of petrodollars, furthermore, has lured a wide range of business interests and former government officials to set up operations to snag these dollars. The former officials who have significant Arab investment operations in this country include former Texas Gov. John Connally, former presidential adviser Clark M. Clifford, former Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman William Fulbright, and the most execrable of the lot, former Vice-President Spiro Agnew, who has adopted anti-Semitism as his chief selling tool with the Arab oil producers.

It is no accident that a growing anti-Zi-

onism and anti-Semitism have been emanating from much of this steadily enlarging community of American business interests that concentrate on Arab investments. Fulbright, whose Senate career was marked by many effusions of support for assorted downtrodden peoples, now no longer sees much merit in the grievances of the Israelis, a Middle East minority, and others in that community have spoken much and often about the necessity of a more "realistic" Middle East policy by this country that takes into account desires of the Arab oil producers. Often it takes the form of anxiety about American foreign-policy support of Israel threatening to anger the Arabs, which in turn would compel them to withdraw their billions of investment dollars from the United States. It is an anxiety that has found some haven even in Congress; witness this statement by Sen. Charles Percy during hearings in 1975 on Arab petrodollars in American banks: "If Saudi Arabia and Kuwait withdrew their bank deposits, the biggest single loser would be the city of New York, and I would say the American Jewish community, centered in New York, would be the largest loser. . . ."

This amounted to a warning to the American Jews, and others, to forget about trying to raise too many questions about the power of Arab money in this country. It is only one of the reasons why many people have become progressively nervous about the petrodollar problem. They are concerned, for instance, about the fact that twenty-one of the largest American banks now have over \$19 billion of OPEC money, about \$15 billion of it from Arab oil-producing states. Money buys influence is an old principle of American economics; so it is perfectly logical to wonder about the role of such major American banks as Citibank of New York, which in 1976 was revealed to be holding \$1.7 billion in deposits from Kuwait alone.

Such concern has been pooh-poohed by the American business community most directly involved with the Arab investments; their argument is that the Arab investment strategy is very conservative, that the sole aim of the investments is to receive good return, and that the Arabs, whatever their rhetoric, are in fact pragmatic economically, having no desire to influence American Middle East policy with the power of those billions of petrodollars.

The problem with this assertion is two-fold. In the first place, the Arab regimes that now direct the investment strategies and decide how the petrodollars are to be spent are for the most part in the hands of highly conservative sheikdoms; what happens when another generation, not nearly so pragmatic, comes to power—or seizes it forcefully? What happens if more doctrinaire Arab politicians take power—or Moslem fanatics, as in the 1969 revolution in Libya, which brought the fanatic Qaddafi to power? Secondly, how does the United States government propose to



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ensure that the Arab billions are not used to force changes in American foreign policy, in a blackmail operation similar to the one that caused such drastic increases in oil prices? Mere reassurances are not enough, for, as we shall see subsequently, the American government does not even know at this point how much Arab money is in the American economy, which makes any assurance that it can control or monitor all that money a mockery.

We are also left with the fact that many businesses—with the connivance of the American government—continue to cooperate with Arab anti-Semitism by not seeking any Israeli business or making sure that they have no Jewish connections, or there are no highly visible Jewish employees, especially in the executive ranks. It is nearly impossible, however, to establish just how much of this is going on; how can it be established that a Jew was fired from a job or was not promoted because a particular business wanted to make sure it would not offend potential Arab business? It can't be, although it should be noted that a recent project on anti-Semitism in the American business community found that Jews were mostly excluded from the executive ranks of the energy, heavy machinery, construction, and banking industries; by interesting coincidence, those just happen to be industries that do most of the business with the Arab world.

In the long run, however, this sort of overt anti-Semitism may pale in significance when stacked beside a much more potentially dangerous development, the steadily growing piles of Arab-oil billions

now being invested in American business. Again, we find that it is not so much a case of Arabs trying to use that money to buy influence or control, as of American business bending over backward not to "offend" the source of all this vast wealth. According to the most recent Commerce Department accounting, foreign investments in the United States grew more than 20 percent last year, with investments by OPEC countries, predominantly Arab, rising nearly 50 percent.

Taken at face value, this does not appear to be much cause for alarm; even \$62 billion, after all, in the vast American economy, while not a drop in the bucket, nevertheless doesn't represent anything like imminent control. But the problem is that the Commerce Department figures in fact represent only the visible tip of an iceberg. For one thing, American regulations require public recording of investors only after their stock exceeds 5 percent of any given corporation. Moreover, the Commerce Department figures measure only what they can find; as we shall see, there is a great deal they are not finding.

One of the things they are not seeing is the true extent of Arab investments in this country. Under the agreement worked out by former Treasury Secretary William Simon in 1974, the United States agreed that it would never list publicly a detailed breakdown of Arab holdings in the United States. Thus, the most recent Treasury Department figures list only the combined totals for all thirteen OPEC members (about \$70 billion, including government securities, corporate bonds, stocks, and

bank accounts). Without a breakdown, it is difficult to say how much money Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates, and other Arab nations have in the U.S.

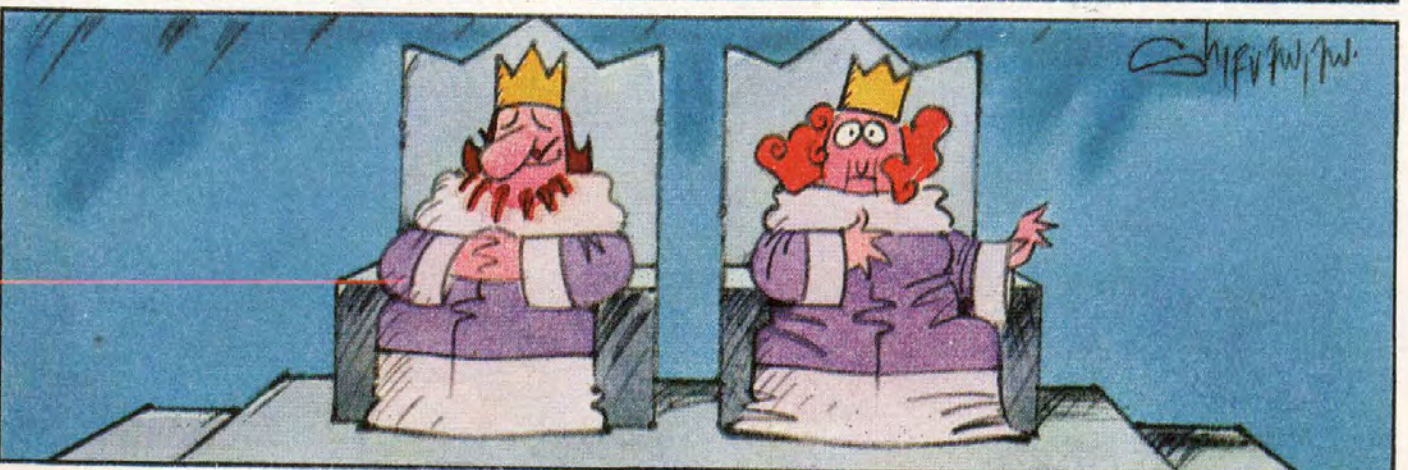
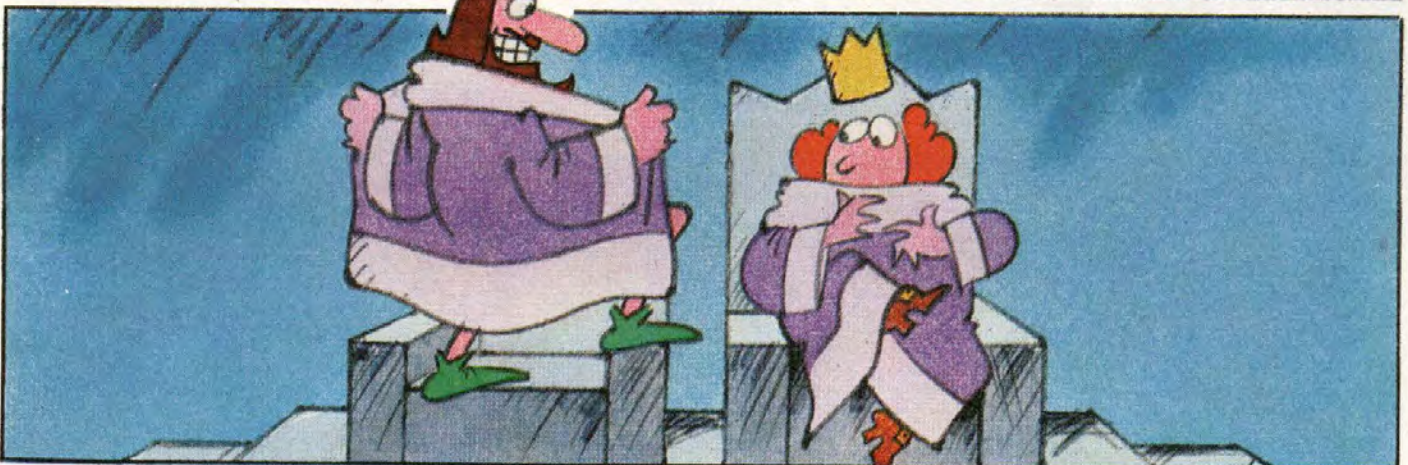
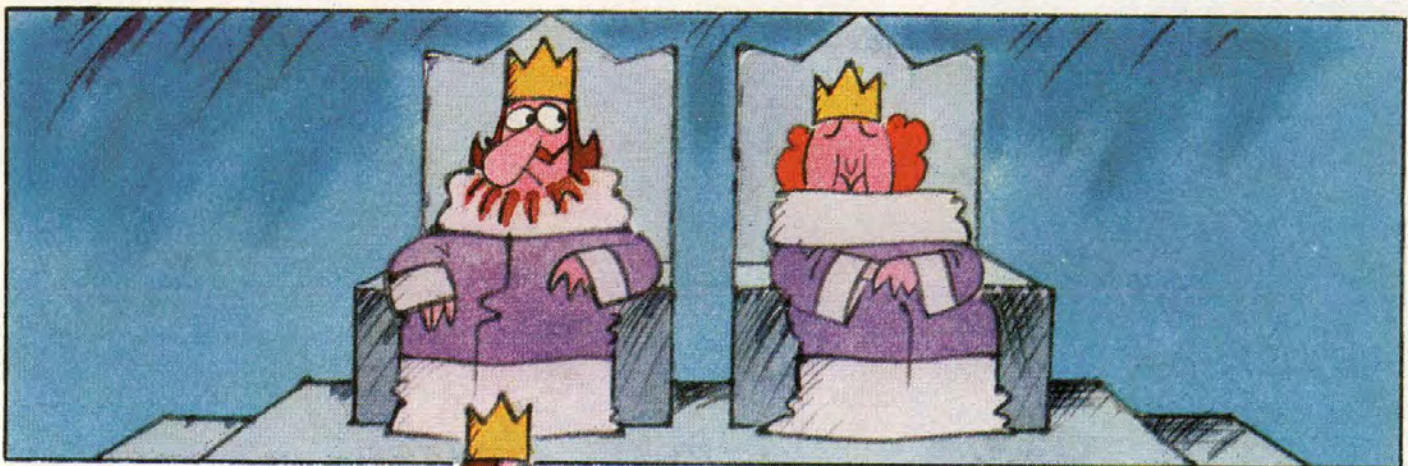
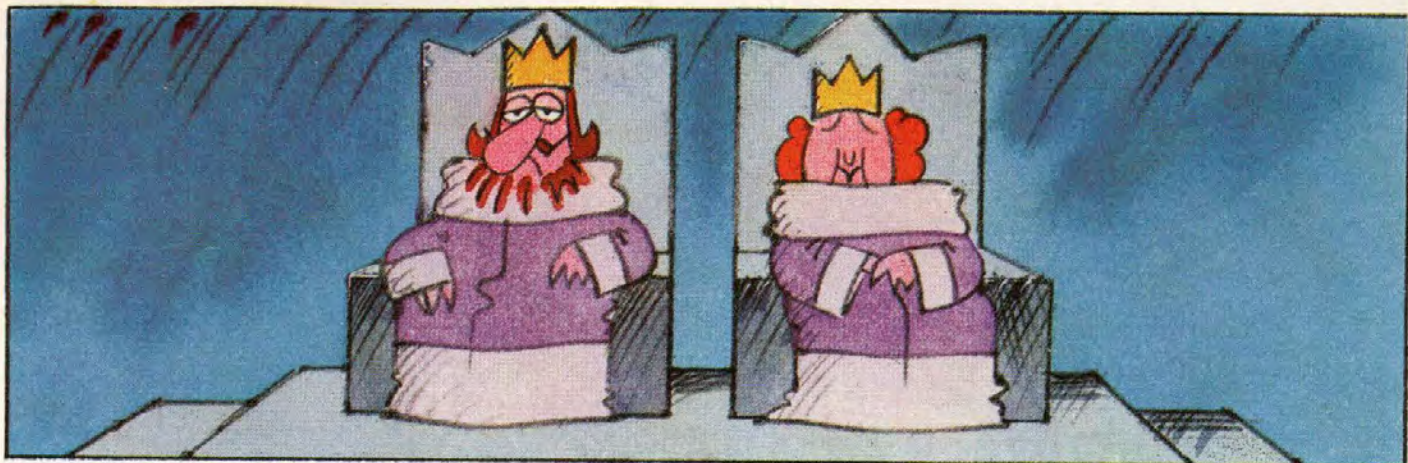
According to one study by the *Mideast Report*, an economic and political magazine, the Arab investments in fact total over \$200 billion in this country, with less than a third detected by American government agencies because of highly sophisticated third-party and foreign syndicate operations designed to conceal just how much Arab money is pouring in. Concerned over these reports, the House Committee on Banking's Subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer, and Monetary Affairs last year held hearings in an attempt to get the real figures from government officials—and met a stone wall. Treasury Department officials flatly refused to give a country-by-country breakdown of foreign investments by Arabs—citing the 1974 agreement—insisting that revelations of Arab investments would cause the Arabs to withdraw all that money. The same argument was made by various business interests, which claimed disclosure would balk what they considered "indispensable" recycling of petrodollars (although they left unmentioned the motive of very fancy fees banks and investment houses in this country collect for husbanding Arab investments).

What that amounts to is a \$60-billion discrepancy between what the United States government says is the total Arab investment in this country and the actual figures, as partially reflected in the American balance-of-payments accounts—the figures simply do not gibe, and what's worse, it is obvious that the government's policy of allowing the Arabs secrecy in their American investments has led to a pronounced dearth of knowledge on exactly how much Arab money is now in the American economy. One interesting indication of how far this lack of knowledge extends occurred during the hostage crisis, when Treasury Department officials, under orders to freeze Iranian assets in this country, tried to find out how many assets there were. It took several months to find that the Iranians had about \$11 billion in assets, and most experts agree that the real total was closer to \$16 billion.

At the moment there are only indications—clues, really—of the extent of Arab investment in America. One indication is the statistics on the total foreign assets in this country: in 1974 they were reported at \$196 billion; by 1980 they were \$481 billion. Actually, the figures in truth may be higher, but there are inadequate reporting and accounting controls, not to mention the many indirect channels through which Arab money can be invested here. In fact, according to one estimate prepared by Paul A. Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve System, about \$75 billion in OPEC foreign holdings had not been detected by the government's detection process, and the Treasury Department found about \$40 billion unaccounted for in



"You, Jane! Me, gay!"



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its estimates on OPEC surplus funds.

Nongovernmental sources deduce that there is at least \$100-billion worth of Arab holdings in the United States, a deduction they arrive at by taking the Treasury Department's official figure of \$51.3 billion of total Arab investments by the end of 1980, adding the \$6.2 billion known to have arrived here in the first four months of last year, then adding the \$20 billion of Arab money deposited thus far in foreign branches of American banks, and finally adding the approximately \$20 billion of Arab money flowing into this country from offshore banks and other sources. That brings the total to well over \$100 billion, which is probably approximately correct (certainly, a lot more accurate than the American government's official figures). Where does all the money go? How much influence does it buy?

Let's begin with the Saudis. Saudi Arabia funnels its money through an organization known as the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency (SAMA), which receives \$320 million each day in oil revenues and is then supposed to figure out ways to invest it. This is no simple task, for the Saudis now receive about \$120 billion a year in oil revenues, creating a surplus of more than \$100 billion. SAMA generally follows a conservative investment policy, buying safe U.S. Treasury bills and notes (it now has about \$30 billion of those) plus another \$15 billion in loans to major American corporations, including \$650 million to American Telephone and Tele-



Win

Nobody does it

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

graph, \$200 million to U.S. Steel, and \$300 million to IBM. (The interest on such loans is called a "service fee" by the Saudi Arabians, since the Koran forbids the charging of interest.)

Up to this point, the Saudis generally have refrained from using any of the muscle all that money represents, but that may be changing: last year SAMA agreed to lend to the International Monetary Fund, for which it demanded (and got) a permanent seat on the fund's executive board. That board, which decides which nations will get monetary help from the international-aid agency, may now not only acquire a new anti-Israel trend but also get a new member—the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Saudis for some time have demanded that the IMF give observer status to the PLO, and it is a virtual certainty that they will now use their new clout in the international organization to bring in the PLO. When that happens, the potential for mischief is nearly incalculable.

There has also been some unwelcome publicity (at least from the Saudi standpoint) attendant on the activities of a number of interesting Saudi businessmen with strong American connections. Chief among them has been Adnan Mohamed Khashoggi, who first came to notice in 1973, when, thanks to his business partnership with Prince Talal bin Abdul Aziz (one of the king of Saudi Arabia's sons), he earned about \$50 million in commissions from the Chrysler Corporation alone for helping to sell Chrysler products in

Saudi Arabia. Khashoggi has become more notorious for his appetite for luxury, including a private Boeing 727 with five television sets and bedroom suites, plus luxurious homes and apartments around the world.

Despite frowns from the Saudi royal family, which dislikes such publicity, Khashoggi has gone his flamboyant way. He struck up a friendship with Richard Nixon in 1967, a relationship the Saudis sought to exploit in 1973, when Khashoggi, acting on behalf of the Saudi royal family, tried to convince Nixon to halt the airlift of arms to Israel during the Yom Kippur War. (There are recurring reports, never proven, that Khashoggi gave a secret \$1-million campaign contribution to Nixon in 1972.) Over and above that, Khashoggi has been very busy in American economics. By 1976 he had fifty-three subsidiaries operating under the umbrella of his Triad Holding Corporation, based in Luxembourg for tax reasons. Armed with all that oil money, he bought the controlling interest in the National Bank of Walnut Creek, Calif. (an acquisition eagerly abetted by the Bank of America, which was eager for Middle East business); a Japanese steak house in San Francisco; a Colorado manufacturer of truck trailers; a \$250-million business complex in Salt Lake City; and the largest stockholding in an Arizona cattle operation. Khashoggi had one brush of trouble with the U.S. Justice Department, which wanted to know about his dealings with various American arms manufactur-

ers, including a \$45-million "fee" for helping to arrange the sale by Lockheed to Saudi Arabia of an \$850-million arms contract. (Khashoggi said this sort of business was "forced" on him by American companies avid to tap into the vast Saudi Arabian market.)

This assertion generated much amusement, but there was nothing very amusing about some of the uglier aspects of other Khashoggi deals in this country. One especially ugly incident involved the large First National Bank of San Jose, Calif. Khashoggi offered \$21.83 a share for stock then selling at \$16.50 a share. The board of directors approved what was to be a \$15-million deal, but the offer, which had to be approved by the bank's stockholders, alarmed the Jewish community in California, which lobbied fiercely against the sale. It was enough to squelch the deal—banks are not fond of publicity—and Khashoggi was enraged at having to withdraw the offer. "Zionists," he claimed, "were trying to use the deal to create a new wave of hatred for the Arabs among the American public. I decided not to give them that satisfaction." To underscore his anger, the Saudis and Kuwait removed from any international underwritings involving petrodollars a number of "Jewish-controlled" firms, such as Lazard Freres, S. G. Warburg, and the Rothschilds.

Much more subtle was the Saudi attack to gain control of the Bank of Commonwealth of Detroit, which was once among

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the nation's most prestigious but which by 1973 had fallen upon hard times because of poor investments. In 1974 an angel appeared in the guise of a wealthy Egyptian businessman who wanted to bail out the bank. In fact, however, he was only a front man for the Saudis, but he succeeded in lining up the city's business elite behind the sale, most notably Henry Ford (who was eager to curry favor for the Arabs at that point because of his desire to reopen a Ford assembly plant in Egypt).

The sale went through in 1975, aided in no small part by unofficial help from the Treasury Department, which was delighted to see a troubled major American bank bailed out. Jewish groups were less happy when they discovered that the real powers behind the bank takeover were Ghaith Rashad Paraon (a Saudi Arabian businessman who, among other things, had quietly picked up 1 million shares of Occidental Petroleum, the eleventh largest oil company in America) and Sheikh Kamal Adham (closely connected to the royal family by marriage, he was head of the Saudi Arabian Intelligence Service, which had strong ties with the American CIA).

What controls was the American government instituting to make sure that more banks would not be taken over by Arabs? None; as a matter of fact, the government behind the scenes has encouraged even greater Arab investment, which is in turn aided by help from the American business establishment—in the Detroit bank deal, the John Connally law firm handled the legal end, which in turn brought forth into play a wide range of establishment-connected contacts who also helped. For much the same reason, there was not a flicker of interest from the government when the Saudis bought a 37.6-percent share of a Houston industrial contractor, nor was there any interest when the Kuwaitis bought 16 percent of Reynolds Securities, Inc. (the Arabs' first big move into Wall Street), or when the Kuwaitis also bought the 3,500-acre Kiawah Island resort off the coast of South Carolina. Indeed, in that case, the authorities fell all over themselves trying to convince the Kuwaitis to buy in; overriding the protests of Jewish groups that the Arabs were "trying to buy America," the state of South Carolina tried to convince Kuwait to build a refinery in the state and attempted to create a whole series of joint Kuwait-South Carolina industrial projects. (It should be noted here that the then-governor of South Carolina, John West, was later appointed ambassador to Saudi Arabia.)

It can be argued that these incidents represent only reasonable investment opportunities and lack political impact. But there is steadily increasing evidence that the Arabs are beginning to convert the clout their economic power in this country represents into real political power. Aside from the Saudi attempt to balk arms shipments to Israel in 1973, there was also an attempt by the Saudis to buy influence in

the Carter administration. That took the form of a \$2.4-million purchase of stock from Bert Lance, a Carter intimate, in the troubled Bank of Georgia. Obviously, it was a bad deal: the purchase, carried out by a Saudi businessman, bought 120,000 shares at a price three times what Lance had originally paid for them. Unless the Saudis knew of an oil deposit lying somewhere in the ground underneath the bank, the deal made no sense. But it made plenty of political sense; the Saudis were making a very direct bid for influence with Carter by helping to bail out his old friend.

In other cases it is Americans who offer political influence on a silver platter. American entrepreneurs in the public-relations business have lusted after the Arabs, offering expensive campaigns to "sell" Americans on the virtues of Arabs (and counteract "Zionist influence"). One special example is Raymond Mason, chairman of the Charter Company, a Florida-based oil business conglomerate

“

The government doesn't
even know how much Arab
money is in the U.S.
economy; which makes any
assurances that it can
control that money a mockery.

”

whose properties included *Family Weekly*, a Sunday newspaper magazine with a 6 million-plus circulation (it has since been sold to CBS Publications). Mason, believing that the American media were "slanted" against Arabs, considered the idea of buying the controlling interest in the *New York Times* and then proposed a \$7.7-million public-relations campaign for the Saudis in this country. Neither of these came to pass, but Mason had prepared a favorable story on Saudi Crown Prince Fahd for *Family Weekly* and had it shown to the Saudi royal family before it ran.

Not everybody in American business lusts after Arabian dollars, of course; the executors of the estate of J. Paul Getty last year rejected a \$982-million bid from Kuwait to buy a 14.6-percent share of the Getty Oil Company. And a number of other, less-publicized companies have resisted any Arab takeover attempts, even when—as is most often the case—the money offered is very attractive.

Still, there are more than enough American corporations and other business enterprises only too willing to cooperate with the Arabs, with some of the uglier implications of anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism.

And, combined with what amounts to official American government indifference, the unfortunate trend is all upward; not only are the deals getting bigger, but the slices of the American economy falling into Arab hands are also getting bigger. Only recently, Kuwait spent \$2.5 billion to take over Santa Fe International, a leading oil-drilling and production company, plus a \$185-million share in a Hawaiian oil refinery as well as participation in a U.S. oil exploration group; the Kuwaitis are planning soon to start buying American gasoline stations as part of a vertical investment strategy to control the sale of oil, from oil well to the gas station.

There is another even more ominous development: the Palestine Liberation Organization has begun to invest in American corporations. The investments, carried out in the greatest secrecy and currently on a low scale, are part of a \$100-million PLO investment venture that seeks to raise funds for the organization and sever the lifeline now extended primarily by Saudi Arabia (the Saudis contribute the bulk of the \$70 million given each year by the Arab nations to the PLO). The PLO portfolio includes investment property in the Middle East—including hotels, shipyards, and oil tankers—and is now being diversified into blue-chip corporations, especially American ones that have extensive Middle East dealings. The investments are made through intricate arrangements to conceal their origin, much of them through the Arab Bank Limited. Based in Jordan, the bank has assets of \$4 billion and ties with the banking community in nineteen countries, including the United States.

There is no pending government investigation of what obviously are the serious implications of PLO investments in American corporations. For that matter, with the exception of a few congressional subcommittees, there are no investigations at all into the overall question of how much of America is being bought. Indeed, there is not even a good monitoring system to determine just how much foreign money is coming into this country—recently, the Commerce Department admitted that its compilation of total foreign investments in this country was collected from newspaper clippings, meaning that the government really hasn't the foggiest notion.

Not that the Commerce Department—and the rest of the federal government—is losing much sleep over the problem. Plainly, there continues to be a policy of covert encouragement for the foreign investments, on the dubious grounds that the American economy needs the stimulus of outside investment. Besides, as the Commerce Department never tires of arguing, foreign investors are prohibited from investing in certain "sensitive" American businesses, including the aerospace and defense industries. But that assumes the American government has a good idea of just where the foreign money is going; the evidence is persuasive that it does not. 

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LET'S GET PHYSICAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK

Y oung Tanya Turner, fetchingly posed beside a ladder, reminds us of the joke about the little man who landed on an alien planet. Encountering a gorgeous extra-terrestrial lady twice his size, he blurted, "Take me to your ladder—I'll see your leader later." Tanya admits her colorful trappings make some men abandon their missions, broaden their horizons instead. Says she used to go out only with much older men. Now, at twenty, she prefers them more her own age. "It's not the easy way out, but sometimes it's better for things to be...well, harder." As her stirring limberness attests, Tanya is a serious physical-fitness buff, into dancing, weight lifting, and yoga. "Yoga relaxes my mind as well as my muscles, just generally makes me more...receptive." Ah, receptivity, a perfect virtue in women.





Last year Tanya taught exercise and dance at a local health spa but had to give it up because so many clients came on to her. "It's so ironic. My father was a very progressive psychologist, and our whole family thought nothing of wandering around naked."





"Once I spent a week at Elysian Fields, which is a pretty well-known nudist colony, and even without a stitch on no one bothered me. But put me in normal society wearing tights and leotards and- wow! Trouble!" Trouble in paradise, we'd say.



Tanya's ideal man is honest, elegant, and idealistic. Also strong and capable, though our softly feminine Pet thinks her man should have a feminine side as well. "I'm a sucker for a man who can sometimes let himself cry." Tears of joy, Tanya.













A soon-to-be published study presents new and startling information on what unmarried persons do and don't do in bed. These findings on the sex life of single Americans are printed here for the first time anywhere.

SEX AND SINGLES

HOW FAR WILL THEY GO?

Matrimony is no longer the norm toward which a vast majority of men and women aspire. Today one out of every three adults in this country is single. Some 50 million people are unmarried, and the number is ever-growing. In many minds singleness and sexuality are synonymous. Indeed, many people are unmarried not simply because their mates were tiresome or times were hard, but because monogamy proved too inhibiting.

This situation is due to many factors. The awesome number of sexual alternatives available to single men and women places an immense strain on the institution of matrimony,

Copyright © 1982 Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll.
From the forthcoming book *Singles: The New Americans* by
Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll to be published by
Simon & Schuster.

BY JACQUELINE SIMENAUER
AND DAVID CARROLL

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MARC TAUSS

and a number of ex-husbands and -wives have chosen to desert marriage specifically for the pursuit of sexual adventure. Sexual opportunity and single life often go hand in hand. Many questions, however, remain unanswered. How liberating are the new sexual attitudes? How frequently are they translated into fundamentally new patterns of sexual behavior? What do singles tell us about sexual freedom and sexual hang-ups? About the part played by sex in their lives—the importance of sex, the difficulties of it, the value of it?

This is an extremely significant topic and one that has received much attention on many fronts. In order to present a comprehensive nationwide study, we commissioned one of the leading research firms in the country to conduct a survey that would be truly representative of the entire singles' population in the United States today. *Singles: The New Americans* was written to determine just how "swinging" singles really are and to learn what it really means to be free, sexual, and unattached in the 1980s.

Question: How do you feel about sleeping with a woman on the first date?

MAJOR FINDING: ALMOST 70 PERCENT OF AMERICAN MEN ARE INDIFFERENT TO OR ACTIVELY OPPOSED TO SLEEPING WITH A WOMAN ON THE VERY FIRST DATE.

This large majority, close to three-quarters of the respondents, breaks down in the following way:

- Approximately a third of the men say that it doesn't make much difference.
- Twelve percent of the 70 percent say that it takes the challenge and mystery out of the relationship.
- Seven percent prefer a long courtship before having sexual intercourse. And one out of five single men feels that if she does it for me, she probably does it for others as well.

Apparently men take a kind of patient, wait-and-see attitude not usually credited to them. But it is too early to jump to conclusions. We also asked men:

Question: On the average, how many dates do you have with a woman before you sleep with her?

MAJOR FINDING: ALMOST TWO-THIRDS OF MEN SLEEP WITH A WOMAN ON THE FIRST TO THIRD DATE; 80 PERCENT SLEEP WITH A WOMAN ON THE FIRST TO FIFTH DATE.

We asked women a similar question:

Question: On the average, what is the number of dates you require before you sleep with a man?

MAJOR FINDING: 50 PERCENT OF WOMEN SLEEP WITH A MAN ON THE FIRST TO THIRD DATE.

70 PENTHOUSE

OTHER FINDINGS

- Compared with the man who has been single for two years or less, twice as many men who have been single at least ten years expect first-date sex.
- Half of women divorced twice will

Editor's Note: Percentages in the charts that add up to materially more than 100 percent are due to multiple responses.

DO YOU EVER INITIATE SEX WITH A MAN?

	WOMEN
1. All the time. It's my right as well as his.	10%
2. Only if I'm really turned on and he hasn't made any advances.	18%
3. Only through verbal hints, body language. Never by a physical act.	31%
4. It's a man's place, not a woman's.	14%
5. Only if an excessive amount of time has passed and the man has still made no approach.	4%
6. I've initiated sex but usually felt bad afterwards.	3%
7. I'd like to but think it would reduce my appeal in a man's eyes.	13%
8. Don't know.	7%

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOMEN WHO INITIATE SEX?

	MEN
1. It really turns me on.	31%
2. I wonder if there isn't an ulterior motive behind it.	8%
3. It means a woman is promiscuous.	5%
4. I resent being "helped along."	4%
5. If it's done subtly, in a feminine way, it's nice; if in a pushy way, it's a turnoff.	47%
6. I find it a turnoff in every way.	5%
7. Don't know.	2%

sleep with a man on the first date. One-third of women divorced once will do the same.

- Men in their early twenties and men in their forties say that it doesn't make much difference if a woman sleeps with them on the first date. It's the man between twenty-four and thirty-four who expects more.

• Twice as many men in their early twenties (as compared with any other group) prefer a long courtship before actually having sex. Ten percent of men under twenty-four years of age expect the same. Only 5 percent of all men over twenty-five prefer a long courtship before sex.

• One-third of women who have never married say that it usually takes them several months and many meetings before they are ready for sex. Only 10 percent of women divorced twice or more feel the same way.

If men are relaxed in their expectations and women are slow to respond, there is small evidence of that from what emerges here. As many questions come out of this set of findings as answers. The first and most obvious discrepancy is that between men's avowed indifference to rapid sexual contact and their actual behavior. Almost three-quarters say that they're in no hurry. Yet two-thirds bed their dates in three evenings or less.

Only one-half of women report a similar experience. The second half feels that more time, sometimes a great deal more time, is necessary before they are ready for sex. And this is not to mention the almost one out of ten who tells us that sex of any kind before marriage is wrong.

Greater conservatism on the part of women is manifest in most concerns of single life throughout the survey. Though women in the survey seem a good deal less conservative than women of twenty-five years ago, they still lag behind men, perhaps in the same ratio as always, in their willingness to experiment, their desire to overturn moral convention, and their haste to alter time-honored norms.

Only one out of ten single women are militant enough to claim sexual aggressivity as their privilege; almost one out of five say that they will take the sexual lead if highly attracted to a man who has not yet made the approach. Another 13 percent say that they'd like to be aggressive but are too shy. Add these points of view, and we have a picture of today's single woman in the process of balancing her newfound assertiveness with more traditional views of what it means to be a woman.

Woman, St. Louis, Mo.: "Sometimes I am very turned on sexually to a man and would start something but am afraid of saying so and have guilty feelings at trying to be too forward. Women have sexual feelings, too, you know. I want you to let men know that this is the case. They seem to think we can turn them on and off just at their pleasure. The trouble is we've been so brainwashed since birth that it's too embarrassing to try and make our feelings known. Men just think you're 'loose' or a 'Jezebel' when you do. Then either they treat you like a slut and 'expect' you-know-what or they find someone else."

Woman, Boston, Mass.: "I suppose if I were a little less inhibited, I could make some advances toward a man I cared

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

HARD FACTS SOFT FIGURES

Each month PENTHOUSE publishes hard-hitting investigative journalism that gets to the truth, fiction that absorbs the mind, fashion that reflects a unique sense of style, satire that bites, and beautiful women who simply tantalize. All it takes to receive the world's most provocative men's magazine month after month is a phone call. Dial 1-800-331-1750, ask for operator 26. Or fill in the attached card and subscribe today.

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Photograph by Jerry Wachter/Focus on Sports

After more than 30 years in boxing, I've had Ali and Sugar Ray and seven other champs. . . . I can't help it. Fighters are my people.

LORD OF THE RING

BY ANGELO DUNDEE
WITH VIC ZIEGEL

I've been the manager or trainer for nine world champions, including Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. Not bad for a guy from South Philadelphia who thought he would end up an aircraft inspector. God's gift to me was a jell. I can jell with any fighter on this universe because I know how to get along with fighters. Even two guys as different as Ray and Muhammad.

With Ray, everything is natural, strictly home cooking. Muhammad was the gimmick era. I'm lucky, being with the big guy all those years and now Ray. He took up the void after Muhammad. And handles it nobly.

I can't remember the name of the town I first met Ray in, but it's in Maryland. Muhammad was training at a hotel for Jimmy Young, and the ring was in a ballroom off the lobby. Somebody told me there was a local amateur fighter in the crowd, Sugar Ray Leonard. So I called him over, him and a couple of friends, and put them near the ring. The idea was for Muhammad to make a fuss over them.

Naturally, Muhammad was great. "Ladies and gentlemen," he tells the crowd, "I want you to meet Sugar Ray Leonard." It wasn't supposed to be a big deal. Just acknowledge a good amateur kid, let people know he was there. But Muhammad didn't stop there. He brought Ray into the ring and said, "Let's see your jab. Shoot that right." Stuff like that.

The next time I saw Ray was after he won the gold medal in the Olympics. Muhammad was training for Ken Norton at Yankee Stadium. The promoters, Madison Square Garden, threw a par-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WACHTER

ty and had the Olympic kids come in. Muhammad took Ray aside and said, "You want a good manager, get Angelo." Hey, it didn't hurt.

Ray's already won two world championships. He feels he can lick those guys, and that's the thing that keeps him going. It's not a money-hungry feeling because he's got all the money he needs. And believe this: The best of Sugar Ray Leonard is still to come. Pound for pound, Ray is a better banger than Muhammad. He puts more snap into the shot. He's a complete fighter. "Now you go here, you jab, throw the right." He doesn't need that. He's quick to grasp things. A very attentive young man.

Ray liked learning new things, innovations. As we went along, I took fights for different reasons. Got Ray used to all kinds of styles. A southpaw. A runner. An awkward guy. Right at the beginning, I got a call from Vito Tallarita, matchmaker. "We're fighting this kid in New England. He's from Detroit." I forgot what they were offering, but it didn't make any difference. I told Vito we weren't taking the fight. And that's how the story got around that we once ducked Thomas Hearns.

But that wasn't the case at all. I believe you take a match when it means something. So your fighter can learn from the experience. The match didn't make any sense to me because I had Sugar Ray Leonard, the Olympic champ, and Hearns was an unknown. I'd be kidding if I told you I was saving them for the title fight. You don't think a kid is going to make 10 million from a fight when he's still working six-rounders. The honest truth is, I never thought Ray would lose to Hearns. Anybody who asked me, I said, "My guy's the banger. You watch." And that's how it came out.

The reason Hearns never hit Ray with that big right hand is because Ray pulls with punches. Never takes them solidly, just like Muhammad. Even when Hearns hit him, Ray lessened the force of that right by moving with the punch. And Ray doesn't blink when he's in the ring. Muhammad didn't either. Neither of them ever got caught blinking.

Maybe the worst shot I ever saw Ray take was against Marcos Geraldo. Ray got nailed by a butt, and there was a lump in the middle of his forehead. He came back to the corner and said, "I'm seeing three guys out there." I told him, "Shoot for the middle guy; that's not a phony."

Ray listens. He had a fight in Tucson against Daniel Gonzalez, the same year he won the title. I'm always looking for an edge for my fighter; that's my reputation. So I go into Gonzalez's dressing room just before they put the gloves on. I'm the official observer, making sure they don't do anything funny when they wrap the other kid's hands. The room was like a rush-hour subway car, so crowded with Gonzalez's friends. Carlos Monzon had come in from Argentina for the fight and was talking to Gonzalez. The kid didn't have any

room to warm up.

I went back to Ray and said, "Nail him right away. The kid is as cold as ice." Which he did. Boom, boom, and we're out there in the first round.

With Muhammad I had to make suggestions. I'd say, "Great left-handed uppercut you threw last round. You're the only heavyweight in history who can throw that punch." The truth is, he never threw a left uppercut. But it was something I wanted to see him do. The next round he goes out there and throws a couple, and they're beauties.

There is only one Muhammad. If you try to compare anybody to Muhammad, you do the other guy a disservice. Muhammad changed the whole ball game. "I'm the greatest." That got half the people mad at him. Giving the other fighters monikers, predicting knockouts, the poetry. Muhammad wasn't the first guy with the poetry, but it didn't mean anything until he did it. And it was bad poetry. So what? I once

“

The best of Sugar Ray
Leonard is still to come. Pound
for pound, Ray is a better
banger than Muhammad. He's
a complete fighter.

”

had a kid grab me. He said Muhammad had stolen his poetry and he was going to sue him. I told him, "You got to be joking. Don't sue him." The kid wanted to know why. "Because then everybody will know you wrote the poem and the poem stinks."

Guys used to say, "My manager does the talking; I do the fighting." Muhammad changed that. It was a whole new era. A happening. And I saw it happen.

But when he first came to Miami to train with me, all he had on his mind was being a fighter. He never messed around with chicks. Never. Some guys actually asked me, "Angie, what is he, queer?" He wouldn't look at a chick. He lived in Miami, in the ghetto area, where all the sex was, but he never messed around. Violence, sex, drink, he stayed away from it.

He was a professional fighter for about eight months, and we were in Las Vegas. Gorgeous George was wrestling that night, and Muhammad and George were being interviewed on television. Muhammad wasn't that glib or that sharp in those days. He was just starting to learn.

Muhammad listened to what George said that night, about how he was going to destroy the other wrestler. Tear his arm

out of his socket and beat him over the head with it. Ranting and raving. George had this nice blond head of hair, and he said, "If I lose tonight, I'm gonna shave my head right in the middle of the ring." Muhammad said to me, "This guy's something else." We had to go watch the guy wrestle, of course. It's a sellout. And there's George, in the ring, prancing, throwing his bobby pins to the crowd. It was like a light bulb went on over Muhammad's head. That's when he started coming on, going with the bigmouth bit.

The main thing to have with your fighter is control. With Muhammad, the corner was the Tower of Babel. That's the way he liked it. But if you panic, it's contagious. Your guy comes back and he's got a gash over his eye that looks like he got hit with a machete, you just act nonchalant. You go to work. You can get sick after the fight.

A long time ago I had a new guy working the corner with me. My kid comes back to the stool, and he looks like death warmed over. The new guy panics. He grabs the ice bag, unscrews the top, dumps it all, ice cubes, the water, the works, into the kid's jock. The fighter looked daggers at him. Then he says, "Was that really necessary?"

That's another thing. Save the ice bags and the sponge baths for the later rounds. You start drowning a fighter early, and he'll figure he must be wilting like a flower in the desert. These are cardinal rules in working the corner. Maybe the biggest one is you never use the word *tired*. You don't even tell your fighter the other guy looks tired. Fighters tend to sag noticeably when you use the word *tired*.

A good fight trainer is part doctor, part engineer, part psychologist, and sometimes he's an actor. I was all those guys when Muhammad fought Henry Cooper in London. We already had the title fight lined up with Sonny Liston. Just had to get past Cooper. But Cooper had a great left hook. To this day I describe it as being a long left hook. That Muhammad tripped over Cooper's left hook. That's the expression we used to play down what happened that night because Muhammad was on the verge of getting knocked out.

Early on, Muhammad was doing a number on Cooper, winning easy. In the first round, I don't know how it happened, he split the seam near the thumb of his right glove. There was a little flap showing, so I told him to keep his hand closed. I was afraid the referee would see it and stop the action, and I knew it was just a matter of time until my guy knocked Cooper out. But in the third round, Cooper really nailed Muhammad with that left hook. Stretched him out against the ropes. If the ropes weren't there, forget it. He would have dropped. If that happens, it's good-bye title shot, good-bye everything. What saved us was that the shot came right at the bell.

Muhammad was dazed, hurt. He wobbled back to the corner. Chickie Ferrara, who was working with us, was pouring water on Muhammad, putting ice on his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

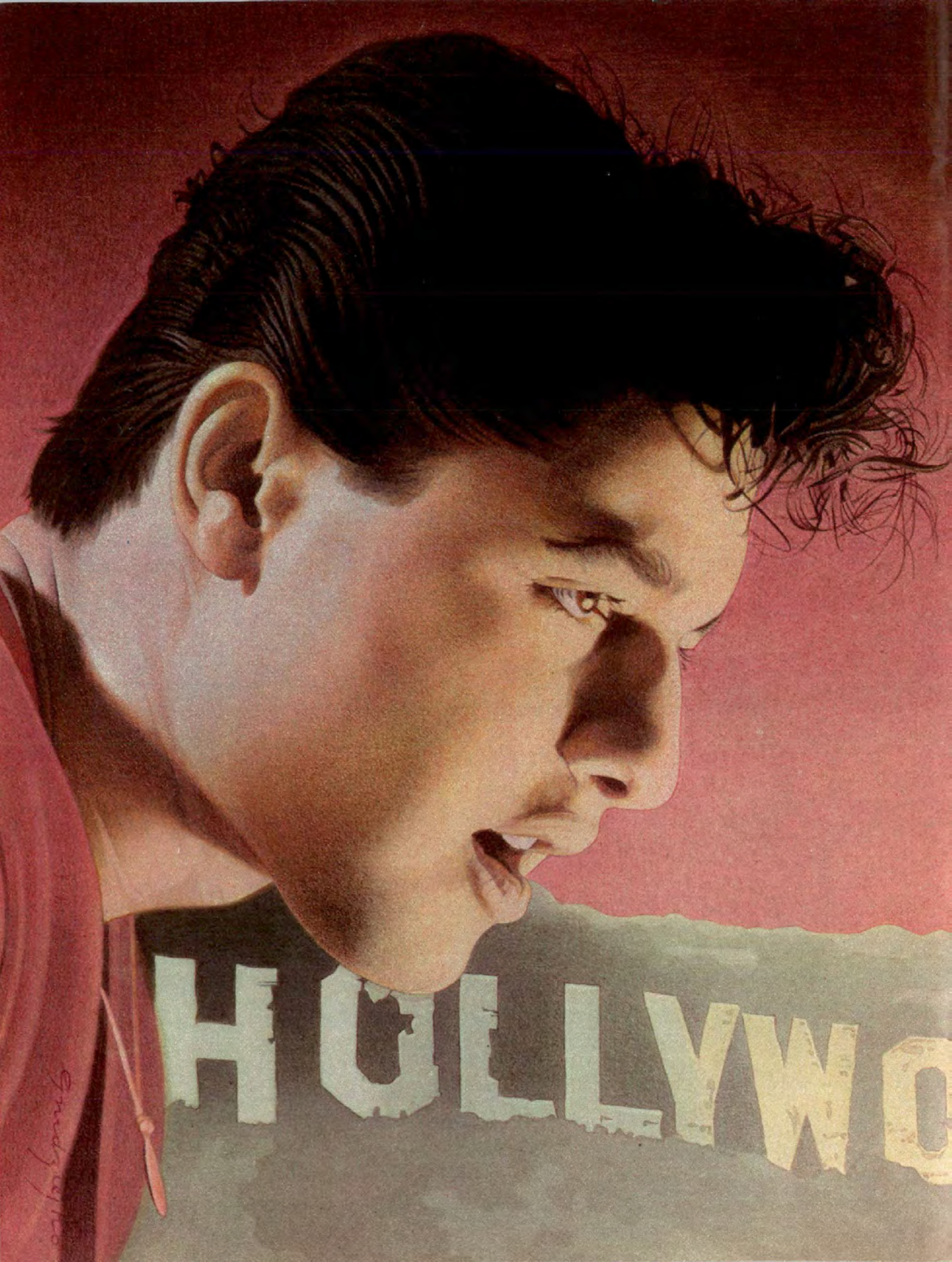


THE POWER AND POETRY OF MODERN MAN.

ANTAEUS

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN.

CHANEL



HOLLYWOOD

Grady



He was a star at sixteen.
He had fame, money, and the world's
most desirable women.
He could do anything—but grow old.
Hollywood made sure of that.

WHO KILLED SAL MINEO?

FICTION BY SUSAN BRAUDY

There are two seasons in Los Angeles, day and night. He loved the nights. Easterners complained the climate never changed here. But at sunset the temperature dropped. It became winter.

That evening there was a rich chill in the air. The rain had slowed to a drizzle on the Pacific Coast Highway. Rehearsals take a toll. He'd worked hard all day, and his body was relaxed. He steered the Porsche north past Malibu, and the cars in the next lane spun rainwater at his windows. On his right dune grass grew on the hills. When he glanced left, he saw watery sea and sky.

He grinned suddenly, remembering when he was a kid speeding here. His mind wandered. A week ago he'd watched the last half of *Rebel* on the late movie. He snapped his fingers. Then he pushed his leather jacket cuffs up to his elbows. "Sal on the run, Sal on the run, making it go, go, baby, go."

This was his comeback year. He could feel his power returning.

He still got "Hello, Mr. Mineo," "Let me seat you, Mr. Mineo," when he set foot in restaurants like Mr. Chow, the Old World, or Musso's. And there wasn't a cashier on Hollywood Boulevard who didn't wave him inside the movie theater once she got a look at his face. He hadn't waited in line or paid for a ticket in years. Twenty-three years. He wondered if they were playing one of his movies somewhere on television tonight.

Sal Mineo didn't need a big bank account. He was

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

getting by on a lifetime fellowship. He glanced into the rearview mirror and pulled on his cheeks.

Money, he thought, what good is it? It can't love you. It can't hug you. It can't even kiss you back.

He rolled down his window and stared at a man in a passing Rolls-Royce. The gentleman smiled, and then he and his car were gone. Maybe he'd been recognized. Last week, that masseuse at the Beverly Hills Health Club on Santa Monica said she remembered him playing Plato, the rich kid with no parents. She loved his soft mouth. She loved his crazy eyes.

"That was my youth," she said.

"Lady," he'd laughed, "that was my youth."

He turned on his headlights and his tires skidded. Fat raindrops shivered down his front window. He was driving to a beach party in pouring rain because he was Italian and he didn't break promises to friends. If Mark wanted him there, that was enough. Mark had become family, more than the two fat brothers from the Bronx he called every Easter Sunday.

The beach party was a Kate Lyons special. Sal had already driven out to the house once today, but the reason for that little visit was supposed to be a secret. The secrecy crap wasn't his idea—it was hers, and she was the producer who'd been talking about putting Mark in a movie. Sal hated keeping secrets from Mark, or from anybody that he loved. And he had told her so. But she said it was her secret and her scene and he better keep his mouth shut. Or fade away. The woman had real gangster style.

Sal was annoyed. All this movie talk was probably just talk. And anyway, the kid didn't need the movies. He needed to write music. He needed to get back his focus—and he didn't need Kate Lyons.

Mineo felt responsible. Ten years ago he had launched Mark's musical career. When they met, the youngster had been one more talented runaway on the Strip. He had hitched here from his home in South Carolina.

One day at the beach the boy had picked up his guitar and started to sing "Night Work." Mineo loved the words of the lullaby.

*I'm too light for heavy work,
Too heavy for light work,
And roll me down, and
Tuck me into bed, 'cause
I'm the right weight for night work.*

"Where did that come from?" Mineo asked him.

"I dunno, man."

"I mean, who made that up?"

"Me," Mark drawled. When he was happy, his mumble became a drawl that owed more to his adulation of black blues-singers than to his childhood in Charleston.

"Play it again," Sal begged him for months.

He almost cried every time he heard that song, and he heard it a lot, because years later Mark recorded it with Paul McCartney. Mark Loren was an original southern blues-singer. You didn't have to be a genius to see it. He had his own way of hearing and writing music. The tunes were unforgettable. The words always made Mineo feel he understood things a little better.

A month after they met, Mineo rented that recording studio above the Thai restaurant on Sunset. For two weeks he sat in the sound booth, watching the boy lower his head over his guitar and sing his songs over and over.

The two of them had hugged each other when the engineer played the final tape.

"You're a hit," Sal said.

"Thank you," Mark said. "There ain't nobody like you."

Then Mineo had carried the tape right past the receptionist into the president of Electra Records. Before he spoke, he saw

“I'll make you a movie star,”
she told him. When he
laughed, she pinched his wrist
hard. “It's my sentimental
nature. I never forget
anybody who gets me hot.”

the awe on the guy's face. He also saw the gold records hanging on the walls. He counted ten speakers.

He put the tape on the guy's desk and stalked the room, leaning huge photographs of Mark against the walls.

He said, "I want you to see him while you hear him. Remember the name. Mark Loren. It's going to make you ten million dollars."

Mineo waved both arms at the photographs of Mark. At sixteen, Mark had been a lanky beanpole wearing torn dungarees, the green T-shirt, one sneaker untied, and no socks. In those days, the kid never threatened Liberace in the clothes department, but his face was shock enough—the pouty mouth that undercut the scared and scary eyes, the smile that started sweet and broke your heart while you watched it grow goofy.

"Looks like your kid brother," the executive said.

There was one picture of a gesture that made teenage girls howl—he was always running his fingers through his fine, long hair. Mark looked like he was trying to comfort himself or remind himself of what mirrors showed him—he was a beauty.

Sal and the president shook hands on the deal that night. The man was impressed. The production values were the best in the country, and Mark's tunes were close to art. Two months later Mark's first album made him an overnight star.

Quit brooding about the past, Sal told himself. He turned on the windshield wipers and watched for a lane down to the sea. He swung into an opening in the glittering hedges, his headlights sweeping over dripping mustard flowers. A minute later he stopped by a huge redwood house surrounded by flower beds and gunned his motor over the roar of the ocean.

Coming inside the beach house, he looked down at a hundred dancing kids with shining hair and tan faces. He realized ruefully that they were jumping to a brazen copy of "Love, What Are You Doing to My Friends?" which Mark had recorded five years ago on his album with Paul McCartney. The humid air was pungent. He smelled marijuana. A wall of glass faced the sea and the rainy sky.

He looked over the pretty faces for Mark. Ten teenagers were sitting on top of each other on a couch, giggling. He wondered if these kids knew enough to be happy about being in the prime of their lives. Puppy bodies were so beautiful. A girl brushed past him, her arms covered with down. Teenagers had new muscles. They had baby fat.

Several people had stopped dancing to stare up at Sal Mineo. He knew he was a Hollywood legend.

The record stopped, and then everyone was staring at him as he stood framed in the doorway. He almost smiled. He knew how to make an entrance. Then he spotted Mark and did smile as he pushed himself into the crowd of young flesh. Another record started up.

"Hey, aren't you that guy—that kid—from the fifties?" a girl said. He nodded.

"Didn't I read something about you recently?" she asked.

"Theater," he shouted happily over the crashing drums. "I'm doing P.S. Your Cat Is Dead at the Westwood Playhouse."

The girl wouldn't let him go. "What was Jimmy Dean like? I mean, you two were close, right?"

He rolled his eyes. He usually fielded this question by saying that Jimmy was the first American teenager. He defined the age for millions of kids. But the drums were too loud. He touched the girl's chin before she disappeared.

When he reached his friend, Mark flashed a fast grin, looked at him out of the corner of his eye, and shuffled his feet. Sal decided to nod at Kate Lyons. After all, she was Mark's new "best friend."

Three years ago, nobody could open a magazine without reading about Kate's rise to riches as a young Hollywood mogul. She had been a newspaper writer in New York when she pitched a screenplay to Dustin Hoffman while he was jogging around the reservoir in Central Park. She

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



CALIGULA

•WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?•

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE

PRESENT

MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA

WITH

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PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO

FEATURING

ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY CORE VIDAL
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
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CURRENTLY SHOWING OR SOON TO BE FEATURED AT A THEATER NEAR YOU.
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CALIGULA SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON PENTHOUSE RECORDS

told him that she and her husband had a green light on a three-picture deal with Paramount. There was no such deal, but she knew there would be if Hoffman said yes.

Hoffman liked her spunk. Better yet, he loved the screenplay. He sent it to Barbra Streisand, and four months later Hoffman and Streisand went on location with the new producers. They got the top Academy Awards that year and bragged about grossing a hundred million on a \$3-million budget. Kate and her husband became the hottest independents in the business.

Then she became the trash talk of Hollywood. Since making movies is all about jockeying for power, gossip is a key ingredient and always pretty close to truth. Everybody disliked Kate Lyons. They said she decorated a huge house next to Warren Beatty's on Mulholland by importing the contents of a Bavarian castle. Then she abandoned her husband and castle, moved to the beach, and ran through a series of good-looking boys, all eager to step over her and into the business. Her husband fled to Nepal to fast at a monastery. Kate developed a weird young entourage and a bad cocaine habit.

Rumors about her nervous breakdown started around the time she blew up at an L.A. Times reporter: "I didn't get where I am today by being some dumb-bunny wife."

But a year ago in Corsica, on the set of the biggest movie of her career, she made so much trouble that the director shut down the picture and told the studio it was him or her. Everybody knew about it, but it never made the newspapers. Sal had it from the production designer that the director was right. She was trying to steal his picture. She'd decided that she was better at directing. Five studio guys flew to Corsica and ordered her off the island. It was hardball, but she played rough. Although she got production credit, and the picture made more money than *The Godfather* in foreign distribution, she was in big trouble. Nobody wanted to work with her.

Her husband was a different story. Sal loved him, and most people liked his outrageous style, his religious yearnings. Still a big favorite in town, he got back from Nepal a hundred pounds lighter and hired Robert Towne to write an extravaganza about the life of Buddha.

But Kate had dropped out of sight. There were rumors of mental hospitals and drug cures. Then, six months ago, Mark met her at a party for Mick Jagger. It turned out that she'd loved Mark when he was a teenager.

"I'll make you a movie star," she told him.

When he laughed, she pinched his wrist hard. "It's my sentimental nature," she said. "I never forget anybody who gets me hot."

She asked Mark to write an original soundtrack for a new movie. It was a screenplay she'd commissioned about a

rock singer who hired a double because he was tired of being on the road. It sounded great.

But Sal wondered how seriously she would take it, and for how long. She was known for her short attention span.

Mark didn't need her kind of trouble right now.

She kissed Sal on the mouth. Her lips were hard.

Mark shouted, "I'll fetch you some tequila." Mineo nodded. He had a plan. He hooked an elbow around Kate's neck and pulled her toward the bedrooms in the back of the house.

"You look great tonight," he whispered into her ear. Her short dark hair and tan looked dramatic with her tight white spandex bathing suit. Her eyebrows were strong. She had small breasts and a good wall of stomach muscles. Her looks weren't the problem. He knew Mark didn't want him to interfere, but somebody had to say something to this woman.

He felt his torn shirt
with both hands. He touched the
handle of the knife stuck
into his chest, and then
his body relaxed into the softest
pain he'd ever felt.

He guided her through the hall and past a line of people waiting to use the bathroom. Two boys emerged, faces flushed, sniffing and rubbing their noses. Sal nodded to them. At these parties people were always disappearing into bathrooms together to do cocaine. These kids always carried the white powder if they were working. It was their way to forget their problems. They didn't understand how sad it is to lose time.

Inside the bedroom, he closed the door and pulled the curtains against the wet sky. He'd seen a hundred rooms like this one: mirrored walls, white carpet, a shelf of massage oils, and a glass door leading to a sundeck on the sea. He had necked with Marilyn Monroe at one of her last parties in such a room.

Kate turned from him in a low drunken arc—like something she must have seen in a film—and fell on her back onto the fur cover of the bed.

"Sweetheart, I'm getting tired of your face today."

Sal ignored her. "You going to do right by Mark?" he asked.

"I didn't get where I am today by doing wrong," she said.

"Oh, really?"

"You the kid's guardian?"

"No," he said, "but I love him. I'd do anything to stop anybody from hurting him."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"Well, I have done everything you can imagine to get my way," she said.

"Everything?" he asked.

"Everything," she said and laughed.

Still watching her, he shoved the back of a chair under the doorknob. He was afraid Mark would never recover if this woman got his hopes up and then didn't follow through.

"Nice place," he said.

"Oh, I've owned better," she said, "and I will again."

"How's the picture coming?"

"With Mark?"

"Right."

"It's great," she said.

"Who do you have in mind to direct?"

"Me, baby, the best," she said.

She surveyed him from his dark hair to his Bally shoes.

"You know, you're short, but you look a lot like Mark up close. But you're old and gay, right?"

He had no answer. He walked close to the mirror and almost bumped his nose. He did look like Mark. Both of them had luminous, black eyes. People liked the expressiveness of Sal's eyes. He stared fearlessly and seemed to understand everything. Mark's eyes were timid and almost too intense. They skittered away when people stared at him. He and Mark both had shiny, dark hair. Although Mark's face was gaunt, he had sensual curves to his mouth. Of course, Mark was lanky, but he had the same magnetism that Sal had had as a kid. It made people suck in their breath the first time they saw him.

Sal walked back over to Kate. She was lying on the bed and swinging her hips gently, as if she were dancing on her back.

"Mark has great presence," he told her.

"So did you," she said, "and look what happened to your career."

Sal felt anger, but as usual it was anger at himself. It was a waste of time talking to her. He couldn't warn Mark. It would rob him of his dignity. He felt as if he were watching a traffic accident from a distance. He was old. He had seen the beginning and ending of too many dreams.

"Mark shouldn't be pushed," he said.

He didn't say that if she let Mark down, she'd devastate him. He didn't even want to suggest the possibility.

"I can handle it," she said.

"Mark isn't tough like us," Sal said.

"No, he's not tough like us." She sounded sarcastic. She smiled at him. He'd never liked that smile of hers, especially her small teeth. Her tension showed in her mouth. He believed he could see most people's nature in their eyes, but hers were opaque, like those of a fish. She was hiding something, or else there was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



MURIEL

“French men are stiff and pretentious
and seem to be threatened by my uninhibited ways—
while American men seem to thrive on
freedom, especially in bed.”

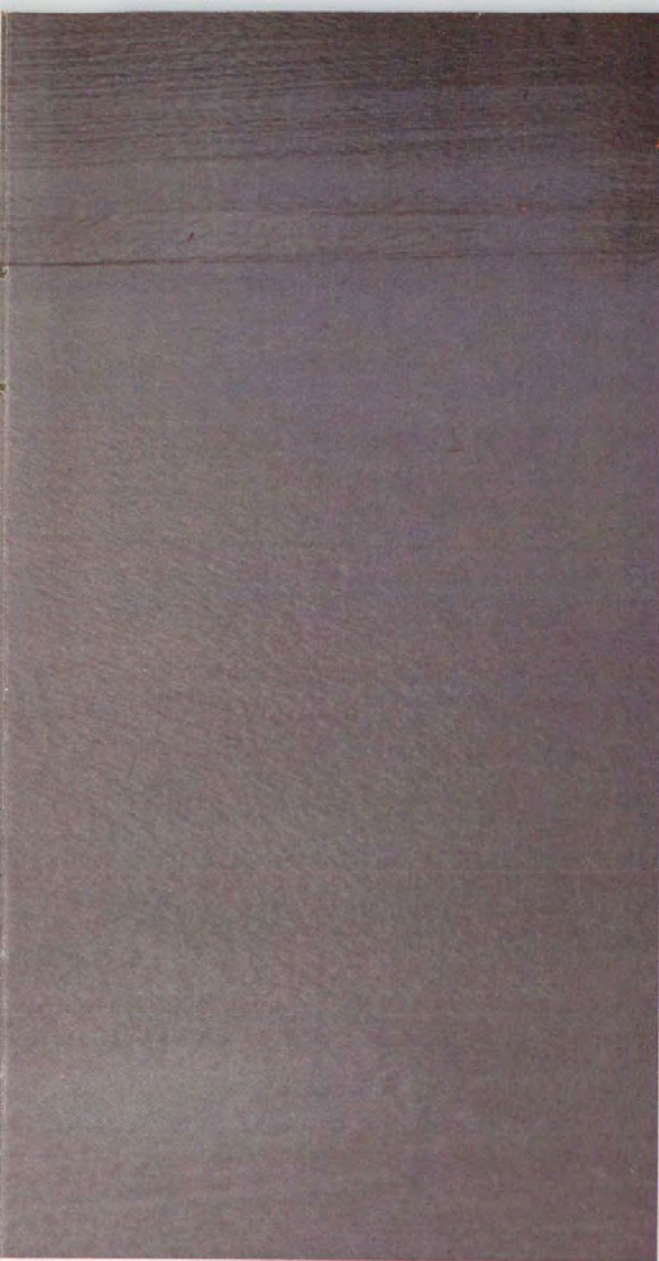


PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WAGNER

The sea breeze is nice, agrees French-born Pet of the Month Muriel Rousseau, but the winds of change blow best in the great cities of the world. For an earthy young beauty with soaring ambitions and a scenic 38-23-35 figure, Paris—her home—is heaven. For one thing, there are so many cultural advantages...

“Some men are good for my head, some for my heart, and some are just special for my body!”





Take one very recent, very typical day: in three short hours, while sipping wine at her favorite sidewalk cafe, our tempting tourist attraction was propositioned in nine different languages. Still, she's ready to make a big change: specifically, a move to New York City.







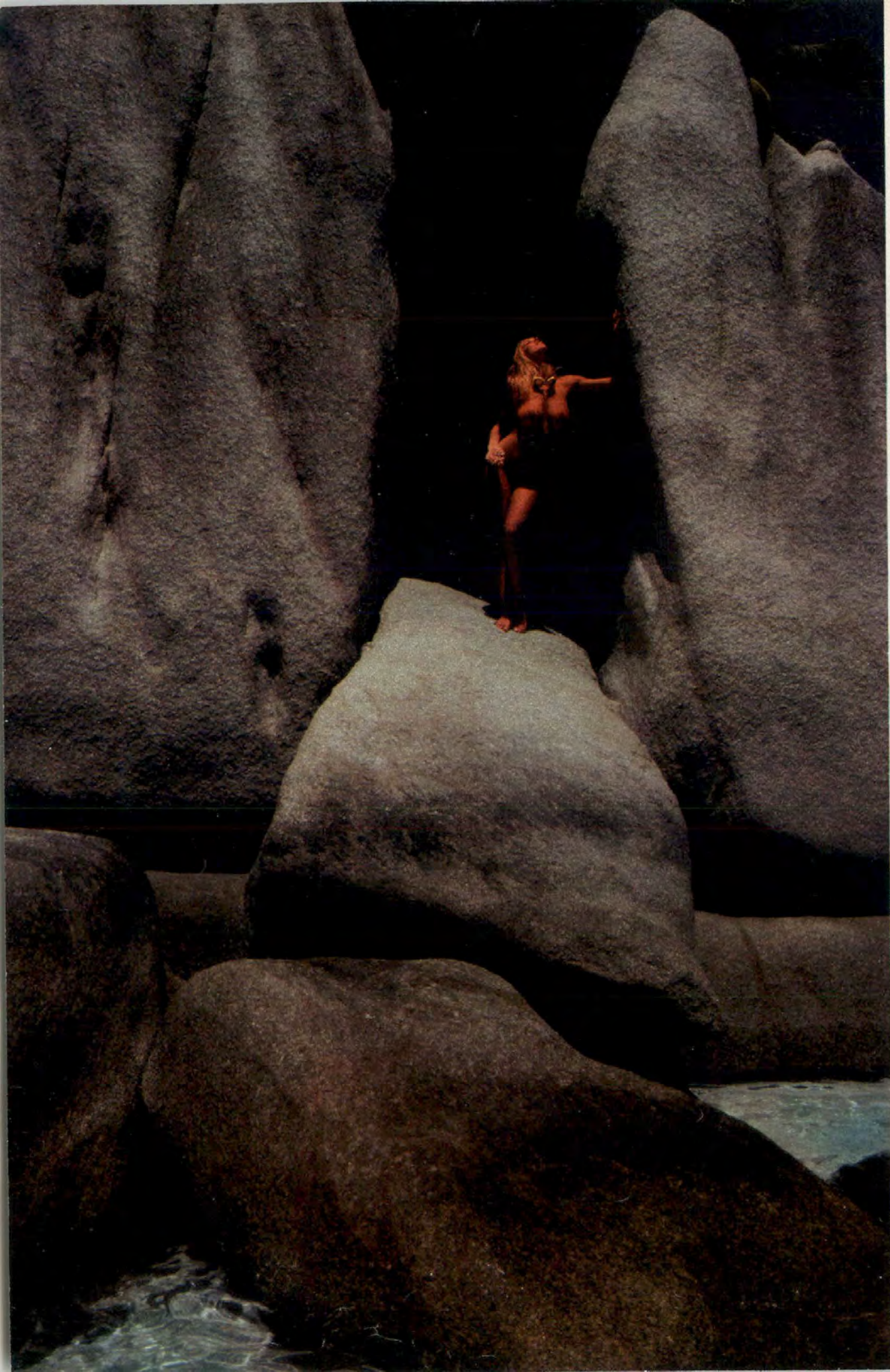
A good move, since our Pet Parisienne finds Frenchmen stiff and superficial. Though Americans may be obsessed with work by day, Muriel feels that at night, by contrast, they have much more *joie de vivre*. Also, New York is the home of Broadway, her ultimate destination. Like Leslie Caron, her idol, she wants to someday be a major musical star.



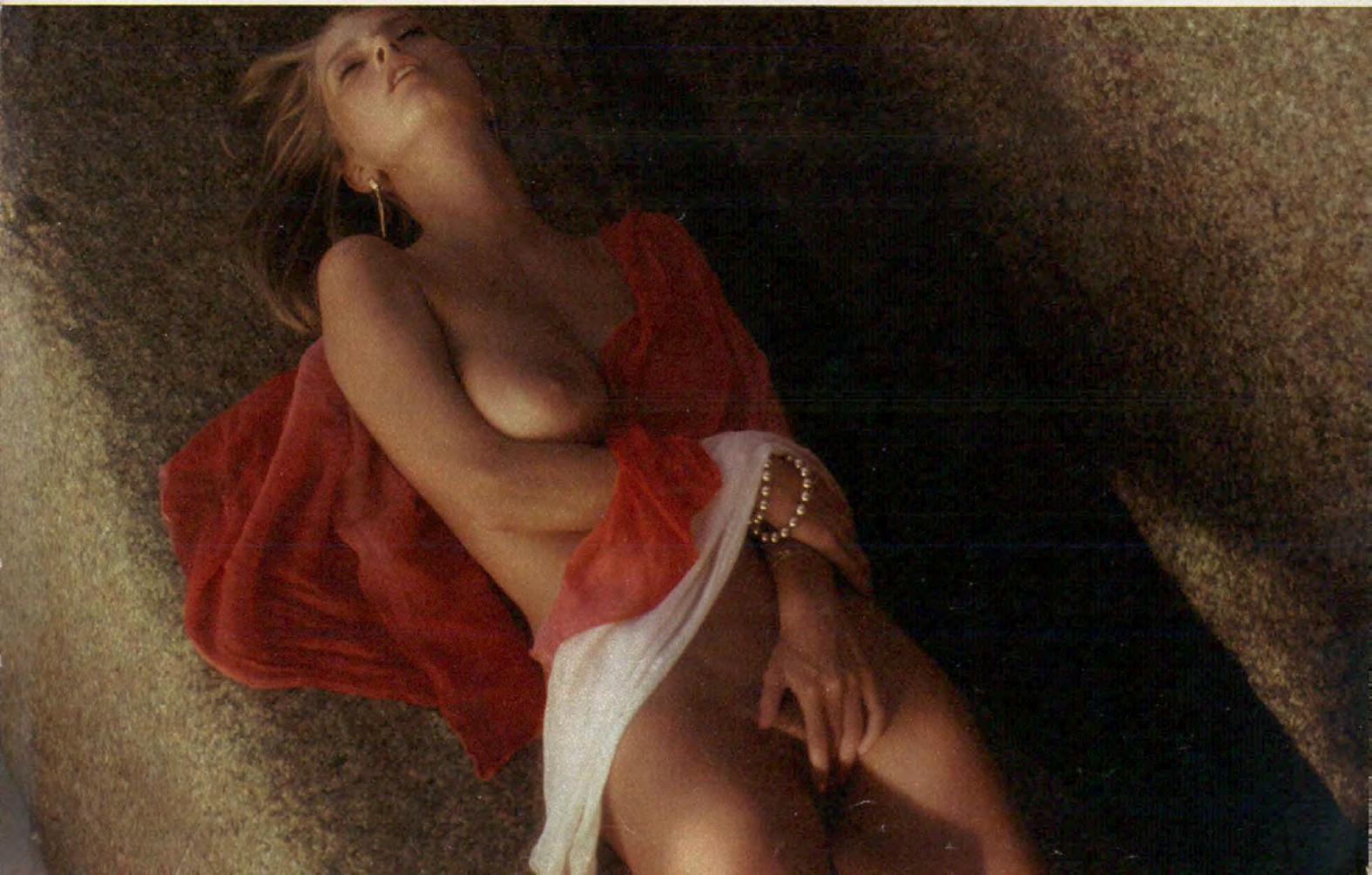


At twenty-two, Muriel is more into savoring than settling down. "I learn something from every man," she discloses. "Some are good for my head, some for my heart, and some, I guess, are just special for my body."





Appearing in *Penthouse* will hopefully give her show-biz career a hefty boost, although she knows that things may be a little rocky in the beginning. Even so, says she, the pleasures of life are always close at hand...



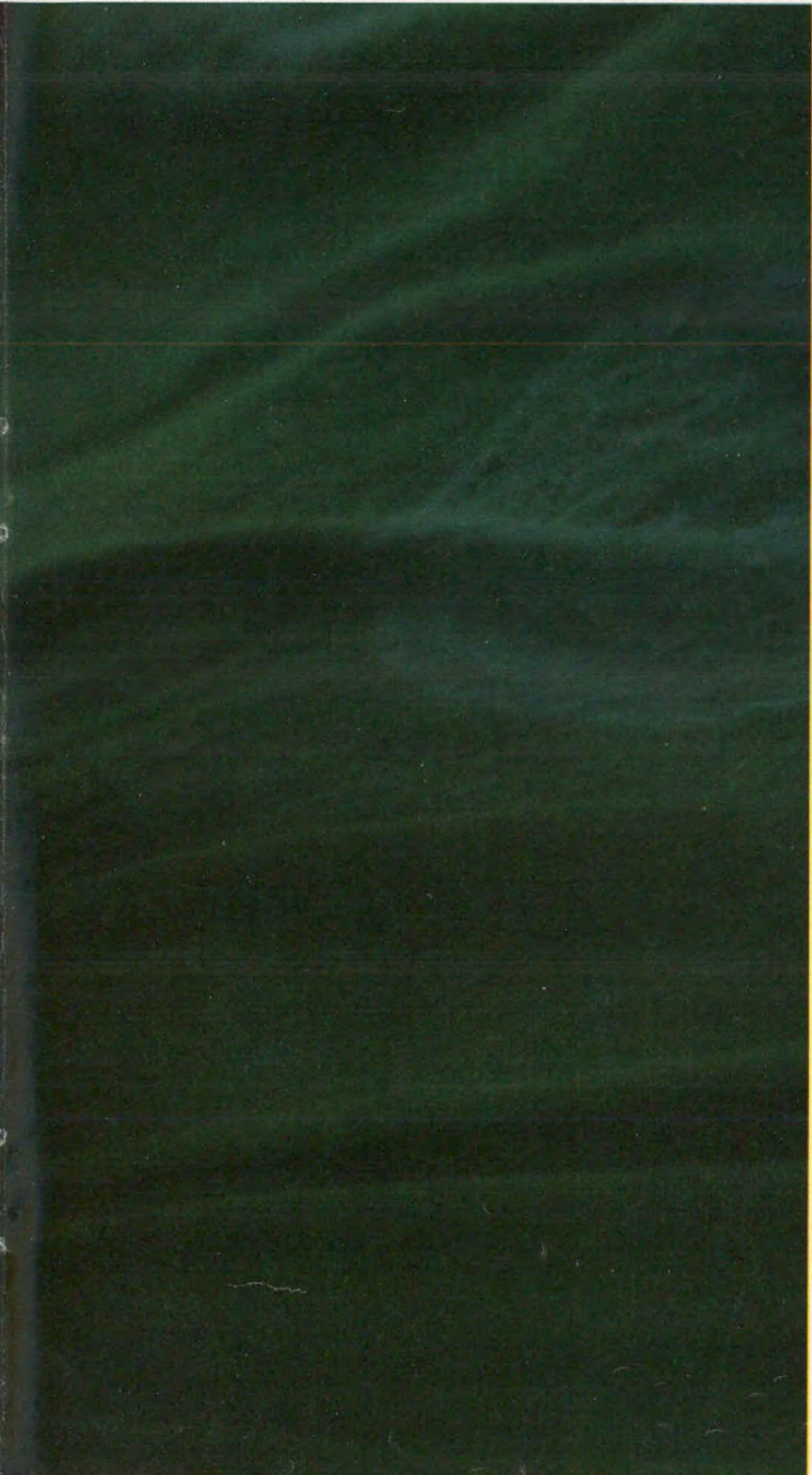


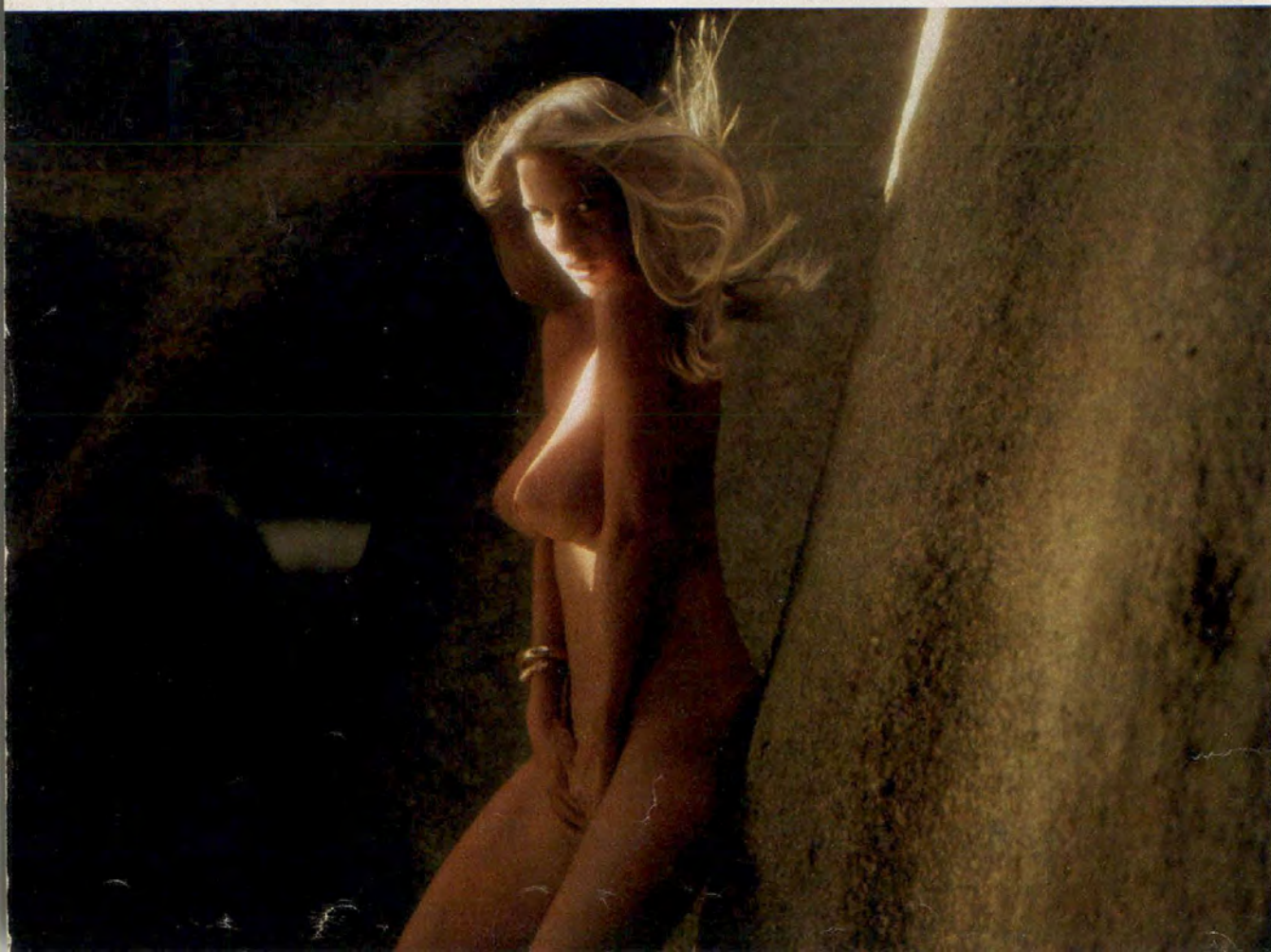
Muriel's favorite fantasy? To pose nude in the Louvre and give those cold and remote marble statues a little warm-blooded competition. That would shock the French, though she thinks that most Americans would love it.





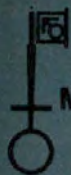
Though Muriel has done a great deal of non-nude modeling for magazines and appeared in a television jeans ad, posing in the buff seems far more natural to her. "This way I hide nothing. People see me as I am. They can take me or leave me!"





Hard to imagine leaving Muriel, though one man did. "He told me I was too hot to handle," she laughs. "And I told him I was just warming up!" Speaking for ourselves, Muriel, fighting fire with fire is what we do best. OT





MISS MURIEL ROUSSEAU/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The author is a syndicated Washington columnist whose commentary appears in 150 newspapers. He is currently starting a new financial column, and he is writing a book on the Reagan administration.

WHEN CIVIL LIBERTIES BECOME LIABILITIES

I had a "click" not long ago. A click is how feminists used to describe the cerebral sensation inside their skulls when they first realized they had been had by persons of my gender. Well, I had a click, an American Civil Liberties Union click.

It occurred when South Africa sent its champion rugby team to tour the United States and a number of local governments denied it permits to scrum on publicly owned playing fields. Some jurisdictions said their refusal was a symbolic act to show their detestation of racial discrimination and apartheid; others simply said they didn't want to pay for the police protection to sit on potentially violent anti-South African protesters.

Either way the ACLU sprang tigerlike into the courtroom to find a judge to compel the authorities to let the game be played. The argument was that refusal to grant a permit to play a rugby game was a denial of the players' First Amendment rights to free speech. If the South Africans had come over here to hire a hall to explain their views on race, there might have been justice on the ACLU's side. We do have a First Amendment right to preach and/or listen to anything. But to play rugby?

The click in the brain said that the ACLU was in a fair way to putting civil liberties out of business by rendering them ridiculous. If America's most famously prestigious civil-liberties organization is teaching the public that the First Amendment means the right to play ball games, people are not going to be particularly bothered when free speech is canceled for national-security reasons. The ACLU has so stretched and distorted the definition of our "rights" that they are beginning to look to many people like wrongs. The absurdity of making everything from public-school dress codes to baton twirling a constitutionally protected right has set us up to have the true right of free speech taken from us by confusing it with any kind of sophomoric self-expression.

Thanks, if not directly to the ACLU then to ACLU-ism, civil liberties are confounded in the public mind with a legal sleight of hand designed to immunize crooks from punishment. Justice delayed is justice denied, the old adage runs, and your contemporary civil-liberties mouthpiece is a past master at taking rules designed originally to assure a fair trial and converting them into a gimmick to forestall any trial. A man shoots the president in broad daylight on camera, and nine months later, thanks to the infinite care with which his rights have been protected, the chap accused of the crime has yet to be tried.

If the judicial machinery is so gummed up with preposterous interpretations of law and liberty that the authorities can't bring a man accused of trying to kill the president to the bar of justice, then of course people are going to say that what the ACLU calls inalienable rights are tricks to cheat honest people and strip the community of the means of self-defense. That is the ironic triumph of the ACLU's activities these past few years—to convince millions of people that civil liberties leave them naked and helpless against any and every sort of malefactor.

If parents are coming to detest the First Amendment, it isn't because the modern novel is there for the borrowing on public and school library bookshelves. Moral Majoritarians aside,

◀The ironic triumph of the ACLU's activities has been to convince millions of people that civil liberties leave them naked and helpless against any and every sort of malefactor.▶

most adults are delighted when they see a kid borrow any book, dirty or not. The muggers don't get their inspiration from reading *Tropic of Cancer*. What turns parents into anti-civil libertarians are rulings by the courts that a person has a constitutionally protected right to set up a head shop across the street from a high school and sell drug paraphernalia. Some people may believe—perhaps correctly—that preventing the sale of coke spoons to eighth-graders won't do much toward keeping the kiddie-pies straight, but that's not the point. The point is that almost any public and any institutional attempt at social self-defense gets buzzed and bitten to death by the civil-libertarian killer bees.

The net effect of some years of ACLU litigation hasn't been to make America a more just place, but to make its citizens think its judicial system is a tar pit. The most terrible aspect of the Jean Harris case was not that she murdered the Scarsdale Diet doctor; it was that, thanks to our advanced notions of protecting defendants' rights, it took three months to try the woman. In London's Old Bailey, it would have taken three days to arrive at the same verdict, and it can't be fairly said that England is a kingdom where civil liberties are less nicely observed than they are here. No, the kind of marathon trials that have become commonplace in the U.S. demonstrate that the presently perverted definitions of civil liberties can be used by any not too terribly clever ambulance chaser to hijack a lesser charge out of a harassed district attorney's office, which fears injustice less than a complete breakdown in the court calendar.

Part of the problem is that the ACLU types never know when to quit. Years ago impecunious people were tried and convicted and sentenced to long prison terms without benefit of a lawyer. That was manifestly unfair, as was arresting them, taking them down to the station house, and beating the crap out of them to get a confession—another common practice in the not so good old days. Thanks to the civil libertarians for an end to that, but they kept pushing so that now, if a mass murderer is caught in the act by the police and shouts, "I did it, copper, but don't shoot me," only the "don't shoot me" is admissible in court.

Obviously we can't stand pat with the same idea of civil liberties that they had in 1795, but ACLU-ism has risked destroying its own cause by demanding the courts change the meaning and scope of fundamental rights. An example was the push to have the Supreme Court declare laws forbidding abortion unconstitutional. I personally favor legalized abortion, favor the government paying for abortions when women can't, but I can't see how a set of laws that had been legal from George Washington's administration onward could become illegal by judicial thunderbolt in 1973.

Civil-rights lawyers and judges had twisted traditional constitutional interpretations to circumnavigate the legislative branch of government, where public policy on this question had been decided for nearly 200 years. The decision, of course, boomeranged. Where there had been no serious anti-abortionist movement, one was created overnight.

At the time the Supreme Court suddenly made access to abortion a constitutional right, it had already been legalized in New York and California. State legislatures everywhere were moving in that direction. A little patience by the civil libertarians and the game would have been won, but by short-circuiting the legislative process the good guys stirred the bad guys to such paroxysms of anger that we're still beating them off.

A similar ACLU approach to capital punishment has also backfired. One by one the states were conducting garage sales for their electric chairs, when the judges, goosed on by heedless and tactically imbecilic civil libertarians, won the same temporary victory they had with abortion. On this one, though, the fire storm of indignation ignited over judge-made law has been taking all before it. It appears that capital punishment, gradually on its way out, will be restored almost everywhere.

Sympathizers and supporters of civil liberties have got a vague, left-liberal smell about them in the public nostril. In fact, though, the law profession as a whole will give at least qualified support to any one of its members who discovers the existence of an unsuspected new civil liberty, be it vocational rehabilitation of jailbirds with helicopter flying lessons or the kindergarten student's right to due process before being spanked for throwing a toy truck at the teacher.

When President Ronald Reagan tried to cut federal money for legal aid to the poor, it was the conservative American Bar Association that opposed him. The president has been against the program since he was governor of California, because he believes the lawyers employed by it spend their time suing the government for more money and more benefits for the down-trodden. Would that it were so! Mostly such programs process divorces for the poor, divorces made impossibly difficult to get by lawyers in state legislatures complicating an essentially simple process so that they and their kind get more business.

That which was the grand fight a decade or two ago, the battle for one-man-one-vote, the struggle against outrageous acts of search and seizure by the authorities, has wound down into the contemptible business of lawyers using the highest legal and political ideals to scare up business. The dedicated, tunnel-visioned enthusiast at the local ACLU office remains a committed and disinterested believer for sure; he remains dedicated and pure of heart as he trivializes the Bill of Rights. Meanwhile other members of this unloved and unadmired profession cash in on the extravagant civil-liberties claims of persons who have lost all practical judgment.

It is the proud boast of the American bar that, right or wrong, one of its members will serve you as long as you pay promptly, and these boys and girls charge by the hour. After ten years of increasingly crazy civil-liberties litigation, we as a society aren't free, but we are poorer.

Maybe the ACLU ought to close down for five years, after which time, human nature being what it is, the authorities really will be robbing people of their rights and we will need the ACLU again. O+■

SINGLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

about, but it would have to be indirect—and very subtle. What I probably would like to do is just show that I care and would be open to the thought of a physical relationship. But my religion gets in the way. I grew up in parochial schools, and I sometimes get overwhelmed with guilt if I even think about showing some physical overtures."

There are two schools of thought among men, those in favor of what we might call the hard and the soft sell. Those espousing the hard sell, which accounts for about a third of the men, say quite directly that women's sexual aggressivity really turns them on. A larger group is more qualified in their assessment. Aggressivity is okay if it's done subtly, in a feminine way. This accounts for the majority, just as the majority of women opt for the seductive, rather than the direct, approach.

What exactly is a "subtle, feminine way"? When does it cease being subtle? One male essay starts us off. This and others are taken from essays throughout the survey that ask respondents about what attracts and repels them sexually.

Man, Washington, D.C.: "It's exciting when a woman comes on sexually. She can flirt. I love flirts. She can kiss me suddenly without my asking for it. She can even say she's interested in me sexually, provided she doesn't deliver a feminist monologue. A gentle touch on my knee, an invitation back to her apartment, soft music, sitting close to me, good perfume and not too much makeup, looking into my eyes with 'that look,' breathing hard, taking my hand, making little sexy sounds, moving her mouth into sexy little shapes (but not too self-consciously), 'accidentally' touching me with her breasts, jutting out her breasts, talking low and sexy. Every man has his own list. If a woman wants to find out about it, ask him."

Man, Seattle, Wash.: "The women I go out with often let me know in no uncertain terms that they are 'hot' ones. A bit of fun is taken away, but on the other hand, a man doesn't have to work so hard anymore."

In numerous essays the word *subtle* is used to describe the proper feminine approach. We also find such phrases as "she should be gentle in her approach"; "should not take meat-cleaver tactics"; "a woman who knows how to seduce without seeming like she is seducing"; "must be ladylike even when she is coming on strong"; and so forth. Occasionally an essay favors the hard-sell feminine approach:

Man, Jersey City, N.J.: "Am most turned on by women who grab me. Like being

stroked right away. Let them do the work to start things off—turns me on that way. Like it when woman kisses me first, good, deep French-style kisses—she comes on and lets me know where it's at. Like it when woman takes off her clothes without being asked. Like it and am turned on when woman initiates sex."

This is rare, however. When men discuss female aggressivity, they ordinarily ask that it be tempered with what one respondent called "good old female 'chase me till I catch you' kind of style."

HOW MANY SEX PARTNERS DO YOU ESTIMATE YOU HAVE HAD WHILE SINGLE?

No. of Partners	Men	
	Heterosexual	Homo/bisexual
None	3%	10%
1	6%	10%
2-4	16%	5%
5-9	15%	11%
10-19	22%	17%
20-49	19%	17%
50-100	10%	18%
More	10%	11%
Don't know	1%	2%

HOW MANY SEX PARTNERS DO YOU ESTIMATE YOU HAVE HAD WHILE SINGLE?

No. of Partners	Women	
	Heterosexual	Homo/bisexual
None	4%	4%
1	14%	5%
2-4	30%	15%
5-9	18%	27%
10-19	14%	25%
20-49	12%	8%
50-100	3%	8%
More	2%	6%
Don't know	3%	2%

Man, Oklahoma City, Okla.: "I am not at all discouraged by women who initiate sex but am uninclined to go after the kind that tries to undress me or to carry me into the bedroom. Vive the woman who knows how to undress you with her eyes!"

Preferences among men for soft- or hard-sell assertiveness divide along class lines. Though blue- and white-collar and professional men all support female aggressiveness in one form or another, white-collar and professional men prefer the soft-sell approach, and indeed subtly usually fig-

ures as a necessary part of acceptability; however, blue-collar men attach less importance to this and endorse "hard sell" on the part of women.

Men who disapprove of sexual forwardness are mostly blue-collar, and here we find a significant polarization within a single class. Blue-collar men are almost three times as likely as other classes to feel that aggressivity is a turn-off.

A gap is apparent here not only between the sexual morals of blue-collar and white-collar professionals but also among blue-collar workers themselves, where a particular ambivalence toward women is evident. Women may be viewed either as willing sex objects or as lofty creatures of virginal reserve. This double image of women, though present to some degree in all stations of society, has traditionally been most noticeable among singles in the lower-middle classes and is commonly known by therapists as the "prostitute-madonna" complex. "For many men it's a relief to have sex with a woman on the first or second date," reports Dr. Richard Samuels, director of the Center for Sexual Relationships and Enrichment in Teaneck, N.J. "This immediately eliminates that woman from the possibility of being somebody they want to be involved with. She becomes the symbolic 'prostitute.' If he did become involved with her, she would symbolically become his 'madonna.'"

Even though there is disagreement within American manhood, the fact remains that most men are in favor of women initiating sex. This is a meaningful finding, especially since the problem of guilt still has high priority among women.

"When women who are uncertain about sexuality decide to initiate it," says Dr. Avodah Offit, author of *The Sexual Self and Night Thoughts: Reflections of a Sex Therapist* (Congdon & Lattès), former director, Sex Therapy Unit, Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, and a psychiatrist in private practice, "they often act far more aggressively than necessary. It's like using a bulldozer to dig up violets. They haul out this vast machinery to insist on something that would have come very easily otherwise." Sexual aggressivity, says Dr. Offit, is a function of the way a woman approaches a man. "Being sexually assertive includes being sexually reassuring. Accepting, knowing how to bring a man out sexually, letting a man know that she is interested, cooperative—these are all a part of it. This is different from a woman who demands sex. What I teach in sex therapy is a path to simple affection. 'Do you really feel affection for this person?' I have people ask themselves. 'Do you like one another?' When we really want the best for another person, the proper uses of sexual self-assertiveness will fall into place."

Question: Once you have decided to have sex with a man/woman, which of the following acts would you generally refuse to perform with a partner?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



RON AND ROBIN

● *Though strangers in
fact, they are intimates in spirit,
forever growing hungrier
and forever wanting more.* ●

Their eyes met purely by chance, but when their flesh met it was fated: an end that becomes a beginning, as they discover their heated desires undaunted by satisfaction, discover that spring-fresh water can neither cool their ardor nor quench their carnal thirst. Feeding on each other's tireless loins, they grow hungrier by the moment. Lost in her love-bruised lips, his tongue speaks to her in a language that they alone can understand. . . His strong, lean body, each sensuous curve of bone and muscle, has awakened cravings no one else can satisfy. He is full of delirious conflicts, yearning to possess and to conquer, yet wishing to do her bidding: her body the altar of his worship, her sculpted breasts proud monuments to her passion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN



The sky shimmers above them like an incandescent sherbet, yet they scarcely notice, being lost in a different sweetness. Though strangers in fact, they are intimates in spirit, fine instruments that are perfectly tuned: the lightest touch, and her heavy breasts swell with desire, just as he does, over and over . . .

















His hands caress her once secret treasure, while her own hands soothe the nipples tender from his roughness. Later she reaches out and takes the lead, her hungry lips paying homage to the body that first stops her heart, then makes it race to a fine dead heat . . .







Time and place are stripped away; the tumultuous pounding of her own internal rhythm makes her weep with pleasure, writhe with the fine frustration of forever wanting more.





Even with her eyes closed, she sees him: the sinewy, sweat-studded torso, arms tensed and rigid as he rises above her. In ecstatic defeat and surrender, their cries float into the distance, drawing them closer; their gasping life breath feeds the endless flame . . . 





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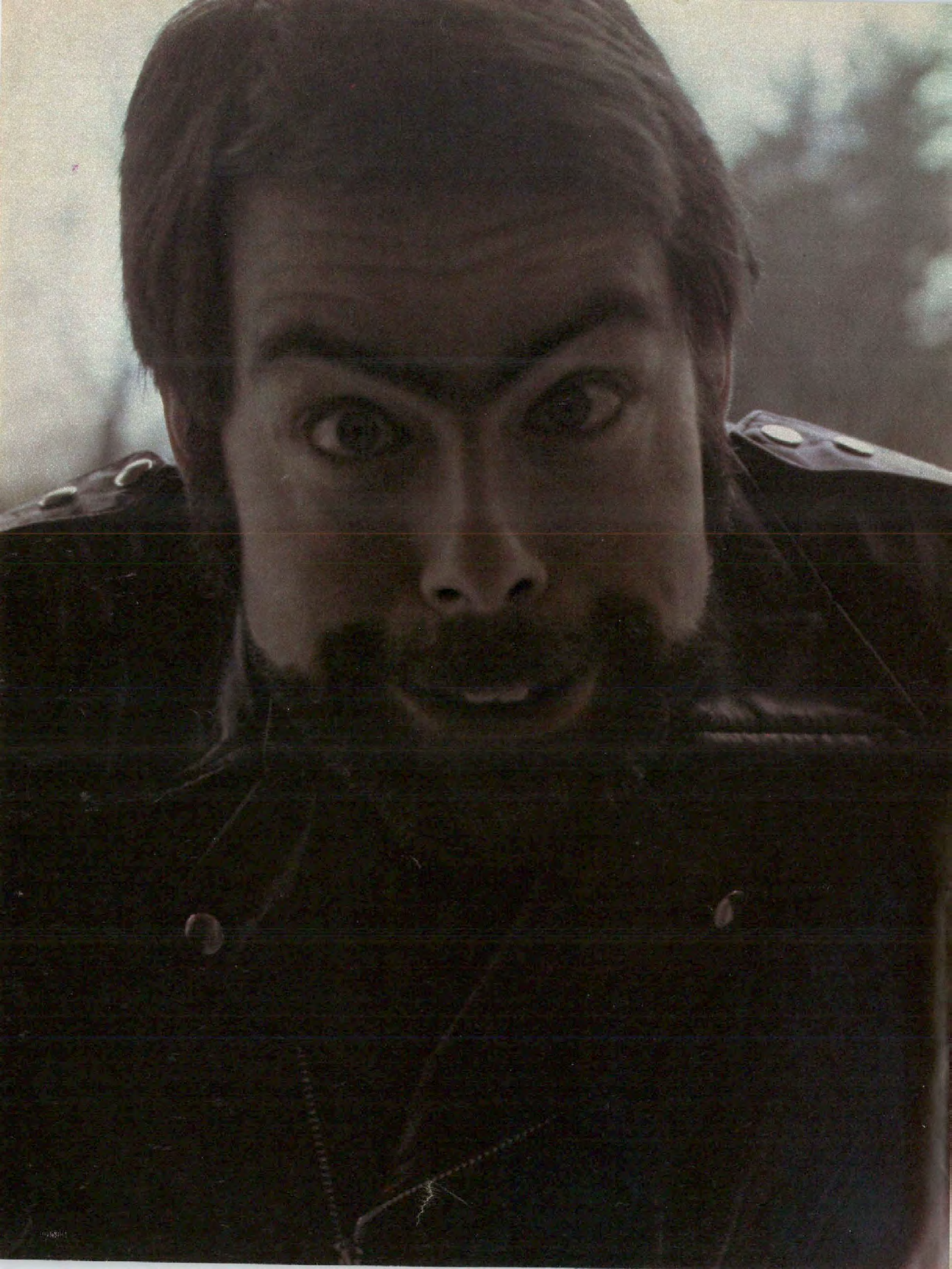
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And, as an extra bonus, the Nighthawk 750 is fitted with our new Torque Reactive Anti-dive Control.™ An Anti-dive system that doesn't affect the feel of the brakes during braking.

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

STEPHEN KING

Take the headline
"Baby Nailed to Wall." You say, "I never did
that to my kids, although I
had the impulse a couple of times."
That's where the horror is born.

He sat anchored to the chair, picking at the green slime that hung from his jowls like Spanish moss, and stared at the test pattern on TV. Ever since the meteorite had fallen in his yard, the inevitable shone in his brain-damaged eyes and his body convulsed in concert with the wind. According to the script, Jordy Verrill had another few minutes to live, at best; then he could get on with the real business at hand: writing. For now, he played the death scene for all it was worth. On cue, Jordy lunged for the phone—his only hope—and missed. As he lay on the floor, doused in a sweaty concoction of fear and Ripple, the meteorite's mordant glow transformed Jordy's living room into a vast, godless tomb.

"That's great, just great!" says George Romero, the renegade writer-director, who, since making *Night of the Living Dead* in Pittsburgh, has become anathema to the core of Hollywood selectmen allowed behind the camera. This time around, he's directing the aptly titled *Creepshow*, a quartet of cartoonlike horror tales, whose creator now lay in a twisted heap on the floor. "But . . . let's do it once more. For posterity."

"My posterity is killing me," moaned Stephen King as he climbed gingerly to his knees. This was the third take in a series of difficult shots, and his King-size bones were beginning to wear around the joints.

Even at half-mast, Stephen King's frame looms like one of his ghoulish fictional creatures about to emerge from a swamp. His size—he's six feet four inches—and the sheer creepiness of his golf ball eyes create the impression that another mortal is about to fall victim in his shadow. It's an effect he wears with good humor. "A few contortions—that's all it takes," he explains kiddingly, screwing his face into a diabolical pose. "I'm a natural. When I came up with the idea for this story, George knew I was the only one for the part. I mean, look at these eyes, man." He glares into space. "There's no fucking makeup on 'em!"

King's presence is a convincing argument to sleep with a night-light and shotgun nearby. He seems able to create his own eerie environment at will. Earlier in the day, sunshine had bathed the portals of Pittsburgh's hilly terrain. Now, as

King lumbered toward his trailer between takes, bolts of lightning slashed at the deserted Catholic school that doubles as a movie set as though God knew what was going on inside. "This weather's the most comforting tonic for my soul. It's the only sure sign I get that there's madness in the air."

Madness, of course, is Stephen King's stock-in-trade. In less than ten years he has written nine books that have sold in excess of 35 million copies, clearly establishing him as the nation's uncontested Master of Horror. With the publication of his first novel, *Carrie* (1974, which was made into the critically successful Brian De Palma film), King has left a trail of storied corpses strewn along the best-seller lists. *Salem's Lot* (1975), *The Shining* (1976, and adapted for the screen by Stanley Kubrick), and *The Stand* (1978) carried him initially into the mainstream of popular fiction. King signed a controversial \$2.5-million deal with New American Library in 1978, insuring his status at the bank, and since then has answered skeptics with a trio of consecutive number-one hits: *Dead Zone* (1979), *Firestarter* (1980), and *Cujo* (1981). A nonfiction contender, *Danse Macabre*, and a collection of short stories, *Night Shift*, fared less well, but King's title remains firmly rooted in the public trust. With the exception of Alfred Hitchcock, no other modern horror master has made a stronger impact on the American public.

The success of his work, both critically and on the balance sheets, has left King with an unbridled sense of confidence. He dislikes "failed writers who take out their frustrations as 'high-brow critics'" and also those people who turn up their noses at popular fiction. "Religion," he says, "scares me more than anything I could possibly dream up." And while he considers himself "brainwashed by a pack of dangerous Rock River Republicans," King remains shamelessly conservative in his views on abortion, gun control, and capital punishment. As he languished in his trailer—whose starkness seemed populated by the ghosts of Jack Torrance, Andy McGee, or even Carrie White—Stephen King spoke candidly with *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Bob Spitz about some of the grim realities that enabled him to turn horror into the national pastime.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES LEONARD

Penthouse: Considering your reputation as the number-one purveyor of horror fiction, how do you feel when you glance at newspaper headlines like "Baby Frozen in Refrigerator" or "Mom Nails Kid to Door"?

King: Love it, love it! Listen, I can say, "No, I hate that shit, I hate those papers"—and part of me does. But tabloids appeal to everything that is just sleazy in my nature. There must be a lot of it, too, 'cause, man, I open that paper and something jumps out at me on every fucking page. The headlines! Jesus! I mean, "Nun Raped in Brooklyn" and "Mob Puts Out Contract on Killer." Tabloids have gone directly to whatever it is in people that needs to go to the worst things in life.

Penthouse: Do you think there's a dark side in our personalities that relates to that kind of horror?

King: Take the headline "Baby Nailed to Wall." You say, "I never did that to my kids, although I had the impulse a couple of times." And that's where the horror is born. Not in the fact that somebody nailed a baby to the wall, but that you can remember times when you felt like knocking your kid's head right off his shoulders because he wouldn't shut up. *The Shining* came from my own really aggressive impulses towards my kids. It's a very sorry thing to discover, as a father, that it is possible, for bursts of time, to literally hate your kids and feel that you could kill them. And that's where, on one level, tabloids help us say, "Thank God it isn't me." They're helping people explore the dark limits of human behavior.

Penthouse: Is there anywhere you draw the line about how graphic violent horror should be?

King: Anything that you can see on the street, at any time, should be in a book. If the situation comes up, you point the reader right at it. That is to say, you shouldn't walk away.

Penthouse: Even if it means leaving too profound an effect on impressionable minds?

King: In 1957 Arthur Penn made a film called *The Left-Handed Gun*, with Paul Newman. And in that movie Billy the Kid shot a guy who flew backwards right out of his boots, and you're left with this image of the Western street with one cowboy boot standing there. People started saying, "This is gratuitous violence, this is too much." Whenever anyone says "gratuitous violence," what they mean is that someone showed us what it was really like, what those foot-pounds mean when they translate out of a fucking physics book and into the real world.

For years, in Western movies, someone would get shot with a forty-four, and the gun would go *bam*, and the guy would fall down. Kids went off to World War Two who, son of a bitch, thought that was going to happen to them if they got shot. They didn't know that maybe they could get one of their balls shot off or get shot in the guts and never eat anything but poached eggs

again. So if you're going to do it, tell the truth, because otherwise you're telling a very dangerous lie.

Penthouse: Even so, you've drawn stiff criticism for the irreverent portrayals of violence in your books.

King: A lot of critics see blood and say we're turning the country into a bunch of mongrel dogs that are running for blood. What a pile of bullshit that is! As a matter of fact, when you shoot yourself in the mouth, blood and brains and hair splatter all over the place. If that's going to happen, I want to see it. I'm going to wince, it's not going to make me feel good, but I want to see what's there.

Penthouse: Then how do you answer those people who claim that violence begets violence?

King: You show me the person who says, "King, that stuff you write is just full of gratuitous violence, you're pandering to people's lower tastes, you've got a tabloid mind," and I'll show you someone who

When you shoot yourself
in the mouth, blood
and brains and hair splatter
all over the place.
If that's going to happen,
I want to see it.

doesn't wear a seat belt in their car, because they don't want to think about their fucking teeth going down their throat and aspirating into their lungs. They're the people who, sooner or later, will be like Ronald Reagan; they're going to push that button because they have no conception of what they're doing or that it can really be the end.

Penthouse: Is "the end"—oblivion—something you've personally come to terms with?

King: I think that this idea about the end of the world is very liberating. It was for me, and I think most people feel the same way. It's the end of all the shit, and you don't have to be afraid anymore, because the worst has already happened.

Penthouse: That makes horror an escape mechanism to sublimate our primal fear.

King: I think that's very true.

Penthouse: Then why does this generation seem obsessed with terrifying itself?

King: We're the first generation to have grown up completely in the shadow of the atomic bomb. It seems to me that we are the first generation forced to live almost entirely without romance and forced to find some kind of supernatural outlet for

the romantic impulses that are in all of us. This is really sad in a way. Everybody goes out to horror movies, reads horror novels—and it's almost as though we're trying to preview the end.

Penthouse: You're saying our ultimate attraction to horror stems from a creeping paranoia?

King: I think we are more paranoid, but I don't think that's necessarily an outgrowth of the bomb. I think we have a pretty good reason to be paranoid because of the information flow. More information washes over us than washed over any other generation in history—except for the generation we're raising. In college I became aware that a lot of people are paranoid, and I used to think: "Jesus Christ—they're all crazy!" And then the thing about Nixon came out; the man was making tapes in his goddamned office. We find out that Agnew was apparently taking bribes right in the vice-presidential mansion—money being passed across the desk. Jimmy Hoffa is inhabiting a bridge pylon somewhere in New Jersey. And then you say, "Well, we really do need to be paranoid." This flow of information—it makes you very nervous about everything.

Penthouse: Is there a fine line where horror and reality become indistinguishable?

King: Yes. It's when I'm sitting there with the TV on, reading a book or putting something together, and this voice will say, "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin from CBS News." My pulse rate immediately doubles or triples. Whatever I'm doing is completely forgotten, and I wait to see if Walter Cronkite is going to come on and say, "Well, Dewline reports nuclear ICBMs over the North Pole. Put your head between your legs and kiss your ass good-bye."

Penthouse: Isn't that carrying it to extremes?

King: Yes, it is. But, even so, you think of the times that didn't happen, when you got some other piece of news: when that bulletin came on that Robert Kennedy had been killed in Los Angeles, Martin Luther King had been assassinated, the president shot in Dallas. It changed everything.

Penthouse: So there is a very fine line where horror and reality cross.

King: Sure there is. And one of the reasons I think I've had some problems with *Cujo* is because people get a little bit worried when they read a book about this woman and kid trapped in a car by a Saint Bernard, and they say, "This could really happen." Then they write me a letter that says, "Gee, I liked your vampire novel [*Salem's Lot*] better, I liked *The Shining* better, because we know in our hearts that there are no vampires, and we are sure in our hearts that there are no hotels haunted by ghosts that come to life. But a Saint Bernard with a woman and boy in the car, that's something else."

Penthouse: It's almost too realistic a horror to endure, the quintessential nightmare. Is that something you've had problems with in the past?

King: The review in the *New York Times* about *The Stand* was very downbeat. The [reviewer] didn't like the book at all; he called it *Rosemary's Baby Goes to the Devil* and slammed it off in five paragraphs. One of the things he said was that too many people pee in their pants in this book. Well, when something happens to someone that's really scary and is very startling—that kind of "boo," but it's not "boo," it's something genuinely frightening—most people piss in their pants. I'm sorry if that becomes tiresome after a while. That doesn't change the fact that it happens.

Penthouse: Don't we get enough of that kind of horror on the six o'clock news?

King: I think the reason we do, and that this stuff is popular and successful, is because we get too much of it. If there is a utilitarian purpose, it's to understand an essentially irrational act. With a lot of horror fiction, it's an effort to observe irrational acts, or terrifying actions, or just to experience that feeling of being out of control.

To be totally out of control is what the best horror movies, in particular, can do to you. And that doesn't imply any conscious flow—to say, "Oh, well, I'm going to see *Friday the 13th* because I'll understand what happened to Sadat"—because it wouldn't work on that level. But on a sub-conscious level, or even a psychic level, you may be able to say, "Well, here's what I was feeling when I heard that Sadat was shot"—that same kind of helpless revulsion, terror, whatever it is. It's on the screen, and it's controllable—and it's not real. It's an effort to get around those feelings; sometimes it's an effort to want them, and to say, "I can let you out. You can't hurt me."

Penthouse: Considering the influence that works of art wield over the public, are there any people who shouldn't read your books?

King: I don't think so.

Penthouse: No one ever borrowed a plot point or two to play out their own fantasy?

King: Well . . . there's this thing that happened in Boston, where the police and papers called [the murderer] the Carrie Killer. He killed his mother—stuck her to the door with all these kitchen instruments. Obviously he had gotten the idea from Brian De Palma's film; the kitchen implements weren't in my book. But sooner or later there may come a time when some guy will do something and say, "I got the idea from a Stephen King novel." I could say that people like that shouldn't read my books. But if they didn't get an idea from something that I wrote, they would get it from something somebody else wrote.

Penthouse: So there's a chance that terror could, indeed, have a negative influence on someone teetering on the edge.

King: If he hadn't been the Carrie Killer, he might have stabbed her to death in the shower and then he would have been the Psycho Killer.

Penthouse: What about the kid who blamed *The Catcher in the Rye* for driving

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him to murder John Lennon?

King: Same thing there. But I don't feel any responsibility for the nuts and dingdongs of the world any more than any of us can live our lives on the basis of what some crazy person might do. For instance, I can get a bodyguard to walk around with me everywhere—which is not to say that at an autographing session someday, someone might not decide that I'm doing the devil's work and shoot me in the head. We all live with that possibility; that's a part of life.

Penthouse: Do you think people should be allowed to get away with blaming their violent acts on what they read or see?

King: No, I don't. But the classic case of this is when the kids burned a woman to death with gasoline and then said, "Well, we got the idea from the ABC 'Movie of the Week' "—which was *Fuzz*. It really put the kibosh on TV violence. It was the end of all those series like "Peter Gunn" and "The Untouchables." But it's still really killing the messenger for the message. If you are telling the truth, then it seems to me that if somebody—some nut—does something based on what you wrote, all you can say is that this nut was too unoriginal to think up his own method of killing somebody, so he had to use what was in the book.

Penthouse: Speaking of TV, how do you feel about the current state of the art?

King: I think we're seeing the death of established television. It's happening right now. You know, network TV is like this big dinosaur stumbling around. When I was

growing up, TV was a dominating factor, at least in my life. Ed Sullivan on Sunday night, "Maverick," "Sugarfoot."

Penthouse: Pure entertainment.

King: Yes. You know, "Route 66" raised the consciousness of every white kid in America. You found out there was a different way to live than taking college courses and getting out and going nine-to-five. And what have my kids got? "B.J. and the Bear."

Penthouse: What about television's use as a political instrument?

King: It can be argued that Kennedy was the last president to be elected pretty much without TV being the overmastering factor. So that once TV began, there were no more good presidents. And every time we elect a new president, we get further away from real politics and real people and more into the world of guest-of-the-week on "Three's Company." (*Mimics*) "Oh, guess what, Suzanne—the president's coming for dinner. We've got to clean the place up!" And then the president comes in, and he's somebody from Central Casting that you've seen on soap operas, with silver hair. Till, finally, we come to Reagan, where the TV image and the politician meet, and we've got an ex-movie star in the White House who, when he speaks . . . God! he looks so good; he looks like he's trustworthy. But you look into his eyes for a long time, and . . . (*hums theme from "Twilight Zone"*).

Penthouse: Politics runs through your novels almost as much as another King fa-

vorite, religion. Is that a particularly horrifying part of your life?

King: It scared me to death as a kid. I was raised Methodist, and I was scared that I was going to hell. The horror stories that I grew up on were biblical stories. "Lo, the false prophets shall be thrown into the lake of fire!" and "Lo, he shall burn there forever!"—and this kind of thing. They were the best horror stories ever written.

Penthouse: If you had to single out the scariest one of them all. . .

King: Lot's wife turns back to look at Sodom and Gomorrah after she was told not to, and she turns into a pillar of salt. I used to pretend I was one of these guys running away and could hear the city burning behind me and the screams and the bolts of fire coming down from Heaven—I could feel my head go "Boooooom!" Scared the shit out of me. So maybe it's an obvious connection between what I'm trying to do now and what it did to me as a kid. But it's also an effort for me to get around this whole business about religion and death and what comes after death and all the rest of it—and to try to make some decisions for myself.

Penthouse: Have you become more of a skeptic in the process?

King: No. I'd say I'm probably more religious now than ever in my life. I don't go to church or anything like that. Organized religion is always the same thing: sooner or later, somebody drives a sword through your heart. They cut you up. They put spikes in your eyes. It's always the same; it's never really altered very much.

Penthouse: Is there any aspect of it you find more tolerable?

King: Everything that I see about organized religion appalls me. Jerry Falwell appalls me on the tube. He amuses me as well, but he mostly just appalls me, because there is kind of an intransigence there that's almost beyond my ability to comprehend. That is to say, there's no way to engage in a dialogue with Jerry Falwell. Anything that he is doing is right simply because he says it's right—and he's standing there in the middle of the church. I don't see any difference between him and the Reverend Moon. Falwell says that sex books like *Penthouse* should be taken off the lower racks, where little children can look at depravity and barnyard sex acts and words and all this other stuff. Of course, he's *standing* up there on TV saying this, and never in my life have I ever seen a *Penthouse* magazine down there where three- or four- or five-year-olds could grab it off the shelf. They don't do that. It's a lie. The guy is lying.

Penthouse: Are you on their hit list?

King: No. I'm well liked by the fundamentalists, and I should be, because my own views are pretty fundamental. But when I see Jerry Falwell get up there on that TV in that \$300 suit, I say, "Fuck you! Get off!" I don't know where their money comes from, but I think that if their books could be opened, you might find they might top the Mafia as far as the money that comes in is



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concerned. It's all money, it's all imperialism, it's all America Firsters, it's all a bunch of fascism. They're living off people's fears.

Penthouse: And yet there are people who say you do the same thing.

King: I don't think that I really prey on people's fears, because people who are fearful don't want to have anything to do with what I write. They don't go to horror movies either. It's like the roller-coaster rides at the amusement park. People who ride the roller coaster aren't the people who are afraid of it. They may relish the drop in their stomach or may scream because they are afraid when they are on the ride, but that's a kind of courage in itself. The people who are really afraid are the ones who walk up to me and say, "Gee, I don't read your books. I watch the 'Praise the Lord Club.'" In other words, the reason that people like Jerry Falwell can afford to say "I don't listen to my critics" is because the people who are watching him don't listen to his critics. They love him, he loves them—there is basically a religious circle jerk going on here.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the influence organized religion exerts on topics like abortion and gun control?

King: And the electric chair. They like the electric chair.

Penthouse: Where do you stand on capital punishment?

King: I don't feel very good about it. I can think of isolated cases where I wouldn't feel bad if a person was executed.

Penthouse: Anyone in particular?

King: Although I'm not a New York State resident, I would feel infinitesimally easier in my mind if Son of Sam were fried, if David Berkowitz were fried. I feel both for and against capital punishment. The same way that I am very much against abortion. I hate the idea. I do think it is murder. I think when you kill potential, it's murder. At the same time, what Falwell and some of the others are saying is that we have to legislate this. And the Bible—the supposed word of God—is based very firmly on one thing: free will. And, basically, what these people are saying when they say we've got to outlaw abortion on demand is that we have to outlaw free will. It's an anti-God statement.

Penthouse: They're also very firm on the issue of gun control.

King: I think that I would like to see permits needed to get any kind of a handgun. You'd have to have your picture taken. You could not have any kind of a criminal record or a record of mental illness, beyond having seen a psychiatrist, in the last six years.

Penthouse: Does that mean you favor gun control?

King: No. I want people to be able to go out and get a shotgun or a rifle if they want to go hunting. I can't see Mark Chapman walking up to John Lennon on the street with a .410 shoved down his pants leg and managing to pull it out, cock it, and shoot the guy. I mean, Jesus Christ! I don't think that we should have a tight, nonbending

gun-control law in this country, but I think it's time to put some curbs on handguns. You see all those bumper stickers that say: "If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns." Well, that's fine with me.

Penthouse: While we're on the subject of control: why is there very little graphic sex in your books?

King: Well, there has been some . . . in *The Stand*, and I think there is some in *Carrie*. But Peter Straub [author of *Ghost Story*] says I never wrote a sex scene because "Stephen hasn't discovered sex yet." Actually, there's sort of an unpleasant sex scene in *Cujo* which shows that Joe Camber fucks the way he eats, the way he deals with everything else: almost machinelike. But one of the reasons that I shy away from sex is that it's such an elemental act, and the physics of it are so familiar to everyone that it is hard to do in a novel way.

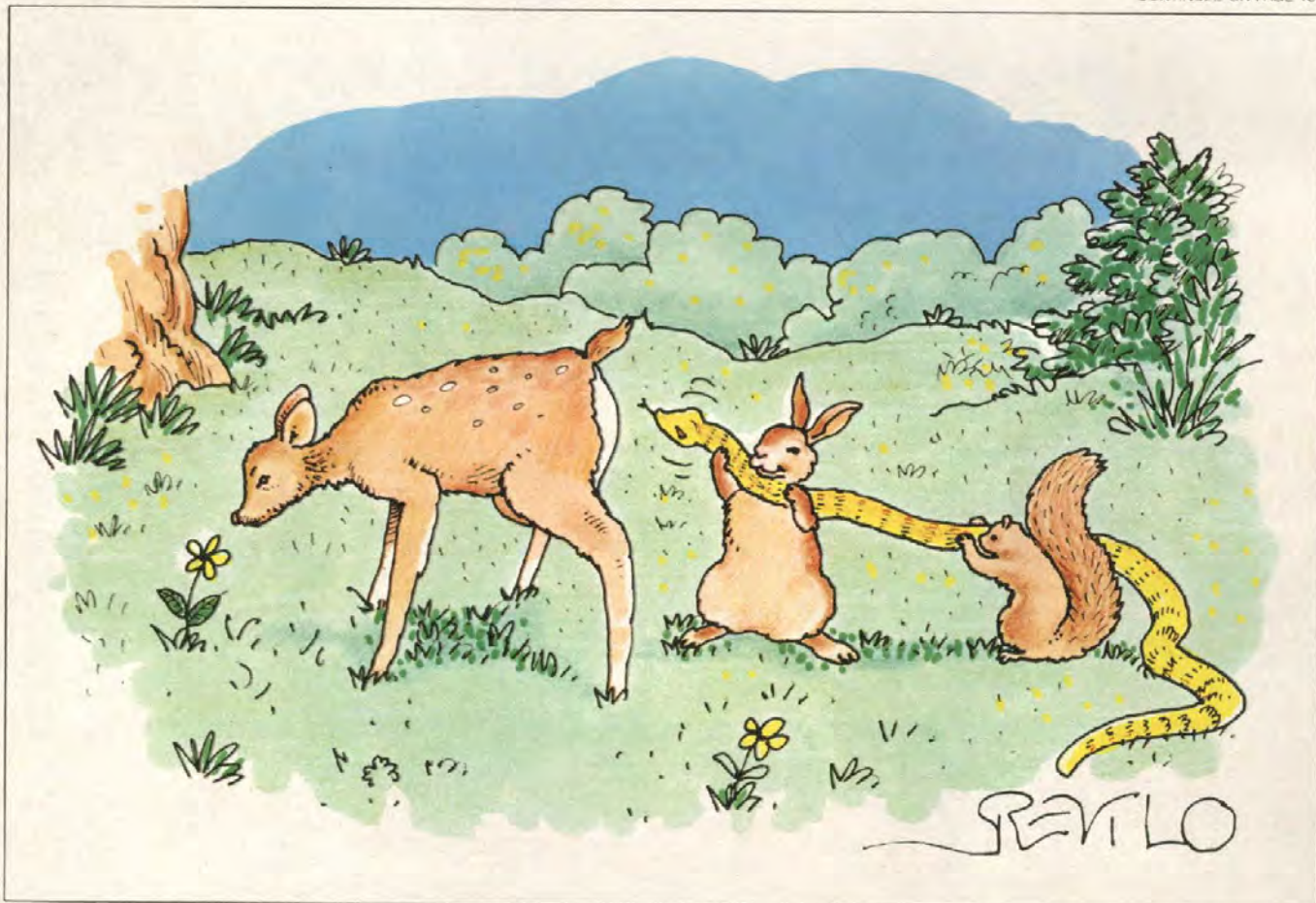
Penthouse: But isn't sex a repressed horror for a lot of people?

King: Yeah. There are all sorts of possibilities there.

Penthouse: If you had to write a horror novel that dealt with your greatest sexual fear, what would it be?

King: A couple of things. The vagina dentata, the vagina with teeth. A story where you were making love to a woman and it just slammed shut and cut your penis off. That'd do it. I've just completed a book called *Different Seasons*, and one horror story in it is about a pregnancy and is called "The Breather Method."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



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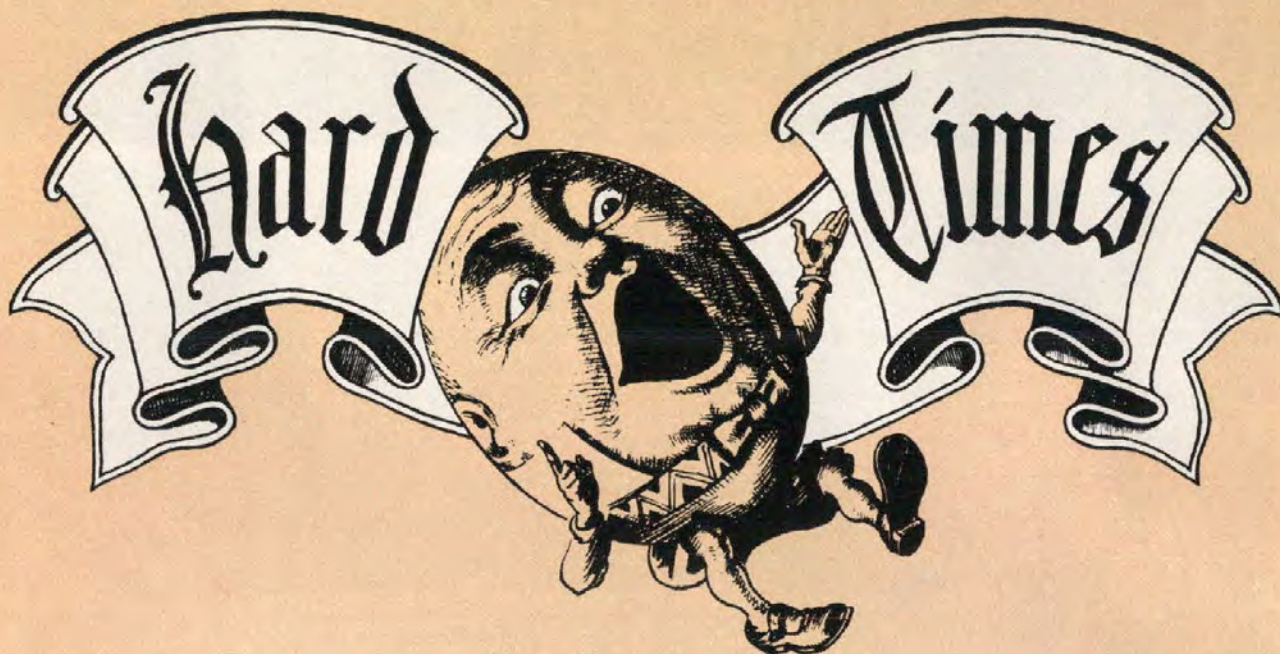
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EXTRA

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EXTRA



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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 1, NO. 3

CURSE OF THE BLOOD BEASTS

Unholy vampires are stalking the darkened streets of America, savagely attacking helpless people in their insatiable thirst for human blood.

Experts warn that the known number of horrifying vampire attacks is only the tip of the iceberg—that thousands more could be going undetected or unreported each year.

Recent cases they have investigated include:

—A steel spike was driven into the heart of a woman in a bizarre vampire cult ceremony staged by teenagers in a New York cemetery.

—Nine sleeping hobos were slaughtered in California, each on the night of a full moon, by a mad fiend who gorged himself on their blood.

—A double murder in New York City in which the victims were so completely drained of their blood the coroner couldn't obtain enough for a sample.

—A Brockton, Mass., man is accused of shooting his aged grandmother to death and then sucking her blood

from the bullet holes.

Following a horrifying series of brutal murders in the mid-1970's, vampire killer Richard Chase was sentenced to death in the gas chamber in California's San Quentin prison.

His grim Sacramento-area murders were called vampire killings because the victims' blood had been drunk as they lay dead or dying.

Chase was found dead in his death row cell last Decem-

ber, less than a year after he was sentenced.

"He took his own life," a prison guard said. "Maybe it was because his being locked up in a cell by himself prevented him from getting the

one important thing in his life—human blood." (*Weekly World News*)

Rumor was that Chase actually died drinking his own blood... Another case of a man pissing his life away.—Editor

Cemented Their Relationship

Albert Mongeau got so fed up with his wife's nagging complaints about his car that he decided to do something concrete about it.

He filled the car with six tons of wet cement.

Mongeau, part owner of a cement-mixing company in Phillipsburg, Kans., had listened for years to his estranged wife's gripes about his 1973 Plymouth.

"All I had been hearing was how that car ain't fit to drive," said Mongeau. "So I decided, if I was going to have to hear about it not being fit to drive,

then I was going to make it so it wouldn't drive."

He drove his cement mixer across town, stuck a chute in the Plymouth's open window and didn't stop until the mix was four inches from the dome light.

The city's police chief said there would be no charge. There isn't a law against pouring cement into your own car. (*Examiner*)

According to his wife, Mongeau's only crime was that he stuffed six tons of wet cement into the wrong orifice.—Editor



Movie Still Archives

CRIPPLE ROBS GAS STATION, ESCAPES IN WHEELCHAIR

A crippled man was arrested yesterday for allegedly rolling his wheelchair into a Freeport, L.I. gas station, pulling out a .22 caliber rifle, and making off with \$200.

Daniel Stettner, 21, was charged with holding up three men at the Freeport Friendly Gulf station—and escaping by forcing one of them to push

him two blocks in his wheelchair.

As he was wheeled into Nassau County District Criminal Court yesterday to be arraigned, he said: "I'm OK, just a little down." (*New York Post*)

Especially after losing a sixty-two-block chase through midtown Manhattan.—Editor

Robot Takes Human Life

Tokyo—Kenji Urada, 37, a repairman at a Japanese factory that makes automobile gears, was trying to fix a malfunctioning robot. The machine suddenly went wild and stabbed Urada in the back, killing him instantly.

So far as anyone knows, it was the first time someone was killed by a robot. But the killing was not premeditated.

Officials said Urada had violated the robot's turf by jumping over a fence that had been marked "Off Limits."

Once inside the fence and

working on the robot, officials said, Urada apparently touched the wrong transistors and the machine went berserk. It first pinned him, then swung its arm around and inflicted a deep stab wound.

Fellow workers tried to help but did not know how to stop the machine. Technicians finally succeeded in cutting off the power but Urada was dead. (*New York Daily News*)

And that ends the story of Kenji Urada...world's first kamikaze robot repairman.—Editor

AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, ETC.

Metro's Believe-It-Or-Not item of the week concerns a sleeping housewife who was frosted with Betty Crocker cake icing from head to toe by a burglar. Virginia Beach police say it happened yesterday at 2 A.M. when the woman, 21-year-old Robin Graham, awoke to find a man smearing icing all over her body. She said she was sleeping on her living-room floor at the time and her husband was sleeping on a nearby sofa, where they had dozed off while watching television.

Two containers of cake icing were in the room, Graham

said, when the intruder, who police now call the Phantom Cake Icer, entered through an unlocked door. Graham, who said she was reluctant to scream for fear the intruder would harm her husband and sleeping 5-year-old daughter, quoted the intruder as lecturing: "You should have known this would happen if you leave your doors unlocked."

Graham said she didn't get a very good look at the man because her eyes were iced shut. (*Washington Star*)
Sounds like another Betty Crocker crooked creeper caper.—Editor

MAN WITH SIX STOMACHS!

Sukumar Das doesn't like to go to bed on an empty stomach, so he'll gobble up bed-sheets, shirts, blankets, and even cigarette ash.

But that's not unusual for the 24-year-old native of Calcutta, India, whose amazing medical problem makes him the world's most bizarre glutton.

All his meals must be raw vegetables, and he consumes large quantities of raw leaves, roots, plants and even cattle feed such as hay and bran.

Sukumar has to eat at least 26 pounds of raw vegetables each day or his hunger becomes unbearable, he says.

Once, in desperation, Sukumar checked himself into a hospital begging for help for his absurd eating problem. He was kicked out after he ate his hospital bedsheet and some bandage rolls he stole.

Another time, Sukumar

tried a different hospital—a doctor told him he had six stomachs. "But nothing was



done to help me," said Sukumar. (*National Enquirer*)
How do you help a man with six stomachs and a Brillo pad for a palate?—Editor

MAN WOULDN'T GET OUT OF BED FOR OVER 2½ YEARS

When Presley Earl Bishop got home from work on Oct. 1, 1978, he went directly to bed—and, incredibly, stayed there for more than 2½ years!

"Exactly like Rip Van Winkle," commented Bishop's sister, Bernice Hamrock. "Earl's very last words to me that night were: 'Don't answer the telephone.' And he never said another word to me after that."

"He just lay in bed—for two years and seven months—staring at the ceiling, his only nourishment two gallons of milk a week."

"His hair grew out until it covered the pillow and his beard stretched down to his belly. His fingernails grew

out to about six inches—and looked like claws." Bernice called police officers in Littleton, Colo., the Denver suburb where she and the now 58-year-old Bishop shared a small frame house.

"The whole thing was so bizarre," recalled Littleton Police Officer Charles Black. He said he asked how Bishop felt, and the modern-day Rip Van Winkle responded with a "fine." (*National Enquirer*)
Ask a stupid question.—Editor

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. ☐✉

Want your own
X-rated instant replay?
Here's how to
bring a video camera
home to bed.

THE NAKED TAPE

BY LARRY McCLAIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HEERY





Let's give credit where credit's due. For untold millions, the much-ballyhooed "video revolution" has meant: wired for sex. Unfettered by FCC restrictions, cable TV has snuck some pretty raunchy stuff into the American living room. And it was triple-X fare that catapulted home video cassette sales into a booming \$200 million annual business (last year, an estimated 50 percent of all cassettes sold were ones like *Debbie Does Dallas* and *Inside Seka*).

That's the good news. The better news is: there's no need to confine your video erotica to third-party products. With a cooperative cast and a video camera, you can shoot your own. Whether it's recording sex play with your leading lady or merely love with the proper stranger, home-grown video promises the ultimate in intimate turn-ons. And with shrewd shopping, it won't bankrupt your savings.

Maybe you already own a VCR (video cassette recorder). For less than a thousand dollars you can add a video

● The erasability of tape is of special importance to the amateur porn director, since capturing the Big "O" may prove somewhat trickier than Johnny's eighth birthday party. There'll be goofs, gaffes, and plenty of experiments. ●

camera and direct—even star in—your own lusty romp. If you haven't yet purchased video gear, X-rated software should provide the perfect incentive to explore the harder stuff. Here's what you need to know.

GETTING STARTED

First, remember that a video camera *must* be mated to a VCR. It's the VCR that supplies the camera with juice and records, on tape, what you shoot. Don't lose any sleep over which format—VHS or Beta—is superior. They're both top-notch, and VCRs that fall into either category run from \$1,000 to \$1,500. However, you will have to choose between a home tabletop VCR (indoor only, plugs into any wall outlet) and the portable (tote it anywhere, requires a battery). If your priority is linking the VCR to a camera (as opposed to taping TV programs or playing prerecorded commercial cassettes), then the latest lightweight portables, weighing in at ten to fifteen pounds, are the wiser choice for you.

THE CAMERA

With upwards of twenty quality cameras available, the Serious Shopping Stage can prove traumatic if you walk into stores unprepared. Know in advance what you want. Don't fall into the clutches of a glib, fast-talking technobrat touting useless, overrated features. For example, you can forget "lens interchangeability"; one de-

cent zoom lens is all you need. "Macro" focus—you can tape four inches from your subject—is terrific if you want to shoot bumblebees; if not, skip it. You may get dizzy trying to sort out the camera's varied microphones: omni-directional, uni-directional, built-in electret, boom, even telescopic boom. Relax. No video sound is terribly refined, and you'll do fine with any mode. Conversely, there are several features you should make every effort to obtain:

Zoom Lens. Standard on most models, this is a must for erotic cameramen. Lets you set the scene from across the room, then zero in on the erogenous zone of your choice.

Auto Focus. One of the more exciting extras on several new models. Frees you from having to readjust focus each time you pan or shift from subject to subject. If orchestrating an orgasm, nice to have that extra hand.

Auto Iris. Frees you from having to tamper with exposure settings.

Electronic Viewfinder. Extremely handy and doubly useful: (a) permits viewing of the scene being shot just as it will be recorded, and (b) serves as a tiny monitor for instant playback (indispensable if you move your torrid taping outdoors).

Fade-In/Fade-Out Control. Something of a luxury, but because video's very tricky to edit, don't skimp here if you want smooth scene-to-scene transitions.

Audio Dub. This feature comes on the

VCR and may well be worth the added expense. It permits the recording of new sound over the original track—highly useful for the postproduction dubbing of moans and groans or some sexy mood music.

Now that you're sold on all these enticing features, you may find the camera-of-choice will set you back a month's salary. How to economize? On the VCR, buy a model with optional tuner/timer (that's the device that lets you record TV programs off the air). On the camera, pick a slower lens speed (f/1.9, say, instead of f/1.4) or look for a 3X zoom instead of a 6X. To really cut corners, go for the TTL (Through The Lens) viewfinder instead of electronic. If your wallet's still hurting, you may be asking, why bother with video at all? Why not go with the thrifter Super-8 home-movie system? There are several compelling reasons:

- In the long run, Super-8 will *not* be cheaper. Figure that a three-minute reel of silent Super-8 film (with processing) runs about \$10; for one hour, that's \$200. By contrast, a two-hour video cassette—picture and sound—costs only \$15 to \$20.

- Video is an electronic, not a chemical, process. Therefore your X-rated epic won't be sent to a film lab where company bluenoses might well destroy or confiscate your product. Also, because video doesn't require processing, there's no two-week wait to view results. Any monitor—electronic viewfinder or conventional

TIPS FROM THE PROS

GERARD DAMIANO, director

(*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*):

The physical act of fucking, that mechanical pumping, is boring. To make sex real and exciting, you have to capture a moment of truth. The realism of somebody's face at the moment of orgasm—that's exciting. The other thing that's exciting is being in focus.

Before you begin to shoot, map out the action, especially the end. You can always vary the preliminaries—it's the end that's

important. Avoid too much panning and zooming. Try and hold onto a clear shot of the action. Don't constantly zoom back and forth. A good experiment for the home video director is to use himself as the camera's point of view. Because it's a lot easier to hold the lightweight video camera, you can lie on your back and shoot yourself getting a blowjob. That's not so simple with a fifty-pound 35 mm camera. Use the tripod to establish a wide shot of the room if you and your lady are walking up to the bed.

Keep the background simple. It's the action that's important.

RICHARD MILNER, director (*Centerfold Fever*):

Remember that while performers should enjoy themselves, they mustn't get so involved that they forget what the camera sees. A woman might be giving the world's greatest blowjob, but if all you see is the back of her head there's not much excitement. If she swallows all the come, you haven't got anything. Get accustomed to "cheating" toward the camera.

● One of the more exciting extras on several new cameras, auto focus frees you from having to readjust each time you pan from subject to subject. If orchestrating an orgasm, it's nice to have that extra hand. ●

TV set—provides instant playback so that you can tell immediately if a scene's lighting, decor, or action needs to be altered.

- Video is erasable and reusable. This is of special importance to the amateur porn director, since capturing the Big "O" may prove somewhat trickier than Johnny's eighth birthday party. There'll be goofs, gaffes, and plenty of experiments. A novice videotaper merely erases what the novice filmmaker pays dearly for.

- Video is never out-of-sync: the sound and images are recorded on two separate heads.

Given all these advantages, why, you wonder, does *anyone* buy Super-8? In fact, the Super-8 market has shrunk rapidly, and most American manufacturers have dropped from the business. Aside from the cheaper initial investment, film offers only one major plus: quality, measured in horizontal lines; the more lines, the better the quality. Video cameras have a resolution of about 250 lines, compared with 1,000 to 1,500 for film.

FOCUSING IN

But since video is a much newer medium than film, it's quite likely that you, the camera consumer, may still be groping with the newfangled technology. To make life easier, here's the lowdown on a few of those vexing questions you were too embarrassed to ask. Such as:

How do I edit video?

You can't. The one-half-inch cameras,

as opposed to the much bulkier and costly three-quarter-inch professional models, offer next to nothing in the way of in-camera editing. Don't be confused by VCRs that come with a "pause" switch; that's to snip commercials from recorded programs. But you cannot cut and paste tape like film. What you *can* do is borrow a friend's VCR and selectively tape what you want, and don't want, from your own original tape.

If I shoot in the bedroom, do I need extra lights?

Most color cameras produce admirable results with standard incandescent bulbs (fluorescent lights give a crude, harsh glare). Experiment. If the tape's too dark or lacks definition, replace the lower-watt table and floor lamps with 150-watt bulbs. Or try a three-way lamp. Still too dark? Go to a hardware store and buy floodlights and silver reflectors. For that ultraprofessional, perfectly balanced skin tone, be prepared to spend anywhere from \$100 to \$500 in extra light accessories.

If I shoot outdoors, how long can I tape?

Without the AC umbilical cord, count on a maximum of one and a half hours of taping before your VCR's battery needs recharging. VCRs come with two types of batteries: nickel-cadmium ("ni-cad") and lead acid. Ni-cads speedily recharge in one to two hours, whereas the much cheaper lead acid takes six to eight hours to recharge. Weigh the pros and cons when you buy a VCR.

If I own one brand of VCR, can I buy a different-brand camera?

Not unless you're prepared for considerable anguish and expense. Different brands are not compatible; if you've bought, say, a Sony VCR, you're pretty much committed to a Sony camera.

Can I operate the camera from across the room—and tape myself?

Nope. When Reggie Jackson talks about the Panasonic's "remote capabilities," he's referring to a gizmo that controls the VCR, not the camera. If you've got the itch to relinquish the camera and climb into the action, you've got two choices: buy a tripod (figure \$100), select the camera angle, press the "on" switch, and make an artful entrance into the picture; alternatively, you can enlist the aid of a chummy third-party cameraman who's comfortable with sex between you and yours.

And speaking of sex, it might be helpful, before the camera ever rolls, first to view and analyze some X-rated commercial cassettes. Pay special heed to the way scenes are blocked. Note the camera angles. Watch the entrances and exits. And think about choreography. If you don't map out the action first, the audio track may be filled with hissed whispers and the final tape with puzzled looks. Thanks to the marvels of videotape, however, you're in luck even when you goof: just erase and start over. If you're taping sex, is that such a hardship? ☐

Perform. As the director, try and vary the camera angle. The best position is to bring the camera to bed level. Get close-up reaction shots and use them as scene-to-scene transitions.

Keep the decor elegant but simple. Don't use a lot of flower-print sheets. Look for some shiny satin material. Get rid of the phone. If there's some vividly painted seascape over the bed, take it down.

It's always best if you can come up with some choreography before you shoot. Discuss exactly what you're going to do. One advantage of home porn is the chance to be playful. You can use whatever turns you on to set a horny mood. Maybe it's food or shaving cream or a little metal car with rubber wheels. Be wacky and spontaneous. And don't hesitate to really get into the sex. That's the way to make it hot.

During a break in the action, producer-director Richard Milner (in cowboy hat) plans the next scene with the cast of Centerfold Fever.



Marco Nero

SINGLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Sex acts you would not indulge in:	Men	Women
1. Have oral sex	12%	20%
2. Show your body naked	3%	6%
3. Have sex with the lights on	7%	10%
4. Give vent to your full sexual feelings and instincts	10%	10%
5. Have anal sex	27%	56%
6. Tie up a partner or be tied up	48%	60%
7. I would do all of these	22%	8%
8. I would do none of these	6%	9%

These questions include a broad group of activities. For neither sex are there many erotic practices that a majority would not indulge in. Though still conservative, singles are at least theoretically open to sexual experimentation.

There are still, however, a sizable portion of singles who would refuse to perform relatively conventional sexual acts. An aggregate 16 percent of women would object to having the lights on during sexual intercourse or showing their body to a lover.

"This reflects many women's attitude that 'sex is bad,' and that 'if I don't see what's going on, then it's not going on,'" explains Dr. Sheila Jackman, codirector of the Division of Human Sexuality at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Bronx, New York. "It's an unconscious but a very real problem. This attitude stems from an 'I don't like my body' problem. This is probably the most common reason many women believe they're too fat, too skinny, too lumpy, or have bad skin. They think that men are going to spend time studying their naked bodies. The reality is when men are enjoying sex, no one stops to count pimples or notice how big breasts are. The partner is totally involved and couldn't care less."

"Many women are shy about revealing their genitals," says Dr. Jackman. "It's one of the reasons a lot of them can't indulge in oral sex. What I tell them is to think about all the men's magazines that are published, and about the fact that men are spending millions to look at genitals. Rather than turn them off as most women think, genitals are usually a male turn-on."

The difficulties women experience about revealing their genitals bring to attention another alternative, oral sex. Considering the familiarity with which oral sex is discussed in sexual literature, it is perhaps unexpected to find that one out of five women and one out of ten men still refuse to indulge in it. Women who are most adamant are either very young,

twenty to twenty-four, or older, forty-five to fifty-five. "In the first age bracket we are seeing youthful inexperience," says Dr. Jackman. "In the second we probably have the carry-over effect of the oral-genital sex taboo which was part of the sexual morality up to a few years ago."

Another response informs us that 10 percent of singles, men and women, would not give vent to their full sexual feelings and instincts. Once more we encounter a cardinal problem—fear of intimacy. "The statement that 'I'm not going to let go because that would tell you who I really am, and then I'd be too vulnerable' is based on the inability to be completely intimate," Dr. Jackman tells us. "It represents fear of exposing ourselves, of losing control, fear that if you, my partner, find out my real secret, then you wouldn't love me anymore. If you found out how bad or lustful or sadistic or foolish I really am, you would walk away. If a person, especially a woman, lets herself go and gives full vent

tact, petting, and straightforward sexual intercourse. Love is more often part of the fantasy for women than for men.

As part of this same question on fantasy, we asked singles which sexual acts they considered perverse. Leading the list were the hard-core sadistic practices, bestiality, and any sexual act in which one of the partners is nonconsenting. Fecal and urinary sexual acts are also thought to be perverse. Here are some representative replies:

Woman: "Rape, engaging in sexual activities which you know won't be pleasing, anal sex (because it would hurt). Sex that has anything to do with children. And involvement with excreta of any kind."

Man: "Any sex act that causes pain or injury or adverse emotional trauma."

Woman: "Animals, dogs, gang rapes, sodomy, sex that is forced, chains, whips, ropes, gags, anal sex."

Woman: "My list would start off with sodomy. I'd also include group masturbation and group sex, anal sex, heavy S & M, and sex in unusual places like the john or back of a bus or plane. I could never have sex with more than one person. Wouldn't want to spank or be spanked. Most sex is perverse, I feel, that does not lead to regular intercourse."

The last question introduces our further inquiry into singles' engagement with and attitude toward variant forms of sexuality.

Question: What sexual variations, if any, do you indulge in?

Because of the growing insistence that the bedroom isn't a place for the preacher or the policeman, many erotic acts once considered perverse have become more acceptable. Recently a new word has even been coined to describe those peripheral sex practices that stand between the deviant and the normal. This word is *kink* and can include anything from nipple rouging, body painting, pornography, and use of dildos and vibrators to voyeurism, anal sex, bondage, group sex, swinging, spanking, light S & M, and even activities that are further out. Kink—along with more standard sexual variations, such as homosexuality—is neither widely embraced nor entirely taboo among singles.

OTHER FINDINGS

- The longer a man is single, the greater the chances he will turn to bisexuality. However, the older a man gets, the less likely he is to become a confirmed homosexual.

- Men divorced twice or more are twice as apt to indulge in group sex as are men divorced only once.

- Almost half of the lesbian population reports indulging in group sex. One out of five lesbians reports indulging in voyeur-

For many men it's a relief to have sex with a woman on the first or second date. She becomes the symbolic "prostitute."

to her sexuality, she feels that a man will judge her for it, that he will wonder where she learned such things. 'He'll think I'm promiscuous,' she says to herself, or 'He'll think I'm really a whore at heart. People don't understand that all this exciting sexual stuff is in each of us, ready to spew out, and that if we'd just relax we'd all learn how to learn what's in us already. It would come out naturally if we could get past the guilt, fear, and self-doubt.'

Question: What are your favorite sexual fantasies in masturbation and sexual intercourse? What sexual acts and/or fantasies do you consider perverse?

Approximately a fourth of the respondents reported that they neither fantasize nor masturbate. The other three-fourths reported a wide variety of erotic fantasies. As a general rule, men's fantasies include more forms of sexual variation than do women's. Men's fantasies stress improbable sexual situations more commonly—wild scenes sometimes including "kink" or orgiastic encounters. Women's sexual fantasies are usually less lurid than men's. They tend to involve warm physical con-

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OVERNIGHT AFFAIRS

A one-night stand can be an incredibly romantic and exhilarating experience. Thom Willenbecher tells you how to drop your inhibitions and enjoy your next brief encounter to the fullest.

HEADACHES

More than 70 percent of our population suffers from this annoying illness, but the causes and cures vary tremendously. Find out whether your headache is due to dental problems, allergies, or any number of hidden culprits. By Bryan Collier.

STAYING TOGETHER

Deciding to get married or live together is easy. Staying together is the hard part, but Xaviera Hollander's advice on how to keep your love alive and your lovemaking lively makes togetherness hard to resist.

SATISFACTION— THROUGH ADVERTISING

A fascinating report by Judyth Finn on how to find love, sex, and good times through the personal ads in your newspaper. For those of you who've been looking for love in all the wrong places, try finding it on your doorstep.

WHAT MEN WANT IN BED

Alexandra Penney knows how to please a man, and she proves it in this interview by Mark Zussman. Everything from how to break bad sexual habits to what men want most in bed is covered by the best-selling author.

ism, and almost a third report indulging in *bondage*. Among gay men, 30 percent report indulging in *group sex*, 30 percent say that they have practiced *voyeurism*, and 7 percent have indulged in *bondage*.

- Twice as many men in their middle thirties indulge in *voyeurism* as do men in their early twenties.

- Practically no women over forty-five report indulging in *group sex*. The number of higher-income women indulging in *group sex* is twice the number of lower-income women.

- If a woman is going to indulge in any sort of sexual variation, she usually does so in her middle twenties and early thirties. After thirty-five female involvement in sexual variations diminishes significantly.

- Men divorced two times are more likely to indulge in *all* the sexual variations mentioned than any other status group.

- Bisexuality is highest among female students. Bisexuality in singles tends to show itself early—or not at all.

Sexual variation indulged in	Men	Women
1. Homosexuality	3%	2%
2. Bisexuality	6%	3%
3. Group sex	11%	5%
4. Voyeurism	8%	3%
5. Bondage	5%	3%
6. S & M	2%	1%

The placement of homosexuality under the category of sexual variation does not imply a value judgment but simply a statistical statement of fact. Though in some cities homosexuals account for a sizable part of the population, numerically speaking, homosexuals still constitute a small portion of the singles population, and homosexuality still remains a minority within the mainstream of American sexuality.

Regarding the question of bisexuality, we stand on less firm ground. Is a heterosexual man or woman with one or two homosexual encounters a bisexual? What about three or four? Five or six? How does one draw the line, especially when those in question are themselves unsure where they stand?

Dr. Fred Klein is a psychiatrist in private practice in New York and author of the book *The Bisexual Option: A Concept of Two Hundred Percent Intimacy* (Arbor House, 1978). In his dealings with patients and in his work as director of the Institute of Sexual Behavior in New York City, he has observed bisexuality from close up. He defines a bisexual as "a person who has sexual feelings, or experiences sexual behavior, for members of both sexes."

According to Dr. Klein, society has several fundamental misapprehensions about bisexuality. "The first is that the bisexual does not exist at all, that a bisexual is really a homosexual. This is a very big misconception. Bisexuals are by no means homosexuals in disguise. The fact is that there is a genuine category of men and women

who receive real sexual satisfaction from contact with both sexes.

"The second myth is that if the bisexual does exist, he or she is by definition neurotic, sex-crazy, can't love deeply, can't make up his mind, is confused. Bisexuality per se, however, is not neurotic, and the same thing is true of homosexuals and heterosexuals. We have very neurotic heterosexuals and homosexuals, and we have very healthy ones."

In looking over the table of sexual variations, one is struck not only by the small number of homosexuals in our survey but also by the limited number of indulgers in *all* forms of alternate eroticism. Only one category, *group sex*, is practiced by more than 10 percent of the population, and that mainly by men. This is surprising in light of the attention alternate forms of sex are receiving, and in light of the familiarity with which these subjects are treated today in society. The next question deepens our understanding of those who indulge in variant forms of sexuality.

Question: *If you indulge in any sexual variation, such as group sex, voyeurism (watching others have sex), bondage (tying or being tied up), S & M (giving or receiving pain), or any other, please tell about your involvements. Where do you contact partners? What takes place and where? Please describe your feelings about the experience.*

Of all questions in the survey, this one produced the least number of replies. Those who did reply, however, were often deeply committed to their form of sexuality.

Man, Syracuse, N.Y.: "I've enjoyed two group-sex situations. In each of them I was with two lovers, one a woman I was carrying on a rather torrid affair with, the other an old friend. Two of us more or less seduced the third, who was in the end an eager volunteer. We made love for easily four hours, and I was delighted about the sharing and openness we had together. Two features stand out in my memory (which was moderately clouded by the use of 'controlled substances'): several times I found myself thinking that I was touching in some caring fashion one person and finding that it surprisingly was the other; and that it gave me a special good feeling to find how much delight the two women took in each other. This happened recently, and the three of us intend to have many repeat performances. I would also like to try a foursome."

Woman, Louisville, Ky.: "I have watched an orgy several times and participated. I was once at a very rich man's home, where he had over seventy-five people involved in an orgy with free coke, pot, acid, mushrooms, poppers, everything you could imagine. The only thing that he didn't serve was liquor (he was a teetotaler). There was practically every kind of sex thing taking place. A woman was up in



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a tree, and a man was on the ground, trying to hit her with a long whip. People were standing around naked, watching this. Lovemaking couples were around every part of the large house, and a few were outside in the garden. There was loud rock music always playing. A man was riding a woman with a saddle on her, and then she rode him. There were other things, too, like a naked homosexual wrestling match. The master of ceremonies, the rich man, was a kind of gentleman type who was prominent in the business world. The word on him is that he keeps women and several men on tap all the time at his palatial mansion."

One of the alternate forms of sexuality most mentioned is bondage. Five percent of men and 3 percent of women have actually indulged in this activity. Often associated with sadomasochistic practices, aficionados claim bondage to be a separate and—if practiced properly—safe sex game. Some agree with this assessment; some do not.

Man, Wilmington, Del.: "I've experienced bondage only once, but it was with a woman I liked very much. Since my lover had experience in bondage, I was tied up first and she made magnificent love to me. To my surprise, I felt none of the fears I anticipated but a considerable amount of medium-level warmth and joy. However, the last forty-five seconds before orgasm my entire body and soul were blindingly involved, and clearly the excitement was enhanced by the constraints on my limbs."

Woman, southeastern Pennsylvania: "I have participated in bondage. My partner was a single man I'd been dating for six months. He tied me up and tied me down to the bed. He rubbed my body with cooking oil, then squirted whipped cream all over me and licked it off. He tied me too tight, and it cut the circulation in my wrists. As I was gagged, I couldn't say anything, and he was so engrossed in sex that he didn't seem to notice me anyway—I was worried about him for a couple of minutes when he seemed to be getting too rough. It was a painful experience. I'm somewhat glad I did it for the experience but wouldn't do it again."

"In every culture," remarks psychiatrist Fred Klein, "dominating or being dominated is an important aspect of relationships. And sexual relationships especially lend themselves to this interplay. In a sense it doesn't matter whether one person subdues the other with ropes, chains, or commands. The point is that we are talking about power, submission, and domination. And don't make the mistake that only men tie women up. A lot of times it's the other way around; men want to be tied up. In their daily lives men have more power than do women, and they have control over women. But when it comes to a personal sexual relationship, somehow or other it gives them a sexual thrill to be controlled, utterly and entirely controlled, by those they ordinarily have power over. It's almost as if they secretly don't want this power at all, and in the bedroom they can let go and give in."

"Bondage is as safe as the people participating in it," Dr. Klein tells us. "The act itself can be pure play, or it can be pure pathology. It depends on the players."

"If psychological or physical damage is being done," says Dr. Jackman, "if somehow children are included, if people are involved who are not willing, then in my professional opinion this is pathological." "During the years I've been a sex therapist," adds Dr. Klein, "I've come to the conclusion that people in general will consider any action or behavior that is different from their own as neurotic or pathological. What they like is of course perfectly fine. If they are voyeurs, voyeurism is fine. If they like group sex or S & M, then these are normal in their eyes. But just let a person not practice any of these, and they are quick to label it 'sick.'"

Question: On the whole, how skilled have you found single men/women to be at making love?

	Men	Women
1. Skilled, imaginative, and caring	33%	31%
2. Mechanical without much emotion	6%	9%
3. Repressed, afraid to really let go and enjoy	18%	7%
4. Anxious to please themselves but inattentive to a partner's needs	7%	21%
5. Only adequate	27%	18%
6. Unimaginative, habitual	4%	4%
7. Animalistic, harsh, sometimes cruel, inadequate	2%	1%
8. Don't know	4%	8%

OTHER FINDINGS

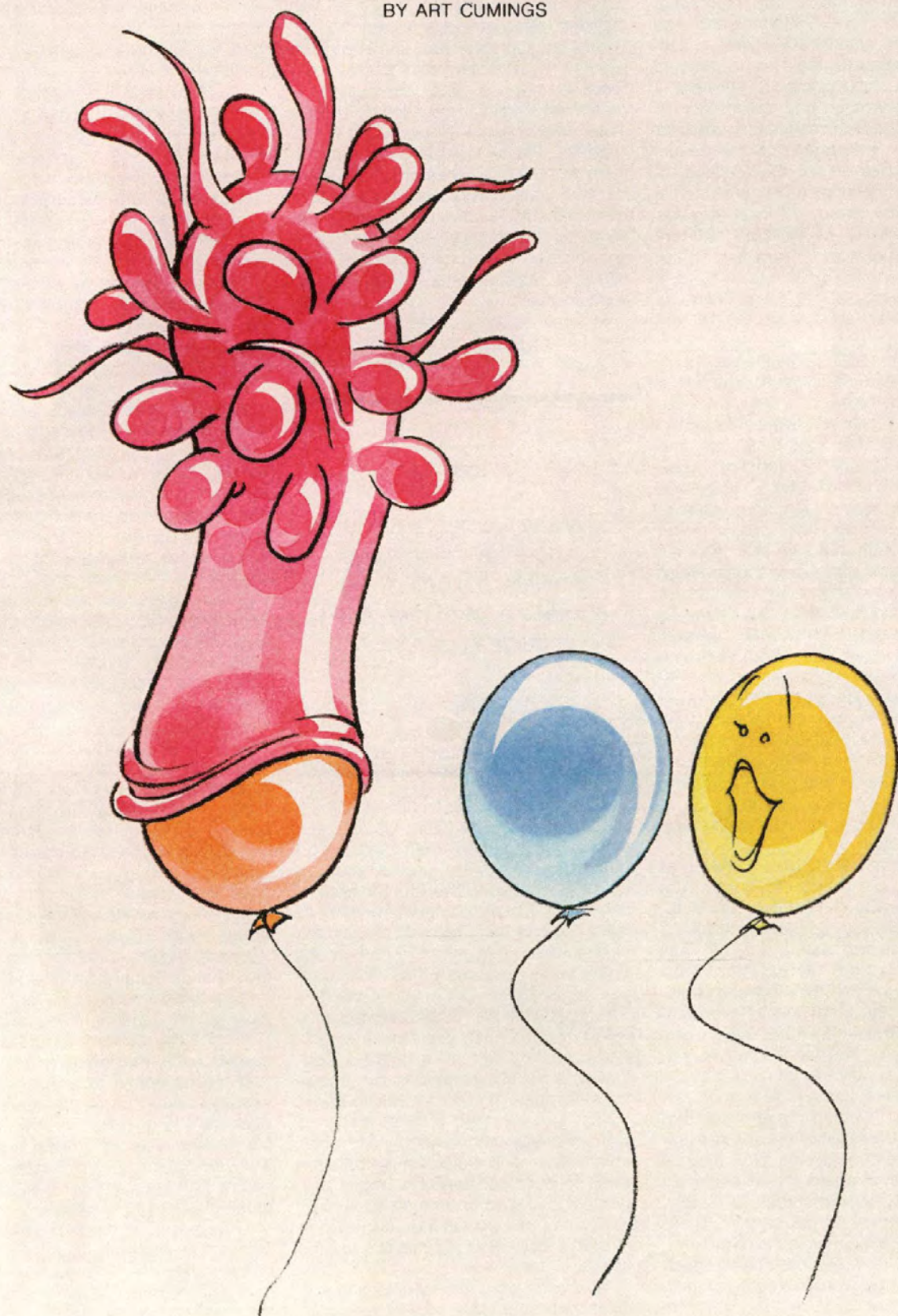
- The longer a man remains single, the less likely he is to feel that a woman is *skilled, imaginative, and caring* when making love.
- Men who are living with women are the most likely to view women as good lovers.
- One out of five men between the ages of twenty and forty-four feels that a majority of women he sleeps with are *repressed* and *afraid to really let go*. Only 10 percent of men in their late forties and early fifties feel the same way.
- Almost 40 percent of women in the thirty-five-to-forty-four-year-old range find their lovers to be *skilled and caring*. Only 21 percent of women in their late forties agree.
- The more money a woman makes, the more she is inclined to say her lovers are *mechanical* and *without much emotion*. Women in white-collar jobs are the most likely to view men in this way; women in blue-collar jobs are the least likely.
- The older a woman gets, the more likely she is to view a man's lovemaking as



"Happy Easter, Alice. Go ahead—take a peek."

Ballbonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"One thing about George . . . He knows how to satisfy a lady."

unimaginative and habitual.

- Low-income women tend to see men as anxious to please only themselves in a sexual affair.

Again we touch on the indictment that the sexes level so frequently against each other. Women are too passive, repressed, unimaginative, and uninterested, say men. Men are emotionally walled in, selfish, hasty, eager for their own orgasm at the expense of the woman's fulfillment.

"As far as women go," comments Dr. Sandra Risa Leiblum, associate professor of psychiatry and director of the Sexual Counseling Service at the College of Medicine and Dentistry at Rutgers Medical School in New Jersey, "I think they frequently are leery of initiating different kinds of sexual activity from fear of appearing too knowledgeable or forward. It might cause a man to judge them as 'loose' or 'promiscuous,' some women reason."

In the opinion of Dr. Leiblum, the important thing for a woman is to understand her own responsiveness. "A lot of women assume that the man will arouse them and that somehow the right technique and method will magically be used. As a result, they offer the man little direct suggestion or advice. As women become better informed about their own ability to be aroused through reading sex manuals and other information, they should share this knowledge with the man. The man will feel like a good lover if he can be the instrument of exciting the woman. Women have a lot of information about their own sexuality, but there is a discrepancy between what they know and what they will do. Though the woman's impulse may be to say nothing, it is better for both of them if she learns to tell the truth about how she feels and what she really wants. Women must know their needs and be willing to express them in a nondemanding and nonhostile way."

"Women are most interested in a loving relationship—everything follows from that," remarks Dr. Eli Feldman, psychologist and marriage counselor in Great Neck, Long Island, and author of *Peak Sex* (Fawcett/World, 1976). "Women will hold back as long as they feel something is missing in the emotional relationship. They can open up and, as you say, 'let go,' only after they've first opened their hearts. This is not generally true of men."

"As to what makes a man a good lover," adds Dr. Feldman, "one of the biggest factors is responsiveness. In every recorded case of peak sex, a key internal factor is responsiveness. By 'responsive' I mean that the person responds to the *feelings* and *fantasies* of the partner. There does not have to be any verbal disclosure. One partner just feels the other's needs and reacts. If the woman has a romantic feeling, a secret wish, a need, and the man tunes into this, he opens the door for her and she melts. It's like finding the right key for the right lock. In *Peak Sex* we found to our surprise, after interviewing a

great number of people, that the greatest sexual experience many people have ever had did not necessarily involve *intercourse*. I began to realize then that great sexual experiences are *experiences*. They are not performances. If you interview a group of women, they'll tell you they don't really care *how* the man does it. They'll tell you they want something unusual to happen. They want a fantasy fulfilled. A surprise. The unexpected. A dream. An emotional experience. There's a man I'm working with now who is almost impotent. But he's been going out with many women who consider him a superb lover—because they have a great experience with him each time they're in his company. So you see, good lovemaking does not depend on biological skills. It depends on feelings, atmosphere, fantasy, and surprise."

Some 27 percent of men and 18 percent of women find their erotic partners only *adequate*. It is interesting that the

Many women are shy about revealing their genitals. It's one of the reasons a lot of men can't indulge in oral sex.

positive assessment is a correlate of age and experience: the older a man and woman get, the more both tend to find their lovers *skilled, imaginative, and caring*, or at least *adequate*. Appreciation of lovers also increases with the number of times one has been married. Finally, the *least* satisfied among the different groups are the young, especially those still in college or just starting out in their careers.

It seems clear that sexual satisfaction is a direct result of many years and many encounters: the wider one's range of contacts and sexual experiences, the greater one's chance of finding a pleasing lover.

What can be done to help men and women satisfy and excite each other more? "Men and women must become sexually educated," says Dr. Leiblum. "If a man hasn't read or learned about sex, then he may just want to have his orgasm, and that's that. For a long time this was the attitude of many men."

"Education leads to experimenting with sexual technique. Men should heed their partner's verbal and nonverbal expressions and should not act simply on the basis of what they *think* or hope their partner likes. A lot of men assume that if they find

one way that works to stimulate their partner, it will work every time, but that's not so. Nor will it work on every partner. Repetition in any activity becomes dull.

"Furthermore, there is the question of direct stimulation of the woman. I use the term 'overvigorous clitoral stimulation.' The clitoris is an extremely sensitive organ. Too much stimulation becomes painful for a woman."

"In this case the woman *must* say something. It doesn't have to be verbal. Showing the man where and how she wants to be touched by just taking his hand is all right. The clitoris has many thousands of sensitive, erotic nerve endings, but direct stimulation along the shaft and glans is much more pleasurable to a woman than direct pressure on the head."

"Another thing about women's sexuality that all men should know: women do not want a quick and mechanical roll in the hay. Women value stage setting. I do many workshops with women every year, and when I ask them to write a sexual script, they always place an incredible emphasis on props, on a sensual environment—satins, silk, lace, fireplace, ocean, candlelight, wine, texture. Women grow up with this kind of romance—gazing into each other's eyes, the surrounding atmosphere, things like that. Men's masturbation fantasies, on the other hand, are more explicitly genital. Men should be aware that the place where sex occurs and the atmosphere the man is able to create go a long way toward arousing the woman. Finally, creativity in altering the time, the place, how, and who-does-what of lovemaking can make for better lovers."

FINAL CONCLUSIONS

Singles sex is a complicated, sensitive, and ambiguous experience. By their own report, singles, though frequently the veterans of many sexual encounters, remain guarded in their estimations of these encounters, turning an indifferent and at times even hostile shoulder to the many experiences that the sexual revolution has brought with it—easy, unusual, or transient sex. Singles judge such experiences mostly in cautionary terms, and this is as true for those who have as for those who have not engaged in these practices.

Singles appreciate the increased tolerance that the new sexuality has granted. And the newfound tolerances—freedom to speak openly about sex, to reevaluate roles, and to question old norms, to experiment with sex, grow with it, relax into it, widen and savor its pleasures as never before—all are far from wasted on the present singles generations.

Nonetheless, in the face of the sexual revolution, singles remain committed to sharing and caring, liking and loving. This message comes through over and over again. When these emotions are absent—as they are at an increasing rate—attitudes toward oneself, one's partner, and sex in general can become unpredictable if not directly negative. 

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SAL MINEO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

nothing there.

"He needs taking care of," Sal said.

"He needs to be a star."

"He is a music star."

"Right," she said, "but he's too old for that shit. So I'll make him a movie star."

"Why?" he asked. "Why will you do it?"

"Because he's this week's most interesting project, get it?" she said.

He started to tell her what sort of trouble she was making when, as if on cue, a banging started on the bedroom door.

"Hey, Sal," Mark shouted. "I got to talk to you."

Only he could hear the edge behind Mark's voice. He opened the door, Mark blinked too hard and handed Sal the tequila sunrise.

"Don't hit me when I'm not looking," Sal said. He pretended to cower. "I still need what's left of my looks for business reasons."

He tried to catch Mark's eye in that special way that infuriated their friends.

Mark ducked his head and said nothing. Sal continued, "I meant no harm. I just wanted to pitch a movie idea to the producer here. I'm always hustling."

Behind them, Kate was saying, "Hey, Mark, baby, I wanna dance."

Mark shot him a fast glance. "What's going on?"

"I tell you, I'm trying to take a meeting," Sal said.

Mark shook his head. They both knew Sal was lying. He often lied, for sport, to give life more glamour, or to save somebody's feelings. Sometimes Sal told a fantasy so many times he honestly forgot the truth. For instance, he couldn't remember the scene he had had years ago with Marilyn Monroe. He liked to say he had kissed her and then put his hand inside her satin blouse. But maybe he hadn't touched her at all. He had told the story so many times, and he and Marilyn had both been so stoned at the time on rum and Coca-Cola, that he couldn't remember. He might only have smiled when she told him he was missing a lot by not making a pass at her.

Mark himself aspired to follow in Mineo's footsteps as a fantasist. By now they both realized Sal had invented some of the legend of Jimmy Dean's place in his life. Sal liked the way Mark would hug him and promise him that he'd sometimes exaggerate his relationship to Sal Mineo the same way.

Now Sal looked at the younger man with some affection and said, "You're right. I'm lying, but nothing bad happened."

"I didn't feel real good waiting out there, lonely and bare-ass."

"I get the picture," Sal said.

Kate said, "Let's dance, please?"

Sal wanted to hug Mark, but he didn't want to let Kate that far into their world. He

smoothed the hair off the boy's forehead and left.

Outside the beach house, he slid the thick zipper of his aviator jacket up and down. Nothing terrible had happened, but nothing good had happened. In the past he would've figured out how to get that woman to do things his way. He'd have flattered her into telling him what she wanted most from life. Then he'd convince her that doing things his way was how she'd get what she craved.

Mind-fucking—it was one way to do business Hollywood style, and it worked, too.

He kicked a clean, white sneaker at the sand and wondered about dinner. He had a yen for Twinkies. Junk food is the best stuff to eat when you feel strung out from a long rehearsal.

He lowered himself into his Porsche and wondered why he spent so much time helping kids. It wasn't just Mark. His mind wandered to Chris. He had his hands full with him. The kid had to stop trying to outsmart the sharks out here. He couldn't win. He shouldn't break the law.

The kids were hard to handle. They called Sal "the old man" because he took care of things, but part of the problem was that he couldn't take care of enough. Of course, that was only part of the problem.

He wanted to get home. He started driving fast.

At Ralph's supermarket he parked the car and suddenly wondered what a nice Italian guy from the Bronx was doing out here in the desert about to buy dinner for some native Californian who lived on brown rice. He looked around for a pay telephone. He'd better call and make sure they were on for tonight. But the parking lot was rainy and dark.

Tonight we'll eat what I eat, he told himself, as he picked out cupcakes, frozen pizza, and grapes. He had fifty bucks and change in his pocket. At supermarkets and in Vegas he usually unloaded everything he had, but not tonight.

He checked his oil at the station and turned down Sunset, past Tower Records and the silver Donna Summer billboard above the Old World. He waved at the boy hosing down the sidewalk in front of the head shop on his corner. A minute later he drove into the driveway behind his apartment. It always felt good to make that last turn. The pizza would take only twenty minutes. His living room light was on, although he hadn't been home since noon.

He switched off his engine. He almost smiled when he heard a few raindrops on the roof and somebody playing a Spanish guitar. He picked up his brown grocery bags and backed out of the car.

As he slammed the door, he turned around sharply.

Someone who seemed familiar moved forward from the shadows in the empty garage. He heard a soft giggle. It didn't make any sense for somebody to be back here without a car. One of the bags started slipping down his hip. He cursed under his

breath and finally let it fall. "Watch it, baby," Sal said. He fumbled for the handle of the Porsche.

Then something tackled him and knocked him back against the car. His knees buckled against strange legs. He saw the knife as he shuddered and tried to shake free. He hugged the grocery bag up to his face. The knife slashed through it. He heard his pulse.

He felt his torn shirt with both hands. He touched the handle of the knife stuck into his chest, and then his body relaxed into the softest pain he'd ever felt.

"Help me."

He was falling backward on cotton covered with thousands of needles. "Oh, oh, my God, no, help me."

He knew he should not speak. He started to pant, but he felt as if he could not bring any air into himself. His skin cried through every pore. He knew he was still alive because he had shouted; he had used words.

His head fell against his car and then he hit the ground on his side, his knees bent.

Would he die? Was he dead already? Was his shirt dead? It was torn like his chest.

What would happen to him if he died?

He did not feel the knife being ripped out of him. Footsteps clattered toward him and then away down the alley. Rain came down on his eyes and lips. A car door slammed. His arms and legs twitched. Moans came from his throat, from his stomach. He was vomiting. The groceries lay scattered on the wet pavement.

Lights went on in the apartment complex. The guitar stopped. Neighbors were shouting from their windows. Two minutes later a neighbor's lips were on his, blowing air into his mouth against a pain in the center of his chest that was mixed with a kind of clarity. The pain in his chest pressed him to the ground. He felt his body age.

"Help me, help me," he said.

No one heard him. Two of his neighbors were crying. "Do something, please," whispered one woman, her hair in pink curlers. A young man wearing only pajama bottoms patted her hands. "How did this happen?" she sobbed. "I see him every day. Always smiling."

"Where're the cops?" asked the young guy.

Minutes later a police car and an ambulance splashed through a puddle at the entrance to the alley, red lights flashing. One policeman wearing a yellow raincoat over his street clothes shoved back the crowd. Another stepped over the groceries and the blood to squat over Sal Mineo, who was lying in a fetal position. He nudged Mineo over onto his back, next to the Porsche. Mineo's knees were stiffly bent; his wrist flopped against a tire. His fingernails were outlined in smeary blood. The cop covered Sal Mineo's face with an orange oxygen mask. His partner opened his metal toolbox and inserted surgical scissors under the bloody leather jacket at

Mineo's stomach. He cut up, squeezing the wet leather between metal blades. Then he pulled the jacket open and looked at the soggy shirt. The other cop was taking Mineo's pulse. He looked down at Mineo's pants, stained at the crotch, and backed away from the body. His partner was printing in a small notebook, "Case 393, Mineo, Sal, 8567 Holloway Drive, W. Los Angeles, dead, 2155 hours."

By the time the fire engine siren blared on Alta Loma, the rain had stopped. A policeman was making chalk circles on the wet cement around the body, the groceries, and the blood. His partner was picking a popsicle wrapper off the garage floor with tweezers. He held a roll of plastic baggies under one arm.

The other cop dragged a yellow waterproof sheet over the corpse. A police photographer was setting up floodlights. One neighbor brought out two umbrellas and a tray with cups of coffee, papaya juice, and Cokes. "I heard he was gay," she told a homicide detective.

Sergeant William Casey was upset. He pushed her and the others back about twenty feet into the courtyard behind the alley. The pages of his small notebook were slick with water, and the writing was smeared. He was sweating under the bulky yellow raincoat. His tie hung loose over his unbuttoned shirt collar, his blue eyes were bloated, and his thin gray hair still showed the teeth of his comb.

"Let me alone," he told the woman and tapped a damp Salem cigarette down in back of his ear.

The woman said, "Live and let live." Then she laughed hysterically. "But he's dead."

Casey ignored her. He beckoned to his partner, whose navy suit remained fresh despite the rain. "Call Sheriff's Homicide and tell them to get ready for the pickup. This guy's bought the farm. I need help."

He pulled out his pencil and headed into the crowd. "Lee," Casey was whispering behind his hand to his young partner, "in ten minutes I want you to order these freaks to get home to sleep."

"I'd wait for the coroner's report. They're still testing, Bill," the man said crisply. He had short, clipped hair and the self-important air of a junior executive running a managerial conference.

It was almost midnight. The neighbors seemed tied to each other. They babbled to keep contact. "I phoned KWFm, and they put me on the air. Live. I told them about the blond kid running away."

Sergeant Casey shoved the damp Salem between his lips. It jumped up and down while he spoke to his partner. "I can see the goddamn headlines—EX-CHILD STAR KNIFE IN ALLEY. COPS BAFFLED."

"Casey, don't take it so personal," his partner said. "Did anybody dust the groceries?"

Casey inhaled his cigarette. "I got to talk to these people."

Ten minutes later a beat-up white Cadillac convertible turned into the alley under

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the floodlights. It skidded into the fire engine and ricocheted away. The car's top was down, and the radio blared. The white upholstery was shining from rainwater. A neighbor pointed at Mark as he jumped from the car, tears rolling down his face. Water was dripping from his hair onto his white suit. He waved a ring of keys at the detective in charge. "I got the key to his place." His voice was pitched low, and his words ran together.

Casey cursed and took the keys. "What's your name, pal?"

Instead of answering, Mark wiped his face on his coat sleeve, watching a police photographer fold a tripod into a leather case. The neighbors were straggling out. Beyond the floodlights, he saw three women whispering and staring at him. One arched her back and began fussing with her bathrobe.

He felt the cop's face next to his. Casey stuck another cigarette into his mouth, and Mark felt the heat of the match under his chin. He yanked his head away. Casey crumpled the pack back into his pocket.

"What's your name, anyway?" Mark asked.

Casey grimaced and blew smoke. "Sergeant Casey. I'm the sheriff. That guy your special pal?"

"Sal's family," Mark said.

"What about enemies?"

"Anybody knows Sal, loves him." He heard his own voice fade.

"No lovers, ex-lovers, would-be lovers?" The cop had a notebook open and was penciling circles in it.

"Hold on, man, I can't talk." Mark leaned his chin against the car roof. "I'm getting real sick."

Casey flipped his notebook shut. The ash fell off his cigarette onto his knuckles. "You guys get around so goddamn much," he said, "my suspect list is going to look like the L.A. telephone book."

His partner opened the door on Mark's side of the police car and heaved several plastic bags onto the back seat. Mark leaned down and grabbed at a lizard bill-fold sticking out of one bag. "Shit, his wallet," Mark said. "Where's his address book?"

"What's your name again?" Casey asked, blowing a small smoke ring.

"Mark Loren." A siren drowned out his voice.

"What's your line of work?" he asked Mark.

"I'm a singer." He swallowed.

Casey flicked his cigarette into a small puddle. "And where you been tonight?"

Mark pinched the skin of his brow slowly with his thumb and forefinger. He closed his eyes. "I left this party right after Sal and then I was—I don't know—riding in my damn car."

"Were you with anyone?"

"No." He started shaking his head from side to side. "I was alone. I like doing that. Doesn't hurt anything."

"Hold the fancy ideas," Casey said. "Sounds like you got no alibi."

Mark clenched his fingers into a fist and shoved it over to Casey's chin. The fist was shaking. He shouted into the cop's face, "Listen, shut up! Let me see him."

Casey punched Mark's fist away and jabbed him in the stomach with his elbow. He shoved Mark away from the police car, and Mark sprawled flat, his palms scraping the pavement. Using Mark's arm as a lever, Casey maneuvered him over to the body lying under the yellow sheet.

"Get down and look at him."

Mark fell down on one knee against the Porsche. Casey picked up a corner of the sheet. The movement blew Sal Mineo's black hair up from his head. Mineo's mouth was open wide, as if twisted around some silent word. His chest was a gummy mass of blood, cloth, and flesh. Blood stuck to his hair; dirt colored one cheek.

Casey held the sheet, muttering, "This mess..." Mark bent over and rubbed his shirt cuff on Sal's caked left eyebrow. The blood flaked away. He sat back on his

"Remember, pretty face,"
Casey ranted, "sodomy's
illegal. I'll bust you
for licking a stamp."

heels and rubbed the cuff across his own mouth.

The policeman hit his arm. "C'mon, pal," Mark stumbled up, and the two of them walked back to the wet trunk of Casey's car.

Mark's teeth were chattering, and he kept looking at the cop out of the corner of his eye.

"How you feeling now?" Casey asked.

Mark ducked his head, like he'd been smacked. "You gotta stay alive, even if it kills you," he chanted.

The policeman tightened his mouth. "Look, I'm too busy. I had tomorrow off, but that's a dead issue. I'm not going to mess with you anymore; so where were you tonight?"

"Damn, I told you, I didn't mean anything by it. I was driving around." Mark hit his fist against his forehead. He was breathing hard.

"You sound like a broken record," Casey said. "A broken record." He paused. "You know he carried your picture around in his wallet with your balls showing?"

Mark turned away. "You dungheap," he said softly. "You're lying to me." He hugged himself and then rubbed his

hands together.

Casey's face looked red. "You better understand. This case is my personal problem. I just adopted you."

Mark backed against the car. "I got to call my manager. He handles shit like this."

"We're going to watch you day and night," Casey said. "Don't move an inch. Don't even breathe, because my men will be down your throat to check out the action. Don't talk to strangers. Chances are they'll be cops. You can expect a lie detector in your future."

His partner pinched Casey's shoulder. "Hey, c'mere."

"Remember, pretty face," Casey ranted, "sodomy's illegal. I'll bust you for licking a stamp."

"Bill," the other cop was whispering as they walked away, "go easy. What the hell you doing? You check his ID? That kid's a somebody."

"Him?" Casey rubbed a finger between his neck and his permanent-press shirt collar.

"Yeah, he's some big deal in this town. Calm down."

"Look, this is a fucking faggot-murder," Casey said. But his eyes floated over to Mark and then down to his notepad.

Another detective handed Casey two kitchen knives with steel edges. "No prints," he said. Casey dangled the blades between his fingers and read aloud. "Sabatier." He walked over to Mark, holding the knives. Mark lost his balance and almost fell onto the blades.

"Recognize these?"

"No, I—" Mark's throat closed.

"Look, aah, Mark," Sergeant Casey said, "I got to get work done. I get excited, see, and we're both upset. This is a fucking murder. Come down to headquarters when you feel better. You need rest."

Mark took a step backward.

"Good-bye," Casey said and walked back to the patrol car, carrying the knives by the blade.

Mark twisted his fingers around the steering wheel and backed down the alley. His tires rolled a trash can until it crashed into an empty garage. He braked too fast at Alta Loma. The underbelly of the old Cadillac scraped the curb, and the exhaust pipe sputtered. It had started raining again, and big drops cooled his face. He skidded through the red light, switched on his high beams, and turned onto Sunset, almost hitting a curb. Someone shouted at him from a parked van, "You bastard, you!"

It rang in his head. You bastard. You bastard. He sagged against his door, and it swung open. The damn latch. He looked down, and his guts lurched. He started to slide down toward the white line on the road. Instead, he pulled the car in front of a grocery store, the door swinging. He heard himself make retching noises. Headlights came at him. In a second, he was crawling up a lawn, behind a FOR SALE sign. He puked warm tequila onto the ivy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159



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THE RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

back, trying to revive him. That's when I called the referee over. Meanwhile, I'm chewing Muhammad out. "See that, see that, you were talking about knocking him out in five. You and your predictions. You coulda knocked him out early, and we wouldn't have this trouble." Before the referee got us, I grabbed Muhammad's right glove and helped the tear a little bit. Some guys accused me of using a scissor on the glove. Not so. I never used a scissor. All I did was put my finger in the flap and pull. Just say I helped it a little bit.

I told the referee we needed a new glove. That it was dangerous to continue the fight with a split glove. Why, it might catch poor Henry in the eye and hurt him. So they got an inspector to run back to the dressing room to find another set of gloves. I think this is what made them institute the rule in England about storing an extra pair of gloves under the ring. Anyway, the inspector finally came back and said they didn't have any extra gloves. So I told the referee, "Well, okay, we'll use these." And they stayed with the same gloves. The place was going crazy, everybody screaming that I pulled a fast one. But I gained some time for my guy. And

now Muhammad's bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, and he went out there and slapped the other guy around. Stopped him in five. Just like he predicted.

By that time Liston was at all our fights. When Muhammad fought Archie Moore, Liston actually put his arm around Muhammad and said, "Don't you get hurt, little boy. We're gonna make a lot of money. But I'm gonna beat you like I'm your daddy." And Liston would laugh and laugh. He was at the crap table in Las Vegas, the Thunderbird, and Muhammad was heckling him. "Hey, ugly bear. You ugly sucker." Nobody ever talked to Liston that way; he was such an awesome kind of guy. The next time Muhammad sees Liston, that same day, he starts back in, calling him ugly. All of a sudden, Liston pulls out a pistol. I didn't know what to do. Too late to run. Bang, bang. But it was just a cap pistol. Liston laughed and laughed.

Muhammad, when he first started, had to fight for survival in the gym. They all tried to knock him out because he was the hot new kid. But I was very careful. Always made him work with certain guys so he wouldn't take a shellacking. I hate gym wars. Too many tough workouts can take away a fighter's longevity. You don't take lickings in the gym. You practice. When you get in the ring, that's when you get serious. I don't like guys to have great chins.

I like those guys who *don't* want to get hit. A chin is like a concrete block. If water keeps chipping at it, it cracks. I don't use a lot of grease on fighter's faces in the gym. Don't depend on grease, I teach them. Slip the punches instead. I don't like guys who fight with their face. If you want longevity, don't take unnecessary punishment in the gym. A fighter hasn't got that long to go, so you have to stretch it out as long as you can, because that lengthens his earning power.

I knew Muhammad would be a hell of a fighter, but I didn't know about him being champion. But by the time we got around to Liston, I was confident that Muhammad could take him. Liston tried to give my guy the evil eye when the referee brought them together for the instructions. Ali didn't care. He was too busy jawing at Liston. "I got you, sucker." For three rounds Liston couldn't lay a glove on him. When you punch as hard as Liston did, and miss, that tires you out even more. And that's what happened to Liston. He couldn't hit Muhammad, and he got mad. And that got him more tired. But the fourth round scared the hell out of me.

Liston was complaining about a sore shoulder, and his corner put some liniment on it. Maybe oil of wintergreen. Anyway, Muhammad got something in his eye. When he came back to the corner, he was blinking. "I can't see. I got stuff in my eye," he said. "Cut the gloves off. I want to prove to the world there's dirty work afoot." That's just how he put it.

"In a pig's eye," I told him. "This is for the big apple, the championship. We'll never get another shot. Sit down." I put my pinky in the corner of his eye, and then I put it in my eye. I could tell it was a caustic substance. So now I knew the guy was yelling. He was frustrated, groping, panicky. But it wasn't a fear of Liston. I started sponging water in his eyes, cleaning it out with a towel, wiping him up, talking to him a mile a minute. The referee must have thought something was up because I saw him walking toward our corner. So I got Muhammad on his feet. When the referee saw that, he went back to his corner. At the bell I pushed him out. "Run, run. Stay away from him," I yelled. "It's gonna clear up. You'll be okay."

What I didn't know was that two friends of Muhammad near our corner thought the whole thing was my fault. So I took the sponge and squeezed it against my own eyes. "Look, guys, there ain't nothing wrong," I said. I guess they believed me because they sat down. And when Liston sat down after the sixth round, wouldn't come out and fight, Muhammad was the heavyweight champion.

That was 1964. He was a very nice individual then, and he's the same way now. A nice human being. I don't think he dislikes anybody. He loved my kids from the time I brought them to the gym as little babies. In fact, on a TV program they asked him how he was going to be with his first daughter when she grows up, and he said, "I'll be



"Tell you what—let's plead guilty to the lesser charge of practicing medicine without a license."

just like Angelo. A guy comes to date my daughter, I'll look under his fingernails, give him a blood test, check him out." To this day he calls my wife Mrs. Dundee. The last time he was in Miami, my wife, Helen, went to the gym. Helen very rarely visits the gym. Any gym. But he spotted her and called her over. "Give me your jaw," he said and planted a kiss on it. It's a very warm situation where the big guy is concerned. Much warmer than people realize.

Whenever Muhammad says, "Ange, come work with me," I'll be there. It's that simple. How could I go to sleep at night if I didn't go? I can be more of an asset to him now than ever before. People who know boxing figure it's a gory sport. Well, sure it is. But these guys got souls, too. We're all human beings. I had plenty of kids that I tried to develop. Give them reasons to be somebody. Lots of times it doesn't work. But I never get disappointed where I didn't expect to.

The only time that happened was when Muhammad fought Larry Holmes. He fooled me. Completely. And the reason he did was because I never saw him look good in the gym. But he gave me one good look at him in the gym before Holmes. Boxed two rounds with a pretty good kid from the Coast and beat him. To me, that was amazing. So I got the impression he was ready. I was so confident he was going to win.

Now he was an empty shell when Holmes beat him. There was nothing there. The shots wouldn't go. It was a horrible thing to watch. I've seen him pull out tough fights like that so many times. But this time, nothing. I told him before the tenth round, "Hey, start something. Or I'm gonna stop this thing." I made my mind up watching the tenth round from below the ring steps. No more. Adios. I was mad at myself because I didn't stop it earlier. Muhammad didn't say anything. He knew I had made up my mind. And he knew he couldn't do anything. He must have felt brutal. My heart went out to him. But there was nothing there. Guys in the corner are yelling, "One more round, Angie, one more round," but I said, "No, no more." I don't want credit for that. That's like hollow credit.

I pride myself in getting the best out of what's there. Willie Pastrano. He was an easy guy to work with, but he was his own worst enemy. He was interesting, fun, probably the funniest fighter I ever worked with. But he could drive you cuckoo. Here was a guy who couldn't break an egg, and he became light-heavyweight champion of the world. He once told me he was afraid to nail his wife because his wife would get up and hit him back. Willie was married, and he had five kids, but that didn't stop his sex drive. He was a good-looking man, a Valentino look. To me, a ladies' man is a guy with an eye for the best. So Willie wasn't really a ladies' man. Actually, all he had to see was the right kind of hairdo.

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I think the greatest line in boxing was what Willie told Jimmy Cannon in New York. Willie made a great hit when he fought Wayne Thornton. After the fight Jimmy said to Willie, "Seeing the way you box, you must be a great dancer." And Willie says, "Oh, yeah. I do the horizontal tango." And Jimmy put that in his column.

Willie loved life as much as he detested training. We were in New Orleans, defending his title. Willie's hometown. But Willie once told me that if he hadn't left New Orleans, he would have been dead early. Drink, drugs, real early on. Willie told me about friends of his, kids, who would inject themselves between the toes so you couldn't see the needle marks on their arms. Then they would sit on their backs and shake their legs so that the drugs would get into their body. He told me, "If I hadn't come to Miami, I would have been in dead city." Now we're back in New Orleans. And all of a sudden he got very warm toward his mother. He wanted to visit her every day after the workout. He leaves the gym and goes right to her house. Meanwhile, he's working his butt off in the gym, but he's not losing any weight. What's going on?

I let him go to his mother's for three or four days, and then I followed him. I knew the guy like a book, and I knew something was phony. We're sitting around his mother's place, and he says he has to go to the bathroom. That's the only time he was out of my sight. So I got a little curious. But what could he be doing in the bathroom? So the next time we're there, I go to the bathroom. I went in and found bottles of root beer behind the radiator. He talked his mother into buying a case and hiding it back there.

But that stuff about fighters and sex, that's no witches' tale. I knew an eighteen-year-old kid who lived in a motel near the airport. He was a great-looking fighter. All of a sudden you hit him a shot, and he wobbled. Eighteen years old and no legs. A fighter with no legs, he isn't going anywhere. What happened to this kid was the chicks out at the airport. They ruined him.

Not everybody's a Muhammad Ali or a Sugar Ray Leonard. Johnny Holman. He came down from Chicago to Miami in 1954. His managers wanted to retire him because he got knocked out in two of his last three fights. All he needed was a change of scenery. In Chicago he was just another heavyweight. In Miami we wanted him to feel like he was somebody.

He used to work with Willie in the gym every day, and Willie would slap the heck out of him. But I'd BS him, give him a psychological lift. "Hey, you're getting faster, getting better." I got everybody in the gym to make a big fuss over him. Gave him a moniker, Big John. When he'd come up the steps to the gym, I'd have everybody primed. We'd all yell, "Big John's here. Hey, Big John. What do you know, Big John?"

Joe Louis, God love him, helped me with him. Louis was in Miami, sitting right

near our corner, watching Big John fight. My guy got hit on the chin and fell flat on his face. I turned to Louis. "Joe," I says, "talk to that guy, will you please?" Joe says, "Get up, man. What are you doing down there?" And Holman got up. True story. And he knocked the other guy out.

He beat a few more pretty good heavyweights, including Cesar Brion. My brother Chris was the Miami Beach promoter, and he knew Brion was in town on his honeymoon. Chris talked to Brion. "Hey, why not take an easy fight? Johnny Holman's here." We knocked him out.

Then, lo and behold, we get a fight with Ezzard Charles, the ex-heavyweight champ. We're eight-to-one underdogs. What Big John wanted more than anything else was a house. With shutters and air conditioning. He'd tell me about the shutters by the hour. Now he's fighting Charles, and Charles is putting a licking on him. At the end of the fifth round, I was cursing him out in the corner. This

I always give my fighters
a little lift. I drop ice down their
pants, pinch the flesh
around the waist . . . You've
got to be able to get
a reaction from a fighter.

shocked him, because he never heard me use that language on him. "What's the matter with you, Big John? This man's taking your house away from you. He's taking your shutters." When the bell rang, I threw him into the ring and he knocked Charles out.

I always give my fighters a little lift. It encourages them. For the first few rounds, it's a tap on the rear end. After a while, it's a pretty good backhand. I drop ice down their pants, pinch the flesh around the waist, or slap them high in the inside of the thigh. You've got to be able to get a reaction from a fighter. You get too homey with a guy, it's no good. You stop working when you get too attached.

People ask me how I learned about boxing, and I tell them I got my degree from Stillman's University. Stillman's Gym, that's where everybody hung out when I came to New York from Philadelphia in 1948.

My brother Chris was in New York, managing fifteen, twenty fighters. And I was still in Philly, an aircraft inspector. I was the shortest guy in the department, and they made me crawl through the wing routes to check the tension on the bolts.

Every Monday I would shoot darts. The rest of the week I went dancing. That was my life, dancing. Everybody was a dancer in South Philly. I had a genuine love of aircraft, but it got to be boring. Dullsville. So I called Chris, and he told me to come to New York.

He had an office in the Capitol Hotel, Room 711. This is '48, '49, '50, '51. I used to sleep on a studio couch in his office. Chris lived on Long Island, and he would go home every night, and I'd stay in the city. I typed for him. Or I hung around at Stillman's. I was like an adopted nephew, the new kid on the block. What I used to do was just watch and listen. I wasn't hustling fighters then. I wasn't actually training in New York. I was a second—a kind of a bucket guy. I used to answer the phone in the back at Stillman's. "Hey, Chris, telephone." That's how I broke into the hustle.

When Helen went out with me, we went to fights because I used to work six nights a week. Helen was a model and made good money—many a night she picked up the tab. The early fifties, when all the small clubs were closing up because people stayed home to watch television, I almost gave it up. Chris had already left for Miami Beach to promote fights. So I called him. Told him I might as well go back to the airplanes. I used to send money to my mother when I was in the service, and she put it in the bank for me. Eleven hundred bucks. That was all the money I had in the world. And I was thinking about taking it from the bank. Crazy. Chris told me to come to Miami Beach.

That's what I did. Helen came down for a visit, and we got married. An efficiency apartment, seventy-five a month. I was hustling like hell, but I wasn't making any bread at all. I didn't know what bread was. Helen and I used to fish off the causeway. I was the big shot—I had the pole. She had a drop line.

I hustled fighters to Cuba, Caracas, for twenty-five, fifty bucks. Little by little, because of the contacts I made in New York, I started picking up fighters.

No complaints. After more than thirty years in boxing, I've had the greatest and the sweetest and seven other champs. I'm a color commentator for CBS. On the MacGregor board of advisers. Helen and I just built a new house, with everything we always planned. We've been married almost thirty years. Helen says I'm on the road half the time, so I've been married only fifteen years. Every time she sees me with a suitcase she says, "Are you coming or going?"

I can't help it. Fighters are my people. A guy in Vegas, an ex-fighter, he grabbed me and said, "You're a hell of a guy." I recognized his face, but I couldn't remember his name. I'm bad on names. But he made me feel good. The rapport between the fighters and the guy who works with them, that's special. I had that with Muhammad, and I've got it with Ray. And that's what it's all about. 

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

*S*ara, age twenty-three
I know that there are men who actually believe that some women have rape fantasies, but I've never known any such women, and I'm certainly not one of them. This is why I don't think my sex dream has anything to do with a secret desire to be attacked, even though there are elements of forced sex in it.

I've had this dream, on and off, ever since I was a teenager, but my surroundings in the dream are never the same. It always begins, though, in a party-type situation, where I'm with a lot of people I know. Sometimes these are people from my past or people I work with, and sometimes they're mixed together, the ones from the past and the ones from the present. We're all having fun. Then, little by little, there are fewer and fewer familiar people. Soon I don't recognize anyone, and they're all ignoring me. One guy—it's always the same guy: dark, with weird eyes and a sinister grin—starts making really dirty passes at me. He scares me, and I try to get away from him, but none of the people around us seems to care what I'm going through.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JOHN BILLINGS

Then there are just the two of us. He's maneuvered me into a room of some sort, and the room turns out to lead to another room, and so on, like a maze. There is no chance now of getting back to the others, let alone to the people I know. I'm running. I can hear him coming after me. He's laughing, but it's a mean, frightening laugh. My heart beats faster and faster, and where I'm running through—the rooms, passages, whatever—is getting darker and darker and more cramped. I collapse, crying and panicky on the ground, and I know he's got me.

But when he finally catches up, he's not mean and scary anymore. His face now is pretty pleasant, and he treats me nice. He helps me up, calms me down. He tells me that it was all in fun, that he wasn't really going to rape me. I feel good now, and we're laughing a little. Then he says that he never even wanted to have sex with me after all. This upsets me, and I start to cry again. He opens his fly and pulls out his cock. It's big. I reach out to touch it, but he moves away a little, telling me it's not for me.

Now I want that cock more than anything. I tell him to please give it to me. I tell him he can give it to me wherever he wants: my cunt, my mouth, my ass. (The weird part about that is that I've never been fucked in the ass. I've simply never let anyone do it.) But he keeps telling me to get away from it. I'm crying, begging him, as if that cock meant more than anything in the world to me, but he's just standing there, looking down at me, shaking his head.

I tear all my clothes off and start rubbing my body, offering it to him. I hold my breasts in my hands. I spread the lips of my pussy. I even roll over and finger my ass hole. I plead

• I'm crying, begging him,
as if that cock meant more than anything
in the world to me . . . •

with him to let me eat him. I plead and plead till finally he comes closer and pulls my head toward his cock. I suck on it. It seems to be growing even bigger. I feel my lips and cheeks straining.

He comes in my mouth, but his cock is still hard. It's bigger now, bigger than it had seemed to grow in my mouth. He stoops between my legs and puts it inside me. There's no straining in my pussy. It fits. In fact, I can barely feel it. But I can feel him come. He takes it out, and it's not big anymore. It's not even as big as it was when I first saw it. He asks me if I still want it in my ass, but I don't want it at all anymore, and in fact at this point I'm already starting to get dressed.

As I'm getting dressed, I begin to notice that he's not alone. There are others with him now, and they look mean and scary, like he looked before. I turn to him, but he doesn't seem pleasant anymore. He doesn't seem exactly unfriendly; he just seems as if he doesn't care what happens to me. I start running again. He stays behind, sort of vanishes, as the others come after me. This time I'm not only scared while I'm running. I also feel a dread that I've

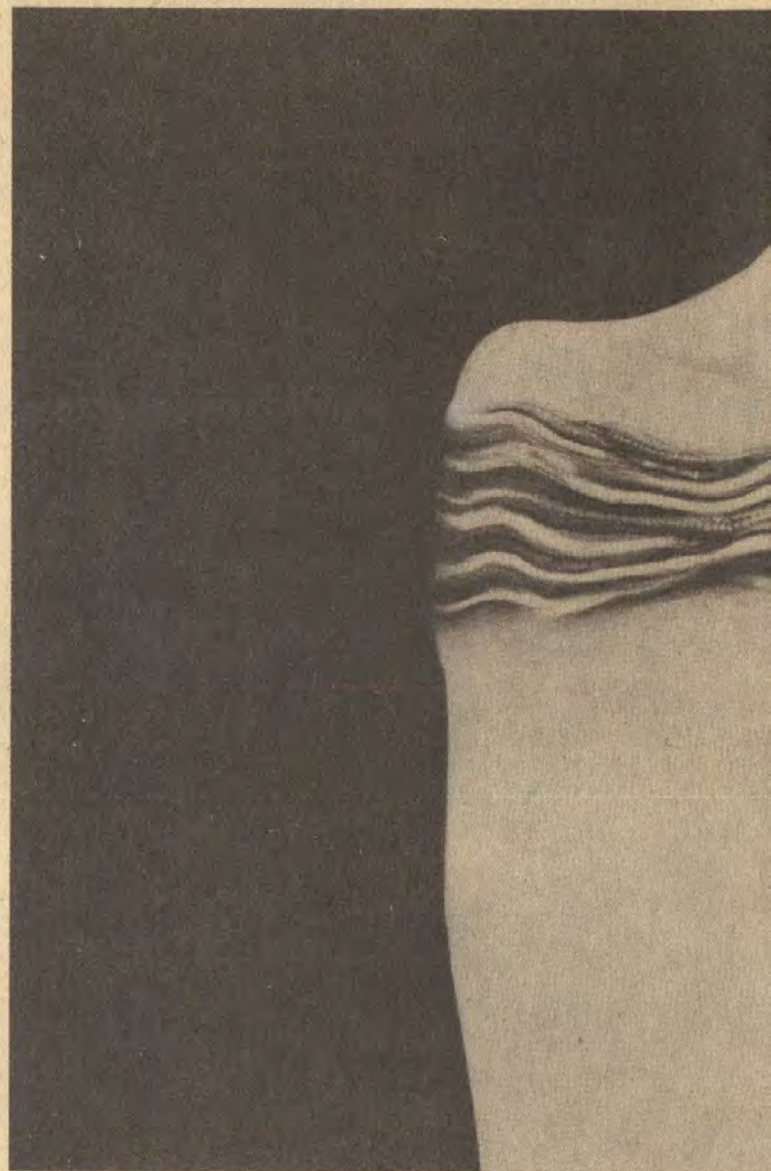
been gone too long, that it's been days since that party, that there is absolutely no chance I'll ever find my way back to where I live.

I hear them yelling to me. They're shouting, "Hey, it's only fun." I know that they haven't become pleasant, though, like the other one. They're very menacing. I run until I can't go on, and I collapse and wait for the worst.

As I said, I really don't think that my dream has anything to do with hidden rape fantasies. If anything, I'd say it has more to do with a fear of rape. But I really don't believe that either. To tell the truth, I don't think I'll ever know what that dream is all about.

Dr. Ellis comments:

I quite agree with you that it is highly unlikely that your dream has anything to do with hidden rape fantasies. Nor, though I have been a sexologist for almost forty years, can I see it as a fear of rape. Instead, I would guess that you probably fear what most people consider the most gruesome thing in the world—that is, almost total neglect or rejection by other people.





To support my hypothesis, let me cite chapter and verse from your dream. You say that at the party "they're all ignoring me." When the dark guy scares you, "none of the people around us seems to care what I'm going through." He gives you "a mean, frightening laugh." When you want sex, any kind of sex, with him, "he's just standing there, looking down on me, shaking his head." Later "he doesn't care what happens to me." The other people "haven't become pleasant. . . . They're very menacing. I run until I can't go on, and I collapse and wait for the worst."

If this dream means, as I think it does, that you are not afraid of sex or rape but of refusal or rejection, your problem is what I call (in *A New Guide to Rational Living*) "love slobbism." You not only want approval and love—as we all do—but also (falsely) think you need it; absolutely must have it, and are nothing—yes, a mere zero—without it. If you surrender this nutty idea, as we teach in rational-emotive therapy (RET), and replace it with the sensible notion that being approved by others is desirable but not absolutely necessary, you will stop raping yourself in dreams (and your waking life) as you now seem to be doing.

James, twenty-three

I'm still trying to figure out the meaning of my most recent dream. I have a lot of odd dreams that some of my friends enjoy trying to explain, but I'm never convinced they get the answer. In this one I'm a vampire in a large empty house that is in some foreign country. Through the rooms of this house I can sense the presence of a woman with blond hair.

She is wearing a thin white gown and lying on a couch in a far room by a big open window. She is not at all surprised when I enter the room. I kiss her passionately, and then, when she begins to stir, I bite her neck and begin to suck her blood. The taste is getting me high, and I know this is the perfect love act because we both begin to moan blissfully, even though I am draining her of life. Just as I am about to have an orgasm, the doorbell rings and I go to answer the door. There in the archway stands a beautiful young woman, who has come to deliver flowers to the sleeping woman. I tell the new woman not to wake the blond, as she is very tired. We sit together in the next room and quietly begin to caress each other. She sits on top of me, and her white dress spreads around me as my cock rises high inside her vagina, so high that it lifts us both up off the couch and we are rising to the ceiling.

"It's the champagne," she says, and I seem to recall that we both had champagne, not in this dream, but in some other dream in which we met. We float at the ceiling level, and I discover that I can move my hips in such a way that it is extremely pleasurable for both of us.

We are just both getting really good at it when I hear a sound down below, and the door opens. It's my landlady.

• I bite her neck and begin to suck her blood. The taste is getting me high . . . even though I am draining her of life. •

She enters carrying some groceries, and we both stay really still, near the ceiling, so she won't notice us. I can feel my cock warm inside her, and I'm afraid I might have an orgasm and give us away. From another room, however, Humphrey Bogart enters, and he has seen the sleeping woman, and then he sees us, and I am so panicked that I wake up immediately.

Someone suggested to me that this dream shows that I am the fickle type, and I guess it does sound like I'm a really horrible kind of guy if you want to take it seriously, but I don't. I love to dream about famous people. I always feel like I've really met them after I wake up.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your dream, of course, could mean many differing things, depending on what kind of goals and purposes you have and how you would like to achieve them. One thing seems fairly clear—you really like sex with women and in more ways than one!

Are you—or would you like to be?—fickle? Possibly so—as what man with real balls wouldn't? But are you "a really

❧ I feel ashamed to be naked and exposed like this in front of this servant, but most of all I am humiliated because I am becoming very aroused. ♡

horrible kind of guy," since your dream ostensibly indicates that, among other things, you like vampirish sex and are therefore something of a "deviate"? Are you really, as many psychoanalytic interpreters of your dream might well suggest, a vile sadist?

Most probably not. Practically all sadistic or vampiristic dreams and fantasies are just that—mere fantasies. Their creators rarely physically abuse their partners in real life but only excite themselves by imagining their doing so. If they really did assault these partners, they would quickly be turned off and hardly get or keep an erection at all. Why, then, do they use sadistic (or masochistic) images for sexual excitement? Mainly because "normal" sex—or fantasizing about it—often becomes somewhat routine and hence boring, while sadomasochistic fantasies are more unusual, more unconventional, hence quite arousing.

So as long as you only dream of vampirism and as long as you only fantasize a flying fuck (as with the woman in the white dress), forget it! If you actually became obsessed with this kind of peculiar sex, that might lead to trouble. But imagining it can add a little zest to your otherwise fairly humdrum sexual life.

As for Humphrey Bogart, he's in your dream because, as you note, you really would like to meet—and enjoy—famous people. And rather than going to the great trouble it would take to meet them in real life, you "cheaply" arrange it in your dreams. Well, why not? By all means enjoy, in creative fantasy, what you are unlikely to encounter in reality. As long, again, as you do not let yourself become obsessed.

Evonne, age twenty-four

I'm studying to be an actress, but I have to admit, if I ever make it big, it will probably be based more on my looks than on my talent. I'm aware of the way men react to me, and although sometimes it makes me mad that people are reacting to the physical me rather than the intellectual me, I'm not dumb enough to ignore the fact that I have some very advantageous assets.

I have a recurring dream. I meet a man in a bar. He tells me that he is a casting agent. I am strongly attracted to him anyway, but after he tells me his occupation, I'm hooked. We go to his apartment and make love. It is very gentle love-making except that I keep staring at his teeth, which seem extraordinarily large and white. I am a little afraid, but I behave very passively.

The dream then jumps to where we are eating some food in the bed. We are eating steak tartare, and it looks very red on the white plates. We are just finishing up when a man enters the room. He seems to be some kind of servant, as he starts to collect our dishes. I am very embarrassed because I am naked. I try to cover myself with the sheets, but my lover pulls them away from me. Then he pulls me close to him and begins stroking me very intimately. He is talking to his servant all the time he is doing this, while he is running his hands all over my body. I feel ashamed to be naked and exposed like this in front of this servant, but most of all I am humiliated because I am becoming very aroused.

Despite myself, I am getting wetter and wetter. The caresses become more intimate as my lover probes at me with his fingers. His servant watches me while he writes down some directions about the house. I cannot stand it anymore, and I have my climax. Just at this moment in the dream, I always wake up, feeling very flushed.

A long time ago, when I was about fifteen, a very upsetting thing happened to me. I was riding in the elevator of our apartment building with my mother when a neighbor, a man I didn't know, got on. A few seconds after he got in, my mother turned to him and said, "Isn't my daughter pretty? Doesn't she have nice legs?" In a flash she had pulled my dress up, exposing my thighs to my underwear. I screamed at her, totally humiliated.

Apparently that experience is still very vivid in my mind. What worries me is that I'm engaging in some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy about growing up to be an exhibitionist. Could this be possible?

Dr. Ellis comments:

It is possible, but not too likely, that you are fulfilling, in your dream, your unconscious desire to be an exhibitionist. But it is more likely that although you know how great are your physical charms, you are still ashamed (as your mother was not) to reveal them. You recognize their advantages—but feel that you should have as much brains and talent as sexiness. So you use your looks but make yourself ashamed to do so.

That proof that you are ashamed of your physical assets is your own statement: "What worries me is that I'm . . . growing up to be an exhibitionist." Let us suppose you really were one. Why would that be shameful? A woman who only likes showing off her body and does not enjoy sex itself has something of a problem. But if you delight in displaying your tits and ass and in climaxing as well, that is hardly very disgraceful. Instead, quite grace-full, I would say! ☐

"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.

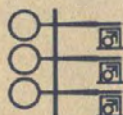
PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO TAKE THIS TEST?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty questions to help determine your threshold of terror



PSYCHOGRAPH

Are you a spineless blob of Jell-O or a fearless stud who isn't happy unless he has cheated death at least twice before breakfast?

If you are like most men, you're probably a bit of both, in which case this psychograph may prove useful. It can give you an idea where your particular fears lie and just how susceptible you are to the demons of fright.

Fear is not necessarily bad. In its most productive guise, it's the thing that keeps a soldier from getting his ass shot off unnecessarily; it's what gets a performer's adrenaline flowing just before he steps in front of a huge audience.

But more often, fear is counterproductive. It boxes us in and keeps us from living our lives to the fullest. Fear, for example, "is the usual cause of sexual failures and difficulties in both sexes," says Temple University psychiatrist Dr. Joseph Wolpe, one of the nation's leading experts on the treatment of fears and phobias. Worst of all, most of our fears are baseless. The person who's afraid of elevators usually hasn't been trapped in an elevator and—given the laws of chance—probably never will be. Nor is the person who's afraid of spiders likely ever to be bitten by a black widow.

In his recent book, *Our Useless Fears* (written with his son, David Wolpe), Dr. Wolpe explains how truly irrational our fears can be. He once had a patient who was scared of sunsets. The cause? The guy had been jilted by his lover and received the bad news while he was standing in a phone booth, facing the setting sun.

Crippling fears can, and do, develop in all sorts of people. According to Wolpe, these fears "do not indicate that a person is constitutionally inferior, that he's morally weak or mentally unstable. They can take place at any age; they can spring up virtually anywhere, at any time, in connection with almost anything. A person's susceptibility is not affected by how intelligent or athletic or capable he is."

With that nugget of reassurance, go ahead now and answer the following questions honestly. If you do, you should get some insight into your hidden fears.

PART I

Each of the following statements is followed by the letters a through e. Check a if the statement applies to you *very much*; check b if it applies *quite a bit*; c if it applies *somewhat*; d for a *little*; e for *hardly at all or never*.

1. I worry a lot about making mistakes.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

2. I am usually relaxed at home but often become nervous and anxious at work.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

3. I am usually relaxed at work but often become nervous and anxious when I'm at home.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

4. I enjoy staying home and often get nervous if I have to leave it for an extended period of time.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

5. I become quite upset if I have to go to the dentist, the doctor, or a hospital.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

6. I dislike dark places, crowded places, or closed-in places, such as an elevator, a car, or a windowless room.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

7. I'm afraid of heights.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

8. There are some domestic animals (dogs, cats, etc.) that make me nervous when I'm around them.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

9. I become nervous when I'm around angry people.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

10. Insects and spiders make me feel uneasy.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

11. I become upset if I'm rejected or criticized.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

12. I dislike doing anything—such as speaking in public—while people are watching. If I'm doing something like playing tennis and someone stops to watch, I'll always play worse.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

13. When I first meet a woman, I feel extremely anxious and have a lot of trouble keeping up a conversation.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

14. Having too much responsibility makes me nervous.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

15. I become extremely anxious when I

have to be alone for long periods.

a. ___ b. ___ c. ___ d. ___ e. ___

PART II

Answer the following questions as accurately as possible.

1. Do you ever have trouble getting or sustaining an erection when you're going to have sex?

- (a) always
- (b) frequently
- (c) sometimes
- (d) rarely
- (e) never

2. When you have sex with a woman, do you ever come before you enter her or come too soon after you enter her?

- (a) always
- (b) frequently
- (c) sometimes
- (d) rarely
- (e) never

3. How often do you think about death?

- (a) often
- (b) occasionally
- (c) rarely or never

4. Do you examine yourself for symptoms of disease? If you get a cold, do you worry that it may be something more serious?

- (a) yes, always
- (b) frequently
- (c) sometimes
- (d) rarely
- (e) never

5. When you're in a bar or a restaurant with friends, do you have a compulsive need to pick up the check or to buy everybody another round?

- (a) yes, most of the time
- (b) occasionally
- (c) rarely or never

6. How often are you depressed?

- (a) most of the time
- (b) occasionally
- (c) rarely or never

7. Do you stutter?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

8. How often do you get headaches?

- (a) frequently
- (b) occasionally
- (c) rarely or never

9. Would you say that you're more emotional, more tightly strung, than most

people?
(a) yes
(b) no

10. Do you have trouble sleeping?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) from time to time
(c) no, not usually
11. Do you find that you sometimes get violently angry all of a sudden, that you blow up so unexpectedly that it even surprises you?
(a) yes, frequently
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never
12. Do you find that you become easily obsessed with new things or activities? (Someone who played billiards every spare moment and then suddenly dropped that to become a Space Invaders fanatic would fall into this category.)
(a) yes
(b) no
13. Do you feel that you could suddenly lose control of yourself?
(a) yes, much of the time
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never
14. Do you have little rituals and habits that you *must* do every day (such as having exactly the same thing for breakfast each morning or checking the gas jets on the stove before you go out or combing your hair several times a day)?
(a) yes, many of them
(b) a few, but no more than the average person
(c) not really
15. When you find yourself faced with a situation that arouses a great deal of fear or anxiety in you, how do you usually react?
(a) I plunge in and get it over with. The more you worry about something and procrastinate, the worse it gets.
(b) I step back and see if there might be some way of getting around it, but if there's no sensible alternative, I'll face up to it.
(c) I'll go to just about any lengths in order to avoid it; that includes procrastinating, lying, and even staying home from work . . . whatever it takes.

SCORING Part I

There is no scoring for Part I. It is a fear "inventory" designed to give you an idea where your fears lie and how strong they are. The fears embodied in these questions are relatively common, and it would not be unusual for anyone to have some of them. While these fears may be common, they can still have a disastrous effect on your life if they get out of hand. Any questions for which you selected *a* or *b* answers deserve your attention. There's a good chance that problems in those areas are cramping your style.

Part II

The questions in this section deal with *symptoms* of fear in general, rather than with specific fears. They can give you an idea how much impact fear is having on your daily life. All possible answers to Part II have been awarded point values that are listed below. To get your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

- 1. a-10, b-9, c-5, d-2, e-1
- 2. a-10, b-9, c-4, d-2, e-1
- 3. a-10, b-3, c-1
- 4. a-10, b-8, c-4, d-2, e-1
- 5. a-5, b-2, c-1
- 6. a-10, b-4, c-1
- 7. a-8, b-1
- 8. a-7, b-3, c-1
- 9. a-7, b-1
- 10. a-10, b-5, c-1
- 11. a-9, b-4, c-1
- 12. a-8, b-1
- 13. a-10, b-4, c-1
- 14. a-9, b-4, c-1
- 15. a-1, b-5, c-10

If you scored 95-133 points:

You seem to be a walking encyclopedia of fright. You appear to have many of the symptoms—insomnia, depression, sexual difficulties, headaches, compulsive behavior—of people in the grasp of debilitating fears. There's a good chance your fears are severely limiting your activity and making you unhappy. If you can pin down your specific fears (that's where Part I can be helpful), you may want to work on alleviating them. It's often effective to break your fear down into its constituent parts and deal with the least threatening aspects one step at a time. For example, if you were afraid of elevators, you might try standing in the lobby of a tall building and watching people get on and off elevators. Once you could do that without anxiety, you could ask a friend to hold the elevator door open while you just stood inside. The next step would be to take the elevator up

one floor and then another until you could go all the way to the top without breaking into a cold sweat.

Before you can effectively deal with fear, you must learn to relax. "Relax" in this case does not mean merely mellowing out; it refers instead to the deep muscle relaxation that athletes and dancers use to gain control over each muscle in their bodies. It's much akin to yoga, and any decent library should have a book on the subject if you want to learn more.

Specific fears respond especially well to behavioral therapy treatment (which is similar to that described above for elevator phobia except that the therapist controls the process more carefully than you probably could yourself). Often a few sessions can yield a complete cure; you don't have to spend years on a shrink's couch. Your town or county mental-health association should be able to direct you to a behavioral therapist specializing in phobias.

55-94 points:

Like most men, you have your hidden fears, but, unlike men in the above category, they haven't turned you into a complete wreck. Sometimes you cope well with your fears; other times they get the better of you. That's only natural. However, if you chose *any* answers with point values of nine or ten, watch out. That indicates you have some particularly acute symptoms of fear and anxiety. You may have scored in the "average" range, but specific fears could be causing you real problems. In that case points covered in the section above could be applied to you as well.

15-54 points:

You don't seem to be afraid of anything. Actually, you probably experience fear and anxiety like anyone else, but you know how to deal with it better than do most people. You know how to relax deeply when you feel threatened. You're probably a person who doesn't get excited easily. You're relatively unemotional, and you don't let the irrational side of your nature take control. Consequently, when you're faced with a fear-inspiring situation, you don't go off half-cocked. You analyze it realistically and figure out how best to deal with it. For you, fear serves a useful purpose. When something is truly frightening, you know enough to be scared. But you don't overreact. You, too, however, should be concerned if you chose *any* answers with point values of nine or ten. Despite your low score, you could have a couple of blind spots that are causing you great anxiety. 

...BEST PERFORMANCE IN A
HIGH BUDGET, OVER-HYPED,
BOX OFFICE BOMB..."



SAL MINEO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

leaves. Then he breathed deep, a mix of fresh air and car exhaust, and sobbed. "You bastard. Bastard."

He dried his face on his sleeve, and his eyes darted wildly. What should he do? What the hell should he do? He put his hands over his eyes. He couldn't think. He couldn't stop thinking about Sal's mouth. He never saw that twisted expression before, and he could never forget it. He laid his cheek on wet leaves, listening to cars slowing for the busy intersection at La Cienega and Sunset.

Back in the car, he kept glancing into the rearview mirror all the way up to Laurel Canyon. Headlights kept moving up on him. At the Wonderland Avenue fork, he felt danger. He dropped his face onto the steering wheel. What the hell? What the hell was he doing?

Then he heard the brakes of another car. In a flurry, he accelerated and swerved up the hilly street. His teeth were chattering, and his shoulder muscles hunched. He was soaked. He had to get home. "You bastard," he sobbed. The murdering bastard.

As he turned into his parking lot, the car behind him sped up and passed him in a blur. The car had been tailgating him since Laurel Canyon Boulevard. His lips went loose with terror. I need time, he thought, time to figure this out. I need to think about something else, anything.

He didn't slam the door of his Cadillac before he stepped into his outdoor elevator. He didn't have the strength.

He ran from the elevator to his front door and fell over something inside the living room. He flinched, waiting for a knife between his shoulder blades.

He collapsed on the floor.

The telephone rang for a while. It rang again. He picked up the receiver and heard a voice say, "Jim Logan, City News Service. I wonder if I could ask you a few questions. Sorry about the hour, but I'm sending the Sal Mineo story over the wire service, and—"

Mark threw the receiver and the phone as hard as he could against the wall. He lay down on his box spring, its buttons pressing against his face.

The blast of a car horn made him sit up and look out over the empty balcony next to his bedroom. He saw round treetops blocking the rainy sky above the Hollywood Hills.

He rolled onto his back and clasped his hands on his chest. But then he pulled them apart. "Jesus Christ, I ain't lying here like a damn corpse."

He'd spoken aloud. He was crazy.

Then he curled himself into a ball, still fully clothed. He was more alone than he'd ever been in his life. He had nothing left. He shut his eyes but did not sleep. Finally, he just lay still with one hand over his genitals like a little kid. 



If you'd like to know some other unusual things about Lynchburg, drop us a line.

WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER in downtown Lynchburg, you'll never see a glass of Jack Daniel's.

The county where we make our whiskey is dry. (It voted that way in 1909.) So when folks have a friendly chat, it's usually over ice cream or soda. Of course, we hope the law isn't as binding in your hometown. And that, at your next friendly get-together, a glass of Jack Daniel's will be somewhere in the picture.



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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Penthouse: You've mentioned "Penthouse Forum" in two of your books—*Firestarter*, *Danse Macabre*...

King: Along with everyone else, I believed the letters were staff-written. And finally I changed my mind. But I don't think that most of the things happen. I think they are fantasies.

Penthouse: Healthy fantasies?

King: Sure. I would say that 90 percent of them are healthy. And some of them are tremendously clever. I'm kind of glad that "Forum" got away from the amputees and all that stuff.

No, I love "Forum" for one reason. It's because, sexually, I'm not terribly adventurous—which is to say that there are no orgies in my life. I'm faithful to my wife. I don't go out when I'm in a strange city and get four dollies off the street and say, "Let's have a ménage à trois or Dom Perignon in your snatch"—or something like that. I like sex very much, and I'm highly sexed. I'd just as soon screw a lot, but compared with "Forum," that's a little bit like saying I like steak and potatoes. And then you go into a fucking delicatessen and see people do *that*! I probably would never do it, because I would be embarrassed, or that Republican thing in me would come out, and I'd say, "Well, you're not going to get me into that rubber diaper."

Penthouse: I think a lot of people might say they read Stephen King novels for the same thing.

King: They can identify with it; they probably would never go out and do it.

Penthouse: Like moving your family into a deserted hotel in the Rockies to begin work on a novel.

King: We moved to Boulder, Colorado—not to a deserted hotel in the Rockies. We lived in a boring little tract house. We did spend one night, though, at a hotel. We were the only guests, and the wind was howling outside, and we were just on the edge of Rocky Mountain National Park. You could look out the window and see the snow, so many feet down. The corridors were long and mazy, and the orchestra was still there, playing, echoing. Just like the film.

Penthouse: Word has it that you weren't terribly excited over the film version of *The Shining*.

King: I wasn't unhappy with it. Kubrick's a really smart man, and he made a really smart film. I don't think it's terribly successful, because horror is such a fucking hot medium. You have to be emotionally involved with the people for it to work; you've got to be a warm, even hot, human being. And Kubrick's not. He's very cold, so you don't care a lot about the people, and without caring it's hard for horror to happen. I wish that he had done it in a different way, but being Stanley Kubrick, he probably wasn't capable. A lot of filmmak-

ers—in fact, most filmmakers—are pinheads. They have no brains. They can't read; they can't think. All they can do is visualize pictures on the screen. These pinheads read [my] books and say, "I can see that. I know what that looks like." But just because you can see something it doesn't mean that you know what it means.

Penthouse: Were you happy with Jack Nicholson in the film?

King: In an unfortunate sort of way, he's been typecast as a crazy, like Bruce Dern. There were other people in my mind for that role. There was never anyone else in mind for the role in Warner Brothers' mind. Nicholson's name was brought up again and again. "It has to be Nicholson. It's Jack. Jack is bankable. It's got to be Nicholson." And I kept saying, "No, no, no. He's not right for the part. He's too old now for the part. He has a certain image as someone who's crazy, somebody who might be dangerous. He's not ordinary

“
If somebody does
something based on what you
wrote, all you can say is
that this nut was too
unoriginal to think up his own
method of killing.
”

enough." They didn't hear. They literally did not hear.

I wanted Michael Moriarty for the part, very badly. He played this Nazi on TV who was also a family man who loved his kids. That was part of the horrible dichotomy of the situation in *The Shining*.

Penthouse: Did your readers feel cheated by Kubrick's interpretation?

King: Oh, yes! You should have seen the fan mail. They were furious with the movie. For a while there, the letters came in like Niagara Falls. I don't know what kind of mail Kubrick got, but I got hundreds of letters a week from people who were foaming. I was stunned by the vehemence. People said that they wanted to strangle him up, that he should never be allowed to make another movie, that someone should give him a lobotomy before he struck again. Fury. Utter fury.

Penthouse: While we're on the subject of people interpreting your work in other mediums, what about all the Stephen King imitators that are suddenly jumping on the bandwagon?

King: There are quite a few. I don't know—most of them aren't any good. They have a hard time taking the material seriously.

Maybe they're too bright. You get the feeling that they are stooping to the material. Maybe they are not having enough fun. Maybe they do it for the money.

Penthouse: Several critics have accused you of the same misdemeanor.

King: When people say that, they are so wrong—they are wrong across the board. That's the elitism that's inherent in most of the reviews. You can always tell a bad review coming, because it will be a review of my checkbook and my contractual agreements. A review like that will start out saying, "This is the third book in Stephen King's multi-million-dollar contract for New American Library," and then you know, well... the trouble's going to start.

Penthouse: Care to mention any of the bankable rip-off artists we should stay away from?

King: I won't mention any by name. But I see a lot of books that must have been inspired by some of the stuff I'm doing. For one thing, those "horror" novels that have gerund endings are just everywhere: *The Piercing*, *The Burning*, *The Searing*—the this-ing and the that-ing. It's a little embarrassing in a way, because *The Shining* was a title that I originally turned down. When I turned [the manuscript] in, it was *The Shine*. The contract had been issued that way. And one day we were sitting around talking about it, and the sub rights guy at Doubleday said, "Are you sure you want this book to go out under this title, with a black cook in it?" And I said, "What do you mean?" He told me that in World War Two, a shine was another pejorative that meant the same thing as nigger or coon. He said it was short for "shoeshine boy." I didn't know that, and the others in the conference room dismissed it.

I wasn't afraid that people would think that I was a racist; I was afraid that people would laugh at my not knowing. And, so, at that point, I said, "Let's change the name of the book." It was very late. They were getting ready to go to press and were setting the plates. And I said, "Suppose we call it *The Shining*?" And I just changed a few of the references in the book, changed the heads on the pages. And they said, "Okay."

Penthouse: Do you usually encounter problems in coming up with the right title for a new book?

King: Well, I've finished a book about five kids who are mostly rejects. They were kids in 1957, and the idea of the book is that they've grown up and have to come back to this town where they grew up and discover, as a result of phone calls that are made to them, that they have completely forgotten a whole year out of their childhood. They realize that something awful happened and that they have to go back and face it again. I got everything in this book. I got Frankenstein, Jaws, the Creature from the Black Lagoon—fucking King Kong is in this book. I mean, it's like the monster rally. Everybody is there. I thought it would be a good one to go out with. Called it. I should call it *Shit*. O+

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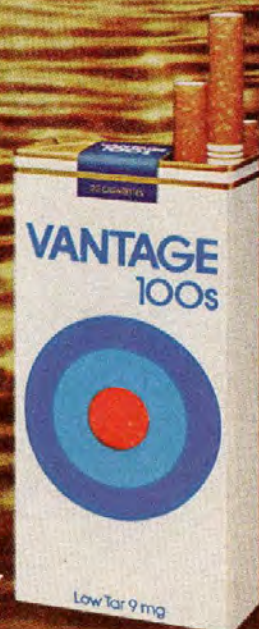
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Brad Davis turns
foul weather fair in smart and
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ACTING OUT



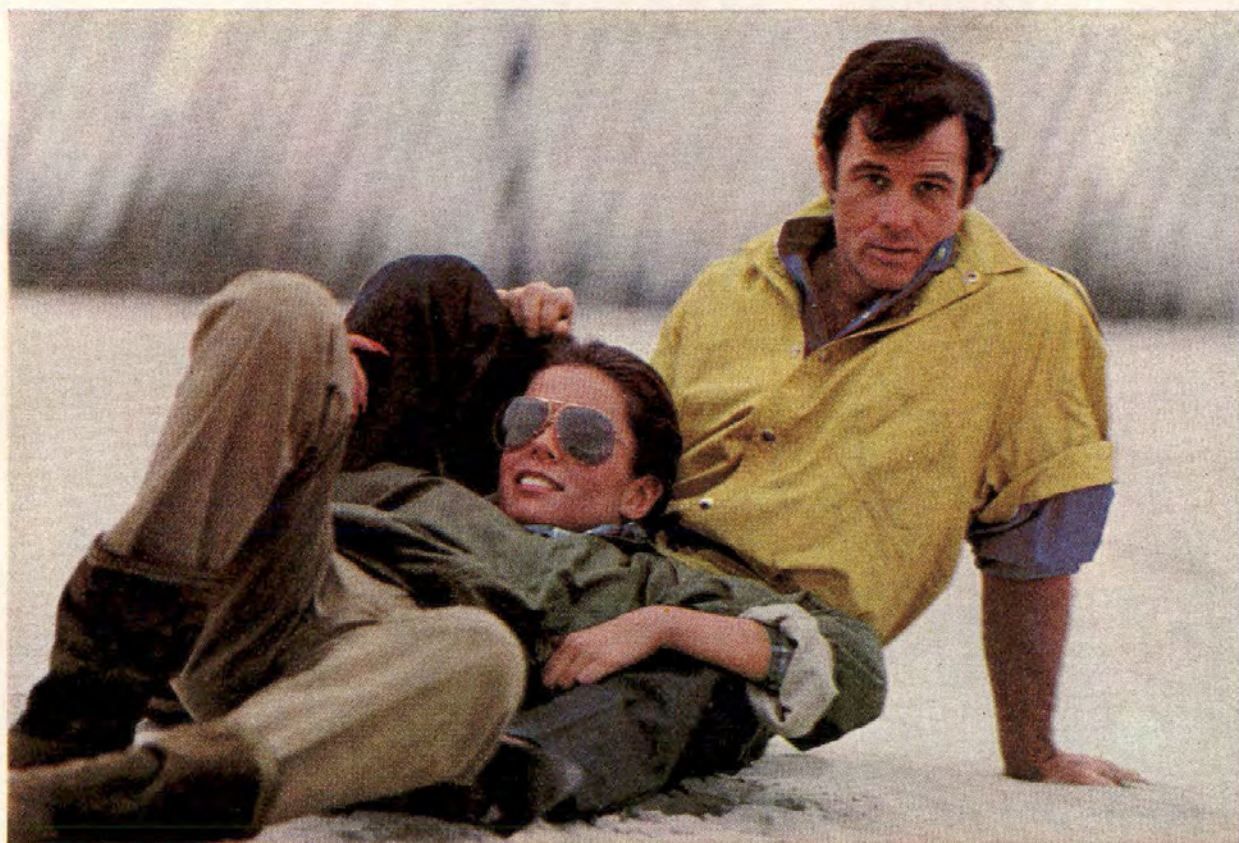
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LEBAUPE

March comes in like a lion—but this season's rough-weather clothes are perfectly designed to tame the beast with outerwear that's rugged, relaxed, and riveting. And the same might be said of actor Brad Davis, who made his electrifying screen debut in the 1978 film *Midnight Express*. A veteran figure on New York's Off-Broadway stage, Davis evinces a taste in fashion that is typically individualistic: "It's not what you wear—it's how you wear it. I don't like to follow the rule book." On the following pages he models some of spring 1982's more exciting outerwear that's guaranteed to liven up these cold, wet days with bright, unexpected color, flexible feel, and plenty of eye-catching detail.

Astride a Yamaha XS 850 SG (above), Brad wears an orange nylon fire-retardant polyamide jump suit (\$250) under a green nylon pilot jacket (\$70), both by Avirex, Ltd. Sunglasses by Porsche Carrera. (Opposite) British tan nylon-and-poplin cowl-neck and hooded pullover jacket (\$120) by David Leong for George G. Graham Galleries. Cotton-and-polyester cargo-pocketed pants (\$30) are Members Only by Europecraft; white linen boat shoes (\$100) are by Piero Dimitri.







In the ultimate beachcombing vehicle (left), a Renegade Jeep CJ7, Brad wears a turquoise cotton multi-pocketed field jacket (\$125) by Henry Grethel, with cotton canvas web-belted pants (\$65) by Mashe for Gary E. Miller. Silk and acrylic T-shirt (\$24) is Members Only. Leather hiking boots, heavily waxed and waterproofed (\$150), are Astronauts by Hawkins for George G. Graham Galleries. Water-resistant binoculars by Minolta Mariner. Her pumpkin-colored waist-length sweater is by Norma Kamali; vest by Gerard Mangematin for Gary E. Miller. (Above) Down on the dunes, Brad has a blue shirt sewn onto a yellow all-cotton weatherproof jacket (\$150), by Kansai Yamamoto for Achilles Sport Int.; western jeans (\$40) by Sergio Valente. Her olive green nylon jacket is by Daniel Hechter, her cotton khaki pants are by Sergio Valente, and her short suede roll-down boots are at Santini e Dominici.



Sitting pretty (above), Brad sports a gold down-proof cotton twill bomber jacket with zip-neck hood (\$120), cotton intarsia-weave sweater (\$75), and cotton elasticized waist pants (\$42), all by Calvin Klein Menswear. Short black leather boots (\$120) available at Santini e Dominici. Her fleece sweat-shirting sweater and pants outfit is by Norma Kamali, her orange scarf is by Echo, and her belt is by Robin Kahn. (Opposite) With his Old English sheep dog in tow, Brad wears an olive cotton weather-treated double-breasted belted rain jacket (\$350) and silk-and-cotton beige crew neck sweater (\$240), both by Piero Dimitri. His black cotton canvas twill pants with cargo pockets (\$42.50) are by Calvin Klein Menswear.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 170.



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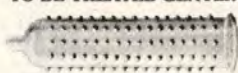
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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"The Continued Betrayal of the Vietnam Veteran" in the December 1981 issue. I am currently getting help through a VA outreach center in Anaheim, Calif., and am getting good results.

The thing that we Vietnam veterans want most now is to be recognized as human beings and not thought of as crazed animals that run around killing women and children. Our war is not over but has just begun. We need America to bring us out of the closet and give us some respect and credit. We want to be considered normal and live normal lives. Please.—Robin Williams, Costa Mesa, Calif.

Another new fan

Seeing the picture of the baby reading *Penthouse* in your January "Feedback," I chuckled, remembering our daughter, who, from the age of one till about three years old, refused to go to sleep unless we put a *Penthouse* magazine in her bed! She said the women looked like Mommy! Anyway, we always had some explaining to do whenever grandparents or baby-sitters were about! We love your magazine! Kind regards from the Netherlands.—Name and address withheld

Falwell fallout

Many thanks for your coverage of Dr. Jerry Falwell. It is indeed refreshing to have the man viewed in a light different from his own, which I think shines so brightly that it is deceptively blinding to those who choose to follow him.

I hope that honest insights into the Moral Majority and its leadership will help us all to see the truth of human existence more clearly. I find it very sad indeed when I, as an adult, must face the possibility that I may not long continue to have the freedom to choose the course of my own life—whether that means the right to have an abortion, to be homosexual, or whatever. I am dedicated to freedom—to human rights, the right of choice. I strongly oppose Falwell and the things he has come to stand for.

I thank you again for allowing me and other Americans the opportunity to choose what we will believe by giving us a fair glimpse of Truth.—Geni Cowan, San Diego, Calif.

I don't have anything to do with the Moral Majority people—hardly ever go to church—but I have to agree with them that there is much, much crap on television. Producers holler "Censorship!" when anyone says that—or when someone suggests that some television programs are simplistic garbage—but then they turn right around and boycott filming in the southern states that haven't agreed to support the ERA. Evidently, to television producers, censorship and a boycott are only objectionable when they themselves

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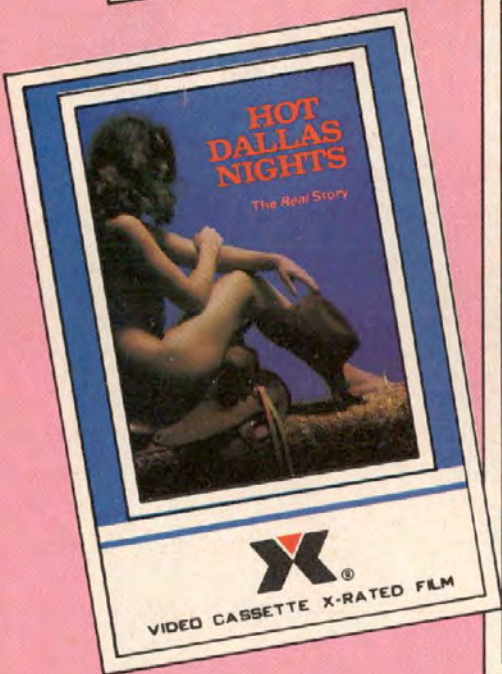
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are the targets.—Bob Steiner, camera-man, Monrovia News Service, Monrovia, Calif.

I decided to write to you after receiving this lovely little note on my car windshield this morning. After reading the note I've decided that I really must go right out and purchase subscriptions to your magazine for all the male members of my family. I'm so tired of the so-called Moral Majority's propaganda.

Since I have a choice, I plan on going to hell along with Penthouse rather than conforming to the Moral Majority's idea of Heaven! Keep up the good work!—Susie Ribnik, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sex, Penthouse, and Dr. Falwell

The sex magazine Penthouse is trying to cheat you and trick you again. Why would they write articles to trick you about Dr. Falwell? Why do they try to deceive you? Why do they lie about the Moral Majority? First, to make money off of you. They want you to buy their filthy scum-sheet. Second, because the people at Penthouse are lost, hell-bound sinners who hate everything that God and the Bible stand for.

Using the yellow journalism tactics of propaganda and guilt-by-association, they say that Dr. Falwell was involved with a crook. Then, through slimy innuendo, they go so far as to imply that Dr. Falwell had the man murdered! I hope you're sick of being cheated and brainwashed by the millionaires who control such publications.

Which side are you on: do you stand with Christ and Dr. Falwell or with the devil and Penthouse? Your choice will determine whether or not you go to hell. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6:23).

Sin always ends in death. The worst death of all is spiritual death—which means being cut off from God forever in hell (cp. Revelation 21:8). If you continue to smoke dope, one day you will be in hell, according to Revelation 21:8. If you continue to go on getting drunk, one day you will be in hell, according to Revelation 21:8. If you go on missing church on Sunday, one day you will be in hell, according to Revelation 21:8, because you are an unbeliever. If you go on having sex of any kind outside of marriage, one day you will be in hell, according to Revelation 21:8.

I know you agree that the horrible Penthouse attack on Dr. Falwell is really an attack on you and our nation. Help me stop Penthouse from lying about good Christians.

There are three things you can do to help bring back Christian values:

(1) Watch Dr. Falwell each Sunday night at 10:30 on "The Old Time Gospel Hour," on Channel 11.

(2) Write Penthouse and tell them you're mad at them for lying about Dr. Jerry Falwell. Write:

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*Yours in Christ,
Dr. R. L. Hymers
The Benjamin Brenneman Crusade
(Benjamin was 12 years old when martyred in 1981. He was murdered by the sins of America.)*

Congratulations on your recent series of articles regarding Jerry Falwell. By now you are probably aware of one of the mindless majority's latest gimmicks concerning your publication—the "Sex, Penthouse, and Dr. Falwell" flier. As usual, organizations such as these talk of eternal damnation, sin, etc., *ad nauseam* unless one endorses their narrow-minded, myopic view of the world.

I am sick and tired of Bible-thumping, gum-flapping evangelists getting involved in politics and trying to force their views of morality on everyone else. They are always against freedom of choice, freedom of expression, etc. However, when it comes to accounting for the way they utilize the multiple millions of dollars in contributions, that is quite another matter!

One would think that by now even an administration as dull-witted as the one currently in Washington would have serious second thoughts about associating in any way with Falwell. I am sure that these televangelists have escape plans to go back into the woodwork in case things get too hot for them legally.

Keep up the good work. With all the new characters floating around in the right wing of the political spectrum, there should be enough potential material available to keep you in the investigative reporting business for a long time.—Larry Ross, Los Angeles, Calif.

I have seen Rev. Jerry Falwell's television program on occasion and have up to now thought that he was just another self-proclaimed video visionary who consistently farts through his mouth. This, however, was before I heard about his Moral Majority and realized how dangerous he and his organization can be. I realize that a complete takeover by the Moral Majority is not a strong possibility, but Falwell and his followers could do severe damage to our basic individual freedoms. Rev. Jerry Falwell's venturing into politics by suggesting how "good" Christians should vote and by helping to write the Republican party platform is a very dangerous threat to the separation of church and state. The fact that he is broadcasting his views over the most powerful medium in the world makes him all the more danger-

ous.—Mitch Metcalf, Norwalk, Conn.

MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.

A dead water buffalo has a higher mentality than Ernest Volkman. Thank you.—Al Martin, South Bend, Ind.

I am writing to let you know that I don't read your magazine. I am of the opinion that there is nothing in your magazine. However, you do have an article in your magazine that has caught my ear, that is, your article published on the Dr. Jerry Falwell.

I don't like the way you've lied about him and attacked him. He is doing something far more constructive than you are. You, for example, have pornography where any five-year-old can see it. Where is this leading our nation? You communists! Jerry Falwell is trying to restore morality to our nation. Personally I'm waiting for the day when people like myself will put people like you out of business; and we will! Just give us time. I belong to an organization that is committed to putting an end to pornography and an end to Legalized Murder, which you encourage. You Murderers!—Valentino Chavez, Hollywood, Calif.

Why are you lying about one of a few men who is trying to save this century. And who are you to say such and such is wrong with someone, after all your magazine is poisoning our nation. In closing, all I have to say is this "you are nothing but a bunch of hell-bound sinners, so repent and stop putting out such filthy scum sheets. In The Name of Jesus Christ Stop it. Yours in Christ—David Miller, Caiababas, Calif.

The Bible says: "But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. 21:8) You lied about Dr. Falwell. You're going to Hell! Unless you repent... —Miss Hardy, Los Angeles, Calif.

I think that Penthouse magazine *Stinks!* Get right with God! And Back up Mr. Falwell or go to Hell!—Ron Feliciano, Hollywood, Calif.

I don't like your magazine! It's dirty full of Slander and lies. God's Never Blessed it and never Will. Every Single person on the staff there is a hell-bound sinner with no hope of Salvation aside from Repentance and total trust in Jesus Christ. Sincerely and prayerfully—Deborah Michels, Los Angeles, Calif.

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run all the way to where the sun disappears.
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you keep passin' 'em one by one.

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Tall trees blocking out the sun.

It's 13 speeds in an overdrive gearbox.

And a CB handle

when you've got the country music turned off.

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and then relaxes with gusto.

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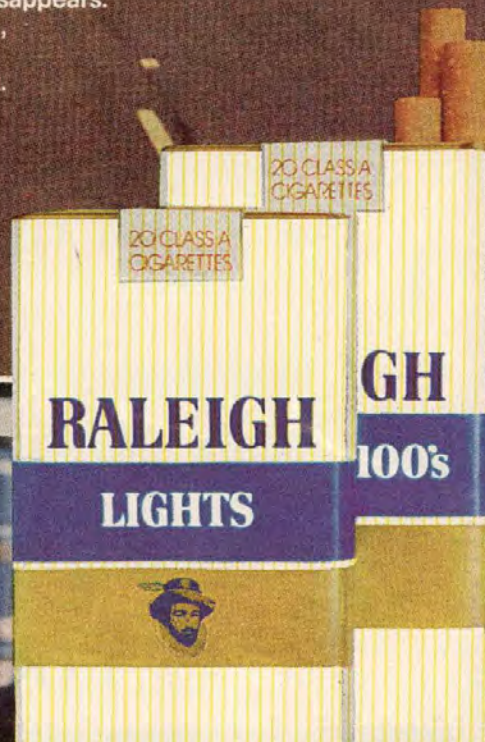
The road to Raleigh has
the feel of hard rain
and blowin' snow.

The light of a rising sun,
the pale of a pea soup fog.
It's got the smell of hot coffee.
And the stench of diesel fuel.

It's got men.

It's got freedom.

It's got the flavor you can only get
When you're on the road to Raleigh.



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I am Christian and support Jerry Falwell. Everyone I've spoken to who supports Penthouse sounds a little nuts to me, I usually see your magazine looming out at me in the 7-11 stores. To bad its a porno book we could use a good mens magazine.—Tom Rabin, Los Angeles, Calif.

Your recently published articles about Dr. Jerry Falwell are beneath the dignity of any American publication. If you want to use such yellow journalism tactics, why not move to Russia and work for the government there?!

Obviously, I am one of those who utterly abhors all that your magazine stands for. Nonetheless, in this country I suppose that the right exists for those who wish to privately view your magazine to do so. But let us not pervert freedom. Insinuating that Dr. Falwell is in alliance with the mafia, and that he had a man murdered are very serious charges to level at a man without any real evidence. Furthermore, Dr. Falwell's personal religious convictions would prohibit him from doing such things. You may feel that I am overlooking the possibility of gross hypocrisy on his part—but, like him, I too have given my life to Christ and become a born-again Christian. I know from personal experience that it is extremely unlikely, at best, that a man can pursue his ideals with as much courage, hope, and zeal as Dr. Falwell has in the face of continuous attack and scrutiny and question of any conflict between his behavior and his beliefs. I realize that because you are not men of very high moral convictions, you will not appreciate what I have said. I am sorry if I sound "holier than thou;" I assure you that is *not* my intent. Before I became a Christian I adored pornographic magazines and many other sins. I thank my God that He lifted me out of that... If not for your conscience's sake, then for our sake, please print your retraction quickly.—Mike Rosen, Woodland Hills, Calif.

I am sick of the way you people are using the yellow journalism tactics of propaganda and guilt-by-association. I did not read the article on Jerry Falwell but I was informed of the contents in that article and I want to know when you people are going to stop lying and start telling the truth?

I used to read your magazine until I accepted Jesus Christ as my saviour. Jesus is real and he wants to be real to you. Ask Jesus to show you he's real and to forgive you of your sins. Ask him now, you may be in hell tomorrow.—Mark Whiteman, Culver City, Calif.

I am mad about the things you said about Jerry Falwell, because they're not true. I'm angry you printed a bunch of lies about him. I hope you're not resorting to mud-slinging; like the cheaper magazines and newspapers which people can buy in the supermarkets. I hope you'll be mature enough to print an apology for what you said—It's wrong to print things that aren't

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true, (whether you like a person or not), isn't it?—*Ponce Zabalaga, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I am really upset with you for writing against Dr. Jerry Falwell and The Moral Majority. Is sex more important than living an holy and eternal life to you. I'll tell you one thing, it's not me. You should be ashamed of yourself. Because of what you did, many people who read Penthouse will not get a chance to go to heaven and live an eternal life. Just for writing against the Moral Majority you are sending people to hell. I would like to pray for you. I hope it would help you. Everybody in our church is very angry at you. Did you know that Abortion is killing.—*Hilda Gurrola, Pa-coima, Calif.*

We would all like to let you know that we do not appreciate the avaricious greed that makes you willing to tempt children and adults alike and take advantage of their sexual lusts by selling them pictures, hopes, and dreams of paper dolls that never come their way in reality.

I am thirty-four, and have been addicted to pornography since I was thirteen. Don't you realize that when you entice people to masturbate over pornography you thwart the romances that God meant for them to have in real life because you cause them to squander their seed and take away their desire? Then they become bitter and lose

hope and love in their hearts!

Is it so hard for you to realize the consequences of what you are doing? Or do you just not care? You are attempting to create a generation full of hate, fear, and homosexuality. Yes, you! Do you not care or ever think of other people than yourselves at all? What arrogance! What scorn you must have for us in your hearts! Do you not see the social and political consequences of what you are doing? What your manufacture of pornography has brought about?

They do not allow pornography in communist Russia. They know how harmful it is. Do you not fear for the future of our country? Do you not fear falling to the communists? Are you so ignorant that you do not realize the torture, slavery, and murder that will befall us if we do not protect ourselves successfully?

We must build a strong country of men and women who love each other, who fill fight for each other's sake. Your cheap harlotry destroys all this!

Can you not see the consequences of what you are doing? I pray to God that you would see the light and change your ways. Communism is at our very door! Our destruction is imminent, and yet you continue in your pagan ways. Only God can save this country. Do you not realize that communism and Satanism are inseparably linked? Do you not realize that hell is real? That it is not a debauched, blissful,

pleasure-seeking sexual orgy, but rather a place of total slavery to a cruel, merciless, wicked master and a place of intense, unbelievable and indescribable suffering? No, my friend, hell is not the bliss you have deceived yourself into thinking that it is.

As for your attempts to defame Jerry Falwell, I simply pray that you have met your Waterloo.—*Michael M. Tejera, Hollywood, Calif.*

I'm a born-again Christian, I support Jerry Falwell and I think your magazine stinks. Revelation 21:8.—*Pamela M. Pagan, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Sex. Penthouse. There is a verse in the Bible which has been translated into over 1100 languages. It tells of one who loved us with an everlasting love. You are calling for help to. You are no God. You are a Slave of the Devil.—*Tony Roure, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Untruthful people hate truefull men. Jerry Falwell is one of them. I suggest that the Penthouse magazine employees should evaluate themselves and flee from such unnatural hatred.—*Steve Lee, North Hollywood, Calif.*

There are many of us Americans who are sick and tired of seeing your naked hus-sies sprawled at eye level of our children. And when your vile magazine attempts to

demean the integrity of a national hero, Dr. Falwell, our anger hits the maximum. We're ready to put the trash where it belongs; no longer polluting the minds of our young people.

We are people like you but bigger. Imagine what you can do when angry. We will do all that and more, and with God's power behind us there will be no stopping us.—Becky Pellett, Los Angeles, Calif.

It would make me happy if you would stop lying about Mr. Falwell. Mr. Falwell is doing a lot to make this nation a better place. I suppose you say the things you do about him because you do the things you accuse him of doing. His views may disturb you and they should and you may not like him as a result, but I know Dr. Falwell loves you. He does not like what you're doing but he loves you for who you are as a person. I'm sorry if I said anything about you that was not true, but if you have made any hurtful remarks about Dr. Jerry Falwell I wish you would not.—Ted Ilse, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Bible says and I quote, "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Since you qualify under most if not all of these categories, your final resting place will be HELL! There is only one way to escape. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:3. REPENT from LYING about Jerry Falwell, a Godly man, in your scum sheet! REPENT from supporting the slaughter of millions of innocent babies! REPENT from your unbelieving! REPENT from all fornication! That means turn from all sex outside of marriage and publishing pornography! REPENT from using and supporting the use of drugs! REPENT from idolatry, putting anything before GOD! REPENT and ask the LORD JESUS CHRIST to forgive you of your sins, and ask him into your life. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. My prayer is that you will repent and accept the LORD JESUS CHRIST, unless of course you want to go to HELL! God have mercy on your soul.—David Marchant, Los Angeles, Calif.

I am really angry about what you have been writing about Jerry Falwell. How can a man who does the work of god! be a murderer I mean, when you people want publicity you would write anything you would, Because what you have printed is a big lie, first you print a bunch of lie and then you print all these nasty picture that little kids have to see, since you have those pictures all over the place, especially were the little kids can see thm. This letter is to tell you that your just BIG LIERS!—Eva Dresda, Van Nuys, Calif.

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By today's standards, the 1950s were positively Victorian, especially in the interpretation of language. Words that rolled

gently across the biscuits and tea of a PTA meeting of the '50s can readily be found bouncing off the beer-stained walls of a trucker's bar of the '80s; they have an entirely different meaning to this generation. The same is also true in reverse; to a lesser degree some former-day profanity has also evolved into definitions far gentler than were originally intended. The following series of words represents a brief look at the way it was then and is today. 

	THEN	NOW
KINKY	Used in relation to extremely wavy hair	Abnormal sexual behavior
JEANS	Dungarees	Expensive slacks
HEAD	Top part of the human body	Oral sex
TOMATO	Derogatory (slang) reference to a woman	Red, pulpy fruit
GAY	Happy	Homosexual
POT	Cooking utensil	Marijuana
FOX	Small canine animal with large, bushy tail	Attractive young woman
HUNG	Form of capital punishment (past tense)	Male human possessing above average sexual organs
TURKEY	Derogatory adjective describing a poor theatrical program	Fool! Also, domestic fowl consumed at Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners
DOPE	Dumb person or model-airplane glue	Illegal drugs
SCORE	Point system utilized to determine winner in competitive sports	Acquisition of drugs or sexual partner
MOTHER	Female parent	Half a word
BLACK	The absence of color	Negro
TRIP	Related to travel	A state of mind achieved by the utilization of LSD
WOLF	A sexually active heterosexual male	Large, wild canine mammal
BALL	Spherical gaming object or large social gathering	The act of sex
JAP	Person of Japanese origin (slang)	Jewish American Princess
JIVE	Musical term	Lies
RIP OFF	To tear away	To steal
SKIRT	Foxy woman (slang)	Garment

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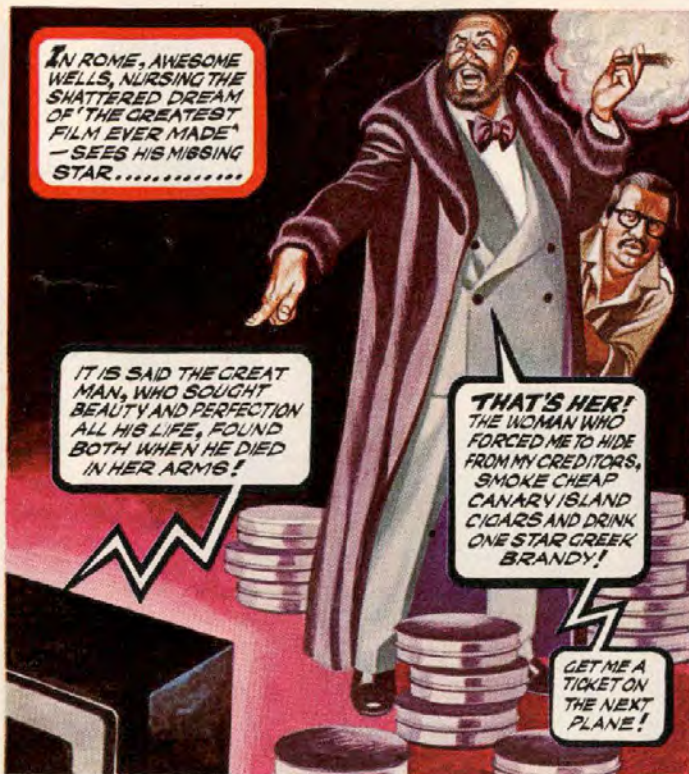
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

coming at last in crashing waves of sweet relief as I had never come before.

In a few moments, when I had recovered, I was determined to make sure Delores's orgasm was as good as the one she had given me. Her fingers, still wet with my juices, traced the lines of my face, and I thirstily licked them clean. The taste of my own pussy made me hungry for Delores's. I could almost taste her musky sweetness when I unsnapped her tight pants and slowly pulled down the zipper. She was on her back and raised her hips to let me pull the pants the rest of the way off. I took off her shoes and began to lick and kiss her smooth, sexy legs, lingering at the backs of her knees and inside her thighs. I could see the impatience on her face, but I know how much a little teasing can heighten the ecstasy of coming, so I took my time. I kissed every inch of Delores's lovely body, savoring the faint saltiness of her skin, especially behind her ears and under her arms. Delores was gloriously naked but for the skimpy bikini panties—really a G-string—hiding her flowing pussy. Instead of feeling a soft cushion of hair against my probing tongue, there seemed to be only skin. My heart pounding in my throat, my own pussy quivering once again, I pulled the panties aside. To my unspeakable delight, a clean-shaven pussy glistened inches before my eyes, the inner lips fully open like a beautiful blossom, shining with her excitement and begging for my tongue. I dove in, lapping, nibbling, kissing, plunging deep inside her and teasing her. She guided my head with her hands (as if she had to show me how to please her!) when I felt her contractions start. She pushed my mouth firmly into herself, squeezed her thighs against my head, and came.

Afterward, Delores lay there perfectly still. When Delores seemed able to talk again, I asked her about shaving. She had been shaving regularly for a couple of years. The idea excited me but also made me very nervous. The excitement conquered the fear when Delores related what a turn-on the process of shaving was and how terrific sex was with no hair to dull the sensations. She also said she'd never found a man who wasn't hard all night in the presence of a bald cunt. So I decided to be brave and asked Delores to shave me.

She kissed me tenderly and went into the bathroom. I tore off my panties, garter belt, and stockings before she returned with scissors, a basin of warm water, towels, washcloths, shaving cream, a razor, and some extra blades. I lay on the floor on a towel with my legs spread wide. Delores, still nude, sat between them and went to work with her scissors. I had a few reservations as I watched my lovely bush, which had fascinated so many men (and more than a few women), disappear, but it



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was too late for regrets. Delores was clipping my dark pussy hair as short as she could. The delicious sexiness of it all and the electrifying prickly feeling had me ready to go again. Delores was obviously turned on, too. Her eyes sparkled as she placed her mouth on my mound and ate me expertly before rising to mount me like a man. She rubbed her slick pussy against my bristly one, our pubic bones grinding together, our tongues deep inside one another's mouth. I could taste my pussy on her lips. More quietly than before, but just as satisfying in a subtle way, we came again, very nearly at the same moment. When she could keep her hands steady, she lathered me and began to shave the stubble from my mound. The warm foam felt marvelous, and—I was squirming so much. She had to use three blades because the hair was so thick, but at last she had me turn over, with my ass in the air and my cheeks spread so she could finish up around my anus. Then she wiped me off and planted another kiss on my now slick cunny as hairless as a little girl's. I simply loved the look and the feel as my finger explored my sexy bald pussy.

Needless to say, our lovemaking continued into the night, nearly until dawn. Delores and I made our way to her bed, where we explored each other in every conceivable position, including a wonderful, prolonged session of 69, before falling asleep entwined in each other's arms. I

ended up staying for the weekend, and we now get together at least every few days to shave each other (the stubble grows quickly, which is fine with us, since we get so much pleasure from shaving) and to make gloriously passionate love. I find that the absence of hair not only gives me heightened feeling when I make love but also allows my clothes to rub freely against my sensitive lips and clitoris, so I'm almost always aroused.

I've been with three different men and one other woman since Delores first shaved me, and they all adore my pretty, hairless twat. But for now Delores is the special one, and I don't intend to lose her, I think I'm falling in love.—Name and address withheld

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harder to be a real woman and lover. Well, nothing worked—until one day I came home and found his closets empty and a letter in which he told me he was through waiting for me to wake up.

Over the next few months I shed all the extra fat, dug out the sexy clothes I'd packed away, and started hitting the cocktail lounges I'd heard him mention. I didn't find him the first week, but I did learn to get pleasantly loaded and lost my fear of dancing with strangers. I even came to accept and enjoy strange hands slipping beneath my dress to caress my pussy, ass, and tits.

After eight straight nights of partying and dancing in various bars, I finally located my Vic. I was sitting in a dimly lit booth, sharing my fourth drink with Tom, who I'd just met, when Vic walked in and sat at the bar. I suppressed my urge to run up to him and show him the new me and instead asked Tom for the next slow dance. I pretended not to see Vic as I ground my pussy against my partner's thigh and caressed his balls. He responded by damn near raping me on the dance floor. Vic watched us in the mirror behind the bar as we headed back to the booth. I pretended not to notice as I worked my hand up my companion's thigh and massaged his swollen member and balls. Tom dropped his head, opened my blouse, and sucked on my breasts while he played with my crotch through my panty hose. I

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finally caught my breath and sent him to the bar with instructions to bring me a double of the strongest drink they made. When he came back, he immediately opened my blouse again to play with my tits. I chugged down half of my drink, leaned back, and told him to do "whatever he wanted." He soon had my blouse completely off and my skirt up around my waist. As he slipped one hand down the front of my panty hose, I reached again for my drink and finished it. I was getting more than excited as his hands explored every inch of my body. When he started trying to remove my panty hose, I stopped him and immediately saw Vic lightly shaking his head as if to say, "I knew she didn't have it in her to give in to anything."

With a new determination I asked Tom to excuse me while I went to the ladies' room. Leaving my blouse, I walked topless to the rest room. I decided, once inside, that there was nothing to lose and everything to gain if I could prove to Vic that I could be a sexy woman. So, dropping my panty hose into the trash and wearing only my skirt, I headed back to the booth in the rear of the bar. Tom was gone when I returned, so I sat down and had some more of my drink.

While I sat there, I noticed the bartender move to the front of the bar and lock the door. He then got beers for two young guys sitting up front, for Vic and a guy he was talking to, and for Tom, who was

standing near them. He then mixed a large drink for me, pouring from at least three different bottles, and delivered it silently to my booth. I reached for it even though I was having trouble focusing my eyes. Realizing I was almost totally naked and was now locked in a bar at 2:00 A.M. with five strange men and a husband who was watching but ignoring me, I yelled at Tom to "come play with me" or I would leave.

He was there in a flash, playing with my tits again, and I laid my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes. Within moments another man seated himself on my other side and added two more hands to the total exploration I was getting. I hardly knew what was going on when the two younger guys came back and started pulling the table away from the half-circle booth I was now pinned in. Each knelt in front of me and ran his hands up and down my legs. Somehow my skirt disappeared, and I was completely naked, my arms pinned behind Tom and his friend as each sucked a tit, and my legs outstretched and held apart by the other two, who were working me over from my knees to my waist. As someone began fingering my nearly smoking-hot clit, I opened my eyes to observe Vic watching me as he talked quietly with the bartender. I then smiled to myself and went totally limp.

During the next several hours I was eaten, sucked, fondled, and fucked in every conceivable way. They placed me at the

edge of the bar with my legs hanging off as they poured beer over my pussy and took turns eating me. They carried me to various tables and did whatever they could think to try next. Through all of this I was aware of just floating through numerous orgasms from the number of hands, mouths, and cocks exciting every inch of my body. Finally from the booze and physical and emotional exhaustion, I just passed out cold.

When I awoke late the next afternoon, I was in a strange bed in a small efficiency apartment. I could smell fresh coffee, and when I opened my eyes, there was Vic with a cup for each of us. I nearly screamed with joy as he said, "I guess you're a real woman after all." Later we decided to pack his clothes and head for our home together.

Since that time I have lost another four pounds, and we have done a few threesomes with Tom, who's turned out to be a very close friend. Occasionally I go into a bar alone where Vic watches me dance, play with, and rub new dancing partners. He usually wins out over the others, and we leave them licking the fresh taste of my tits from their lips as we dash home for a wild lovemaking session.—Name and address withheld

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management job in a large firm while my husband is an employee in a small department store. I suppose it's because my career is so much more successful than his—I earn twice as much money as he—that causes him to dominate our private life.

Every weekend during the summer we go to a small farm we own that's about two hours from where we live. The place is very isolated, and we rarely see any other neighbors. While we are there, Mark is my master and I am his slave. I find it refreshing to have all my decisions made for me, and I know Mark really gets his kicks from ordering me around and degrading me. Some of the degrading I could do without, but I suppose it's all good clean fun, and I guess I could use the humility.

I spend the weekend cooking for Mark, waiting on him, and cleaning the place. I am completely naked the whole time, even to the point of having my cunt shaved and not being allowed to use perfume or deodorant. Not every weekend, but quite frequently, Mark whips me. He has a thin, light leather strap, which he uses. The pain isn't unbearable, but I always scream and beg for Mark to stop because this turns him on. If only the people I work with knew that their slightly aloof boss quite often gets slave whippings!

There is quite a scenario we go through for these whippings. We go into an old barn behind the farmhouse. Mark ties my

wrists, after first wrapping them in cloth to prevent their being hurt by the rope, to a heavy wooden beam over my head. Then he stretches my legs about as far apart as possible and ties my ankles, also wrapped in cloth, to large iron hooks that he put into the wood floor. The position is not too uncomfortable. The lips of my shaved sex are wide open. Mark makes no pretense of staring. Sometimes he leaves me tied like this for a half hour or so while he goes and watches a ballgame on TV or something. Those times the whippings themselves are almost a relief. It gets very hot in the barn, and after a couple of minutes the sweat is rolling off me.

Mark always strips naked when he administers my punishment, and he gets an incredible erection. When the whipping is finished and Mark unties me, we usually fuck like crazy on the spot, with the dust from the barn floor sticking to our sweating bodies.—Name and address withheld

A setup

I'm wondering how many others are in a situation similar to the one I have found myself in during the past six weeks. My husband recently took a job out of state and commutes weekends. Our interests in the city keep me here, so I recently took a job in an exclusive store for fashion designers, where sales are made by appointment only. It has an elegant show-room with a back-room lounge appropri-

ately equipped with mirrors. There are only two of us in the shop: Tom, who doubles as manager, and myself.

Although business is excellent, there is plenty of time to chat between appointments and conversations invariably drift to sex—nothing blatant, but the message is clear that he and I could get it on very well. Being a natural flirt, I considered all these harmless, and thought nothing of it.

On my fourth day a gorgeous blond visited, catching us during a slow period, and after some pleasantries, Tom and the blond (Vivian) disappeared into the back-room lounge area. Minutes passed, and then the silence was broken by unmistakable sounds of passion. Slowly drawn to the source by curiosity, I saw their reflection in the mirror: two naked bodies locked in passion, apparently oblivious to the world, were in rhythmic communion—the glistening phallus exploring deeply beyond convulsively clutching, swollen labia... a highly erotic sight which I watched with excitement until they were done. Not a word was said after the blond left. Friday, the fifth day, again nothing was said except for a "cat swallowed the canary" smile from Tom. With the excitement of those erotic images driving me on, my husband hardly could catch his breath through the weekend as we stayed in bed for most of it.

On Monday, the following week, the same blond and a handsome black man

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came to visit and chat. Then all three disappeared into the lounge area, followed by silence. As before, the silence was broken by sounds of passion. I went to take a look, half expecting a two-on-one (never saw that before)! Totally nude, the black man was eliciting moans of passion from Vivian as he rhythmically glided in and out—the color contrast and the very hard and wet phallus produced instant excitement. Where was Tom? As if reading my thoughts, he silently answered as I felt first the penis insinuating itself at my rear, and then one hand to a breast, the other between my legs underneath the wrap-around skirt I wore.

Although I did not react, he soon could tell positive signs through my panties, and as he pressed his whole body against me from behind, he whispered that such pleasure as Vivian was receiving could be mine, too—with him. Afraid to respond, I continued to watch as my excitement continued to build until my body was now on its own—my mind lost in sensation as his hands caressed more urgently, then undulating his hips and trailing kisses towards my lips. As I turned to capitulate, a customer called and broke the spell. The day ended with Tom smiling and silently saying, "Soon!" Little did I know what that really meant.

On Wednesday he took me on a buying trip. That night was spent with a quiet dinner followed by some dancing before retiring for the evening with a polite peck on the cheek. Thursday night started the same way, but the dancing got tighter, and we were hardly moving on the poorly lit floor. His passion was told only by a rising bulge; no word was uttered. We returned to my hotel room. When the door was locked, he danced me to the bed while removing our clothes. Exchanging gentle caressing kisses (I was so ready to be impaled that I ached in anticipation), we lowered ourselves to the bed and he proceeded to kiss every inch of my body. I

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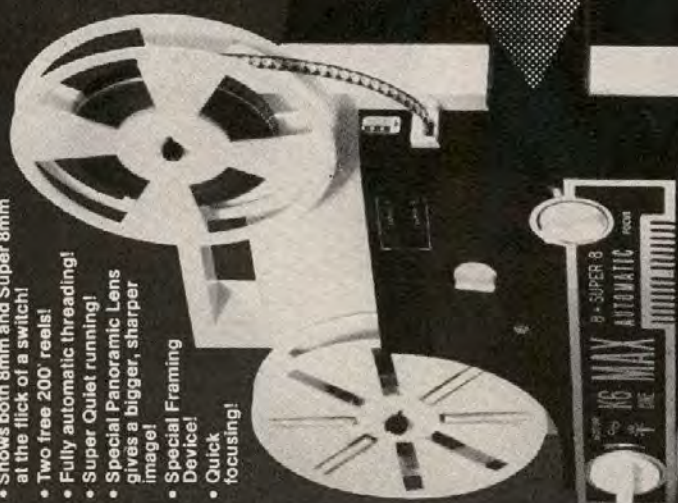
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THE 10 MOST BIZARRE SEX CRIMES



JAKE LAMOTTA



THE SECRET WAR IN OUTER SPACE

American Cancer Society—As part of our continuing series of articles on the Politics of Cancer, reporter Allan Sonnenschein investigated the prestigious American Cancer Society—a privately funded organization that raises over \$150 million a year to fight cancer. Sonnenschein discovered that the ACS has been dominated by many of the large hospitals and universities that receive money for research as well as by executives of drug companies making millions from chemotherapy drugs. Moreover, while the ACS ignores or belittles alternative cancer therapies, its own public-education programs have often been useless and even dangerous.

The 10 Most Bizarre Sex Crimes of the 20th Century—It's been a busy eighty-two years, full to bursting with rape, mutilation, necrophilia, sex-inspired cannibalism, and white slavery. Not to mention mass murder, vampirism, and toe sucking. There was the German butcher who made mincemeat of Sweeney Todd's antics. And the busy businessman from Vienna who achieved orgasm only when trains crashed. And where would weirdness be without America's doctors? Two make the list: one for his peculiar phobia, and the other for having sex with his patients under the most unusual circumstances. Plus six more tales too bizarre to be fiction!

The Secret War in Outer Space—The cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union is quickly becoming a real-life *Star Wars* fantasy, with lasers beamed from orbiting satellites, charged-particle-beam weapons, and manned space stations. Contributing editor Ernest Volkman reports on the latest, uncensored battles in this secret war and how President Reagan's budget cutbacks are enabling the Pentagon to quietly take over the U.S. space effort for its own purposes.

Jennifer's Lover—Dale Finch was living the American dream until he discovered his wife in bed with her young lover—a man who could take her through time to a world we will never know. Master storyteller Robert Silverberg spins a modern fantasy about the breakup of a marriage—with a remarkable twist.

Interview with Jake LaMotta—He was called a "raging bull" long before Martin Scorsese made the hit film of the same name about the life of the former heavyweight champion of the world. Unruly, fearsome, savage, LaMotta admits today that he was "truly crazy" as he fought his way up out of his impoverished youth to fulfill his obsessive dream. LaMotta talked with Joe Flaherty for *Penthouse* about the Mafia-ruled boxing world of the forties and fifties; how he was denied a shot at the championship until he "cooperated"; how he won everything—love, money, luxury, the title in 1949—only to lose the title two years later and wind up in jail, divorced, alcoholic, and penniless. LaMotta's riveting story appears in the May *Penthouse*. 

lost count as one wave of pleasure enveloped me after another. Tom alternated from strategically placed kisses to seemingly endless and deep penetration of my vagina... turning moans to screams of passion. I was thoroughly ravished through the night, often awakened from sleep by tingling sensations from slow, pistonlike action of what seemed like a perpetually erect and eager penis.

Following a call to my husband that my return would be delayed by a prolonged work-related engagement, Tom and I never left the hotel room as we endlessly explored the depths of each other's lust, and there was much to explore! Thank God for room service.

On the way back to the city, a blanket and an approving smile from a stewardess saw us through some passionate contortions in the nearly empty plane. Arriving early in the morning, we went directly to his apartment. A quick shower was followed by leisurely cuddling while waiting for the sun, when distinct sounds of passion came from another room. Who should it be but Vivian and the black man (Phil, who turned out to be Tom's roommate), who'd had a go at the shop (I guess I was set up). Watching, Tom and I reenacted what we didn't finish at the shop on the fourth day. Passions temporarily abated, proper introductions were made, and Phil insisted on a more penetrating technique. I gladly enveloped his offering and screamed to acknowledge my pleasure to be meeting him. Of course, Tom excused me for the day, as Phil and I decided to enjoy a deep and prolonged conversation.

That was six weeks ago. Now, every night during the week that my husband is away is spent with either Tom, Phil, or with all three lovers. Twice, they took me to swinging parties where I enjoyed myself immensely with other men in several combinations—you'd be surprised at who among the famous really enjoy themselves! Tom never lets a day at the shop pass without slipping it into me—I don't wear panties anymore. Sometimes Phil visits and does the same. Once, Tom had my mouth and Phil was pumping away doggy-style when a customer came early for an appointment. Vivian saved the day by taking care of him as I was sent into orbit. I never dreamed sexual pleasure could have so many varieties.

My weekends are spent with a very passionate husband who does not yet know what is happening. I love all the sex I'm getting and would like for him to meet my three lovers. I do not think I am unique—I wish your readers in similar situations would write.—Name and address withheld 

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THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

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WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Carlton king-size filter cigarette sold in a hard pack had the lowest tar, nicotine and cost of any cigarette tested.

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Analyses of samples of Carlton cigarettes were periodically performed during the test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged:



"TAR"..... LESS THAN 0.01 MG
NICOTINE..... 0.002 MG

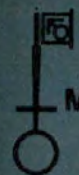
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Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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MISS MURIEL ROUSSEAU/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

