

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

AUGUST 1982 \$3.00

SPECIAL ISSUE

**SEX AND
VIOLENCE**

**PLEAD INSANITY
AND GET AWAY
WITH MURDER**

**S&M FOR
BEGINNERS**

**10 TALES OF
SEXUAL TERROR**

**JIMMY BRESLIN ON
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**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH GUARDIAN
ANGEL CURTIS SLIWA**

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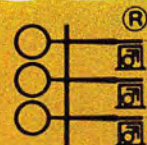
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4 PENTHOUSE

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The International Magazine for Men/August 1982

Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*



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CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	Donna Barnes	Photo by Pat Hill (Photo credits on page 189)
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
FEEDBACK	Opinion	28
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander 34
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager 43
SCENES		James Delson 44
FILMS		Roger Greenspun 46
WORDS		Tom Gervasi 48
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer 49
THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY OF RESISTANCE	Article	Philip Nobile 52
DRESSED TO KILL	Pictorial	Photos by André Berg 62
FORSAKING ALL OTHERS	Fiction	Jimmy Breslin 72
THE FARCE OF COURTROOM PSYCHIATRY	Article	John Godwin 76
CURTIS SLIWA	Interview	Andrew Gilman 80
DONNA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Bob Guccione 85
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	Cherri Senders 104
WHY GUN CONTROL WON'T WORK	Essay	Mark K. Benenson 106
THE BANK ROBBERY	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Wachter 113
S & M FOR BEGINNERS	Article	V. K. McCarty 132
HANS HENRIK LERFELDT	Portfolio	137
HARD TIMES	Humor	142
MALE PROSTITUTION, PART II: THE WELL-KEPT MAN	Profile	Majorie Rosen 146
DREAMWATCH	Analysis	Dr. Albert Ellis 155
ARE YOU A SADIST?	Quiz	Frank Donegan 159
TEN TRUE TALES OF SEXUAL TERROR	Article	Text by Ann Hodgman/ Illustrations by Derek Pell 164
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione 176

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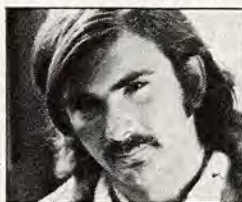
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HOUSECALL

If, as people used to say in the sixties, violence is as American as apple pie, then sex and violence is certainly our national pie à la mode. These two recurring themes tend to dominate and infiltrate every aspect of our lives: from "family" television to the latest Hollywood blockbusters, from our own gothic fantasies to the more subtle and sensual images and illusions of today's marketers. Sexuality and danger—and sometimes dangerous sexuality—provide an inescapable counterpoint to everything we do, to everything we are. This month, in a sometimes serious, oftentimes ironic, frequently outrageous, but *always* provocative special issue, we explore the multiheaded hydra of sex and violence in today's America.

It is probably no coincidence that sadomasochism, once among the most feared and forbidden of all sexual adventures, is gaining widespread popularity and acceptance in direct proportion to the growing numbers of men and women presently reporting that boredom and dissatisfaction, particularly with sexual routines, are destroying their relationships—even those between loving partners. Editors of two of *Penthouse's* sister publications provide the latest bulletins from the trenches and battlefields of the sexual revolution in "The Agony and the Ecstasy of Resistance" (page 52) and "S & M for Beginners" (page 132).

Philip Nobile, editorial director of *Forum* magazine, explains the theory of resistance, a commonsense approach to understanding the complexity of human sexual behavior. Perhaps because the theory makes such plain sense, the fascinating implications of resistance have been overlooked by many sex researchers, who prefer to cloak their ideas in mysticism and misinformation. "It is hardly comforting to face the fact that all of us," writes Nobile, "including the most dedicated of lovers, sooner or later succumb to the devil of fatigue." But as Dr. C. A. Tripp, who originated the theory of resistance, explains: "Sexual motivation is always advanced at least as much by factors that resist or retard a sexual impulse as by those which directly accelerate it.... Keep in mind that impediments of some kind (accidental or deliberate) are *necessary* precursors in the psychology of sexual arousal."

This startlingly obvious yet logically elegant hypothesis provides perhaps the best explanation for why S & M has come out of the closet—the major sexual headline of the 1980s. V. K. McCarty, executive editor of *Variations* magazine, takes us on a tour of the world of discipline and bondage, and interviews "Madame X," an elegant thirty-five-year-old dominatrix who makes up to \$300 an hour by bullying her clients into orgasm (page 134). "Simply put," writes McCarty, "erotic sadomasochism is a willing exchange of control between lovers.... Many elements, real and symbolic, come into play—costumes, spanking, bondage, the stinging kiss of the rod, verbal humiliation, and simulated rape." Although the ritualized role-playing of the S & M relationship has traditionally belonged, almost exclusively, to the rich and privileged classes, times clearly have changed.

The precisely choreographed violence of a sadomasochistic

love affair is a far cry from the terrifying anarchistic crime that has turned many of our larger cities into prisons for the innocent; cities in which law-abiding citizens cower behind locked doors and barred windows while criminals roam the streets with impunity. Fortunately, there are some fearless individuals who have vowed to fight back. Although Curtis Sliwa, founder and head of the red-battered Guardian Angels, is in the forefront of this struggle, he views his role modestly, telling reporter Andrew Gilman in this month's exclusive interview (page 80): "We're just average people choosing to create a better quality of life." But our cities would be much better places if more "average people" followed the motto of the Guardian Angels: "Evil will triumph when good men do nothing."

One good man who *is* doing something is Dr. Joel Fort of San Francisco, a psychiatrist who works the streets, where most crime originates, to seek out and help disturbed individuals before they victimize others. This is where psychiatrists belong, says Dr. Fort—not in the courtroom, where all too often the insanity defense is used to free dangerous people. In "The Farce of Courtroom Psychiatry" (page 76), journalist John Godwin documents the abuses of the insanity plea. "No other single factor," he writes, "has contributed quite so much to the present decrepitude of America's criminal-justice system." As Dr. Fort told Godwin: "I want all so-called mental experts out of the courtroom because no standards of relevant training and experience regarding criminal responsibility have been established for them."

Street violence and organized crime provide the background for this month's fiction, an exclusive excerpt from Jimmy Breslin's forthcoming novel, *Forsaking All Others* (page 72), which was written with special background provided by "Team C," a New York City police squad that cracked a dangerous heroin ring in the South Bronx. Breslin, the nationally renowned columnist and best-selling author of such novels as *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight* and *World Without End, Amen*, updates Romeo and Juliet with the story of a beautiful daughter of a Mafia capo who makes the dangerous, if romantic, mistake of falling in love with a poor Puerto Rican law student. *Forsaking All Others*, which will be published by Simon & Schuster, is funny and heartbreaking at once—a story you'll find impossible to forget.

Other items of more than average interest this month include: the second article in our series on male prostitution, a portrait of "The Well-Kept Man" whose superexpensive life-style doesn't cost him a penny, written by Marjorie Rosen (page 146); "Ten True Tales of Sexual Terror" (page 164), a miniature but marvelous collection of bizarre memorabilia written by Ann Hodgman and illustrated by Derek Pell, from their forthcoming Perigee Book *True Tiny Tales of Terror*; attorney Mark Benenson's "Advise and Dissent" on the futility and danger of gun control (page 106); and Cherri Senders's report on a group of truly unknown and forgotten Vietnam heroes—the woman veterans (page 104).

There's no chance that our Pets this month will ever be forgotten, but then again, who would want to try? Perusing their lush loveliness, warmed by the summer sun, makes one remember that while sex and violence may have their moments, beauty and romance are timeless. O—

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

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AUGUST

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.

SHEER MADNESS

I read halfway through the letter "Snug and stylish" in the March issue before I realized it wasn't from me. I too wear support pantyhose and unisex panties. My favorite brand is "Free to Be Me," by No Nonsense. They have a large cotton crotch. I guess that's to prevent vaginal infections, but it's also good for avoiding jock itch.

I happen to disagree with the writer's opinion that all men can wear Tall. I'm medium height and weight and I should wear Queen-size pantyhose, but somehow the name doesn't appeal to me. I don't worry about runs, since no one sees my pantyhose but me.

I also like to wear plain ladies' panties but they're a problem to buy. I mean, if I were buying lacy, black, crotchless panties, the salesgirl would assume they were for my mistress. But if I buy brown terry-cloth panties, she's gonna figure either they are for me or I'm a husband who has very unromantic taste in presents for my wife.

I should say that I don't wear napkins, but maybe that's a good idea, too, like in the recent late-night television routine about peni-liners. I do sometimes have problems with drips.—Name and address withheld

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

I noticed recently while reading "Forum" that people are sharing not only their experiences but also their fantasies. Here is my favorite fantasy.

I am lying on a large bed and there is a soft, blue light shining down on me. My wrists are tied to posts with silk scarves. My legs are free. My ass is at the edge of the bed and my feet are in velvet stirrups. A man steps from the darkness into the circle of blue light and kneels in front of my pussy. He begins caressing my thighs with his lips, lightly tasting my flesh. He lingers near my pussy, breathing in my musky, woman smell. He parts my lips and runs his tongue from my ass to my clit. I gasp from the rush of pleasure and can feel my breasts swell and my nipples harden. I turn my head to the side to concentrate on the sensations and suddenly notice that there is someone watching.

From his hips up he is in the darkness, but I can tell he is wearing a black, silk hood. His lower body is in the light. He is dark from the sun and thickly muscled. On his wrists are black, leather bracelets, with silver studs. With his left hand he is caressing his large balls, and with his right

he is stroking his cock.

His cock is enormous. My eyes are wide with terror and anticipation, and my heart beats wildly as I realize that the man between my legs with the soft lips and talented tongue is getting me ready for an experience I'll never forget.

I stare at my captor's large cock and feel he must be proud of it. It is getting hard like a flexed muscle and turning darker from the blood rushing into it. The head is sleek and as big around as a silver dollar. A drop of clear fluid seeps out and he smears it over the head.

I am starting to sweat from the excitement and struggle at my bindings. I want to touch and taste his manhood. I feel two fingers enter my cunt and it aches for more. I feel my pussy juice running down my ass as another finger is inserted. Oh, how good it feels! He is opening me up so that there will be room. The musky perfume of my pussy fills the air, and I want to taste his fingers. Suddenly he withdraws and says, "She's ready."

My captor walks toward me and I feel faint. He kneels on the bed and straddles my breasts. He's letting me taste it. I run my tongue along the underside of his huge shaft. Will he try to put all of it inside me? I hope so. I roll my tongue around the head and wrap my lips around it. It fills my mouth and he moans his pleasure.

I look up as he withdraws from my lips. I see the fire of lust in his eyes. I feel honored to be his captive. He kneels beside me and surveys my body in the blue light. He gets up and stands at the edge of the bed. He picks up my ass and moves me up a couple of feet. He kneels between my legs and rubs the head of his cock between my pussy lips, getting himself wet with my juices. He spreads my lips and inserts the head. I feel the tremors of my first orgasm, and suck in my breath. He slides another inch into my pussy, then another, slowly, so that I will get used to the size. He has most of it inside of me now and I feel him hit bottom. There are two inches to go. He pushes gently and firmly, and I feel him deep in my belly, throbbing against the walls of my cunt. I let out my breath and relax, and he withdraws all but two inches. He slowly slides those two wonderful inches in and out of my dripping pussy and drives me to a frenzy. How I love to be teased. He rubs my clit with his thumb and I explode in a mind-numbing orgasm.

Suddenly he plunges himself in to the hilt and his balls slap against my ass. I am still coming. I wrap my legs around him as he thrusts his thick pleasure rod in and out



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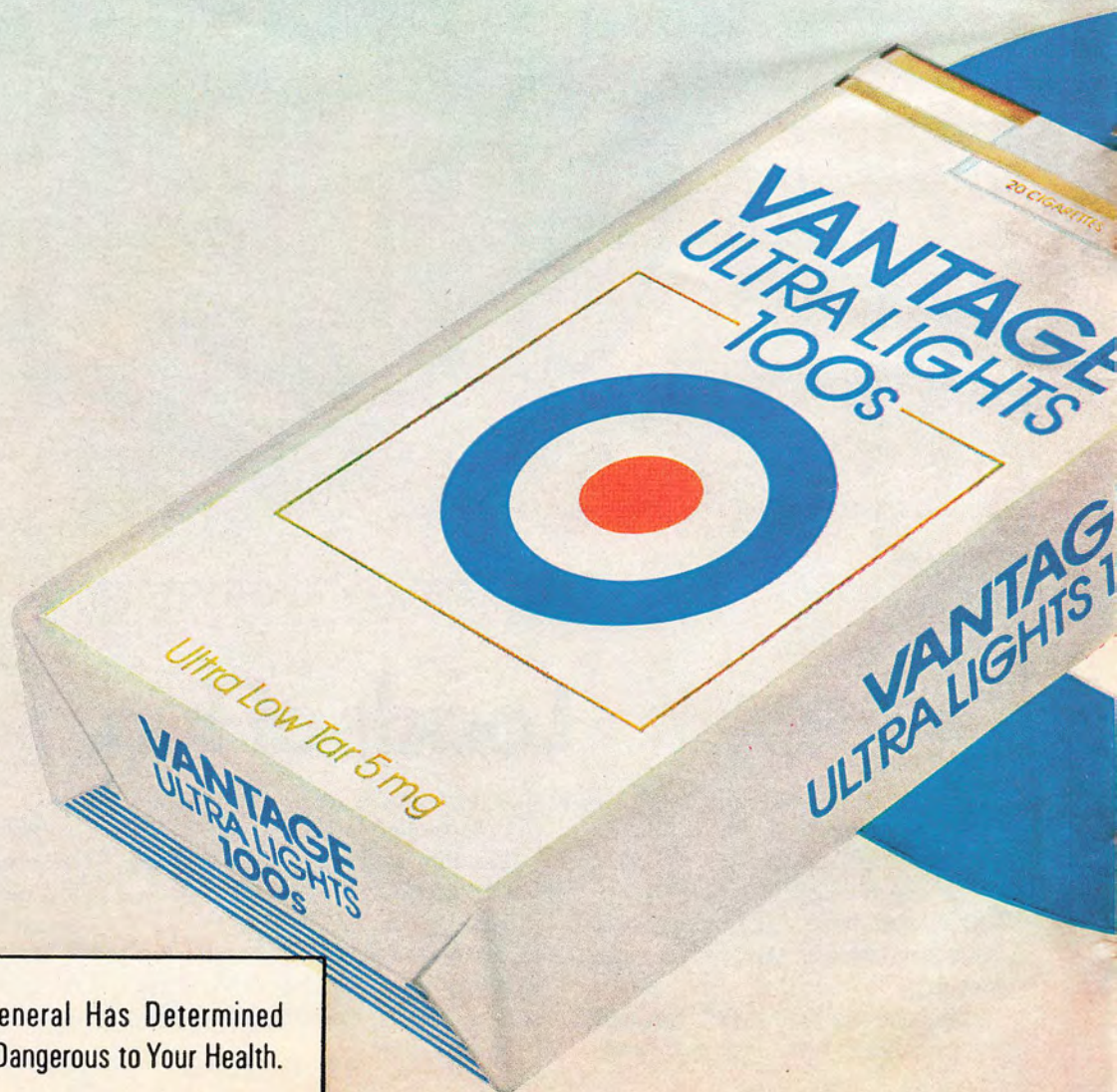
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of my quivering pussy. Oh, give it to me! He pulls out again and teases me with the head. I am spoiled for life. I've never felt such ecstasy. Again and again he pounds his beautiful cock into me, lifting my ass from the bed. I am moaning wildly and I can hear him groaning with pleasure. I am tripping from one continuous orgasm.

Suddenly his cock swells and his balls get tight. His muscles stiffen. He's grunting like an animal as he slams his hips against me long and hard. I am coming again with such force that I find it hard to breathe, and scream with pleasure with the last of my breath. My mind is spinning into a black void as I feel his hot come gushing into me.—*Name and address withheld*

SECOND CHILDHOOD

Through the years I've read a few letters in "Penthouse Forum" on the subject of diapers, and I would like to share my experiences with you and encourage others who share this joy to write in their experiences.

For years I have been personally rediscovering the world of diapers and sharing my pleasure with my wife. Prior to getting married I confided to her that my ultimate fantasy was to be treated like an infant. Much to my surprise and delight, she seemed turned on by this too. Early on in my teens, I discovered that I became sexually aroused by diapers. For years I had been acting out my fantasies alone but

never had I been able to tell anyone about it. At first I would wet my underwear and used homemade rubber pants. Later on I discovered that I could buy adult-size, disposable diapers and rubber pants at surgical supply stores. This made it more pleasurable and much easier for me to pursue my fantasy.

Now my wife and I have taken this sexual fantasy and turned it into a major reality. Every few weeks or so, either in the evening or on the weekend, we each take turns being an infant. Whoever is the baby must abide by certain rules. He must wear nothing but a diaper. He must crawl, not walk. He must drink from a baby bottle and be fed like an infant. He must not speak, and must make baby sounds and cry. And finally, he may not use the bathroom or do anything that a baby would not ordinarily do.

I especially love being the baby, but I also get extremely turned on by seeing my wife in diapers. Changing her and taking care of her needs is exciting. The high point during these sessions comes after the baby has wet. After being cleaned up, I engage in sexual intercourse with her. Then the baby is rediapered. Therefore it is to everyone's advantage when the baby wets.—*Name and address withheld*

OFF IN THE WOODS

I am nineteen years old, have blond hair and blue eyes, weigh about 165 at six foot

two, and am your average American teenager. I always make sure I get every issue of *Penthouse*. I have been a devoted reader of your "Forum" column especially. I love to read about other people's fantasies. I've always had my own fantasy of making it with a few lesbian girls but never thought it would be more than a fantasy. Until it happened. What an experience! I'll never forget.

Me and my friend Sam were going from bar to bar, from disco to rock 'n' roll. We went to this one bar and started to order a few Alabama Slammers. As we sat down to drink I noticed a wonderful sight. The bar was filled with smoke, and the lights were dim, but I could still see them very well. There were four beautiful chicks. Two were sitting where I could see what they were doing under the table. It freaked me out! I saw the nice blonde's hand coming between this fine-looking redhead's thighs and then slide down her pants. Man, the sight of that made my ten-inch cock stand right up at attention! The sight of the other two caressing and fondling each other was more than my dick could handle. I thought I would explode.

Sam was just sitting around, getting off on the band's ass-kicking music. I told him to check out the corner table. He couldn't believe what he saw! We got up the balls to go over by the table and ask them if we could buy them a drink. To my surprise, they all looked at each other and said sure.

Without wasting any time Sam went to get a pitcher of Alabama Slammers. So I was just standing there like an asshole, not really knowing what to say or do, not even knowing if it was for real or I was just tripping. Gina, the fine-looking one with silky black hair, asked my name and age. Sally, the redhead, turned around and started to run her sweet, sexy hand up and down Joan's face and down to her firm, rounded breasts. I could see Joan's nipples getting fully erect, which started my cock going again. I was getting very embarrassed by the growing size of my cock, so I sat down next to Leah. She had her hair cut really short and in the dim light it kind of looked green, but I thought it was just my eyes. Soon Sam came back and we all started drinking and getting into some serious rapping. So I lit up a few joints of some really good pot I had and we got a few more rounds of Slammers.

By this time we were all fucked up. Leah said, "Why don't you come to our place and listen to some real rock 'n' roll?" The girls were really into it, so without hesitation me and Sam said, "Where is it?" Sally told us to follow them, so we all split. Me and Sam were freaking out, knowing that we would soon be with four fine, foxy bitches at their place. And we knew it wasn't to listen to music!

After about a half-hour ride way up in the mountains somewhere, we came to this long driveway. We drove up it, and to our surprise there was a huge, beautiful log cabin. When we got up to the door and



"Okay, for seventy-five bucks, you can defile me."

Leah got into some real light, I almost shit. Her hair really was green! I asked her why she did that. She said, "I'm the leader of our band."

They showed us around the place and it was beautiful. Gigantic water bed, thick, thick purple shag rug that my feet sank into, and nothing but pictures of fine-looking chicks all over the walls and on the ceiling. In front of the bed were huge mirrors.

We started to party, smoking, drinking, and even blowing some good snow. Then the fun part of the evening came when Leah, Joan, and Sally all said they wanted something to eat. Gina was out in the kitchen making us a few more drinks. Leah took off her clothes. I could see that she also had green pubic hair. And what a body she had! She had to be about a 36-24-36. A perfect bitch. As she walked over to Joan she stuck her cunt right in her face and told her to eat her. Damn, at the sight of this me and Sam had hard-ons that wanted to bust through our pants. Gina came out of the kitchen naked as the day she was born. Sam said that he couldn't take it anymore. I watched him pull his rock-hard prick out and start to jerk off. Sally and Gina started to kiss each other passionately. I could hear all four of them moaning and groaning. Sam blew his wad all over the place. Leah saw that I was pulling my shirt over my pants because my cock was sticking out the top of my pants. She told Joan, the sweet blonde, to go over and take care of us. Sally came over to Sam and licked his come up. I heard her say, "Mmmmmmm, that's good. Give me more. I want more. Fill my mouth up till it runs down my lips." At this, Sam's cock stood straight up and she was sliding her tongue up and down its shaft and teasing his head and playing with his balls. I was getting really turned on by this. Meanwhile Joan was taking my pants off, and out came my erect cock. She gasped and said, "My, aren't you a big boy." At that she went down on me. Just as I was about to have the orgasm of my life, she stopped giving me a blowjob and got up to call Leah and Gina, who were eating and sucking each other, and Sally. She signaled to them and they all went into the kitchen together.

Sam and I had been brought up short. We looked at each other, shrugged, and began looking around. I suddenly noticed this door with chains all over it, covered in black leather. Leah suddenly reappeared and asked me if I wanted to see what was back there. I said sure, why not! Sam was game too.

We walked in the door and all I could see was leather, chains, whips, dildos, vibrators—everything you could imagine a girl using. Next thing I knew, Gina and Sally were pushing Sam and me onto the floor. They were kissing me all over, taking turns sucking my cock, and I was hard in no time. Sam was sucking Leah's pussy while Joan lowered herself on his cock. Damn, it was like heaven!

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But suddenly things changed. These sweet little cunts turned into animals. They chained me to the wall and Sam to the floor. At first I thought it was a game. But it wasn't. It was serious. Leah told the girls to "get the equipment." They came back with leather and chains wrapped around them, and each had a whip. I got a little scared. Sam was going nuts. He was yelling and screaming for them to let him up. Joan went over to him and stuck her soaking-wet cunt right on his face and told him "This will shut you up!" and it did.

Sally and Gina came over to me and put baby oil all over my rock-hard cock. Joan put some on Gina's ass hole, which looked as good as her pussy. I was just trying to keep an eye on Leah because she just stood there with a whip in her hand and was telling the girls what to do. She would snap the whip right at us and tell us to eat her out, suck her tits, lick her ass, and all kinds of good things that I would have loved to do voluntarily. Gina said, "Fuck me up the ass. Now! Fuck me till I can't move." So with my hands tied and chained to the wall over my head I had to do this without being able to grab her hips and hold on to her. But I guess I was doing all right, 'cause she was moaning louder and louder. Sam was being ridden by Joan and I could see the fear in his face. We were loving the things we were doing but scared to hell of being whipped. I hadn't come at all, 'cause I was too fuck-

ing scared to. As we lay there, Leah took the chains and rope off us. We hoped it was over. Then we saw them go for a dildo and vibrator. Sam got up only to be met by Leah with her chains and whips. She made him lie back down as she stuck a vibrator up his ass. Sam seemed to love it, Leah was sucking his cock like a real woman. Sally, with her red bush, sat on me and I was sucking on her nipples and fingering her pussy. This I could relate to. While Gina sucked on my balls and jerked me off, Joan was lying on the floor getting off on a dildo and watching us. We all had outrageous orgasms and eventually were allowed to get up from that "hell" of an orgy.—Name and address withheld

BANANA SPLIT

I have been enjoying your magazine since my first year at college and have always been fond of your sexy pictorials and provocative letters. My fiancée, Leslie, and I have grown extremely fond of the "Forum" section because of the fantasies and ideas it provides us with sexually. It really does expand both our imaginations.

Anyway, I would like to turn your readers on to an experience I had last week with Leslie. Let me first give you a description of this fox. She is twenty-four, with wild brown hair, and a face and figure so luscious that I crave her constantly. She has a lovely pair of breasts with large nipples, a firm and sexy ass, shapely legs,

and a very pretty face. Her best part, though, is her pussy, sporting a full, brown bush leading down to the most luscious cunt lips I have ever seen. The shape they make is sometimes very hard to conceal in pants, as the mounds on each side of her slit protrude and her pants climb right up her slit. This was the first thing I noticed when I met her and made me feel I really had to have her.

One night Leslie came over to my place unexpectedly, and she was more horny, anxious, and excited than I have ever seen her. She came with a small travel bag, and she told me she had a surprise she was dying to give me. She told me to strip and wait in the kitchen for her.

When she called me into the bedroom I almost exploded at the sight. She was lying on the bed wearing a sexy black-lace top with tassels dangling from her tits to her belly button, a black and red garter belt, black stockings, and black high heels.

The look in her eyes was totally wild and I now knew why. Between her legs, staring me in the face, was the best dessert I have ever seen. She had loads of whipped cream perfectly placed in the shape of her bush and cunt, with a cherry placed in the center!

I dove in face first and began tasting the whipped cream, eating some, and then slowly running my tongue the length of her slit, stopping to flick her swollen and protruding clitoris and her tight ass hole. She then began bucking and burst into a shuddering orgasm. The taste was absolutely delicious. She was so hot and turned on that she had her nails dug into my arms.

I then ate the cherry, and with the taste of that and the whipped cream and come in my mouth, I spread her gaping, hot cunt lips so wide and went down on her hot, juice-flowing box. I slipped my tongue into her and got a shock, because as I probed her insides, out popped a chunk of banana, that was inside her, into my mouth!

The flavor of the banana was combined with pussy juice, and this blend must be tried to be believed. I sucked and chewed the banana and then went back down on her to find another chunk in her cavern. This time all Leslie could say was "Please fuck my hungry cunt!"

I took the can of whipped cream and sprayed her up again, this time also on her nipples and on my pulsating, swollen, red, ten-inch cock. She spread her legs wide and I rammed my cock up her, feeling the whipped cream and her juices all over us. Leslie clawed at my back as I fucked her faster and faster. I finally exploded and pumped out what seemed like a gallon of come. Leslie was right behind me. We both agreed that the orgasms we had were the most intense either of us had ever experienced.—Name and address withheld

THEY'VE GOTTEN CLOSER

I am a forty-two-year-old woman, five feet two inches, and 105 pounds. I am well





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preserved, if I say so myself, and I stay in shape by swimming. I have a small chest but I use my body to good advantage. The only sign of my being middle-aged is some gray hair. Since my divorce three years ago I have enjoyed sex with many men and a few women.

Which brings me to the point of this letter. Last spring I had an experience that still excites me when I think of it. About six months earlier, a new girl, Dori, had begun working in my office. She was twenty, single, five feet six inches, and built about like me. She has slender legs, a round, proud ass, and a small, almost flat, chest. She has a pretty face, framed by curly red hair.

Dori and I became good friends, and as I got to know her better, the thought of loving her appealed to me. We usually lunch together and always look over your magazine the day it hits the newsstand. I was encouraged by the fact that she seemed to be genuinely excited by your pictorials featuring two women. Dori lives far from the office, and our apartments are also quite distant from one another. So I invited her to spend Friday through Sunday at my place so we could go shopping together. I was delighted when she accepted.

She followed me home from work on Friday. The evening was uneventful with supper, television, and an early bedtime, me in my room and Dori in the spare bedroom. On Saturday we got up, had breakfast, and went out to hit all the stores, not

arriving home until 4:00 P.M. At that point, I began to put my plan into action. I set her up with the ingredients to make a salad for supper and told her I was going to take a shower. I made sure I got my body nice and clean so it would be pleasant for love later on. I played with my clit in the shower and by the time I got out my nipples were hard and my body tingling. I put on my robe and dashed into the bedroom to pick out my outfit for the evening. I put on a beige blouse that was so thin you could see right through it with no bra. I put on lace panties and a medium-brown wrap-around skirt. To finish it off, I wore a thin, gold chain necklace and bracelet. I checked myself in the mirror and was excited by the view of my hard brown nipples showing through the blouse. I was so excited that I decided to dispense with the panties. I reached up under my skirt, took them off, and put them back in the drawer. Then I went back to the kitchen to join Dori and tried to calm down.

By this time she was putting the salad in the refrigerator to keep it cool until the rest of supper was ready. When I came out she looked me over and smiled, her eyes stopping at my chest. I told her to take a shower while I finished preparing supper. She looked at me a while longer and then headed toward the bathroom.

While she was showering, I took two small steaks out of the refrigerator. They had been marinating, and I was going to

bake them according to a French recipe. I set the table in the dining room, opened the wine, and put some French bread in the oven.

By this time Dori emerged from the bathroom. She was wearing only a bra, bikini panties, and a waist chain. Her panties were so brief that her red pubic hair peeked out from behind the material. She turned around to show me the back. The panties were cut so that most of her round ass showed. I loved it. She said that after seeing my sexy outfit she also wanted to dress up.

Her panties and bra really did it to me. She really didn't need a bra for her size chest, but the suspense of having the best part of her chest hidden added to her sexiness. We had apparently agreed to all of this without saying anything.

To start our meal, we had a glass of wine in the living room, talked, and admired each other until supper was ready. Soon we put the food on the table together and continued to talk and admire each other through dinner. When our meal was finished she volunteered to get the pastries from the kitchen. We had bought them during our shopping trip. When she stood up, instead of going to the kitchen, she reached for the fastener between her breasts, undid it, and removed her bra. She said it wasn't fair that I couldn't see her entire chest when she could see mine. I feasted my eyes on her little mounds of flesh that protruded barely an inch from her chest. They were topped off by pink, erect nipples. As she left for the kitchen she said she would enjoy dessert more if I also removed my blouse. I couldn't believe how well this was going! I quickly took off my blouse. From that moment on, any doubts I had about her willingness to make love with me were gone. When she came back we ate the pastries with our mouths and drank up each other's beauty with our eyes.

Next we quickly piled the dishes by the sink, brought the wine into the living room, and put on some soft music. Both of us wanted to enjoy this completely, without rushing. We sat facing each other on the sofa and sipped our wine.

After a while I asked Dori to dance with me. A lustful look came over her face and she stood up. We embraced each other and our bodies touched for the first time. The feeling of her breasts against me was thrilling beyond description. Both of us began breathing heavily and swaying against each other to the music. I rested my head against her shoulder and smelled the sweetness of her body. I lifted my face and my lips met hers. They parted, and her tongue explored my mouth. I sank to my knees and rested my head against her stomach. I reached around and ran my hands over her ass. Dori was so soft and smooth that I knew loving her would be ecstasy. I gently hooked my fingers into her panties and pulled them down to her ankles. As she stepped out of them I buried my face in her red pubic hair,



smelling her juices. Then I stood up and led her by the hand to the bedroom.

She lay on the bed and I began kissing her from head to toe. I took each breast in my mouth and enjoyed the sweetness of her nipples. I ran my lips over every inch of her stomach. She spread her legs and I bent to kiss her cunt. As I did, I swung my legs up near her shoulders. She ran her fingers up my legs to my bare, hot, soaking pussy. She moaned with delight and slipped her finger in. As I was tasting the sweet nectar of her cunt, she unfastened my skirt with her free hand, unwrapped it, and removed it. She removed her finger from my cunt and we assumed the sixty-nine position. It wasn't long before we both had tremendous orgasms, and I could hardly keep up with the flow of her sweet juices.

Afterward I finished kissing her slender legs, turned her over, kissed up the backs of her legs, and attended to that smooth, round ass. I licked all over, paying particular attention to her pink ass hole. Kissing this pink, tight rosebud and flicking my tongue over it was a real turn-on for both of us. After five minutes Dori had another orgasm just from the feel of my tongue on her ass hole. Then it was her turn to satisfy me.

She started by lying on top of me and giving me a long French kiss. Then she kissed me all over as I had done to her. Her tongue made my nipples so hard that

they ached and made my pussy juices flow in torrents. After she brought my pussy to a thrashing orgasm, her delicious kiss let me taste my own juices. In all, her loving was exquisite.

Well, we didn't have clothes on again until Dori went home on Sunday. We made love twice more, took baths together, danced naked, slept in each other's arms, or just sat and talked and held hands. Hardly any time went by that we weren't touching. We have repeated our loving weekend several times since then. As soon as I mail this letter I'm going to call Dori and invite her over for the weekend.—*Name and address withheld*

AMONG FRIENDS

I am a nineteen-year-old GI, and something happened to me last month that I'm sure "Forum" readers will enjoy. I was home on leave, and one of my friends, Ed, invited me to his apartment for a welcome-home party. When I got there all of my best old friends were there, even all of my old girl friends (two of them there, Ginger and Chris, and gotten married). We all partied hard, laughed, made out, and generally got totally blind.

It was about 1:00 A.M. and most of the people were passed out, just lying around the house, some half-naked (about fifteen people in all). The only ones left awake were me, Ed, Ann, and Ginger. Ginger pulled out a gram of coke that she'd been

saving, so we did two lines of the magic snort apiece. Soon Ann was feeling hot, so she took off her shirt and jeans. Ed saw his opportunity, got up and said, "I got a fan in the bedroom," so he and Ann disappeared into the dark.

The only light in the living room (where we were) was one candle. Ginger went to the kitchen to make more drinks. As soon as she left the room I went over to Sarah, who was passed out. I stripped her down, made an inspection, and it seemed that she was still a virgin! She's an eighteen-year-old blond, with blue eyes and a slim but nicely built body. I caressed her whole body, and she started to wake up, so I got out two lines of coke and a twenty-dollar bill. I told Sarah to snort them up. Her head was still spinning from the booze and reefer, but as I held the bill up to her nose, she said, "Oh, wow!" Soon she was more alive and asked me if we had fucked. I said, "No. We were about to, but you passed out. . . ." I kissed her long and hot. She put her arms around me, and I could tell the snow was starting to work.

As she pulled me close, my semihard cock rubbed against her hips. I reached down and put my hand on her warm bush and rubbed her until she started to wiggle her hips. So I knew it was time to make my move on this sweet young thing. I lay on my back and pulled her onto me. She lay on me as I kissed her passionately. She moved her hips back and forth against my



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rock-hard dick. I finally told her to fuck me. She didn't give me any reply, so I got up and into the sixty-nine position and started pushing my tongue into her very hot, tight cunt as she took the head of my big seven into her mouth. She took in more and more as I had my face buried in her crotch and my tongue deep inside her, exploring her tunnel of love.

When she got to the point where I was driving her crazy, I stopped. I got up as she moaned, "Please, please!" So I told her, "There's only one thing that's gonna get you off." I knelt between her legs and pulled them wide open and took my dick in my hand, moving it to her beautiful pussy. She whimpered, "No, no." But her vibes were saying, "Please, please." I eased the head in first, and little by little I had about five inches going in and out of her as she started grabbing my ass with each downward motion, which soon became seven-inch thrusts. Our bodies were so sweaty that each time I thrust, my balls would let out a loud slap, and our bellies also. I was in heaven. The little bit of blood she shed soon became cunt juices, freely flowing out of her like a mountain stream. I was soon at the explosion point, and she sensed it. I rammed her as hard as I could and as far inside her as I could. When I came, I got weak from it.

Afterward, we lay there and smoked a doobie, kissing and talking about our experience. I looked over and saw our

friends passed out. As I watched, I got a crazy idea and started laughing. When Sarah asked why I was laughing, I told her of my crazy idea and she agreed. So we went around the house stripping everybody of all their clothes and hauled all of them into the living room, all lying on, under, beside, and on top of each other. Sarah and I then took a bubble bath together and went into the bedroom.

We fucked once again, then went to sleep embracing each other's naked body. Sarah and I are in love and are going steady now and laugh every time we think of all our friends and their wild-eyed looks when they awoke—*Name and address withheld*

CINEMA VERITÉ

Last weekend I had the greatest time of my life. I wish every weekend was like my last one. When I tell you about it, I am sure most of your female readers will agree with me.

First of all, I am twenty and petite (only five feet one inch and 100 pounds). Lots of people don't like being short, but I don't mind. I figure if I'm so small, the men I meet can't help but be big.

Anyway, back to my weekend. Last Saturday night I went over to see my neighbor Freddy. I had been away at college and hadn't seen him for a while and I wanted to say hello. Well, Freddy wasn't home, but his brother, Mitch, was there and said I

should come in anyway. Mitch is about thirty, and about six of his friends were also at the house, relaxing after some baseball. We talked for a bit and then one guy, Mark, asked Mitch if I was going to stay and watch television with them. Mitch wasn't too sure at first but they all talked him into it. I wasn't sure what was up but I knew it was something.

The guys turned on a video recorder and some porn movies came on. They were all short ones, just a couple of minutes long. I had never seen a porn film before, and I think I saw more sex in twenty minutes than I had ever seen before.

The guys were all getting really turned on by the movies, and so was I, when I realized how it was getting to them. When the films were over, Mark said, "How did you like it, Martha?" I just laughed, and then Mark said, "Did you learn a thing or two?" I kind of blushed, because I had seen things in those movies that I didn't know people could even do. Finally Mark said, "Wish you were one of the girls in those movies. Then you'd know how to take care of us." I don't know why, but I said, "Wish you were one of the guys in those movies. Then you'd know how to take care of me." Mitch began to look a bit scared about what was being said, but Mark was quick. He sat down beside me and put his hand on my boob and kissed me hard. By this time the other guys wanted to get in on it, and Jerry put his hand on my other boob and also kissed me. I could feel Tim undoing my shoes, and by this time Mark was unbuttoning my jeans. Paul started pulling them off, and Mark and Jerry started taking off my shirt. "Fuck, what a little body!" said Syd, who was already taking off his own shirt.

About this time I started to get a little scared because this was all happening so fast. But it couldn't be stopped, and even Mitch was getting turned on by it. I didn't know how I was going to survive all those guys.

Mark undid my bra and shouted, "Just look at these beautiful little tits! Her nipples stick out just like cherries." He leaned down and sucked one into his mouth and I let out a moan. I heard one of them say, "This little thing is as hot as a firecracker!" I felt some hands grab for my panties and I got scared and tried to cross my legs, but they pulled my legs apart and whipped my panties off me.

I'm blond and I haven't got much muff hair, and I was real wet. I suddenly felt Mitch's tongue on my clitoris and I came for the first time. Syd had his cock in my face and told me to suck it. Mark and Jerry were going at my boobs while Mitch was eating me. Tim and Paul were just waiting for their chance.

It didn't take Syd long before he said he was going to come and Paul called for a come shot, like in the movies. Syd pulled out of my mouth, because I couldn't get my hands up to hold him in, and his hot come splattered my face and neck. I didn't really want that, so I opened my mouth



"Are we observing a leak?"

wide and he directed his second and third squirts toward it. This really turned the guys on.

Tim said we had to get organized. Paul was lying on his back, and the guys picked me up and sat me on his cock. I could feel somebody rubbing grease on my ass hole, and I shouted for them to stop, but Tim had his cock up my ass almost before I knew it. That was my first double pommel, and it was great. I could feel both cocks rubbing inside of me and I came twice before it was over. Tim's cock made a popping noise when it slipped out of my ass and Mitch picked me up off Paul and laid me on my back. Then he slipped my legs over his shoulders and began fucking me. When he was done they began fucking me doggie-style, and I blew one guy at the same time. It seemed almost like the rule, because every one of them pulled out of my mouth and shot his come at my face so the others could see. By the time it was over, every guy had come at least once in my mouth and once in my pussy.

Well fucked, I practically crawled home. My twenty-one-year-old sister, Cindy, was sitting in our room when I got home. She asked what I had been up to, and when I told her, she couldn't believe it.—*Name and address withheld*

WORK IT ON OUT

I am a steady customer at an area gym, and sometimes the manager asks me to close up on weekends. It puts a damper on my social life, but the money is good.

It was about 9:30 one night, and I'd just finished my workout and was waiting for 10:00, when I could close and get to the bars. But when a car pulled up and a woman got out, I knew I'd never get out early.

The women who come to this gym are housewives who are out of shape and just stand around and talk. Well, needless to say, I was shocked when this lady stepped through the door dressed in a full-length white mink and five-inch heels, and with flaming red hair.

She only said hi as she moved back to the dressing room, and I couldn't wait to see what was under that coat. My wait wasn't long or disappointing, 'cause under that mink was a five-foot, well-shaped lady dressed in a blood-red leotard with thin straps that went over golden shoulders down to an open back. I was getting quite a hard-on just looking at her.

She asked me to help her lift so she could get done sooner, so we moved to the first machine. She lay on her back, and I was positioned right above her head. With all the mirrors around, she couldn't help but see the bulge in my shorts.

My hopes of making it with this lady soon diminished after the first machine. She was here for a workout, not socializing. Twenty minutes later, when we finished, she turned toward me and said she was going to take a sauna and wanted me to join her 'cause it was so boring in there alone. I hurried to the front and



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locked the door, then ran back and got into the sauna. I was breathing hard.

She came in wearing the skimpiest swimsuit I have ever seen. She came over, sat down beside me, and reached over and grabbed my cock through my shorts. Then, with a soft assuredness, she pulled them off and pushed me onto my back. Wrapping her hand around my organ, she guided it to her mouth. With one movement she had it in her mouth and was sucking with a talent only a few women have. She kept my whole cock in her mouth and only moved her lips around the base. Within minutes I came, and she swallowed every drop.

She rose and with slow striptease movements removed her suit. Her breasts were firm and pointing straight up, and her whole body had a perfect, golden tan. Only her thick red bush broke the flow of gold.

Lying down on her back, she told me to come over and put my muscle to good use. Climbing on top of her, I placed the head in her vagina, and she pulled me in with her cunt lips. When she had it completely in her, she fucked me to the best orgasm I've ever had.

After our session in the sauna, we went to the whirlpool and screwed some more. If you've never had a water jet shooting toward your organ, I recommend you try it.

Two hours later I closed the front door, and she got into her car and took off. I

work again this weekend and hope she comes back for another workout.—*Name and address withheld*

PARTY OF THE THIRD PART

My wife and I are most intrigued by the subject of discipline and consider it an important part of our married life. To us it offers excitement and it definitely stimulates our sexual activities. Perhaps your readers would be interested in our strange but enjoyable relationship.

It was our mutual interest in discipline that attracted us to each other. During our courtship, we would sit on my wife's sofa and I would get a hard-on while she related to me the vivid details of spankings she had received. Sometimes I would get so worked up over her tale that I would jack off in front of her.

We are now in our thirties and have been married for several years. We have seen to it that we get our rear ends warmed regularly by one of my wife's friends, and we hope she continues to do so: the three of us have an agreement whereby we have given her the authority to punish us any time our behavior does not meet with her approval. She is a few years older than us and has some rather old-fashioned ideas, which often conflict with our more modern life-style. When this happens, she finds it necessary to take us on a little trip to the "woodshed."

It's a game we play, and both sides play

to win. We are normally the best of friends, but when it's spanking time she has no mercy on us and never fails to administer a spanking that not only is a pain in the ass but also is degrading to our adult dignity.

Game or not, she supervises us very closely and is particularly strict when it comes to our personal activities and the hours we keep. Anytime my wife and I do any swinging, she swings too. However, while we do our swinging at a party or disco with our friends, she does her swinging in the bedroom or basement with a strap. We get quite a thrill out of doing things she doesn't allow us to do, knowing that if we get caught we are in for punishment.

It is a major undertaking for one woman to punish two adults, but she is always more than able to handle the job. If we fail to cooperate, she makes our punishment more severe. There have been occasions when she has had to tie and gag us to make us submit. When that happens our bottoms are well done when she finally releases us. If we squirm, kick, or cry out too loudly while she is spanking us, she will also give us an enema, which is an incentive to take our punishment without a fuss.

Never once has she spanked us with her hand. Her usual correction employs both paddle and strap. She uses them alternately until the stinging is delicious. There is a white birch tree in her yard that furnishes switches that frequently find their way to the backs of our legs.

She likes to put us in all kinds of positions for our spankings. The traditional over-the-knee method is used at the start, but before she is through with us we have been bent over furniture, stretched across the bed, or placed in any number of unique positions that she dreams up to keep the game from getting dull. I might also add that the spanking is always applied to our bare behinds. Though this friend does not allow my wife to wear bikinis or halters, because she thinks they are immodest, she has no inhibitions at all about making either of us take our clothes off and present our exposed buttocks and pubic area when she punishes us.

Another thing that turns us on about being punished by our friend is the long ritual she puts us through. From the time she calls us on the carpet until we are dismissed, it's at least an hour and sometimes longer. It's all we can do to keep from climaxing in her presence. She starts by giving us quite a lecture on how we should behave and usually has us wait awhile before we get our spankings. Standing in the corner or waiting in our bedroom for her to come and spank us gets us mentally prepared for our ordeal and adds to the enjoyment. She doesn't believe in letting us off too easy, and when the spanking is over she has a number of little routines she puts us through, nude, including writing what we've done wrong 500 times and duck-waddling around the room. When our friend decides we have had enough, we are put to bed like two



"I'm sick and tired of being a football widow!"

naughty children, and I shouldn't have to tell you what goes on then.

I know that the majority of the readers wouldn't put up with what we do for one day, but we have enjoyed every minute of it. My wife and I know that constant discipline has kept our married life interesting for us. Being punished gets us ready for sex like nothing else can. In fact, we don't like to go too long without being punished. The past Monday night my wife remarked that it had been some time since we had gotten in trouble, and she was ready for some action. So we went out on the town with some friends and purposely stayed out past our weekend curfew. Our friend had been calling and checking on us, so, as we had hoped, we were caught and punished on the spot. When we finally got to bed that night, our rear ends were on fire, but so were our front ends.—*Name and address withheld*

THE BARTER SYSTEM

My friend and I are both juniors at a college in Boston. A while ago, when tickets for the Rolling Stones concert went on sale, my friend, Gary, and I were on line early in the morning with enough money to buy plenty of tickets. Once the tickets were sold out, word had gotten around our campus immediately that we had some extras for sale.

The next night, while we all were drinking in our college bar, these two girls who were rumored to be lesbians approached us for tickets. They were both foxy-looking, and we always found it hard to believe that they were gay. They were very desperate for tickets and offered us fifty dollars for each one. We agreed and told them to come back to my room to get them.

Once there, we started to drink and smoke some joints. The girls seemed to be getting drunk pretty quickly. I turned the conversation over to sex shortly after I knew they were definitely drunk. Then one of the girls, Marcia, asked us if we knew they were gay. We both acted as if we didn't know and told them we respected them for admitting it. The other chick, Joan, flipped us out when she said that if we took a few dollars off the price of the tickets they would do "a few numbers" for

us. Gary looked at me with a grin as wide as mine and immediately said we would sell them for thirty dollars each.

Marcia seemed a little hesitant at first while Joan started to remove her shirt. But she soon began to smile with pleasure as Joan played with her gorgeous tits. I've read many "Forum" letters about lesbian sex and have always fantasized about seeing a couple of chicks going at it.

With only their shirts off, I knew I was going to enjoy this as my dick began to stiffen. For about five minutes they fondled each other while doing some serious Frenching. Marcia then began to slip her hand into Joan's tight jeans. Joan was moaning away with pleasure as Marcia was fingering her ass. Soon after, they

each other's juices in a perfect sixty-nine position. Gary then announced that it was time for us to join in. They looked at each other, unsure of what to do. Both of us knew the answer when they turned to us, smiling.

I buried my face in Marcia's luscious pussy while Gary thrust his hard cock into Joan's mouth. I was sucking hard on Marcia's enlarged clit as she quivered into an orgasm, flooding my mouth with her sweet juices. Gary now had moved into a sixty-nine position, and I could tell they were about to have an orgasm. Meanwhile I began to fuck away at Marcia's still-dripping cunt. Soon I shot my load into her tight pussy as she shuddered into yet another climax. With both of our cocks now limp,

we felt satisfied enough to tell the girls that they could have the tickets for just twenty dollars each.

After they had left, we still found it hard to believe that the two were gay since they had given us such a good time. Well, thanks to Marcia and Joan and thanks to the greatest band in the world—the Rolling Stones.—*Name and address withheld*

FREEING HERSELF

I'd like to relate an incident that happened a couple of years ago when I was a desk clerk at a hotel in Memphis. At this time I was dating a very open-minded girl who worked at a nearby hotel. We had gotten into watching some X-rated movies and had even

bought a vibrator and two dildos. One was six inches long and had a strap, and the other was eighteen inches long with two heads. My girl friend, Pat, had a surprise for me one night when I got to her apartment—another girl! That was our first threesome and very delightful.

But our incident at the hotel was truly unforgettable. I was working the night shift. That's when I first saw "Mrs. Jones." I remember her being dressed in a business suit as she checked in. Later that evening she got some change from me, and that's apparently when she got my name from my name tag.

Not long after that she called the desk and asked for me. She was wondering if I would check her air conditioner. I told her I



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were taking off each other's jeans. I was totally hard as I saw those pants go down with no underwear on underneath. They both went squirming down to the floor to get their jeans off while still sucking each other's tits. I felt like I was watching a play because these two must have done this hundreds of times before. Now, stretched out on the floor, they were fingering each other so wildly that I thought they would rip their beautiful cunts apart.

I then noticed my friend taking his clothes off with his bulge desperately trying to get out of his pants. I took my clothes off, too, when I realized that we were going to make the next move. During this time the girls were unaware that we were stripping while they were lapping

could send the maintenance man to the room. But she said not to bother and asked what time I got off. I told her eleven and she asked me if I would stop by. I readily agreed.

At eleven I was caught off guard when she opened her door. I stared at a very chic lady, clad in a sheer pink nightie with absolutely nothing on under it. I looked from the triangle of dark hair up to her hardening nipples pressing against the nightie. She just smiled and said, "I want you to treat me like a whore!" I couldn't believe that the woman who seemed so conservative earlier was now confronting me in this manner. I stepped inside the room and closed the door. I reached for her and caressed her nipples, and she said, "You can treat me like trash, and I'll do whatever you want, as long as there's no hitting."

Needless to say I had a throbbing hard-on, so I told her to get on her knees and pull my dick out. She got down in front of me and pulled it out and started licking and kissing it as I took my shirt and tie off. I told her to get on the bed as I took my shoes and socks off and stepped out of my pants. I watched as she started fingering herself and she told me to talk ugly to her. So I walked beside the bed and told her to rub my cock and keep fingering her pussy. I started feeling myself coming, so I got on the bed and straddled her chest. Remembering something from a movie, I

told her I wanted her to jerk me off as my sperm shot out on her. She started rubbing me faster till I came and spewed out on her face, around her mouth, and she ran her tongue around to gather what she could. The rest oozed out on her chest.

After I had relaxed for a while, I thought of my girl friend, Pat, and asked the woman about having a friend come over. At first she just looked at me, but then I told her how I'd really like to see her being treated like a whore, and that she should do what I wanted. She quickly agreed, so I dialed Pat and told her about this woman and told her to bring our toys. After I hung up, I pushed her nightie up to free one breast. I started sucking on her nipples and fingering her juicy cunt. Then I put my wet finger in her mouth and asked her how she liked cunt juice. She said she'd never tasted it before, so I told her she was going to eat some pussy that night. She didn't reply as I moved down and started licking her creamy pussy.

I got another hard-on and had her get on her hands and knees as I pushed her nightie up on her waist and started fucking her doggie style. I was almost ready to come when there was a knock on the door. I pulled out and told her to answer the door, and if it was Pat, to let her in.

It was Pat, and she smiled at seeing the attractive woman. I told Pat that this was our whore and the woman just said "Hi." Then I told her to come back and sit on my

cock. Pat watched as the woman straddled my cock and started humping me. I told Pat to get comfortable and she started undressing. She only had on a pair of jeans, panties, and a tube top. I had her leave her panties on so our whore could do the honors.

After I emptied into her pussy, I had her sit on the edge of the bed while Pat stood in front of her. Later Pat told me she really got off on having the woman pull her panties off and finger her. Then I had our whore lay back, with her feet still over the bed so that Pat could straddle the woman's face. As the woman started eating Pat I got the dildos and vibrator out of Pat's bag. I first started using the vibrator on her, then stuck one end of the dual-headed dildo in her. When Pat got off, I was still pumping the woman's pussy with the dildo and teasing her clit with the vibrator. Our whore looked up to see what I was doing, and squirmed and said she liked it.

I then ran the vibrator to her anus and asked if she'd ever been fucked there. She said no, but I slid the vibrator in her hole anyway. Pat came around and lifted the woman's legs up so we could see both holes being filled. I was horny again and decided to try something new. After pulling the vibrator out, I told her I was going to butt-fuck her. She didn't offer any resistance as I moved in and worked my dick in her. Let me say that she was so tight and it really felt good. After a few minutes I thought a change of positions might be a good idea. She still had the dildo in her cunt. I pulled it out and had Pat get on the bed. After Pat slid the other half of the dual-headed dildo in her, I reentered her tight hole. I reached around and controlled the dildo's movement in both of them and could feel it rubbing my dick. It didn't take long before I came. I got the other dildo and inserted it in her rear as I lay beside them watching them. They were fucking each other, kissing and playing with each other's breasts, and I was their audience.

When they finally finished, both were wet with perspiration. I asked the woman how she liked it from the rear, and she said it was great. I held the strap-on dildo and asked Pat if she'd like to try it out. When she agreed, I helped strap it on the woman and told Pat to get on her hands and knees. The woman looked great moving behind Pat and working it in. Soon Pat was moving with the woman's strokes and the woman caressed Pat's dangling breasts. That was all it took to give Pat a powerful orgasm.

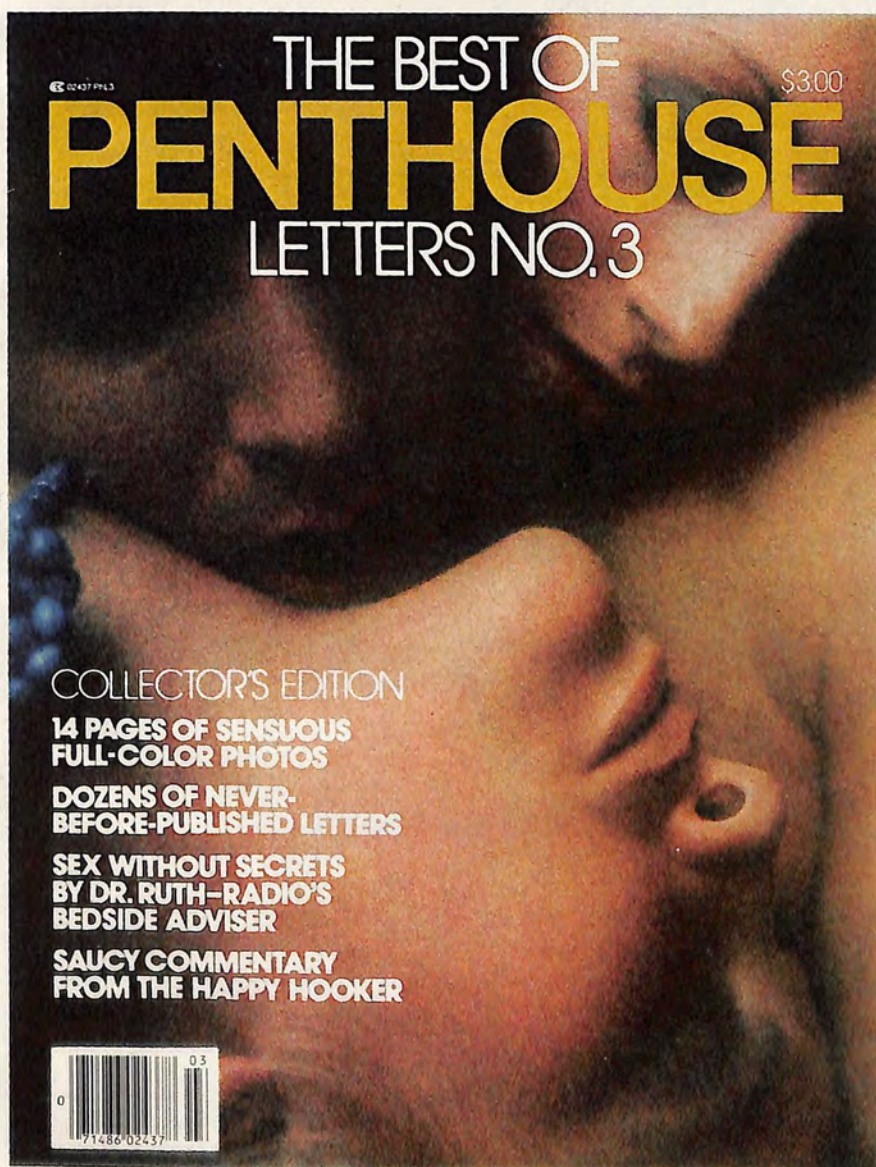
We decided to catch our breath and ordered a bottle of wine. When we had a few glasses and I thought about our evening, I got another erection. I dipped my fingers in my glass and wiped it on my dick and made the woman lick it off. Then we went to the bed and I had her lick wine off Pat's nipples and out of her cunt. We got the double-headed dildo and started fucking her with it, trying to push the whole thing in her as she ate Pat out. We started calling her a slut and a piece of ass, and she real-



NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

Her luscious thighs tasted like sweet nectar as I began the wonderful journey north. As my sighs increased and as her moans echoed throughout the room, I plunged headfirst into...

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ly got off on that.—Name and address withheld

AURAL SEX

Right after graduating from high school, my childhood sweetheart moved away from the village where we'd grown up together to settle in a large western city near some relatives. As soon as she left, I noticed myself feeling lonesome and love-sick, so at the first opportunity I flew out to surprise her. However, I was the one in for all the surprises. She announced she planned to marry this guy who she'd been seeing on the sly, a middle-aged executive who jogged five miles a day and owned several houses and an airplane. Shortly thereafter we split up, and I had to locate a place of my own to live, which is where the events I'm about to describe took place.

Since I hadn't lived in the city long, I didn't know much about apartment hunting but quickly rented a one-bedroom unit in a moderately inexpensive apartment complex. My new neighbors didn't seem too friendly but I'm finally on a first-name basis with the couple sharing the unit directly above mine. Steve and Linda are in their late twenties, officially unmarried, and childless. Both are quite a bit taller than my compact five-and-a-half-foot stature, well-endowed, and very attractive. Linda is a foxy, red-haired aerobic-dance instructor who used to work part time as a

professional wrestler, whereas Steve is a security guard and sometime bouncer with a black belt in aikido. All in all, a person would be hard pressed to stumble on a sexier pair.

On the day I moved in, I was putting some boxes in a large storage closet in my apartment when I couldn't help but overhear the unmistakable sounds of a man and woman passionately enjoying themselves. Every noise they produced carried so well through the flimsy ceiling that I could easily distinguish between the ragged hiss of rapid breathing, the soft slapping sound of bodies meeting intimately, and the gurgling slush of repeated penetration. Amongst the moans and sighs a feverish dialogue of graphic pillow talk was clearly audible. Linda was saying something like, "God, do it to me, Steve! Keep sliding your cock up me, lover. Oh, it feels so good when you shove it in deep like that! Yeah, keep fucking me with that big dick of yours! Oh, oh, oh..." To which Steve replied: "Uh-huh, that's the way, baby! Tell me how much you want my prick! Show me how your pussy loves my cock, precious. That's it, squeeze me hard with your luscious cunt. Here, let me suck on your tits (*slurp, slurp*)."

The vicarious thrill of eavesdropping on their groans of pleasure left me standing there staring off into space as though in a trance. Although I'd had sexual encounters with half a dozen different women in

the past, each apparently had been merely a quiet interlude compared to what was going on upstairs. Naturally the more time I spent listening, the hornier I got. Before long the tempo of the invisible action overhead began to speed up to a frantic pace, and it was obvious that Linda was about to have a huge orgasm.

"Ooooh, Steve darling!" she gasped. "Mmmm, my God, I'm almost gonna come! Just gimme a little more, can't hold off much longer, mmmm, yeah, that's gonna do it, honey! I'm just about coming, uh-uh-uh! Can't hold it back! Oh, don't stop now-ow-ow! Ow! Ow!" Her cries must have echoed like that for at least a full minute.

Then they switched to a different position when Steve said, "Turn over and get on your hands and knees." Within a few seconds the bed started clunking at a steady rhythm on the floor and the liquid, slapping noises grew louder. I yanked my belt buckle up past my navel to make room in my pants for a gigantic hard-on. When my fingers grazed my rigid member, a spasmodic shiver shot through my loins, and for an instant I thought I might black out from overexcitement. I held my breath so I could better hear their torrid lovemaking activities while unsnapping my jeans and getting on the floor.

Steve was huffing and puffing while Linda sounded like she was sobbing and gulping air, when all at once the commotion above me came to a halt. Since they weren't making any noise, I couldn't tell what was really happening, but my imagination ran wild and made me shoot my wad before I could even get my pants unzipped!

After several minutes it was plain that Steve and Linda were just starting to get warmed up. It seems difficult to believe, but they continued to loudly screw each other's brains out for the next three hours, during which Steve evidently climaxed at least twice, while Linda must have reached ten or more orgasms. I lost track of how many times I came myself, but I didn't stop masturbating until they finally left and I discovered I couldn't get another erection.

I soon learned that what I heard wasn't merely an isolated incident, because the two of them carry on like that for hours straight five or six nights a week. Shortly after I'd finished unpacking everything, I invited Linda to drop by for a cup of coffee, hoping I might find a way to get in on the action. She accepted the coffee, but when I made a discreet proposition, she rebuffed it, saying she wouldn't dream of cheating on Steve. In my frustration I've transformed my storage room into a comfortable orgy chamber complete with a foam mattress, a mirror on the ceiling, and sexy pictures covering the walls. I'm fairly sure they're aware I'm often listening in on their sex play, but I bet they'd be amazed to see my setup or hear some of the bisexual fantasies their lusty episodes have inspired in me. The three of us are rapidly



becoming close friends, and one of these days I'll get brave and try again—but this time to get into both of their pants.—*Name and address withheld*

A REVELATION

My entire outlook on sex has taken a 180-degree turn in the last year, and I must admit that it has been a turn for the better. I am a thirty-five-year-old businesswoman who has been divorced for five years, and I am trying to get my daughter through college. I was once a high-school beauty queen and have tried to keep myself in relatively good shape so that I will remain attractive to the opposite sex.

About six months ago I was out on a date with a manager from my company who is also an old friend of mine. My daughter, Suzanne, was at home with two of her friends from the local college and didn't expect me home until much later. I had no sooner arrived at my friend's house when I got the worst headache ever. I came into his place, sat down, and took a couple of aspirins. After about thirty minutes I realized that I would be no fun for the evening. I apologized to Tom and returned home.

I came in the back door of my townhouse and was ready to tell Suzanne that I was home, when I heard giggling coming from the basement recreation room. I walked over to look downstairs and almost fainted at what I saw! There were Su-

zanne, Carol, and Amy all sitting around on the floor in various stages of undress. At first I was furious, but then I decided to listen and see what was going on. Amy had the least on—a very skimpy pair of light-blue panties. My daughter had her jeans on, but had nothing covering her upper body. Carol had on a flannel shirt, which was completely unbuttoned and revealed her well-developed breasts. Suzanne is very flat-chested and extremely self-conscious about it. She has repeatedly asked me why Carol got so much more than she did.

Her friend, Amy is a real beauty, with long blond hair, a great face, and a great body. As I watched, I heard Amy telling the other two how great it felt to have her breasts touched. She began lightly touching the underside of her breasts with the palms of her hands until her nipples were erect. Then she began squeezing each one firmly, rubbing especially hard around each nipple. As she rubbed herself passionately, she urged each girl to try it. Suzanne was giggling, saying she hoped it would make them grow, and Carol was just looking on in a daze as she gradually touched each breast lightly. After about two or three minutes the giggling stopped and the heavy breathing began. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to yell, but I couldn't. Now Amy gently removed Carol's shirt and told her how beautiful she was and how the guys must love to fondle

and suck her breasts. She told Carol to close her eyes and pretend that she was her boyfriend. As Carol closed her eyes, Amy lowered her head to Carol's neck and began lightly kissing her. She soon moved down to Carol's huge breasts and started to lick the underside of each one. Carol's nipples really grew. They looked like huge acorns mounted on those lovely breasts. Amy now began sucking them. Carol had not said a word or opened her eyes. Suzanne was gently rubbing her own breasts with her eyes closed. Amy was now right in front of Carol. As her sucking became more intense, I saw her slide her right hand into Carol's panties. At first lightly but then harder, she rubbed Carol's clitoris in a circular motion, every once in a while sliding several fingers into her pussy. I found myself becoming quite aroused, wet, and puzzled. I walked back outside and decided to make a loud entrance so the girls would hear me coming into the house. I just couldn't bear to think of my daughter being fondled by another female.

I waited about five minutes after making lots of noise with my car. When I came in the door I was greeted by a "Hi, Mom" from downstairs. I slowly walked down the stairs and smelled the aroma that only a woman can make when she is excited. I told the girls that I had had a headache and decided to come home. Amy asked if I'd mind giving her a lift back to the dorm

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and I said no, I wouldn't at all.

We left Suzanne and Carol and got into the car. I asked Amy if she had any other plans for the evening, when she suddenly started to cry. I asked her what was the matter and she said that she never had any plans or dates. Amy was the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. I told her this, and she replied that because of that guys were afraid to ask her out. She began crying harder as I pulled into her dorm parking lot. I shut off the engine and put my arm around her to comfort her. I told her that I had similar problems in college and that the right guy would come along for her. She turned toward me to hug me and thank me. As I returned the embrace, I accidentally brushed against her right breast. As if spellbound, I couldn't move my hand. Amy positioned herself so that her breast was now flat against my hand. My passion overcame me. I started squeezing her breast softly as she turned her face toward mine. She looked me straight in the eyes and lightly kissed me on the lips. My lips met hers, almost mechanically, but then she kissed me more passionately. I felt her delicious tongue parting my lips and entering the warmth of my willing mouth. I was now kissing her more passionately than I had ever kissed any man.

She began telling me how beautiful I was as her hand gently stroked my thighs. I couldn't believe what was happening.

She then took my hand and led me out of the car and into her dorm. My head was spinning and my knees were weak. I felt my panties sticking to my pussy.

We entered her room and she immediately locked the door behind us. After turning on a small light, I decided I wouldn't hold back.

We walked toward each other and clumsily began undressing each other. We unbuttoned and unzipped in a frenzy. She threw off her panties and moved me to the bed. I still had my skirt on but she laid me down on the bed and pushed it up around my waist. She lifted my rear end off the bed and slid my panties and panty hose off at the same time. For the next fifteen minutes we wildly kissed, stroked, and sucked each other's breasts, lips, and legs.

Finally Amy touched the outer folds of my pussy. I grabbed her hand and pushed it between my legs. She started stroking my clit, entering my pussy every two or three circles. I grabbed her head and pulled it to me. Our lips and tongues met and I told her how much I wanted her. She placed her breasts on top of mine and our nipples became one. She removed her hand from between my legs but spread them wide apart and pushed her pussy against mine. She began grinding her pussy into me in a slow, rocking motion.

I lifted my legs so that my ankles were resting on her shoulders. Amy's hands

were now flat on the bed, on either side of my shoulders. Her knees were now almost under my ass as we began to grind together in a steady rhythm. I opened my eyes and looked up at my beautiful lover. Amy was gazing at me and licking her lips seductively. She whispered, "I want you," over and over. I moaned loudly in time with her words. I felt my entire body begin to shake as my orgasm began. I started moaning, "I'm coming, I'm coming," and Amy moaned, "Harder, harder!" We both exploded within seconds of each other. It was the most incredible sex I had ever had. Amy collapsed on top of me, and I must have drifted off for a few minutes.

I woke up to feel Amy's hot and tender tongue licking the entire length of my pussy. I instinctively grabbed for her head and gently stroked her beautiful blond hair. Amy would flatten her tongue and begin with its very tip touching the entrance to my ass hole. She slowly licked the length of my pussy and lingered at my clit. She licked quicker and quicker each time and penetrated my pussy a bit deeper. Finally her pace was incredibly quick and I felt all the heat in my body rushing to my pussy. She then stopped for a moment and said she had a surprise for me. She returned in a second and inched her body along mine. I suddenly felt something pressing against my pussy lips. She had gotten a double-headed dildo. With almost no effort she slipped that twelve-inch monster into me. We gave it our best shot and fucked each other several times. The best position for our double-headed friend was when Amy entered my pussy or ass from behind.

After a long while I looked at the clock and realized that I had been with her for almost four hours. I quickly dressed, kissed my beautiful Amy, and drove home. Carol had apparently gone home and Suzanne was asleep. Although I have not talked to my daughter about what I saw, I did tell Amy. She has promised that she will not teach Suzanne anything else.

I don't know how long our relationship will last, as Amy is graduating in six months. I have enjoyed every minute. Although I still love men, a beautiful woman is probably the best sexual partner I could ever ask for. If you haven't tried it, you should.—Name and address withheld

WHO'S SORRY NOW

I'm sitting here in my office and still can't believe what has happened to me in the last few days. It all started when Eve, my wife of five years, went upstate to watch my sister's children for a week.

Eve is a beautiful, black-haired, blue-eyed, twenty-nine-year-old bombshell, with a pair of thirty-seven-inch boobs that send me into convulsions when I get my hands on them. I have always been a big tit man. Her tits are really sensitive, and once you grab those big nipples and start sucking, she just about becomes putty in your hands. We have been pretty faithful to each other in the past, and only on heat-



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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.

MEN EXAMINED

Class is dismissed; the teacher is sick.

I was reading through your April 1982 magazine when I came across your "Man's Exam on Female Troubles," by Emily Prager. It was not an exam. It was a trap. It was Ms. Prager's excuse to call men names. Obviously she thought she could get away with it. Well, I don't think so.

Ms. Prager: I read your article in hopes of learning something new. I was looking for answers and ended up with nothing. In case you're not aware of it, not all men are the idiots you described in your article. Some of us would really like to learn how we could help to better our relationships with women and be more considerate of their feelings. The only feeling I got from your "exam" was that I was being typecast as an ignorant, selfish, and inconsiderate bastard. And I resent that. And I'd like to point out that, among other holes in your "exam," your title leads one to believe that you were going to explode some of the female myths when, instead, you wallow in a stereotyped male myth.

These are some of the obvious holes in your article:

Your introduction gives an example in which your subject can't understand why your lady wants to put his hand in a blender. Excuse me, but I wouldn't exactly want my hand in there either. The next subject complains that his secretary misses a lot of days of work because of female problems. In the last year and a half, I've worked in an office where none of the secretaries (ages twenty-four and up) have missed a day for those reasons. Except for once-a-year vacations, and one who was recovering from an auto accident, most of them never miss a day. Isolated cases? I don't think so. What's more, I think that most bosses would be a lot more understanding than the two male subjects you choose to use as examples. Even I have to admit they sound like jerks, but do they represent the majority of men? I think not.

Then there's question #1 on bleeding. First off, I'm sorry that your construction is so difficult to live with, I really am. If it were up to me, I'd make some improvements for women, but I can't. So we both have to live with it. Since I'm not the one who designed you, I can't take the blame. God made you, so take it up with Her!

Regarding #2, on not bleeding: if your parents didn't tell you about it in time, take it up with them, not me. I fail to see where airing your differences with your parents'

generation should make the present generation of under-thirty-years-of-age feel guilty, when we haven't lived in the male-dominated times of our parents. Ever since I've come of age, women's rights have been advocated and in most cases accepted by today's young males. And let's get something else straight right here. Haven't you heard that it takes two people to tango?

My favorite is #4—faking orgasms. Give me a break. Has it ever occurred to you that some guys don't really enjoy sex because they know their partners aren't getting off? Some develop pretty big guilt trips about it.

It's people like you who make sex a bad thing. And your article is really pointless. Sure, it's easy to sit there and bitch about it, but when it comes to making suggestions, your article is uninformative, short, and insulting to both men and women. Your article provokes resentment instead of guilt and in fact pushes your cause a few steps backward.

But I'll give you the same chance your quiz gave me, to be even. If you really think you've got the rawest of deals, pick one of the following solutions:

- (a) Become a nun.
- (b) Become a lesbian.
- (c) Give up sex in general.
- (d) Commit suicide, which will stop your bleeding problems.
- (e) Get a sex change and see how the other half suffers too.
- (f) Write more stupid, insulting articles and try to turn men around by calling them ignorant pigs but not offering them solutions.

Not so easy, is it? I wonder what time of month you wrote that article?—*Todd Alt-house, Dallas, Tex.*

I have just finished reviewing your April 1982 issue of *Penthouse* with a few other friends. I am a student studying engineering at a typical southern university, as are many of the others here. While reading through the articles, I scanned a piece by Ms. Emily Prager entitled "The Man's Exam on Female Troubles." Being a man myself, I decided to take the quiz. What I found was not an open-minded, thought-provoking, question-and-answer test but one of the most irrelevant examples of journalism I've ever read.

Ms. Prager's point would have been well taken if she had written the article twelve years ago! Fortunately, most males in our society today are aware of and sensitive to such "female troubles." Ms. Pra-

ger's examples are either overly exaggerated or are so extreme that they cannot be applied to the general populace. The woman who attempted to make guacamole of her boyfriend's hand needs much more than gentle understanding; she probably needs the aid of a good psychiatrist!

Most of the students I asked to read the questionnaire commented as follows: (1) Yes, they were sensitive to their mate's "female troubles" and they tried to be as understanding as possible at such times. (2) Women who are sexually promiscuous are not "sluts, easy, trash, or dirty." On the contrary, most felt that an experienced woman would make a much better wife. (3) Women should not fear sex without the diamond ring, the B.A., and the promise of lifelong support. (You know, they have invented miracle devices, called contraceptives!) (4) They do believe that their partners achieve orgasm without the aid of a secret vibrator. And (5) Ms. Prager is either a transsexual or in need of psychiatric care. The women we interviewed maintained that although Ms. Prager may not achieve orgasm, they most certainly did.

In fact, we have a question for other *Penthouse* readers: Do you think the author of "Female Troubles" is (a) a compulsive man-hater? (b) a perfect example of Freudian penis envy? (c) a coke dealer? If you answered (a) or (b), you are most probably correct.—Jeff Bisacquino, Blacksburg, Va.

I write regarding the "View From the Top" essay in your April 1982 issue. To be quite blunt, I feel that Emily Prager has gone a bit too far. She insinuates that males, in general, couldn't care less about females and their biological differences. I don't know what group of people she is running around with, but I think she ought to change gangs.

As a young man (and I consider myself average), I am interested in women's biology and am sympathetic to their problems. Maybe the difference between me and Emily's gang is that I am educated to the female menstrual cycle and the physical and emotional side effects.

I am a true believer in the saying "Education plants the seeds of understanding." I also believe that males, in general, would like to learn and understand. Maybe Emily could use her space more effectively by educating her readers rather than putting them down.—Edward A. F. Gioja, address withheld

I found Emily Prager's comments on female troubles quite interesting. I submit that Ms. Prager's problems lie deeper than her preoccupation with sex and her monthlies. Counseling seems in order—or possibly a sex change.

Although I am male, most of the women I meet are comfortable being female. They are mentally well adjusted and are in tune with their bodies. This is my definition of a "liberated" female, and I find them a plea-

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sure to be with at any time of the month, whether I am with them in bed, just socializing, or working with them.

Best of luck to Ms. Prager and her therapist; they'll need it!—D. Smith, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

In the past, I have enjoyed Ms. Prager's "View From the Top" commentaries, and I hope to continue doing so in the future. But April's essay—"The Man's Exam on Female Troubles"—was disturbing, not because of what it said about men but because of what it revealed about the writer. Her bitterness toward men, toward her own womanhood, and toward life saddened me. She seems to think that there is some sort of cosmic conspiracy being carried out against women in general and herself in particular. Has she really reached adulthood without being exposed to the obvious unfairnesses and absurdities of existence? Her blaming of men and "nature" suggests an extreme immaturity. Female sexism is as destructive as its male counterpart and brings us no closer to solutions, no nearer to human liberation. As someone has said, "In the battle of the sexes there will be no winners." And all of us could lose if those who have achieved some enlightenment, instead of seeking peace, insist on heating up the war.—Mark N. Varney, Crystal River, Fla.

Emily Prager replies:

First, let me say you men can dish it out but you certainly can't take it. Calling me names and being bitchy won't change the facts, but I am delighted that you care so very much—what girl wouldn't be? I refer you all to Shere Hite's "Advise and Dissent" in the May 1982 issue of this magazine, in which she states that the overwhelming majority of women interviewed for The Hite Report said they usually did not orgasm during intercourse. If you're this pissed at me, God help Shere.

THE KING

"Hellfire!" (March 1982)—what a great title: it really describes what the King has been through. Sure, he's made a few mistakes. But so did Elvis. Jerry Lee has entertained millions all over the world, day after day. He was King when Elvis was alive and is the king today. The man has soul and can rock like hell. How many performers could come back time after time, after having gone through what he's been through? He is still a class act. Keep it coming, Jerry Lee.—Fred B. Shufelt, Saint Cloud, Minn.

APRIL ACCLAMATION

I want to thank you for a job well done. I think your magazine is top-notch. Your pictorials are getting better all the time. I just got through reading your April issue and it was fantastic! I could almost feel the sexuality coming from the foxy girls. You truly pick nothing but the best. Eating material. I love your magazine. Keep up the good work.—Name withheld



PICTURE REQUEST

I like the lady of your April 1982 pictorial "Let's Get Physical"—Tanya Turner—so much that I would like to see more pictures of her if possible. She is adorable and beautiful and I want more of her! Thank you.—Harry Assad, El Paso, Tex.

More of Ms. Turner, above.—The Editors

CULTS: DANGEROUS TO YOUR MIND

Thank you for the timely article entitled "The Devil's Work" in your March 1982 issue, the story of Kate Kennedy, a victim of the Moonification Church. The time has come for responsible publications such as yours to inform and warn the public about this and other mind-altering cults. The greatest danger is for individuals to assume that they cannot succumb or are not susceptible to the techniques used by these groups.

There are American soldiers who were prisoners of war in Korea who know more about these methods than most of us will ever know. I call upon your readers to inform themselves, their friends, their children, their brothers and sisters. Moonies have become an extremely serious social problem in society today.—Name withheld

Your article "The Devil's Work," about "deprogramming," in the March 1982 issue made me laugh. Your author said the "cult" his daughter had joined was so evil that the First Amendment didn't apply. I guess it never occurred to you that this is just the argument people use to justify trying to censor a publication like *Penthouse*.

There's nothing new about articles screaming the horrors of some religious movement or other. You can read them to this day about Catholics, Jews, and nearly anyone else. There's nothing new about a person successfully ripped away from a religious movement breathlessly testifying how rotten her former teachers are. Such

people are the usual chief witnesses for the persecution.

Freedom of thought means nothing if it's only the freedom to think pure thoughts. It has to include freedom to be a damn fool.

Every tyrant drums up votes by crying, "Things are so bad we can't afford freedom! Those people over there are so bad they don't deserve freedom!" A free man's response is a loud Bronx cheer.—Fred Abramson, Burbank, Calif.

Kate Kennedy replies:

To answer your letter on the incredibility of brainwashing, I suggest that you read Thought Reform and the Psychology of Totalism (A Study of Brainwashing in China), by Robert J. Lifton (Norton), and Snapping, by Flo Conway and Jim Siegleman (J. D. Lippincott or Delta Books). Or that you contact a local chapter of CFF (Citizens' Freedom Foundation, Box 7000-89, 1719 Via El Prado, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277) or AFF (American Family Foundation, P.O. Box 343, Lexington, Mass. 02173). All of these sources will inform you. I am not the only witness to the cult phenomenon.

Not only does Moon say he is the Second Coming, he says that he is better than Christ, who failed in His mission. He also says that he needs a lot of money. I can understand why a person who has not been involved can believe the Unification Church is a religion. Their "double-thinking" is highly sophisticated.

Unfortunately, all ex-members fervently believed in Moon and we had to hurt ourselves and our families before we saw the light through deprogramming. We can talk to you about our mental and physical states to the point of horror and about how suicide, day after day, seemed the only way out.

My account in the article might be emotional but it is an accurate description of my life. My father is a respected journalist who would not lie. We are both very grateful that I got out and only want to help and inform others by our experience.

POW RESCUE

In your March 1982 issue you published an interview with Lt. Col. James "Bo" Gritz concerning his involvement in an attempt to enter Laos in search of our missing POWs still believed to be prisoners. Gritz stated that high-ranking officers from the Pentagon asked him to head up a rescue team. Then he was asked to step down in favor of an official rescue plan that was later scrapped. To me, it sounds like our government knows more than it admits to knowing. Isn't it common knowledge that they have reports of sightings to substantiate evidence of the existence of POWs?

Laos and Vietnam have both asserted that they are not holding any more POWs, but they still refuse to allow attempts to be made by the U.S. to search for survivors, much less for their remains. How can the

U.S. be so naive as to believe what the Vietnamese have said? Either our government is awfully gullible or is protecting itself from embarrassment.

I greatly admire what Bo Gritz has tried to do. It's sad that, because of the unwillingness of our government, all we have left is hope and prayer. How ironic the old phrase: "Uncle Sam will take care of you."—David Patrick, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

I understand that you financed a Vietnam veterans trip to Hanoi to open talks about Agent Orange. Some have called this trip a hoax. The *New York Times* has suggested it is a Communist ploy. If this were true, I would believe that President Reagan was involved. After all, Vietnam vets were thrown out of a White House sit-in just this past summer. We know that Mr. Reagan doesn't want to hear about Agent Orange. More generally, it is clear that our government supports a policy of destruction of nature. The defoliant Agent Orange is just one example of the results of that policy. Every month another illegal toxic-chemical dump is found hidden in the backwoods contaminating the land and water. We are warned not to eat wild game because the forage in these hidden dump sites carry cancerous PCBs. Whole species of animals and fish have been destroyed this way. And these toxic waste products are simply made the problem of the people, not the industries that create

them. This happens every day in America, and little or nothing is done about it. In fact, the Reagan team has made every effort to relax controls on the source. Agent Orange is only one thing to worry about!—Larry Mault, U.S.M.C. Vietnam veteran, Trenton, N.J.

PRAISE FOR THE CHAMP

I just completed reading the May interview with Jake LaMotta. A remarkable interview with a remarkable man. Mr. LaMotta shows what I have always believed: that there is good in all people, but for some it takes longer to bring it out. He also shows that there is so much we all have to learn about ourselves. A standing ovation for an extraordinary man with a fascinating story.—Brian T. Loughrin, Hastings, Mich.

NUDISTS UNITE

Congratulations on the way Kathy Lowry was able to convey the tawdriness of "Naked City, USA" to your readers (February 1982). Now that your readers have read about this gross perversion of nudism, perhaps they will be curious enough to experience the *real thing* in a conventional nudist setting. I personally recommend any club affiliated with the American Sunbathing Association.—Paul Chalfant, San Bernardino, Calif.

MORAL MAJORITY CHILD ABUSE

I never really understood how dangerous

the Moral Majority was until I read Michael Disend's article in February's *Penthouse*, "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" The sadists in clerical garb who get their kicks from torturing children would like nothing more than to be able to practice their private pleasures without hindrance from the law of child-protection agencies.

At the risk of being a Monday-morning quarterback, I should like to say that the mother who took the Rev. Wayne Dillabaugh to court for having battered her little boy Timmy might have had a better chance had she done it on the basis that this reverend withheld medication from Timmy. Surely this is illegal and might have more readily impressed a jury.

I believe that you have done an important public service in investigating this situation and writing about it.—Frances G. Grossman, Ph.D., New York, N.Y.

I never thought I'd want to thank you for "exposing" anything until now. It was with shock and sadness that I read your February 1982 article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" These "Christian" men ought to reread the Scriptures, this time concentrating on the New Testament—the life and works of Jesus Christ, whose message is one of peace and goodwill, loving kindness, and complete forgiveness. If, as Christians, our task is to imitate Him in our daily lives, then we ought to recall that Christ never raised His hand or voice to



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anyone, never tried to influence the will of another by force of any kind. He influenced people with truth, His example, and His pure love. He spent His life healing sick bodies and ailing souls.

When a woman was about to be put to death for her sin in accordance with the law, He asked her accusers to look into their hearts and reflect on their own deeds. The woman was forgiven and went away a new person. One of Jesus' last acts was to call down forgiveness for His mortal enemies—the very men who were killing Him. Christ died for us. And what does He ask of us? He asks us to reflect His example in our lives, to hear His word and keep it, to have faith in His power and grace, to love our neighbor as we love ourselves.

As a parent who has found the path of loving guidance, I am distressed at the misrepresentation the New Right brings to all people. We are saddened that such perversion of the truth causes so many children to experience pain, fear, and humiliation in the name of God. If we, as parents, ask Him daily to guide us in our task, we can find those Christlike qualities within ourselves and work His love into our family life like the threads of a fine tapestry.—*Rina Palomo, Kingston, Wash.*

DRUG INFORMATION

I have just picked up your March 1982 issue and seen the letter in "Feedback" by

Mr. Patrick Burns, who is apparently a member of the Church of Scientology, concerning an earlier article of yours, published in April 1981, entitled "Psychiatry Kills."

Mr. Burns can't count. He states that some premise was put forward "on the basis of two basic facts" (he should also use a manual of modern English usage) and then goes on to list them: (1), (2), (3). In any case, two of these are wrong and one is worthless.

(1) Many notorious criminals have had psychiatric treatment. True, but many have not. In the modern world, more and more people flee to shrinks; whether or not they are helped by treatment is a matter of dispute, but it cannot be said that they turn criminal.

(2) A responsible writer does not quote a statistic and then add the parenthetical "no doubt."

(3) LSD was not developed by the Nazis during World War II. It was discovered by accident in Basel, Switzerland, in the fifties. Some medical textbooks tell the hilarious story of how the discoverer, Dr. Hoffman, fell off his bicycle on the way home from the laboratory where he had accidentally sniffed it for the first time.

(4) Again. Thorazine is only one of the several dozen trade names under which chlorpromazine hydrochloride is sold. It is produced in over a dozen countries, ranging from Canada to Poland, and is used as

an antiemetic, sedative, and minor or major (depending on the dosage) tranquilizer. Its veterinary use is not as a "pesticide in cattle" as Mr. Burns would have your readers believe, but as a peripheral vasodilator, and also for the indications quoted in human medicine.

I am not a Scientistologist but a pharmacologist, and therefore know my facts. I am also a linguist, and therefore repeat that the very word *Scientology* is etymologically just as indefensible as other mode words like "Symbionese," and equally suspect to the judiciaries of several countries.—*Alan Henderson McKendrick, Viganello, Switzerland*

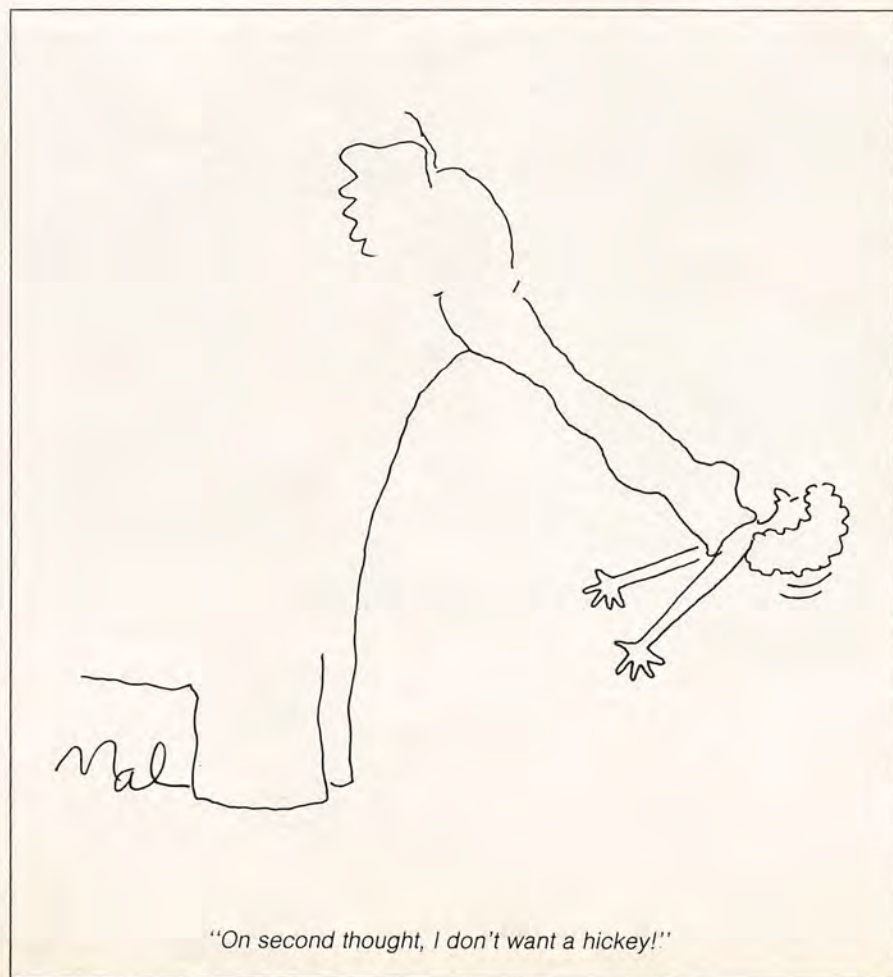
THE FALWELL WATCH

My roommate and I, both females, have been buying your magazine every month since you started publishing probing articles on Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority. It's refreshing to see an American magazine taking a real stand on an important issue. The worst thing about a man like Dr. Falwell is that he is so self-righteous. He probably actually believes the propaganda he puts out without realizing his own hypocrisy. A man who can make God and money synonymous must be sick. Keep up the good work and God bless your staff!—*Lorraine A. Rose, Fort Bragg, N.C.*

Thank you for the concise viewpoint on enemy-of-the-people Jerry Falwell. I am very thankful that someone has the power and ingenuity to publish the truth where people can read it. All I ever hear about is what the Moral Majority is *against*. I'd like to know what they are *for* besides the Bible, the family, the church, and nuclear missiles. They tell us we'll all burn in hell for reading your magazine. If this is so, I consider it infinitely preferable to be in hell than to be anywhere near those with the blind faith to follow Jerry Falwell. All that he does is use his religion to scare everyone with threats of fire and brimstone and the world ending soon so that they will donate money to him and his political causes. He reminds me of the leader of Iran. I think the Moral Majority is in reality a redneck minority.—*Jimmy Harrison, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

After reading some of the letters written to you concerning Jerry Falwell, I feel compelled to voice my opinion, although I am sure you are getting fairly tired of this subject. I am a member of the United Methodist Church, and yes, I am a Christian. However, my ideas of Christianity and those of Mr. Falwell just don't tally. First, let me say that I think Falwell is a jerk of the highest degree. He would lead the people of America down the road of fascism if he could, but I think that a few American citizens have the intelligence to ward off the attacks that he makes on the precious freedoms that we cherish.

When one man or one body of people take it upon themselves to dictate to the



"On second thought, I don't want a hickey!"

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a college teacher in a small rural town in California. There's a basic earthy, sexy atmosphere in the school, and just being streetwise did not prepare me for a well-formed nineteen-year-old, seated in the front row, who flashed her beaver while I tried to conduct a biology lesson. But my gravest danger was not in the classroom. It came about because of a clause in my contract that stated that I would coach the girls' junior-varsity basketball team. There are practically no positions in the world of sports that are sorrier than this one. My team was made up of the leftovers: the fat and skinny ones, the six-footers who couldn't touch their toes without falling on their heads, the ones with double vision, and the ones who looked like hulking female defensive linebackers in braces.

But each season brings with it one or two girls of the school's elite who are well rounded. They are invariably beautiful, intelligent, and mature. Their bodies combine the best of adolescence and adulthood: firm breasts, mature hips, and shapely legs and asses. This year I had one of this species.

I was holding a midweek practice one drizzly Thursday night in the winter. I put the girls through some drills and we knocked off early. I was in my broom-closet office afterwards when I heard someone still shooting baskets. It was Jody, this year's beauty. I was about to yell at her to quit when I heard a thud which meant a body had hit the deck. I rushed to the floor and saw her beneath the basket with a leg turned under her body. I figured her for a broken ankle. I clumsily helped her into the locker room and sat her down on a bench. I discovered that it was only a bad sprain. I was applying the ankle wrap when her leg snapped back in a massive cramp. She screamed for me to do something about the



pain. I slid forward, cradled her foot between my legs, and pressed down hard on the muscles above the knee, working them with my fingers. As I followed the cords of muscle higher on her leg, she begged me to go faster. When my hands were a few inches from her crotch, it occurred to me just exactly what I was doing. I shifted my position on the bench to get more leverage, which brought my crotch in contact with her feet. Instantly my cock began to stiffen. I saw her eyes go from pain to astonishment. They became very sensual as she felt and saw my bulge. Her mouth formed an "O" and her breathing stopped. I inched ahead until the heel of her foot was tight against my crotch. She surrendered and her toes settled gently over my pulsating cock. "Higher,"

she whispered. My fingers now penetrated the elastic band of her shorts and traced a thin, high ridge of muscle right into the pubic arch. I was now inside her panties, a cunt hair away from her pussy. I continued massaging her through the damp mop of pubic hair. With a tiny shift of her hips, my fingers crossed that gap and slid into the hot, slick lips of her cunt. Three fingers went to work: one pressing her clit, another stroking her labia, and the third thrusting into her vagina. No words were spoken as she stripped off her shorts and panties.

I leaned forward, lifting her legs till they perched on my shoulders, and buried my face in her cunt. You cannot imagine the overpowering smells that came from that hot little snatch. It was a blend of sweat and salt. I slurped, licked, and gnawed her hole until I had her practically on her head. Then she reached around and explored my crotch. She released my cock with a snap of the jockstrap. Her hands worked my cock like it was the family cow. Her hips were knocking hard against my mouth as she had her

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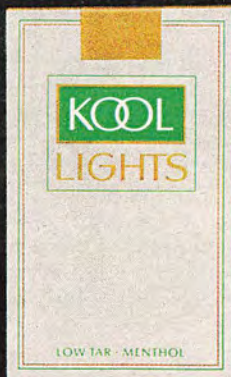
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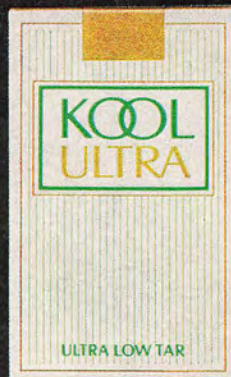
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first orgasm. Those athletic legs nearly crushed my skull. She went limp and I dropped her as carefully as I could under the circumstances. Then I sank my cock in her up to the hilt. I grasped her shoulders so that she would not get pushed off the bench, and she helped by hanging on to the metal legs. I gave her deep, full strokes, my balls sliding on the varnished wood and thumping against her sopping-wet pussy. I thought of the cockteasing girls who continually flashed their pussies, and I imagined that she was every young pussy who had ever teased me. I was half crazy but I could hear her moaning with passion beneath me. I slowed and worked from the hips, which gave her a chance to use her hands, grooving my back, then moving down until they found my swaying balls. I pounded harder, nearly throwing her body off the bench. Her cunt closed down hard, shuddered, and squeezed every drop of come out of me.

When I pulled out, there was a puddle of pussy juice and come on the bench. She looked at me, smiled, picked up her scanty clothes, and jiggled to the showers. I returned to my shower and thoughtfully scrubbed myself, soaping my aching cock twice as long as usual until I heard the rumble of the metal doors, which meant she was gone. While driving home, I knew that I would have to think long and hard about what had just happened. She was a prime piece of ass, but I had my job

to worry about. I had heard stories about teachers caught with one of their students in a compromising position. Invariably, they had been let go by the administration for any number of reasons. I decided that I would just keep quiet and leave it up to my nineteen-year-old beauty.

It turned out fine for everyone involved. After the next practice she came to my office and, after some small talk, slipped my prick out of my gym shorts and sucked me dry. We had an affair for a few months, which ended when she transferred to a different school. Since then, I haven't run across another basketball player worthy of her talents. To be honest, I'm a little wary of looking for one. Sometimes a lady can be crazy, you know.—C.D.W.

What can I say? You are obviously not complaining that a teacher's lot is an unhappy one. More power to your cock or to your team, as the case may be. They certainly know how to have a good time on or off the court. Keep up with your broad-minded training program.

PREPAID MALE

I am a widower who's reasonably wealthy and in good physical condition. I love the companionship of congenial women. I have no desire, however, to get married again, because I have such wonderful memories of my late wife.

My problem arises from a relationship

with the daughter of an old college classmate of mine. She is thirty and comes into town every other week, and we go out to dinner. This arrangement has been going on for more than three months. I most thoroughly enjoy her company, which includes spending weekends together in bed doing what comes naturally.

One morning I received a check in the mail from her for \$1,250. The note on the bottom of the check said "professional services." First, I don't need the money; second, I have appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed our companionship; third, I am not a gigolo; and fourth, she is so fantastic in bed that I couldn't afford to pay her what our friendship is worth.

She insists that she has a right to pay me, because of women's lib, but I disagree. Nevertheless, I have just received my third check and she has already told me that the checks will be larger next year.

I have introduced her to many friends who are single or divorced who would like to date her, but she won't consider going out with anyone else. Do you have any suggestions as to how I can convince her that there are plenty of nice men out there who would love having the opportunity to date such a beautiful woman as she? I need your advice, but in the meantime I'll continue to enjoy her visits.—J.D:

Just because you are older than she doesn't mean you are senile. I am sure you have a long and active sex life ahead of you. The love of my life at the moment is fifty and complains bitterly if he does not get to make love to me at least three times a day. So what if your friend's daughter is half your age and pays you for making love to her? If the money embarrasses you so much, why don't you buy her presents with it or donate it to the local fund for fallen women?

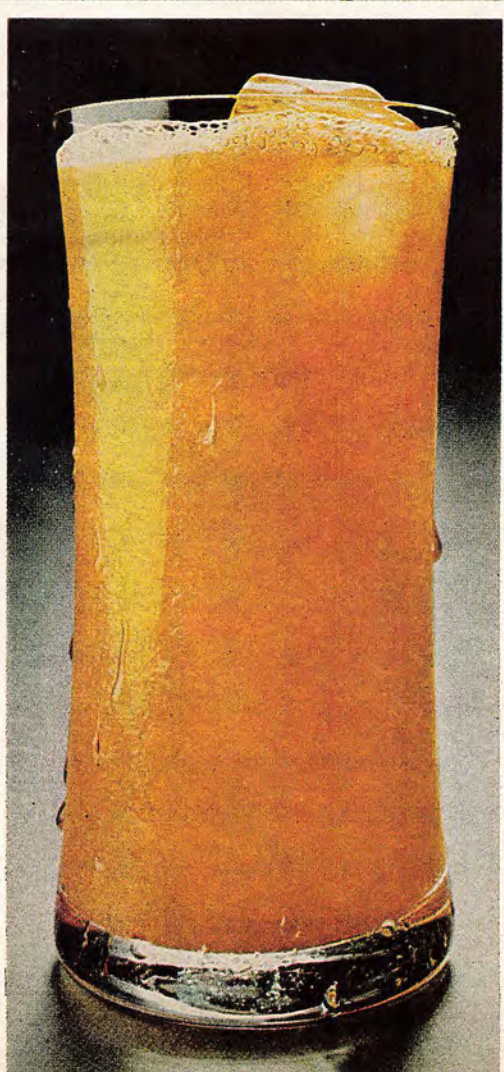
INDEPENDENT MEANS

I have never heard of anyone rolling their thighs and making their legs stiff with nothing between them. Since the age of five I have had the compulsive-masturbating habit of crossing my legs and wiggling stiffly, sending wonderful sensations to my clitoris. My orgasms are intense and multiple. Is this a common practice for a woman in getting off alone? I've heard of wrapping your legs around pillows but that never worked for me.

Also, I want to know how a woman breaks the ice with another woman. My friend Jeanne and I read steamy excerpts from books aloud to each other and describe our favorite sex acts to each other. I know she gets aroused along with me. Our eye contact is direct and melting with craving, but neither one of us has the guts to initiate any action. I often slap myself later for blowing the moment. I guess I'm just too afraid of her rejection. She's so shy, and I wouldn't want to frighten her. I have pulled her boyfriend aside to tell him what I've been thinking of and we tried to seduce her, but she wouldn't give. I want her



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so badly I will even share her with her boyfriend and let myself be shared with him.

One time when Jeanne was a little tipsy, she told me that she, her boyfriend, and I could have a little *ménage*, but he wouldn't go for it. I'm so aware of my lesbian lusts. I buy *Penthouse* and I adore the women scenes. Sex with a woman would be so beautiful and loving. I've just got to experience it. What are your suggestions to fulfill my craving? It seems women have fantasies about other women but that in reality they're so frigid.—M.J.

Squeezing one's legs together stiffly is quite common among girls. I myself experienced many good orgasms that way, but at the time—I was only fifteen—I didn't know what that great feeling was. I recall that in the classroom the teacher would come by to pick up school papers just as I was "squeezing" on the last words, getting my rocks off. My girl friends asked me why I had such a red face after class.

If you want to get it on with your girl friend, simply use human speech and ask her, after a bit of preparation; try a gentle hug, an arm around her shoulder, a kiss on the neck, or an occasional "accidental" touching of her body.

A few weeks ago, while I was visiting London, I met some friends who were known to have been swingers in their time. They were all men, and one brought with him a lovely, young, rather naive girl. I fan-

cied her like crazy. She was a pretty blonde with large, innocent blue eyes and a great smile. My friends did not make a move on her because they thought they might scare her. But after a few hours of dining and wining together, I told her that when we got back to the house of our host I would love to make love to her and her boyfriend. She tightened up and looked very frightened. Needless to say it was quite a challenge to get her and her boyfriend into bed, but I did.

Her boyfriend, however, became too jealous once he saw that she really enjoyed what I was doing with my tongue on her pussy. He finally left the room without ever having had a proper erection. I told her to get dressed and take her boyfriend home to make love to him alone. Some people are just more open-minded than others, I guess.

MANGER DANGER

It all started one June day when I was unable to find a summer job in the city in which I live. So, I ventured out to the country to look for a job on a farm. I found one on a dairy farm run by a very hospitable family. They had a daughter, and you might say she was the perfect stereotype of the farmer's daughter. After the first few days I had gotten to know her pretty well, and we got along marvelously. She often complimented me on my shoulders and I caught her staring a few times when I lifted

something heavy that made the muscles pop up and bulge under my T-shirt.

On my fifth day I was still not too familiar with all of the chores of the farm as I was milking cows with her in the barn. All of a sudden I slipped on the damp ground and fell directly into her lap. I seemed to lose all control of my emotions (mostly sexual) and couldn't remove myself from her lap. Puzzled and excited, I looked up into the eyes of this young, sweet beauty. Even though I felt a tinge of nervousness run through her body, her eyes were saying, "I'm yours." I started fondling her tight nipples and kissing her unknissed lips. I knew she was a virgin, just as I was, because of her somewhat surprised responses and because she lived in the country and didn't come in close contact with men. About ten minutes into our pleasure I had all her genitals visible.

After finishing my pleasure with her breasts I licked my way down to her inflamed clit. Her orgasm, being her first, shocked her, but with my extra knowledge of the topic of sex, I tried to comfort her as best I could. At this point I had every intention of screwing her, but I needed to know that she wanted it and was prepared for it. After her second orgasm she cried, "Fuck me, fuck me, please!" So, very slowly and with a reassuring type of movement, I penetrated her tight hole. Once inside it was like falling into a gigantic hot-fudge sundae. After fully satisfying our sexual needs, we lay exhausted on top of a pile of straw, wrapped in each other's arms. This sort of business continued the rest of the summer. All I can say is I can't wait until next summer, and she says she can't either.—P.R.

Barnyard sex can be a blast. Why not move out onto the pastures? Sounds like you handled yourself like a real pro in giving a virgin her first orgasm—especially since it was your first as well. Everyone's deflowering should go so smoothly! Congratulations on your entrance into loving. It's nice to have you with us.

JISM SCHISM

I'm twenty-one years old and live in a small town outside Boston, Mass. About a month ago I met a beautiful girl where I work. We've been going out ever since. Louise is my age and has the best body I've ever seen. I feel not only for her personality but also for her blond hair and blue eyes. She's like pudding, smooth and creamy. We're perfect for each other.

One night after we had really been going at it in bed—we fucked about five times that night—Louise decided to give me a blowjob. She said she had never done this to any of her other boyfriends before, so I felt privileged. God, I never had head like that before!

She slowly started stroking the inside of my legs, teasing me with her steamy tongue, until finally she reached my balls. I was rock hard at this time. She licked my cock up and down while playing with my



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balls and caressing my ass. The feeling was indescribable. Soon I shot my load while Louise took almost every drop of my come. This was so endearing to me. Now, here's the problem.

She then crawled up to me wanting to kiss me, but I wouldn't let her with that come on her lips. I don't know why but I threw her off me and got out of bed. All the while she was bitching at me, saying that she'd been had. I was so mad I told her the only way I would kiss her was if she went into the bathroom and gargled with a whole bottle of mouthwash.

Louise won't even speak to me anymore. I really love this girl but I simply won't let her make me taste my come. Is something wrong with me?—M.F.

Is there something wrong with you? YES, you have no manners and you are super-selfish. A lot of women don't like the taste of sperm but they put up with it to make their men happy. Some women actually throw up if a man comes in their mouth.

Many men are revolted by the thought of homosexuality, and to taste one's own sperm is clearly the ultimate in this respect. You don't sound gay to me, but I think that if you want her to swallow your sperm without complaints, you ought to try it out for taste at least once yourself.

COCKEYED

I have an unusual problem that all began

three years ago, when my wife and I were interrupted during a quick fuck on the kitchen table. She was looking lovely, fixing breakfast in her shortie nightgown and a cotton duster of mid-thigh length. I moved up behind her and lifted her nightie and duster so I could cup her breasts and rub her nipples.

I moved my hands down over her tummy to her pussy and began playing with her cunt. When my fingers rubbed her clitoris she gave a sigh and widened her stance, opening up her cunt lips to my probing fingers. She suddenly whirled out of my grasp, moved over to the table, and lifted her clothes to her waist. She sat on the edge of the table with her legs spread and said, "Come, honey, come do it to me." I unzipped my jeans, extricated my cock, which was stiffening quickly, and moved in between her legs. As I pushed my pole into her cunt she leaned back with her arms supporting her. Her head fell back, her eyes closed, her mouth opened slightly. "Ah, honey," she whispered. "That's nice. Ah, it's so good, honey, so good."

I was just getting a rhythmic stroke, pumping my dick deep into her, when we hear the front door opening. My eldest son shouted, "Is anybody home?" I pulled out, grabbed my still-stiff cock glistening with her love juices, and rushed into the utility room. She slid off the table, straightened her clothes, and quickly moved to

the living room to intercept my son. In the meantime, as I was trying to stuff my rod back into my jeans, I somehow, in the frantic action, doubled my prick back. I felt a slight twinge of pain.

That night my wife and I chuckled over our close call. We both got aroused again, and as I played with her cunt I felt my prick harden. But lo and behold, it had a new look. Instead of sticking straight out as usual, it jutted straight for only the first couple of inches. It then angled upward about 30 degrees. There was no appreciable pain and the hardness was not at all lessened.

That's how my hard-on stays to this day. There is no stricture, and it functions normally. My wife is fascinated and quite amused by it and she often jokes about my "broken rod."

Have you ever heard of or encountered a broken penis? What really happened to my penis when it was accidentally doubled back as I stuffed it into my jeans? Is there some way to straighten it out again?—N.W.

You have come to the right hooker for your answer. In my own experience, I have come across some pretty strange cocks. They come in all shapes, colors, and sizes. I doubt your cock is "broken." As long as it is only your cock that is bent and not its owner, you have nothing to worry about. But, if it really bothers you, have your doctor look at it.

A TASTE FOR TARTS

I am a twenty-four-year-old male who works as a salesman in one of those discount-chain eyeglasses places, in a huge suburban shopping mall. My fetish is that I am twice as turned on by a foxy chick if she smokes and knows how to handle a cigarette. She should hold the cigarette, preferably one of the long, thin, feminine brands, with the lit end up between her index and middle fingers, about face high in a natural and relaxed position, her palm turned down.

Then she should slowly, fluidly bring the cigarette to her lips, inhale easily and deeply, and blow a steady, firm stream of smoke through pursed lips into my face or on my cock.

It's especially erotic to me if we are sitting naked in bed facing each other after sex. I play with her breasts while she runs her free hand through my pubic hair and over my cock and balls. I swear, I can come again in seconds.

The essence of this act is that it should be soft and unhurried. Millions of women smoke, but only a few I've met know how to make it a sexual prop. I've taught several others how to do this and they have thanked me for a powerful seduction tool.

Most girls smoke in a hard, throwaway, masculine manner; they puff quickly and then waste all that erotic smoke by blowing it off to the side or down to the floor. I've found that girls who smoke are generally less inhibited, more in touch with their



"Somebody's coming!"

bodies, more comfortable with pleasure for pleasure's sake, and more eager and skilled when it comes to giving a deserving man head.

My other fetish is that I am incredibly aroused by girls with great bodies who go about braless in just a light blouse or T-shirt. I imagine it must be thrilling to know you are causing so many erections. For instance, in a shopping mall, as these girls go from store to store, they turn on passersby and salesmen all over the place while they proceed to act the cool-bitch part. This type of girl really does it for me. If she smokes, well, I've been driven from the sales floor to the men's room many times for relief.

I'd like to see one of these girls wearing a T-shirt with "Cock Tease" sewn into the front in fancy metallic thread. Then it would be obvious that she knew what she was doing.—R.R.

We seem to have forgotten not only the erotic associations of tobacco but also its social uses. A pipe-smoking vicar or professor can be pretty sexy, or the girl in the bar with the long cigarette holder looking for a man with a light, or the gangster with a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth as he speaks. These are all examples of tobacco used as a prop.

Regarding bras, I haven't worn one for years, and I have become a bit top-heavy of late. So if I run across the street wearing just a T-shirt, I can hear the sound of cracking zippers on all sides.

SPOILED FOR LIFE

I am forty-five and divorced. I met a lady at the bus stop who is twenty-two years old and a striking beauty. We struck up a conversation, and I found her to be outgoing and quite bright. We were laughing by the time we boarded the bus. As we rode, I found her scent to be tremendously stimulating to me. I was never shy where women were concerned and invited her to my apartment. We shared a bottle of wine and she melted into my arms as I kissed her.

Her tongue was sweet and busy in my mouth. She groaned into my mouth as her hips began to hump the air. After about ten minutes I reached down and traced the outline of her lovely cunt with my fingers, avoiding her very wet cleft. Her breath was ragged as I slowly kissed my way down her rib cage. I began licking the insides of her thighs. I filled my senses with her aroused scent and drew her outer lips open to reveal her glistening interior. She tasted as good as she looked and I covered her with rapid, featherlight strokes of my tongue. She responded by crying out in ecstasy and I began to fuck her with my tongue.

I lowered her to the bed to fuck her. I had the head at her opening when she pleaded with me not to come inside her, as she had no diaphragm with her. I lay down alongside her and kissed her. I told her that I was content to make her happy and would not risk making her pregnant. I



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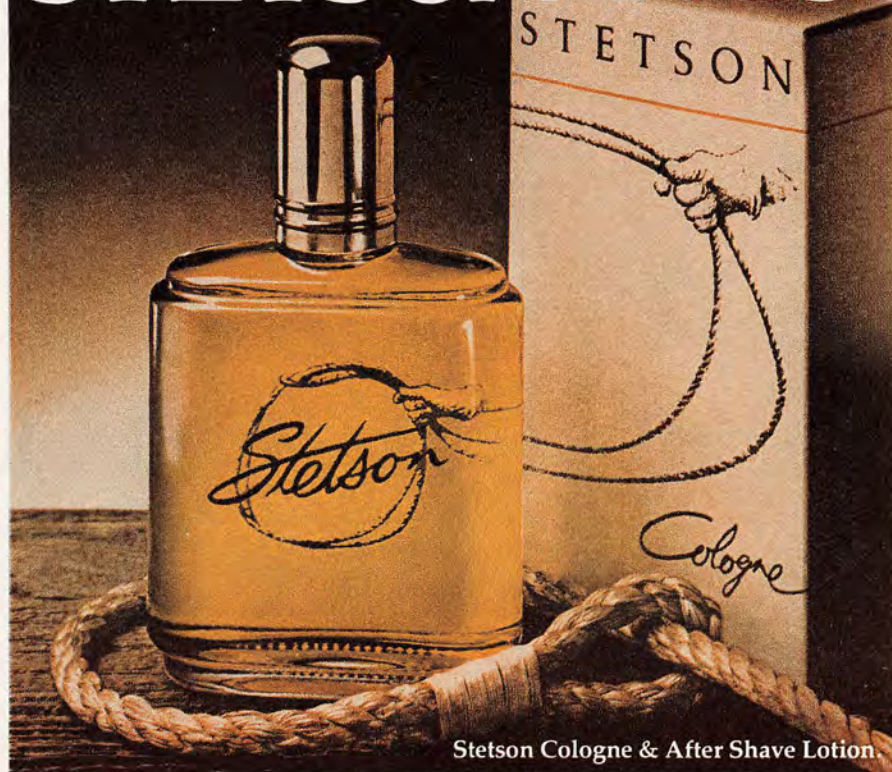
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told her I would make it a day of pleasure for her. She kissed me with great tenderness and asked me to lie down on my back.

She proceeded to suck my cock until I came again with a blast, and she drank it all. I lay there in her arms afterward and we slept for about an hour. I awoke to find her on her stomach. Her ass was a dream. I got off the bed without waking her and warmed some baby oil. She awoke as I applied the oil to her shoulders. She crooned with pleasure as I moved lower until I was at her glorious ass. I began to rim her with my tongue as I finger-fucked her pussy. "Do it. Fuck me there," she pleaded. I coated her pucker and my cock with oil. I gave her as little pain as possible as I made her open her tight sphincter. She was panting with excitement and seemed to grow more aroused as I pressed against her. She began to sway her hips tentatively and then began to chant, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She took every stroke with a cry of pleasure and then screamed as she came. I came deep in her ass and locked my arms around her waist as I rolled over with her on top of me. She squirmed as she felt my cock from the new angle. She was half out of her mind with passion as I kissed her throat, squeezed her upthrust tits, and masturbated her to five additional orgasms.

After that encounter I called her for three days and she never answered the phone. I

went to where she worked and met her as she left for the day. I asked her why she was avoiding me. She explained that she was afraid to see me anymore because I had treated her too well. Her contemporaries treated her like shit, and after spending time with me, she couldn't stand the young guys anymore!

The type of lovemaking I have described is the way I make love to all the women I go to bed with. A number of them have commented that I was too good to be true and stopped seeing me.

Can it be possible in this, the age of women's lib, that women can't bear to be treated like the precious things they are?

It's apparent that many of the women I encounter are more comfortable in the role of abused and frustrated cunts than as people with tender feelings. Can it be that so many women have such a lack of self-worth? Is it possible for a man to be too good in bed?—R.S.

I think a lot of women have a streak of sadomasochism in their makeup, because from time immemorial we have expected our man to crack us over the head with his club, drag us back to his cave, and force us into submission.

My present lover, when I first met him, made love to me in a similar way and as wonderfully as you describe doing in your letter. One night, for no reason I can think of other than sheer bitchiness, I talked him

soft, complaining about his technique. He stood it manfully that once, but the next time I tried it on him, he turned me over and spanked me (which, to his fury, I thoroughly enjoyed).

I myself sometimes just want a good, sturdy fuck without too many preliminaries. Other times I, of course, appreciate the works. After you have made such beautiful love to a woman, she has nothing to look forward to. So don't put all your eggs in one basket. Hold something back. Play a little hard to get. Too much candy in the diet tends to be cloying. We all need a bit of pepper occasionally.

BEDSIDE BOTANY

I found a bizarre form of sexual pleasure, but I'm afraid it may be physically harmful. I don't want to give it up because the multiple orgasms have been so intense that I can't imagine fucking any other way now.

I am a middle-aged female and terribly shy. I divorced my husband five years ago after six long years of routine and boring sex. I have been celibate the last five years except for an occasional fuck, but I do have an active fantasy life and have had some wild masturbation sessions while reading Penthouse.

I am a florist in a rich metropolitan area, and we carry all kinds of unusual flowers. One day last month when I was feeling unusually horny, I stretched out on the sofa and began fondling the blue thistles in the vase of the coffee table. This particular flower has some unique characteristics. It's about five inches long and one and a half inches wide, very stiff, and very similar to a young boy's erection. The major appeal to this wonderful piece of botany is the stiff, hairy fibers that cover it. It is remarkably like a French tickler. In fact, I began wondering if this had been the inspiration for that popular erotic device. As my hands moved up and down this iridescent, purple cock, I could feel my cunt juices flowing down my pussy through the crack in my ass and onto my nightgown. My inhibitions were crumbling away, thanks to some great grass, and I slipped off my nightgown and lay naked on the couch. I took the largest thistle from the vase and let the cold drops of water fall on my nipples and inner thighs. I then rubbed the bristly end all over my tits and nipples till they were red and rock hard. I was aching for this botanic dildo to slide over my clit, so I stretched out spread-eagle on the carpet and let the furry dick assault my steaming pussy.

I was so absorbed in my ecstasy that I was oblivious to the fact that I was performing for a very interested observer. I live on the top floor of my building, so it's very private unless someone is standing on the roof of the building next door. From that position one has an unobstructed view of my living room through the uncurtained top half of my kitchen window. Unbeknownst to me, my landlord, Ivan, was on the roof checking some repairs.

Suddenly, there was a loud knock on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



Mexico's taste for Friendship

Winning gold medals around the world since 1893

A Taste of the Golden West





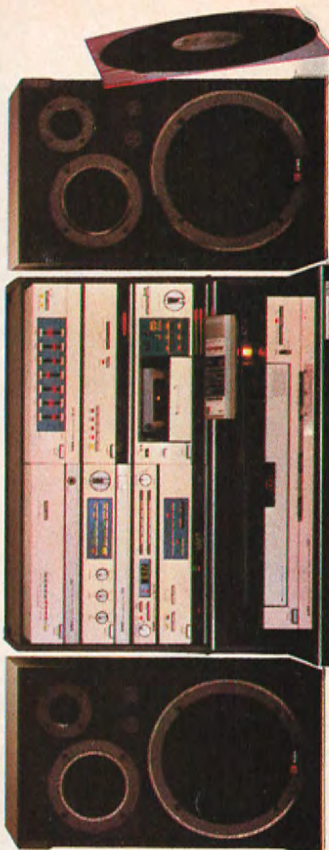
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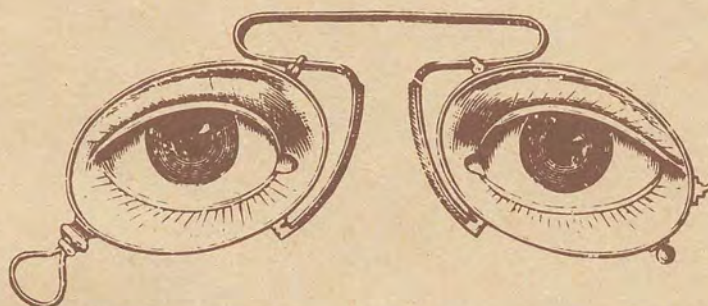
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In Europe people are practically weaned on great beer. So nobody knows beer like a European. And among all those great bottles of beer, the one Europeans choose most often has only recently become known to you: Kronenbourg. Europeans drink and enjoy more Kronenbourg than any other bottle of beer. More than Heineken. More than Beck's. Perhaps it's Kronenbourg's smooth taste. Or 300 year heritage. But Europe's relationship with Kronenbourg isn't a casual one. Now in America people are discovering they like Heineken. But Kronenbourg ... that's love.

**EUROPEANS
LIKE HEINEKEN.
BUT LOVE
Kronenbourg.**



EUROPE'S #1 BOTTLE OF BEER.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

VIDEO GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

BY EMILY PRAGER

What's all the hysteria about video games? Finally a mass phenomenon pops up that teaches the kids patience, determination, and hand-eye coordination, and parents want it banned and the game parlors forced out of business. These days, the arteries of adult Americans seem to be hardening faster than day-old bagels. Thanks to the Moral Majority, it is becoming commonplace to label any development not accounted for in the Bible "morally degrading." But are video games immoral, or is this misplaced panic the usual cover-up for racist economic sour grapes?

According to ABC news, last year video games made more money than any other form of American entertainment. Think about that for a moment; it's an amazing fact, especially when you consider that video games cost a quarter a play. And, of course, the Japanese are responsible for designing the more popular games—Space Invaders, Pac-Man, and Galaxian. Incredible profits. Add to this the miserable showings of our auto manufacturers, and a \$5-billion trade deficit with Japan, and it's a wonder there aren't detention sushi bars. At any rate, it seems clear that a good deal of anti-video game sentiment is subliminal economic racism, whether Americans are conscious of it or not, because the games themselves simply do not warrant the degree of negative concern they are receiving.

While it is true that video games do not encourage personal interaction (and, I might ask, what in this society does?), it is also true that they are computer primers. Any kid adept at Pac-Man or Missile Command has acquired, at least by osmosis, a basic grasp of the fundamental workings of computers, which, fortunately or unfortunately, will benefit him more in the future world than a critical analysis of Willa Cather's

Death Comes for the Archbishop. What a modern child needs to relax his mind is, I venture to say, barely comprehensible to adults who were nurtured in a world without anatomically correct baby dolls. Reading, once a pleasure drug, is now a skill you can learn if you join the army. Miss Piggy, the puppet fag hag, is our nation's main dolly identity. Nuclear war, once a grim specter, is now discussed as an eventuality. A poll I read recently reported that a vast number of children do not believe they will survive to adulthood. Anyone who watches the nightly news can surely sympathize.

So kids, in an effort to find something to play with, have found computers. They're not dangerous, are cheaper than a movie, keep your mind off real life, and are the crux of our future technology. Also, video games mimic the conditions of modern society: the goal is to score, there is always a threat that can prevent you from scoring, and there

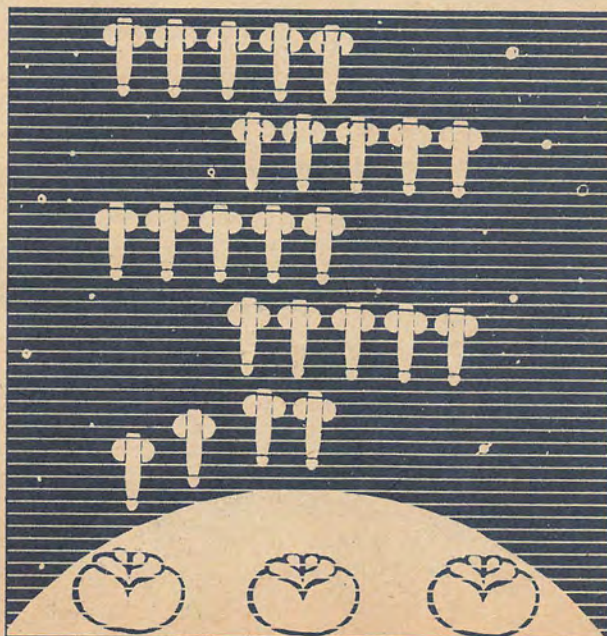
are weapons to destroy any threat that gets in your way. Fits in perfectly with modern ethics, does it not?

The following are two of America's favorite video games. Any parent who objects to them is terminally behind the times.

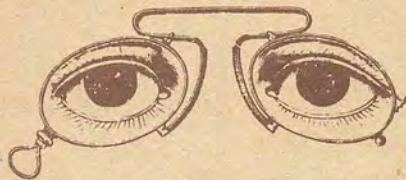
SEX EVADERS. SCREEN: At top of screen are five rows of alien female creatures shaped like upside-down urns. At the bottom are three laser cannons that must not shoot rockets. Alien female vessels try to drop onto male laser cannons and smother them as laser cannons try to maneuver out of way.

CONTROLS: Left and right directional button; Bowling Night lever; Obesity warp.

SCORING: (a) 10 points for evading skags in bottom two rows. (b) 20 points for evading sex-starved sisters-in-law in next two rows. (c) 30 points for evading nagging wives or girl friends in top row. (d) 50, 100,



PHILIP MANZATO



150, or 300 points for each UFO (horny college adviser, piano teacher, member of mother's bridge club, Catholic priest). (e) Bonus 1,000 points if still a virgin at twenty-five.

DANGERS: (a) Prostate trouble. (b) Still living with Mom after thirty.

OBSERVATIONS: (a) Each of the rounds has five attacks. As player cannot shoot cannon, he must find ways of evading alien vessels without hurting their feelings or being thought of as a wimp. Good luck! (b) Obesity warp fulfills a hyperspace function, instantly concealing player's cannon beneath rolls of ugly cellulite or fat. It's a cheap and self-destructive way out but it does work.

STRATEGIES: (a) Pressing Impotence shield, surrounds player's cannon with a force field that destroys any alien vessels that come near it. To avoid gay rumors, player can claim he's overexcited, there's pressure at work, or his cannon has a mind of its own. (b) Player can employ Poker Night lever or NBA Play-offs Pass for quick evasion, but sometimes it is more efficient to leave town. Going away to college is effective; joining the French Foreign Legion is traditional. But right now, volunteering for the British Navy is definitely player's best bet.

MS. SEX EVADERS. SCREEN: At top of screen are five rows of descending male rockets. At the bottom of screen are three giant urn-shaped alien female vessels. Rockets drop down screen and try to penetrate alien vessels, which must maneuver out of way and avoid penetration.

CONTROLS: Face Slap button; Menstruation lever; Obesity warp; Statutory Rape shield.

SCORING: (a) 10 points for evading pizza-faces in bottom two rows. (b) 20 points for evading bosses, casting directors, and stepfathers in next two rows. (c) 30 points for evading boring, rich husbands or boyfriends in top row.

(d) 50, 100, 150, or 300 points for evading each UFO (leering cab driver, gynecologist, female gym teacher). (e) Bonus 1,000 points for annulled marriage.

DANGERS: (a) Owning too many cats. (b) Embracing the church. (c) Old age without kids.

OBSERVATIONS: (a) In Ms. Sex Evaders, player is female alien vessel. She must outmaneuver male rocket thrust but, because she has less physical strength, she can employ weapons such as hatpins, Mace, or handguns with one bullet. (b) The large UFO, mother's boyfriend, shoots with deadly accuracy. Ms.



An alien female creature.

player can activate Herpes or Gonorrhea alert to throw him off course, but reporting him to welfare caseworker is of no help at all.

STRATEGIES: (a) Female vessels have less mobility and must resort to psychology or invective. Headaches or cramps randomly invoked, or belittling male rocket size makes up for lack of movement. (b) Activate Frigidity force field only in emergencies. Unlike Impotence shield, Frigidity force field is only a conceptual deterrent and can be penetrated with accelerated male rocket thrust. Champion players advise instead: fainting, vomiting, or aspirin between the knees. (c) Joining a nunnery is still an option, but take care to avoid posts in Spanish Harlem, the Congo, or El Salvador.

SCENES



RETURN OF THE THING

He's been obsessively driven to make movies since he was eight. It's all he's ever wanted to do, and the only thing for which he's really qualified. Today he is thirty-four, and the obsession has finally started to pay off. With the release this July of his first big-budget studio film, Universal's *The Thing*, **John Carpenter** has arrived. And despite incredible resistance and neglect by the movie industry, he's done it on his own terms.

No other major director of this generation has triumphed over such desperately underfinanced conditions as Carpenter. Using massive amounts of imagination to supplement the bargain-basement budgets on his 1974 science-fiction comedy, *Dark Star* (budget \$60,000), and the gritty, violent, police-under-siege drama *Assault on Precinct 13* (1976, \$100,000), he created two of the best B-films of the past decade.

It was *Halloween*, however, his 1978 horror story about a maniac stalking teenage girls, that really put Carpenter on the map. Costing \$320,000, it has thus far grossed over \$75 million. Using a ratio of dollars spent versus money earned, this makes him the most successful filmmaker of all time.

While finishing up *The Thing* at

Universal Studios in Los Angeles, Carpenter paused to discuss his less than meteoric rise to prominence. A quiet, lanky, long-haired man, he talks with just the slightest trace of a southern drawl, a reminder of his Bowling Green, Ky., origins. "I began to shoot monster, war, and science-fiction movies when I was about eight," he says, sharing a Pepsi across the workmanlike wooden desk in his sparsely decorated office. "Most of those films were only two or three minutes long, and they were pretty crude, with props from the five-and-ten and the university buildings where my father taught as sets. But a couple became real epics, like *Gorgon the Space Monster* (1959, \$100). I learned how to animate Kleenex on that one, making it look as if my toy tanks were firing at the monster, and got so carried away by the special effects that the film ended up being forty-five minutes long."

Carpenter's passion for films evoked little encouragement from family and friends in Bowling Green, so he trekked to California to study moviemaking at the University of Southern California, fol-



Carpenter: animated Kleenex.

lowing in the footsteps of George Lucas, John Milius, and Randal Kleiser. "From the moment I hit Los Angeles, I had a single purpose: to make Hollywood movies. It was the course I pursued through film school and one that I never strayed from." Carpenter's first feature, *Dark Star*, was filmed in school by him and several other would-be filmmakers who wanted a showcase to display their talents. And despite an almost total lack of funds, they put together a picture that is widely regarded as having influenced a number of subsequent space operas, most significantly *Star Wars*, which borrowed Carpenter's concept of the leap to hyperspace.

"*Dark Star* was a great exercise in ingenuity," Carpenter recalls. "We just couldn't get enough money to do anything properly, so we faked everything. The space suits were asbestos fire suits with air-conditioning hoses stuck on with tape, and our life-support systems were Styrofoam packing sections from a typewriter, with press-type lettering rubbed on to make them look more authentic." Then, he was given another chance to direct with *Assault on Precinct 13*, an austere little film with every penny of its \$100,000 budget spent efficiently.

"*Assault* was a modern-day Western set in an urban ghetto," explains Carpenter. "People outside of urban situations didn't really go for it, but it was like a football game for some audiences. And, depending on where it was shown, the crowd sometimes cheered when the gang was ahead, which wasn't exactly the way I'd planned it. That was a lesson: you can never second-guess the audience."

Like *Dark Star*, *Assault* found a strong cult following, but Carpenter couldn't parlay it into another theatrical movie deal. He then turned to television, writing and directing *Someone's Watching Me* and directing *Elvis*. "I wanted to

make a true life story about Presley," he says, "bringing in the whole drug situation. But because of censorship problems it turned out an homage. After that I knew I never wanted to work in television again unless I had to."

So it was back to low-budget movies, this time to do a hot little item originally entitled *The Babysitter Murders*. "We sat around talking about the film," Carpenter remembers, "and decided we needed something more than just a psychopathic killer hacking up teenage girls. And then Irwin Yablans, the film's executive producer, suggested setting it on Halloween night."

"The big shocker in those days was Tobe Hooper's *Texas Chain-saw Massacre*. It was great entertainment, but I was irritated by his victims screaming kind of continuously. I thought silence would be much more frightening," Carpenter explains. "Let's say you hear something in the middle of the night. You get out of bed, come downstairs, and look into the darkness. Now, if somebody is standing there shouting and screaming that's not as frightening as walking

in there in dead silence and having someone jump out at you. That's a heart-stopper."

"What I was able to do with *Halloween* was take the time to play around with the audience's expectations. I gave them a couple of jolts to set them up, then tried to play out the rest of the film in surprises, dropping things on them when they least expected it. I played on the fact that they knew what was going on. I let them get ahead of me. Then I got them."

Carpenter's films reflect his own tastes as well as the commercial necessities of the marketplace. But as his budgets have grown, he has been able to enrich and expand his vision in a steadily upward curve, ending his B-movie career with the spectacular success of *Halloween*, then making the transition to moderate budgets with *The Fog* and *Escape From New York*, starring Kurt Russell. After all these years of filmmaking, he has achieved at last his ambition of making a real Hollywood studio film with *The Thing*. His new movie—about an outer-space monster on the loose in the Antarctic—costs \$15 million, more



Kurt Russell in *Escape*.

than the combined budgets of his six previous films.

"Everything before now was relatively small," Carpenter reasons. "But in order to do this project properly, it had to cost fifteen million. I'm aware that *The Thing* is going to have to make something like seventy million just to break even, but I'm counting on this picture to draw the same size crowds that *Halloween* attracted."

"I guess you just have to draw the line sometime. You can't go on forever making little pictures if you've got big ones inside you waiting to be told."

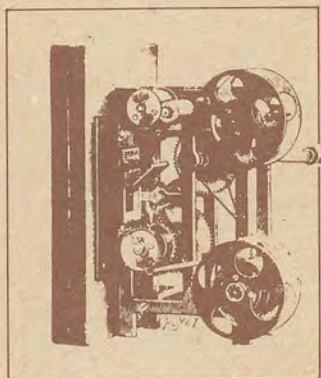
The Thing is the next logical step in Carpenter's career, the culmination of his long, low-budget apprenticeship. And, like his other films, one expects the textbook-perfect story construction, straightforward dialogue, and superb technical craftsmanship that have marked him as super-director Stanley Kubrick's heir apparent since *Halloween* in 1978. *The Thing* may prove to be Carpenter's leap into cinematic hyperspace, just as Lucas's *Star Wars*, Spielberg's *Jaws*, and Coppola's *The Godfather* brought them to national prominence. But even if this isn't the film for him, it's only a matter of time before he's recognized as one of the world's most important filmmakers.—James Delson



The Thing: an outerspace monster on the loose in the Antarctic.



FILMS



A CERTAIN SMILE

A look emerges in some of the movies Steve Tesich has written, a look suggesting self-satisfaction and an aggressively good-humored receptivity. It begins as an aspect of performance, but it quickly becomes the sign of a response to life so compelling that nothing, certainly not the logic of plot or experience, can stand in its way. I have found that look rather a bore in Tesich films like *Breaking Away* and *Four Friends*. But with his adaptation of John Irving's immensely popular *The World According to Garp*, the look begins to seem a familiar friend. At least it is something more agreeable than the ironies, the calculations, the unsubtle subtleties of Irving's prose. You can see it easily enough in the benign, slightly enigmatic smiles usually worn by the novelist hero, T. S. Garp (Robin Williams), and his feminist mother, Jenny Fields (Glenn Close). And although I still don't know why the look is there, I'll accept it as a necessary accompaniment to each new Tesich screenplay. This time around the screenplay does inspire confidence. As an example of what to add and what to leave out in adapting a very fulsome novel, the movie made from *Garp* might be a model.

A life-chronicle of the much-buffed T. S. (for Terribly Shy, Terribly Sad, Terribly Sexy—not to mention Technical Sergeant, his dad, or Tough Shit, inevitably lurking in the wings) from birth through his thirty-third year, *Garp* covers a lot of time. It also covers a lot of territory, as it moves between Greenwich Village, the New York suburbs, the private boys' school where Jenny runs the infirmary and Garp grows up, and the magnificent New England waterfront house (actually photographed on Fishers Island, N.Y.) to which all Jenny's family and her various dependents repair. And it manages a cast that includes, just at its center, Garp's wife, Helen (Mary Beth Hurt); his publisher; his kids; and his mom's most personable follower, Roberta Muldoon (John Lithgow), ex-Robert Muldoon, 235-lb. pass receiver for the Philadelphia Eagles. The liveliness of all the rest, of what creeps in around the edges—important for this tale of earned happiness and accidental doom—may owe a good deal to George Roy Hill. Hill (*The Sting*, *Slaughterhouse Five*, *Slap Shot*, among many others) is no great filmmaker, but he is perhaps the most competent of Tesich's directors so far. Because it leaves out so many connections and explanations, Tesich's *Garp* is a more absurdist fiction than John Irving's. Hill has a straightforward way with the unlikely. He simply accommodates its presence. Thus the "Ellen Jamesians," the mute, man-hating harpies who live off Jenny and pursue her son, circulate easily as strange decorative figures in the landscape until their wrath is needed. Intelligent, often attractive young women, they have all, as a sign of sexual protest, cut out their tongues. A subtext of terrible, intimate mutilation is almost as constant in this film version of Garp's world as in the book it's based on.

Along with their calm, mysteri-



Absurdist fiction: *Garp* with Robin Williams and Mary Beth Hurt.

ous smiles, both Robin Williams and Glenn Close offer performances of considerable distinction. Close, a stage actress who has never made a film before, comes as a revelation. I'd say almost the same for Mary Beth Hurt, whom I've never liked so much before, and for John Lithgow, who plays the sex-changed former football star utterly without condescension. There are lots of kids in the movie—Garp at various ages, the sexy prepubescent girl next door, two generations of Steering Academy boys, Garp's own sons—and they are all so good, so unembarrassing, as very nearly to provide a justification for young people.

The World According to Garp surely means to celebrate the variety, the oddity, the exultation, the pleasure, the pain, the fragility of life. A tall order, but not quite tall enough. Compare it with the pursuit of happiness. You may stumble across happiness. With great luck, you may even for a time live in the midst of it. But only a fool would think he could actively pursue it. And only a movie with too little else on its mind would so openly celebrate "life." The talent contributing to *Garp* is so fine, and the thinking of Hill and Tesich so inventive, that it's easy not to mind the genuine indirections beneath

the lively randomness on the surface. But from time to time you may suspect that at its deepest, *Garp* isn't about very much at all. At best it is an anthology of privileged lesser moments. And yet I shouldn't want to lose them. I mean things like the animated crayon sketches with which young Garp imagines his long dead father, the miraculous airplane crash that determines for Garp his choice of family house, or, late in the movie, the lovely brief meeting between Garp and the actual Ellen James (Amanda Plummer), whose tongue had been cut out years before by some brutal men who raped her and who now stands as a beautiful, silent, expressive image, helpless against the harm inflicted in her name.

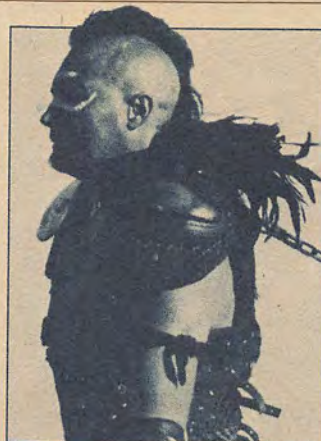
Nobody in my circle will admit to having gone to the theater to see *Annie*, unless dragged there by five-year-old nieces visiting from Peoria—and none of those will admit to lasting out the whole show. That leaves only the few hundred thousand other Americans who have gladly supported *Annie* for the past five years. For their benefit (and for my circle, most of whom will sit through anything so long as it's on screen), let me say that on its own terms the movie version of *Annie* is terrific. Even those terms

don't seem so awful once you've seen the film.

Of course, you have to put up with a score that sounds 80 percent like second thoughts about "Tomorrow," with choreography that—however expertly and energetically danced—looks like the repetition of maybe a dozen ideas, and with a whole orphanage full of pint-sized musical comedy stars each ready and able to belt out a number at the top of her little lungs. You could put up with worse. As a thoroughly conventional musical (unlike, say, *Pennies From Heaven*) devoid of any real inspiration (unlike *Swing Time*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *French Cancan*, or others, alas, not too numerous to mention), *Annie* may be just about as good as we can expect to get.

The sporadically great John Huston directed *Annie*. But I have trouble identifying Huston in it, except for the fact that Albert Finney

may have modeled his Daddy Warbucks characterization on him. At least, he sounds a lot like Huston. He also seems to be having a wonderful time. The same goes for dancer Ann Reinking as Grace, the executive secretary who loves him; for young Aileen Quinn as Little Orphan Annie, who more or less adopts him; for her dog, Sandy, and for Warbucks's bodyguard, Punjab (Geoffrey Holder—a role not in the stage version, I understand). But pride of performance belongs to Carol Burnett as the villainous orphanage director, Miss Hannigan—followed in close order by her brother (Tim Curry) and his heartless sweetie (Bernadette Peters). Their musical rendition of greed, "Easy Street," stops the show. But there are other showstoppers: the actual singing of "Tomorrow" (much *underemphasized* in this adaptation) for Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt in Washington; the buying out of all of



Warrior: dreadful deaths.

Radio City Music Hall so Daddy Warbucks, Grace, Sandy, and Annie can watch Garbo in *Camille* (1936—creating, it's been pointed out, a four-year anomaly, given Annie's age, ten, and her birth date, 1922); and the charming parody of a 1930s radio show on which Warbucks appears while trying to con-

tact Annie's parents.

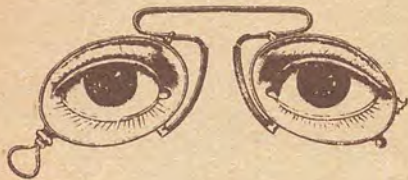
Of course it took more money to make *Annie* than the gross national product of the whole world up to a few years ago. But considering its supercolossal modesty, its unostentatious grandeur, I'd say that was untold millions well spent.

George Miller's *The Road Warrior*, made in Australia, is set in some brutal, desolate future when there is almost no more gasoline but when everyone spends all his time racing improbably banged-together, souped-up hot rods across the desert. This creates an even greater gas shortage. And so an evil tribe, led by (I swear) The Humungus, lays siege to the one functioning oil well and the relatively civilized technocrats who run it. Enter Max, *The Road Warrior* (Mel Gibson), a reluctant benefactor who, in the course of ninety minutes and six spectacular car chases, will save the day.

All the bad guys and most of the good guys, and girls, die dreadful deaths before it's over. *The Road Warrior* is the most relentlessly violent movie I've seen in years. It is also pure sentimental mush, complete with virtue triumphant; a comic sidekick; romantic hope for the future; and a cute, pugnacious kid (Emil Minty) who grunts instead of speaks (I don't know why. All his elders speak well enough, and they seem to hold Ph.D.'s in oil refining), throws a lethal aluminum boomerang, but falls in love with a tinkling music box and brings a smile—the only one—to Max's face just at the end. Given an adjustment in her technology, Orphan Annie might feel at home here. So might Sandy; Max has a pet dog. And T. S. Garp could smile at the survival of basic human values. At its best, and *The Road Warrior* is almost never less than at its best, it offers an essay in simple—not mindless—tension, and dazzling style and efficiency.—Roger Greenspun



Supercolossal modesty, unostentatious grandeur: Albert Finney and Aileen Quinn in *Annie*.



WORDS



THE NUCLEAR MYTH

For thirty-seven years, since the dawn of the atomic age, each of the world's nations capable of producing nuclear weapons has continued to squander its resources, undermine its economy, and infuse fresh fears into the collective human psyche by adding more nuclear weapons to its stockpile, on the grounds that these deter aggression. In this period of time, though other forms of slaughter have continued, nuclear aggression has indeed been deterred, and advocates of deterrence point to this record as they assure us that nuclear weapons are needed only in order to prevent their use.

If that is so, why did the two superpowers continue to build their nuclear arsenals long after they had built deterrent forces invulnerable to attack? The Reagan administration wants to build more. We are at the brink of a vast expansion of our strategic forces. Is this needed to restore a balance of power now lacking, as the administration claims? If we have been suffering an adverse imbalance, how have we survived it? Will we continue to survive it? Is the world safe from nuclear holocaust or is it not? If our deterrent works despite the alleged imbalance, do we need to do anything more? If our

new weapons create a new imbalance in our favor, will deterrence still work then? If deterrence fails, will humankind survive?

Similar questions have been asked at every stage of escalation in the nuclear-arms race. It is heartening to discover the proliferation of current books that address these questions once again. They provide new and valuable answers. It is a time when we need answers. For even though hundreds of thousands of Americans, from members of Congress to the members of local town councils throughout the nation, from groups of physicians, lawyers, and scientists to labor unions, have been urging various plans for a nuclear-weapons freeze and an outright ban on nuclear weapons, and even though they represent so broad a cross section of American life as to make it impossible for the administration to discredit them as "leftists," the Reagan defense plan still slouches on toward Bethlehem.

No, the world is not safe from nuclear holocaust. In *Apocalypse* (University of Chicago Press), Louis Rene Beres best shows the variety of ways in which it might begin. But among the accidents and confusions, the terrorist acts and regional confrontations, and even the deliberate misunderstandings, all of them plausible enough, one finds the familiar



Akizuki: eyewitness account.

myths of superpower confrontation. Beres posits a limited nuclear first strike upon parts of one country's retaliatory forces, "accompanied by the assurance of no further damage in exchange for a promise to pass up retaliation," and concludes that "it might well be rational for the attacked superpower to accept the 'deal.'"

In *The Fate of the Earth* (Knopf), Jonathan Schell finds this kind of scenario "dreamlike and fantastic. . . . Military actions are taken with some aim in mind—for example, the aim of conquering a particular territory. This imagined first strike would in itself achieve nothing," and the moment the attacker "might try to achieve some actual advantage, two or three nuclear weapons from among the

thousands remaining" in the victim's arsenal "would suffice to put a quick end to the undertaking."

Sober and dispassionate, *The Fate of the Earth* not only traces the convolutions of strategic thought that govern our prevailing nuclear policy but also attempts to assess, in all its psychological, biological, and metaphysical ramifications, the precise predicament we have created for ourselves by bringing nuclear weapons into our world. Drawing on an extensive body of information long available to the public but too infrequently read, Schell recounts in painstaking detail all the multiple forms of agony and redundant destruction that would visit our planet in the event of full-scale nuclear war and shows how and why this would soon lead to the "extinction of mankind."

Valuable supplementary reading to this portion of Jonathan Schell's book is Dr. Tatsuichiro Akizuki's *Nagasaki 1945* (Charles River Books), the first full-length eyewitness account of the atomic-bomb attack on that Japanese city. To realize what the chances for human survival are today, one need only consider that the world's nuclear arsenals now dispose the equivalent of one and a half million Nagasaki bombs.

The aftermath of nuclear holocaust is also the focus of *The Final Epidemic* (Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science), whose contributors are members of Physicians and Scientists on Nuclear War. In discussing the physical, social, and psychological devastation wrought by nuclear war, the book demonstrates more clearly than any other the cynicism of civil-defense programs, which are designed to promote the notion that nuclear war can be fought and "won" and which thereby remove public obstruction to expanded weapons programs, even though national governments are fully aware that there is no de-



MARTIN A. LEVICK/BLACK STAR



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

fense of any kind.

Schell also attempts to assess the psychological numbing we already suffer from having to live under the constant threat of nuclear annihilation before it has even occurred. We suspect the truth but try to deny it. "As such," he writes, echoing the words of Ernst Becker, "the denial may have intermixed in it something that is valuable and worthy of respect. . . . A love of life may ultimately be all that we have to put against our doom."

The spirit of this deep internal conflict we have inherited with the nuclear age, of doubt and despair at the periphery of what seems normal existence, of the struggle for life and belief in life while immersed in preparation for instant death, is exquisitely wrought in Paul Loeb's *Nuclear Culture* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), a sensitive portrait of some of the men and women who work at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, the plutonium processing plant that produced the nuclear charge for the Nagasaki bomb and that today employs 13,000 people.

If nuclear weapons have so far restrained the nuclear powers from military confrontation, there is no guarantee that they will continue to do so. If nuclear weapons are ever used, there is no guaran-

tee that humankind will survive. In that case, nuclear weapons will have served no purpose. In that case, they have no purpose. Why, then, Schell asks, "haven't we banned these instruments of death?" The answer lies in the fact that "nuclear powers put a higher value on national sovereignty than they do on human survival." Nuclear powers have repeatedly threatened the use of nuclear weapons, even though their actual use would be suicidal. Thus President Carter threatened the use of nuclear weapons to defend American access to Persian Gulf oil. This kind of behavior has made the world a terrifying place.

It will become more terrifying. America's Trident, Cruise Missile, and MX programs are designed to create first-strike weapons. This is carefully documented in James Avery Joyce's *The War Machine* (Avon) and in the Ground Zero Organization's *Nuclear War: What's in It for You* (Pocket Books). Both of these books contain detailed information on our new nuclear-weapons programs as well as on the balance of strategic power between the United States and the Soviet Union. Joyce has obtained his documentation from the United Nations, the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, and the Center for Defense Infor-

mation. None of these organizations uses or directs the use of American tax revenues. They have less incentive than the White House or the Pentagon to distort the facts. Their credibility ought comparably to be higher. The Ground Zero organization is headed by Roger C. Molander, a former member of the National Security Council staff, who has had access to the most accurate information our government possesses on the military balance. It is interesting to note that both these books conclude that deployment of the MX, Trident, and Cruise weapons systems will seriously destabilize the



MICHAEL COHEN

Loeb: preparation for death.

balance of strategic nuclear power. They also concur that this balance has long run in our favor. Their figures for superior numbers of deliverable strategic warheads in the American arsenal match those that Schell obtained from the Institute for Strategic Studies. The world seems in agreement about the facts. In view of this, President Reagan's statement that the Soviet Union holds a definite edge over us in strategic power seems to have been a conscious, deliberate lie.—Tom Gervasi

SOUNDS



LIFE AFTER ROCKPILE

When the British quartet Rockpile broke up early in 1981, it was the end of a great rock-'n'-roll band, and of what had seemed to be a perfect musical partnership. **Nick Lowe** and **Dave Edmunds**, the group's two principals, differed in a number of ways. Lowe was the cynically brilliant pop tunesmith who refurbished riffs and snatches of melody from rock's past into contemporary gems like his hit single "Cruel to Be Kind." Edmunds was the staunch rock traditionalist who could churn out any Chuck Berry solo on command and drew his songs from obscure albums by American rhythm-and-blues and country singers rather than writing them himself. But Lowe and Edmunds shared a tangled past and had been close collaborators since the mid-seventies. More importantly, they both loved old-fashioned American rock 'n' roll. Terry Williams, a Welsh drummer who'd played with Edmunds in the sixties, and Billy Bremner, a talented guitarist and singer, rounded out the Rockpile group.

Rockpile survived for years, but made just one album under the group name: 1980's *Seconds of Pleasure* (Columbia). They toured the United States five times, but except for their final, headlining



tour, they were always pushing a new solo album by either Lowe or Edmunds. And now that Rockpile has crumbled (following an unresolvable disagreement between Lowe and Edmunds), it seems more and more apparent that a single group could never have contained such disparate personalities for very long.

Neither Lowe nor Edmunds has wasted any time mourning. Lowe toured the U.S. recently with a rocking band of old buddies called Noise To Go and released a new album, *Nick the Knife* (Columbia). Edmunds has bounced back with his most exhilarating album in years, *DE7* (Columbia). Now that these two inveterate rock 'n' rollers are back on their own, it's a little difficult to ascertain what kept them together in a group for so long. Lowe's record is jaunty pop-rock, with lots of zingy melodies and love lyrics. Edmunds's disc is stripped-down, classic rock 'n' roll, an enticing blend of American roots sounds that manages to sound utterly contemporary.

Lowe and Edmunds have often been credited with helping launch England's punk and new-wave rock movements, a suggestion they regard with some skepticism. It's true that Lowe produced the first English punk LP, by a group called the Damned, as well as classic new-wave albums by Elvis Costello and Graham Parker. "But what is new wave these days anyway?" he asked recently after a sound check for a concert in Maryland. "Is it a bunch of people in pirate costumes? When I first heard the Damned and the other early punk bands, to tell you the truth, I thought they were terrible. I would listen to them and laugh myself sick. But I had always been involved with musicians who were a bit weird in one way or another, and what really changed my mind about punk was the way the older musicians I knew reacted to it. They'd get really uptight with me

and say, 'How can you like this stuff?' And I'd tell them, you're just bloody snobs. You're like my dad when he used to come into my room and take my Kinks records off the turntable."

Several years before Nick Lowe helped the first punk and new-wave performers get on records, Dave Edmunds launched a back-to-basics movement in English rock with the release of his first solo album, *Rockpile*. It included Chuck Berry and Fats Domino evergreens and helped spark a nascent British "pub-rock" movement, which eventually included a band called Brinsley Schwarz, with Nick Lowe on bass. Pub-rock wasn't punk by any stretch of the imagination, but it was gutsy, foot-to-the-floor rock 'n' roll, and it created a musical climate in which punk could thrive. Edmunds later produced an album for Brinsley Schwarz, and when Nick Lowe became involved with London's new Stiff label in 1976 as an artist and producer, it was only natural that Edmunds should turn up on several Lowe-produced singles, as well as on the first Stiff records world tour (which featured Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, and Ian Dury, among others).

Rockpile began to coalesce

around the time Edmunds recorded his classic *Get It* album for Swan Song records, and in the spring of 1977 embarked on a U.S. tour with the star Swan Song group Bad Company. That pairing didn't work out. Nick Lowe's involvement with the punks didn't sit well with members of Bad Company, and Rockpile was thrown off its first major tour. Undaunted, they recorded behind Edmunds on *Tracks on Wax 4* (Swan Song) and behind Lowe on *Labour of Lust* (Columbia). Then they made their first and only Rockpile album, and then poof! They disappeared for good.

Lowe bounded onto the stage of New York's Palladium recently with the same boyish enthusiasm he radiated at Rockpile gigs. His band included guitarist Martin Belmont from Graham Parker's Rumour, keyboardist Paul Carrack from Squeeze, and a tough rhythm section that included drummer Bobby Irwin, who was on several of Lowe's early Stiff singles. For the first time in a single concert, Lowe was able to sing all his songs, dating back to his first 45s, and it became evident what an important and classy pop tunesmith he has always been. His earlier songs, especially the ones collect-

ed on his first U.S. album, *Pure Pop for Now People* (Columbia), can be more than a bit bizarre lyrically: "Marie Provost" is the tale of a Hollywood movie queen who died alone in a squalid apartment and was partially eaten by her dachshund before the police burst in, "throwing up over what they found/the handiwork of Marie's dachshund/That hungry little dachshund." The grisly subject matter is undercut by a sparkling melody—a typical Lowe touch. Lowe's later songs have taken a more positive tack, especially since he married Carlene Carter, a daughter of country singer Johnny Cash. But they are all finely crafted, danceable, hummable—everything superior pop-rock should be.

Edmunds, meanwhile, returned to his native Wales to put together the new band that's heard on *DE7*. His pianist, Geraint Watkins, sounds like he grew up in New Orleans, and the whole band plays with the fidelity to American blues, soul, country, and rockabilly idioms that Edmunds has always demanded. And does it rock! Performers too numerous to mention have been attempting to take everything that was direct and emotional about fifties rock 'n' roll and make it relevant to modern sensibilities, but Edmunds—with his high, soaring tenor vocals and apparently endless vocabulary of guitar licks—is the only one who has really succeeded. He couldn't have made an album as full of life and wit as *DE7* with Rockpile, and Nick Lowe couldn't have shown off the highlights of his songwriting career with Edmunds and Billy Bremner (Rockpile's unsung hero) taking most of the vocals. So the split seems to have worked out best for everybody. "Basically, the thing to do is the thing that's fun," Lowe remarked after his Palladium concert. "I mean, that's what it's supposed to be, isn't it? It's rock 'n' roll!"—Robert Palmer



Edmunds (left), Lowe: the split has worked out best for everybody.

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THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY OF RESISTANCE

BY PHILIP NOBILE

Rodney Dangerfield, a stand-up observer of sex and its discontents, tells the story of lying in bed listlessly with his wife. Several minutes passed without the smallest tremor of arousal. Neither one was sufficiently moved to take the initiative. "What's the matter," Dangerfield asked his unresponsive spouse, "you can't think of anybody else either?"

Woody Allen, another knowing critic of erotic life, was once asked by his analyst if he thought sex was dirty. "Only when it's good," replied Allen.

Actually, Dangerfield and Allen are on to something quite profound, and that is the indubitable but often misunderstood proposition that the highest levels of sexual excitement are attained only by overcoming

resistance in some form, any form. Conversely, without resistance sex is not very exciting and may wither away entirely.

Evidence for this commonsense declaration is everywhere—in the mating rituals of animals, in the taboos of primitive cultures, in the centerfold of men's magazines, in the zest of illicit liaisons, in the lethargy of long-term relationships, in the columns of "Dear Abby," and, surprisingly, in the God-fearing advice of evangelical marriage manuals. Studies on sex fantasies also confirm the universal appeal of violational behavior. The Kinsey reports are likewise laden with data indicating enormous interest in unconventional activities. For example, Kinsey noted in 1948 that marital intercourse "does

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11,3

not provide even half of the total number of orgasms experienced by the males in our American population." Thirty years later *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* put another nail in the coffin of routine and respectable sex by stating that most of the married men surveyed were bored in bed—in many cases because their wives were "too available."

Precisely, what is sexual resistance and why is it so crucial for sustained excitement? Consider the following escapade of R. Riley, a thirty-eight-year-old history professor from Los Angeles. Riley, who prefers to remain pseudonymous, recently became enamored with the secretary of a fellow historian in New York. After months of long-distance seduction over the telephone, Riley and the secretary were ripe for consummation. When he flew into New York for a gathering of historians last spring, his ardor for the unseen secretary was almost uncontrollable. He went directly from JFK to her apartment in the West Nineties. Tall, buxom, and provocatively adorned in a low-cut black silk dress, she was a stunning and beautiful apparition, a phone fantasy come splendidly to flesh.

Usually, Professor Riley did not hurry seductions. But tonight he dispensed with his normal tweedy reserve and began nuzzling soon after they sat down on the living-room couch. His boyish gusto was eagerly returned. The secretary kissed him all over his face and neck. Speeding up the action, Riley slid the straps of her dress down both arms until her breasts were exposed. Then he squeezed both nipples while they kissed with greater and greater intensity. Anxious for the main event, Riley stood up and stripped off both their clothes. They retreated to the bedroom and lay together in a long-awaited embrace. The secretary, fully professed in the art of love, knelt over him, brushing her lovely breasts against his thighs, and vigorously absorbed his preliminary fluids. Not wishing to spend himself so swiftly or supinely, Riley got on top, relishing the prospect of riding this wet and wondrous woman into the sunset of orgasm. But she had already brought him to the high plateau and there was no turning back. He came in two thrusts.

Although temporarily *hors de combat*, Riley realized that he must reciprocate. More in gratitude than desire, he masturbated her to an apparently authentic resolution. Hoping for a time-out to replenish the manly tanks of passion, Riley sat up and lit a joint. The unsated secretary took merely one toke before felling him anew. Fortunately, Riley had enough in reserve for half-hearted tumescence, yet he feared a second ejaculation was beyond immediate summon. What a pity to fail in this glorious moment, he thought. Of course, he could suggest a brief intermezzo, but he was loath to interrupt the rhythm of the woman's otherwise admirable alacrity. Instead he set his mind on scaling the fogbound heights of arousal once more.

Riley reached down to cup her overflowing breasts in his hands. He gently fingered her nipples, and when they stiffened, he pinched them. Without pausing from her main occupation between his legs, she reached up to tweak his nipples. Riley started to warm up. He felt a familiar stirring in the far caverns of arousal. Focused on the lascivious sight of this naked creature snorkeling him with abandon, he tried to zoom in on one curve or crevice that would send him on his way. But except for the arch of her backside, there was not much to see from his dorsal angle. Visually, he was practically impotent. Although his erection had gradually become a reasonable facsimile of its former self, orgasm was still a mirage. He could not find the trigger.

As a last resort, Riley flashed through his memory for an erotic association that would provide fast breeding for an orgasmic reaction. He replayed a primal scene from the past—his wife *flagrante delicto*

6

Most marriage therapists,
it seems, are utterly shameless
about prescribing myriad
twists on old-shoe relations and
suggest hanging from
any chandelier in order to
stave off boredom.

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with a black man. A few years ago, during a swinging phase in his marriage, Riley had found himself in an unexpected threesome with his wife and a black politician. He watched with frozen fascination at the time and often reprieved the event while masturbating. Now suddenly mainlined into his imagination, perhaps it would lift him over the edge again.

Ready or not, Riley pushed onward. He unreeled the Afro-warrior ravishing his beloved; he thrust deeper and deeper into the secretary's throat; she twisted his nipples with more force; he brushed her long hair aside so that he could view himself in her mouth; and he saw his wife impaled on the terrible sword of that black... yes, yes, yes. Professor Riley went over the top with a most satisfying climax.

Where is the sexual resistance in this rousing rendezvous? The examples are plain. There is the anticipation—pent up over several months. The strangeness of the secretary is another obvious goad to the professor's lust. And the remembrance of the wanton wife, purposely injected into the scene, is an exquisite instance of the sort of violation that defines the idea of resistance.

A closer look at this encounter reveals a deeper level of excitement: The professor was undoubtedly riding on the forbidden nature of the extramarital tryst. His unusual aggression, including light pinching, involved two resistances: pain itself is off-putting, and in this instance it departed from his own standards of polite seduction. And the visual scan of the secretary's voluptuous torso as he searched for a boost toward orgasm is a common male stimulant. A little physical fetishism, that is, fixation on a body part, is a frequent accompaniment of coming. (A male prostitute interviewed in the *Village Voice* disclosed that he fixates on the woman's hair whenever he is exhausted and needs to dredge up an ultimate emission.)

Resistance, in the steady pursuit of sexual splendors, never sleeps. So Rodney Dangerfield and Woody Allen are not just kidding Professor Riley, who found peak excitement by thinking about somebody else doing something dirty. The josh, seriously considered, is on all of us.

Despite the irrepressible instinct in all species to mate, sex remains a universally fragile act. Unless the stag fights his way to the female, unless the male cat grips the female's neck with his teeth, unless the male bowerbird impresses the female by the artful design of his nest, the party is over. Indeed, it fails to begin.

What does this have to do with human sexuality? Although our courtship patterns and erotic ceremonies have evolved beyond pure instinct, we, too, are prey to similar limitations. Our resistances, however, are in another place. In fact, marriage manuals start with the assumption that the ecstasy of sex is not forever—unless the couple tries really hard. *Ideal Marriage*, an early classic on the art of love by Dutch physician Theodoor H. Van de Velde, emphasized the danger of complacency right in the introduction: "If he [the husband] has been fortunate enough to wed a woman of warm and spontaneous temperament, who is obviously not indifferent to the rites of marriage—if those rites take place in the same invariably scheduled manner, with no varieties of local stimulation or sensory adornment—sexual satiety will in a few short years intrude itself into the consciousness of both, and equally imperil their marriage. For monotony can only be relieved by variation. . . ."

Dr. Van de Velde's observation is so basic that even *The Gift of Sex: A Christian Guide to Sexual Fulfillment* preaches salvation through mild manifestations of resistance. What are fundamentalist couples counseled to do when their *Song of Songs* veers off key? "The swimming pool at night has been a fun variation for some," says this pious primer. "A new room in the house, a different bed, a love nest in the family room or living room are all options. Or you may want to be so different as to take your pick-up camper to the grocery store parking lot!"

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affairs, Abigail Van Buren is not afraid of a little rush of resistance either. One of her readers wrote in that his wife used to abhor making love on Sunday mornings before going to mass. But with the help of some homespun wisdom, she conquered her shame and let loose. The happy husband explained: "When the kids were little, our family doctor wrote on a prescription pad, 'One weekend, every six weeks, get a sitter for the kids, buy a bottle of wine, check into a motel with your wife, and treat her like a hooker. And don't say you can't afford to. You can't afford not to.' Today our children are educated, well-adjusted and independent, and I am left with a lovable, exciting wife." (Signed: "CHRISTIANS SHOULD BE LOVERS.")

Abby replied: "DEAR CHRISTIAN: Right on. And so should Jews, Buddhists, Moslems, Hindus, etc."

Making Love: How to Be Your Own Sex Therapist, a no-positions-barred text-and-photo volume published in 1976, urges more ungodly means to arousal: "Make a list here of the ideas that turn you on, such as the idea of sex with your brother. . . ."

Most marriage therapists, it seems, are utterly shameless about prescribing myriad twists on old-shoe relations and suggest hanging from any chandelier in order to stave off boredom. But they firmly close the door on the most time-honored and pervasive method of resistance employed

by husbands and wives who may have run out of tempting diversions at home—namely, extramarital shenanigans. Against the grain of sex research and ordinary experience, these experts actually teach that monogamy is exciting enough for all right-thinking couples. This is true of Van de Velde, and even of Masters and Johnson, who go as far as saying that regular resort to "contrived means" of stimulation "heralds ultimate onset of sexual dysfunction." In *The Pleasure Bond*, an unpersuasive tract on the endless eroticism of fidelity, Masters and Johnson completely romanticize the wedded state. "Total commitment, in which all sense of obligation is linked to mutual feelings of loving concern," they blithely comment, "sustains a couple sexually over the years."

Incredibly, psychiatrist Avodah K. Offit, author of *The Sexual Self*, denies the very existence of ennui in happy liaisons. "Two people who really adore and depend on each other and whose sexual energies have matching intensities don't become bored sexually," Dr. Offit insists. "I can make silly analogies. Do you become bored with your pet?"

Resistance to the full implications of resistance is not surprising. The concept is not only complex but upsetting to those who have a personal or professional stake in traditional morality. It is hardly comforting to face the fact that all of us, including

the most dedicated of lovers, sooner or later meet the devil of fatigue. Yet it is not easy to refute the fundamental observation that excitement and resistance are irretrievably linked, and that without the introduction of violations of some sort our erotic lives are doomed to diminishing returns.

The most original and extensive elucidation of resistance can be read in *The Homosexual Matrix*, by Dr. C. A. Tripp. A former protégé of Kinsey with an encyclopedic grasp of sex research, Dr. Tripp spent ten years forging this provocative study. What does resistance have to do with homosexuality? A lot. Some homosexuals display spectacular forms of resistance in their extraordinary bent for varied partners, S & M, and fetishes. In his attempt to understand these behavioral extremes, Dr. Tripp worked out a grand theory that seeks to explain the essence of excitement. His exposition of resistance is marvelously succinct and accessible.

"The transgressing of barriers is itself a major element in promoting sexual arousal," he writes in *Matrix*. "In fact, sexual motivation is always advanced at least as much by factors that resist or retard a sexual impulse as by those which directly accelerate it. It is easy to see that sexually-ready mates encounter many barriers in their access to each other, but it is harder to keep in mind that impediments of some kind (accidental or deliberate) are necessary precursors in the psychology of sexual arousal. Every human society places various restrictions on sex, but when mates finally satisfy or evade all the rules and regulations and are at last ready for intercourse, they must themselves find new resistance to focus on right up to the moment of orgasm. If they fail to do this, they risk a collapse of their sexual interest in each other."

Dr. Tripp supports his theory with an astonishingly eclectic array of data gathered from the fields of biology, anthropology, and psychology, as well as his own, first-hand experience as a psychotherapist. For example, he traces the connection between resistance and sexual satisfaction back to the dawn of evolution by noting that single-cell protozoa conjugate successfully only when they come from slightly different or *resistant* strains, a circumstance that permits them to exchange just the right amount of body fluids. Too much or too little difference spells sexual disaster even for the lowly protozoa. The higher we climb on the mammalian ladder, the more discernible are the stresses and barriers that accompany sex. "The females of many species tend to become aroused and to ovulate only after being considerably mauled by a male," writes Dr. Tripp. While conceding the dangers of far-fetched analogies, he believes that the footprints of resistance are omnipresent in the animal kingdom. Thus he ranges confidently through unrelated species to pinpoint their common erotic bond.

Like Van de Velde and Abigail Van Bu-



"Pardon me, I am a deaf mute, give what you can, a blowjob would be nice, thank you."

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ren, Dr. Tripp recognizes the games couples play to rev up sagging excitement. But his analysis is far more sophisticated and serves to contradict Masters and Johnson's don't-make-waves path to sexual contentment. "In early courtship, the ardor of both mates is fanned by moments of obliviousness to each other interspersed within a superattentiveness," he writes. "Such examples suggest that the growth of erotic arousal is more accurately described, not as a stream of interest, but as an alternating current of piquant contact broken by fleeting interruptions—interruptions that supply the moments of drabness against each new spark of response that is displayed."

Not all resistances are consciously contrived, although these are the most obvious examples. Sexually stimulating barriers, according to Dr. Tripp, show up in fear of dangerous encounters, fascination with specific kicks like seducing a virgin, wartime separations, the interference of disapproving parents, and many other social constraints. Furthermore, he asserts that it is impossible to imagine any highly romantic entanglement without a strong element of resistance—e.g., Romeo and Juliet.

However, like sexual excitement itself, the ground of resistance is always shifting. "The 'engagement point' of resistance tends to travel, like the battle line of an

army that is taking over a land of unknown fortifications," Dr. Tripp states. "When an attractive person is first seen, the resistance may be in the problem of starting a conversation, or even in getting close enough to try. When these barriers are overcome, other social impediments, including perhaps the partner's hesitations, become the next line of battle. Making a physical contact may be next. Any gesture or proposal that is viewed as sufficiently risky to constitute a resistance will produce a thrill as it is overcome. But each new level of intimacy quickly loses its challenge—and the 'front' of resistance-engagement moves on."

Dr. Tripp, now retired from private practice for full-time research, lives in a charming turn-of-the-century home perched on a cliffside overlooking the Tappan Zee Bridge in Nyack, N.Y. Born in Corsicana, Tex., in 1919, he took a circuitous route to his present occupation. As a young man, his first love was photography. After graduating from the Rochester Institute of Technology, he joined the Kodak Research Laboratories in 1941. During the war, he worked on the production of confidential films for the army and navy. Although he lacked formal training in the humanities, he read widely in psychology, especially the psychology of sex.

Impressed by Theodor Reik's *Masoch-*

ism and Modern Man, Tripp telephoned the famous Freudian on a whim and invited him to dinner. Reik graciously accepted. The young photographer and the world-renowned psychoanalyst became good friends. But after reading Dr. Alfred Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and visiting with Kinsey himself, Tripp changed intellectual direction. Following his conversion from Freudian analysis to Kinsey's inductive approach to sex, Tripp returned to school in 1951 to study for his doctorate in psychology. He and Kinsey enjoyed a close personal and professional collaboration until the latter's death in 1956.

Curiously, neither Reik nor Kinsey influenced Tripp's theory of resistance. "The idea is everywhere," he says modestly, sitting behind his desk in a small frontroom study. "Of course, I saw examples of resistance in my own life, but so have millions of people. My contribution is only that I organized it into a central observation. It embarrasses me to tell you this story, but I will. I had the theory fairly well in order by the spring of 1946. I remember the first time I spoke to Theodor Reik about resistance. I was taking him to dinner, as I often did on Sunday afternoons, and I outlined my theory as we were driving down Fifth Avenue. I finished just as I turned left on Fifty-ninth Street. But Reik was silent. After a long pause, I had to ask him what he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



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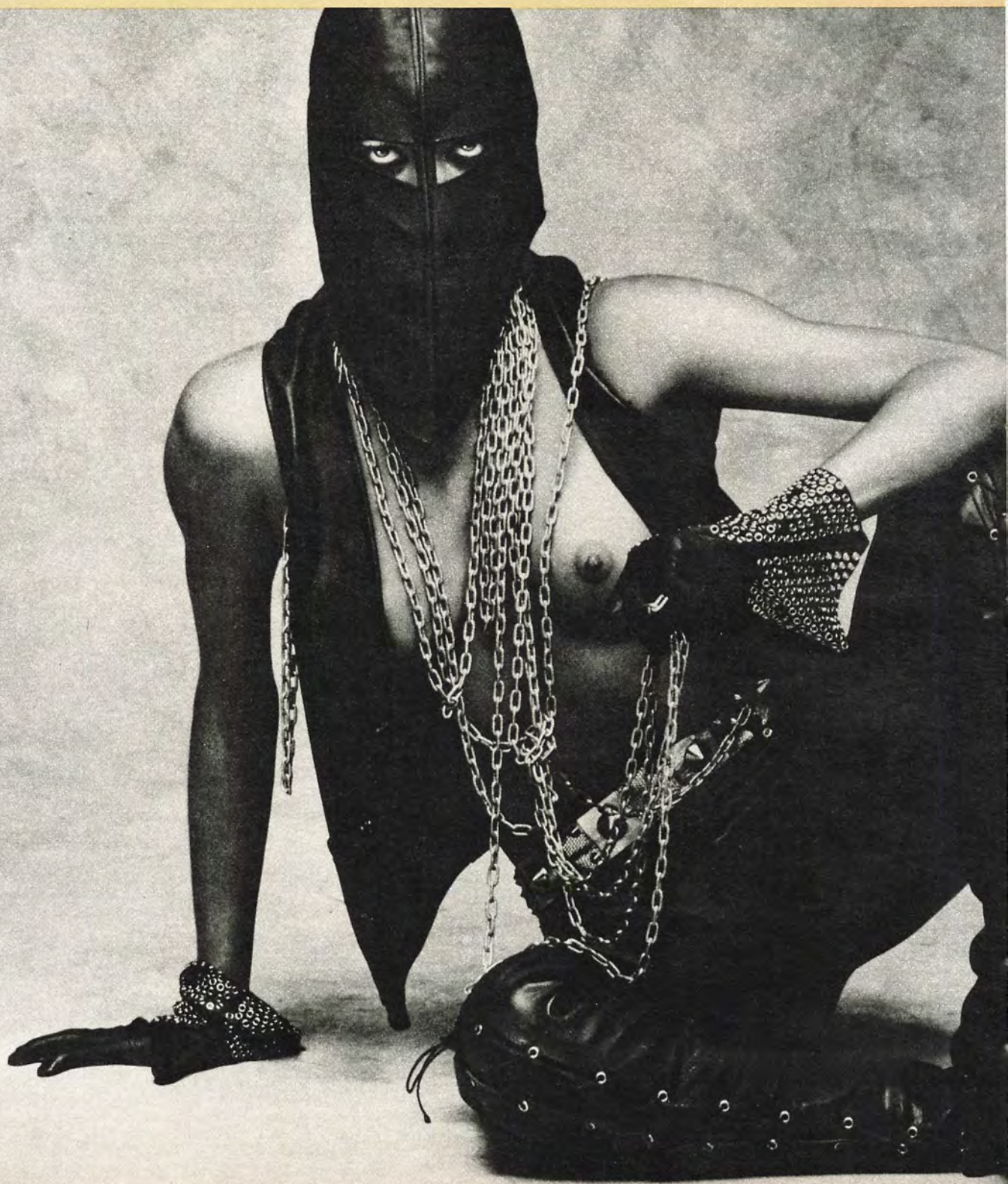
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The
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joys of
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surrender
...the
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in chains
...the
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coupling
of flesh
and
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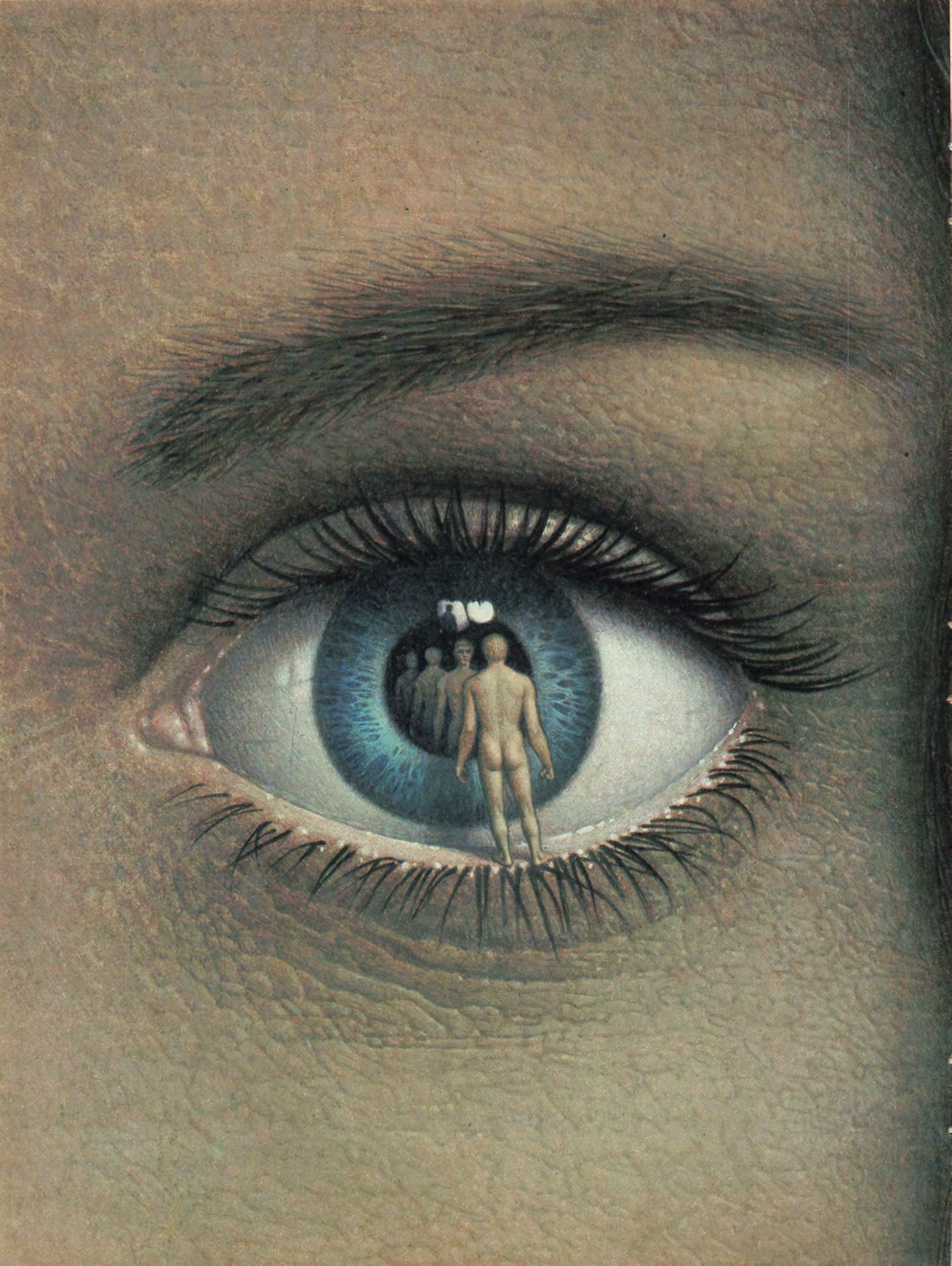


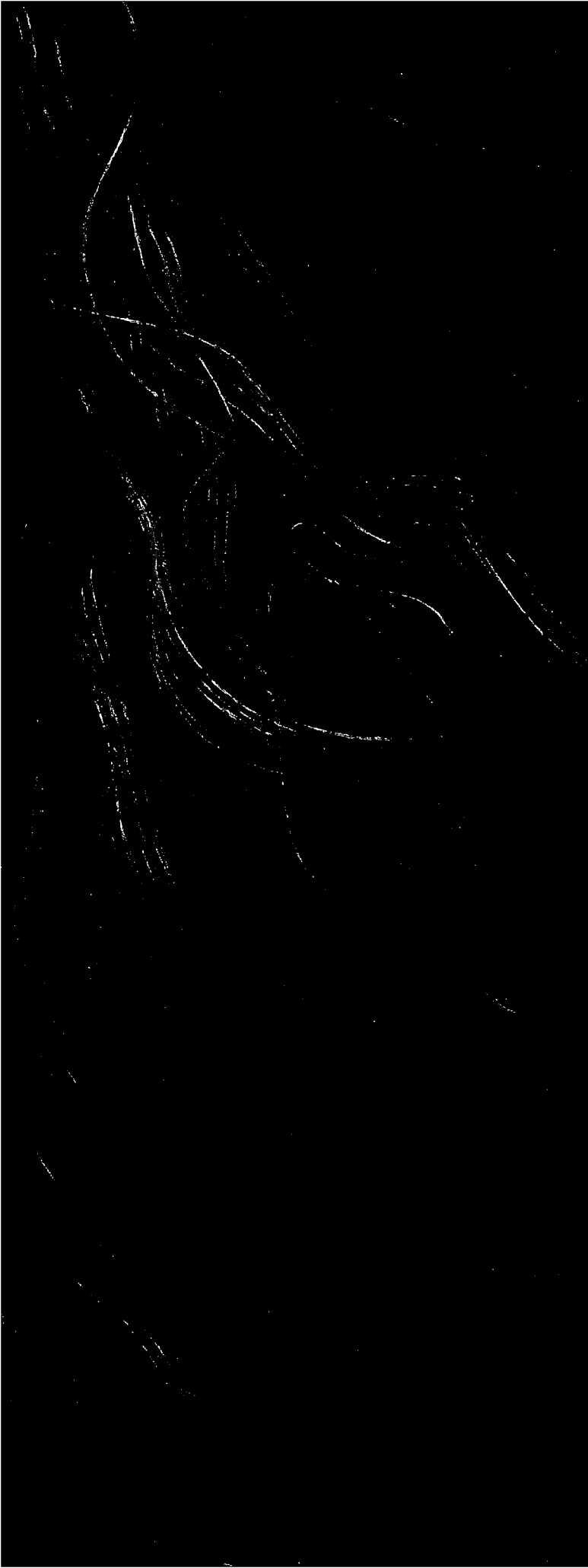




These ageless fantasies of ritualized control,
reminiscent of the poetry of the
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When Nicki thought of Maximo, she
saw a long black panther.
When he looked at Nicki, he saw a
forbidden white orchid.
Neither foresaw the price they
would pay for each other.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

FICTION BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Teenager drove into the tunnel under the apartments of Washington Heights and came out into America on a Sunday afternoon; traffic turning a bridge meant to dwarf man into just another crowded federal highway. Louis Mariani lived in Swiftbrook, New Jersey, and Teenager had been given his phone number by a son-in-law of Mariani's named Ronald Schiavone, the innmate at Albion who lived in continual trouble with the blacks and Hispanics.

If Teenager had not assisted Schiavone, Mariani would have placed land mines on his front walk before allowing a Hispanic into his house. Mariani was the boss-in-fact

PAINTING BY TOM ADAMS

of the Mafia family running the Bronx. The family, run by Mariani, had no name other than its newspaper and police file name, and its members operated in "crews" whose lives revolved around finding the right nigger to sell dope to, the wrong nigger being an undercover agent. Little else mattered, for importing and selling dope always has been the only serious occupation of the Mafia.

Teenager did not have to ring the doorbell. Louis Mariani appeared with his arms spread. He threw them about Teenager's shoulders. His capped teeth gleamed.

"I love you like a son," Mariani said, "for what you done for that kid."

"It is good to see you," Teenager said.

Mariani suddenly withdrew and waved his hand. "Look at her, will you?"

Walking across the lawn from the driveway was a young woman with a long, cheerful body.

"My daughter Nicki," Mariani said. "She's my baby doll."

In the car at the curb Maximo, who had come with Teenager for the ride, raised his head and looked out the window at Nicki. Immediately, Nicki noticed that Maximo was looking at her.

"Nicki," her father said.

"Yes."

"Say hello to Teenager."

"A pleasure," she said to Teenager and then, walking away, she concentrated on her step and how she held her head in the presence of the steady gaze that she felt coming from the car window.

"Nicki," her father said.

"Yes, Daddy."

"What's the matter with you? This is Teenager."

"Oh, you're the one," she said.

"*Qué pasa, Nicki?*" Teenager said.

Oh, I hate this dirty spic and I have to be nice to him. For a moment, she saw her husband, so much smaller, standing in a cellblock with Teenager in front of him. She was suddenly furious with her husband for being caught and having to place everybody in the debt of this spic. Look at this, now I have to reach out and touch his hand.

Nicki walked into the house ahead of them, sorry that she was no longer in the eyes of the one in the car. She wanted to get a good look at him.

He led Teenager down the hall and into a study whose shelves were lined with porcelain figures. Two chess tables with hand-carved ivory figures flanked a large television set. Mariani sat in a large chair. Teenager leaned against the wall. Nicki walked past the door, on her way to the back of the house.

"They don't know nothing about what I do," Mariani said. "Keep the women and children out of it. They're nice. Let them live nice. Right?"

Teenager nodded. "Right," he said.

"We're men," Mariani said. "We have to do what we can do and that don't mean you bring in the wife and the children. Only scum do that."

"That's right," Teenager said.

"So what do you want?" Mariani said.

"I want to do some business with you."

"I got the best white in a long, long time."

"Uh huh."

"You could step on it seven times."

"Seven times is very good," Teenager said.

"Very good?" Mariani asked. "This will make you rich."

"Thank you. I won't forget." Teenager smiled and held out his hand. "Fifty."

"You'll make a million," Mariani said, shaking his head.

Nicki picked up sunglasses from the kitchen table, pushed them atop her head, and went to the front door. Her father and Teenager were still standing there talking. Teenager had his hand on the door, but Nicki knew this was meaningless; gangsters rarely have anyplace to go after meeting each other, and their notion of ter-

She was conscious
of the look Maximo gave her
as he looked up
from his book. It was not the
domineering,
possessive look that always
came from her husband;
this one was pure sex.

minimal ability is to spend a half hour exchanging afterthoughts.

She was going to cut across the lawn to her father's car in the driveway, but instead she strode all the way to the front sidewalk.

As she walked closer to Maximo she saw a good leather jacket, a knit shirt, and a gold chain. She was conscious of the look Maximo gave her as he looked up from his book. It was not the domineering, possessive look that always came from her husband; this one was pure sex. She was about to turn on the sidewalk and walk over to the driveway when Maximo smiled at her.

He looks like a fucking movie star, Nicki thought to herself.

Her eyes met Maximo's and stayed on them.

"Hello, I'm Maximo."

"Your friend should be right out," she said coldly.

"Thank you," he said. Said it with this glad face and sexy eyes.

"What are you reading?"

She was ready for him to bring up some gang-bang magazine. Instead he held up this thick textbook. "*The Unified Commer-*

cial Code for the State of New York."

"I'm sure," she said.

"No, look. That's what it is."

"Trying your own case?" Nicki said.

"No, I'm studying for the bar exams."

"Sure you are."

"Unfortunately, it's the truth." He smiled at her.

Just don't say *New Jersey*, she thought. Oh, you're a fucking movie star.

"That's fine," she said. "It was a pleasure to have met you."

Maximo watched her walk up to the Cadillac parked in the driveway. What does she smell like? Maximo thought.

Nicki slid elegantly, provocatively into the Cadillac. She slid out with a pack of cigarettes in her hand.

"Saved me a drive," she said. "Right on the dashboard." She walked back, opening the cardboard box of cigarettes and stuffing the cellophane into a jeans pocket.

"Want one?"

"No, thank you."


"Well, I'm going in now. It was nice to have met you."

Boldly, unblinking, he kept his brown eyes riveted on her. She felt herself basking. This was not a look coming from a pair of raw streetcorner eyes that reached out and ripped her clothes off. This was a softer look, one that could not be brushed away, a look that was gently but firmly helping her to undress.

"You'll do it right," her father had said to her on the day her husband went to jail. This meant remaining home, or being seen only with female friends whose husbands, too, were in jail. Under the rules of their upbringing, these prison wives were to spend their time shopping and going to the movies or, most often, sitting at home with a kitchenful of women in the same circumstances. She had been raised to marry only "one of the men," as the women refer to hoodlums. An arrest is considered part of the business overhead. The job of the woman is to go to court, listen stoically as the man is sentenced, and then visit him in prison, bringing along large amounts of carefully prepared food. On visits, it is important to take Polaroid shots of the husband and to ask a guard to take the standard picture of a young woman and young man together. The prison-version Polaroids are shown all the next week to girl friends, who then dig into purses and produce new Polaroids of their own husbands, who are in other jails.

After many stacks of Polaroids, the man returns and as a reward the wife is given diamonds, which she can admire as she sits through the nights while the husband is out resuming business. And somewhere, she knows, is a snub-nosed Irish precinct kid driving an old car, or an insurance-faced federal agent in an undented car, waiting to grab the husband again. While the poor may commit felonies and then evade jail, the Mafia does not embarrass the criminal-justice system. They are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168



WE UNCOVER FACTS AS WELL AS FIGURES

In the past year PENTHOUSE has uncovered more facts about politicians, entertainers, heads of state, and religious leaders than practically any other magazine.

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PENTHOUSE
PROVOCATIVE AND PROUD OF IT.

A mad killer one moment, a free man the next. Many criminals are being found innocent by reason of insanity. Isn't it time psychiatrists stopped practicing law?

THE FARCE OF COURTROOM PSYCHIATRY

BY JOHN GODWIN

On Thanksgiving Day 1976, New York policeman Robert Torsney shot and killed a young boy without the slightest provocation. At his trial psychiatrists testified that Torsney suffered from a rare "psychomotor epilepsy." The jury acquitted him by reason of mental disease, and the ex-cop was confined in an asylum. Twenty months later a medical board found that his epilepsy had vanished and pronounced him "normal." Torsney went free.

The same year Melissa Norris of Maryland killed her baby son, believing that Satan had entered his body. Ms. Norris had a history of violent and bizarre behavior, such as proclaiming herself Jesus Christ reborn. Psychiatrists, however, declared that while she was patently deranged at the time of the murder, she was not certifiably insane *at this moment*. The judge, who had already accepted the accused's

insanity plea, had no alternative but to release her.

At eighteen, Chicagoan Thomas Vanda stabbed a teenaged neighbor as she lay in bed. Put on probation and under psychiatric care, Vanda shortly afterward killed a fifteen-year-old girl with a hunting knife. He was found not guilty by reason of insanity and sent to a mental hospital. Within a year the specialists there decided that his psychosis had cleared up and turned him loose—over strenuous objections from his own defense counsel. In May 1978, Vanda was back in court . . . charged with stabbing a woman to death.

These are merely three out of hundreds of gruesome grotesqueries arising from our peculiar notions of insanity as a legal defense. No other single factor has contributed quite so much to the present decrepitude of America's criminal justice system. Nor, possibly, to the clammy fear

PAINTING BY BRALDT BRALDS



that permeates our streets.

The Idaho legislature recently voted to abolish insanity as a defense of crimes. Dr. Abraham Halpern, director of psychiatry at United Hospital in Port Chester, N.Y., and a consultant to the New York Law Revision Commission, agrees that the insanity defense should be abolished. "It's confusing to everybody," he says, "and it does much to foster ridicule, and sometimes contempt, for the legal and psychiatric professions."

The trouble with the insanity defense is that nobody knows what it means, not even the experts. According to Dr. Karl Menninger, " 'Insane' is an expression we psychiatrists don't use until we get to court. Insanity is a question of public opinion."

For more than 100 years U.S. courts went by the English M'Naghten Rule, which asked simply if the defendant knew "the nature and quality of the act" and was able to distinguish right from wrong. Then several court decisions brought in the criterion of "irresistible impulse." This meant that someone could be found innocent by reason of insanity if unable to control certain acts, though knowing they were wrong.

At this point the entire formula began to unravel, and many legal minds began feeling nostalgic for the good old, primitive M'Naghten days. For how, in Freud's name, do you prove an impulse "irresistible"? As Chicago law scholar Franklin

Zimring has observed: "If your psychiatric labels aren't clear and the legal standards you use to feed them into decisions are foggy, fog times fog equals fog squared."

Proof mostly rests on the testimonies of psychiatrists and is often expressed in terms incomprehensible to a jury. Even when stripped of professional jargon, these statements may have all the scientific accuracy of an astrology column.

Last winter David Robinson, professor of law at George Washington University, speculated on the trial of President Reagan's assailant as an example: "When Mr. Hinckley comes to trial, there will be psychiatrists who will testify that he was sick, and there will be psychiatrists who will testify that he was not sick. . . . It suggests that what's involved is not a scientific inquiry but, instead, a philosophical and, in a sense, a sort of word game in which the issues are not clear, and people are using words to mask their moral preference as to what should happen to the person who is accused."

Making the testimonies even less tenable is the fact that most courtroom psychiatrists are ordinary practitioners, completely out of their element in judicial matters. They resemble qualified riflemen called upon to act as ballistics experts. They are, furthermore, expected to come up with clear-cut verdicts, although their field recognizes only varying shades of gray. On top of that, they must give post

hoc explanations about the mental state of a defendant while he or she was committing a deed months or years earlier.

The average psychiatrist rarely sees a patient who doesn't come voluntarily. A voluntary patient seeks help and offers cooperation and a considerable degree of frankness in order to get it. But a criminal doesn't want help; he wants out. And once he acquires a smattering of the procedures involved, psychiatrists become his clay pigeons. He can hoodwink even highly competent ones after a while, because with every session his knowledge of the "right" responses grows.

You get multitudes of cases like that of Garrett Trapnell, who boasted to a reporter: "I probably know more about psychiatry than your average resident psychiatrist." Son of a prominent Virginia family, Trapnell had been charged with scores of crimes over a period of eighteen years, ranging from armed robbery to airline hijacking. On each occasion he managed to convince doctors that he was insane while committing his felonies but had since been restored to reason. Thus he avoided not only jail but also any appreciable stretches in mental hospitals.

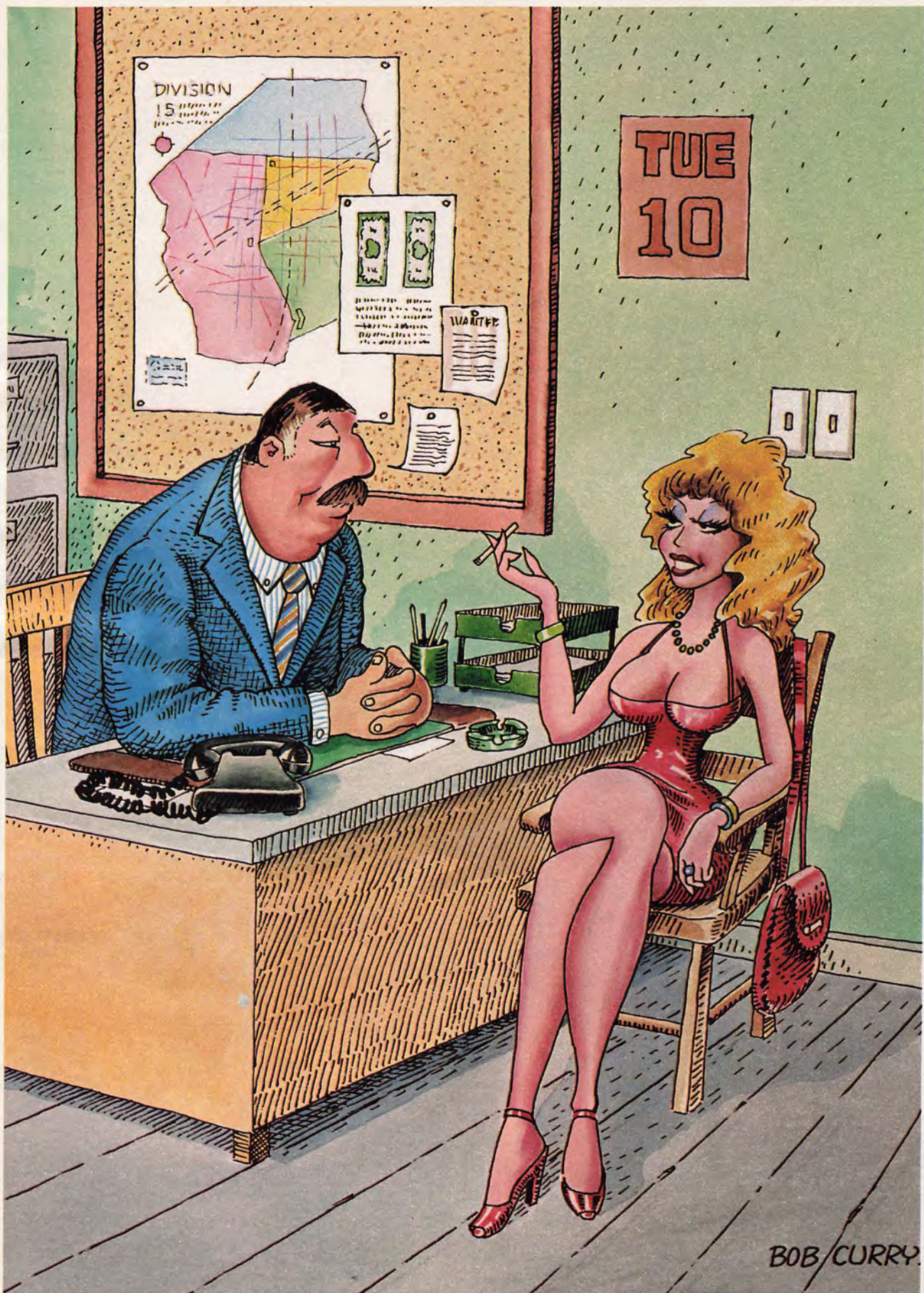
Here lies the real dilemma of a successful insanity defense: what to do with the defendant afterward. According to law, anyone acquitted on the grounds of mental disease is not a criminal but a patient. Patients must be released once they are pronounced "no longer a danger to themselves or others." This includes multiple murderers, habitual rapists, torturers, and child molesters. And who makes this fateful pronouncement? Psychiatrists, of course. Which in practice means forecasting the future behavior of a patient.

Dr. Harvey Bluestone, former director of psychiatric services at New York's Sing Sing Prison, gave a mirthless laugh when this question was raised. "No way," he said. "I can only go by past records, same as a policeman or any intelligent person. If the record shows a man has assaulted fifty people, chances are he'll assault a fifty-first. But a psychiatrist's expertise at predicting this is no greater than a probation officer's or a social worker's or that of the secretary who types the report.

"Trouble is," he went on, "that psychiatrists allow themselves to be misused; that, as professionals, they are given to making grandiose promises they can't deliver. Why? Because of the fees. Because there's money involved."

He tapped a fat bundle of documents before him. "Take a big case," he said, "a murder case with big financial or prestige stakes. Well, the defense and prosecution will each hire a psychiatrist. And each psychiatrist will look at the same set of facts and come to a different conclusion—invariably to the conclusion favoring the side that pays him. So you'll have one expert pronouncing a defendant sane and the other pronouncing him insane, both basing their pronouncements on the same





BOB CURRY

"Well, I would have reported it sooner sergeant . . . but I didn't know I'd been raped till the check bounced!"



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

• The Guardian Angels have come in like swashbucklers, with a verve and intensity, doing good. . . . We've become competition for the pimps and pushers to a degree where they themselves have a grudging respect for what we've been able to achieve. •

CURTIS SLIWA

The same story, with slight variation, is told again and again. An elderly woman, just finished with her cleaning rounds in a midtown Manhattan skyscraper, boards the A Train at Times Square for the long, lonely trip back to her home in Brooklyn. At two in the morning she is the only person in the graffiti-covered subway car. She clutches her handbag nervously. She dares not relax. She fights off the exhaustion from the long hours of the low-paying night job.

Just before the train doors close, a group of eight youths jump into the car. The woman does not go rigid with terror. Instead she smiles and eases the grip on her handbag, knowing that this journey, at least, will be safe. The youths all wear white T-shirts with red insignia and sport red berets. They are members of the Guardian Angels, a group of unarmed volunteers who patrol the New York City transit system and other high-crime areas, and who deter crime by their numbers and presence.

The Guardian Angels are the brainchild of Curtis Sliwa, a twenty-eight-year-old New Yorker of Italian and Polish descent. In two years of existence, the group has grown from a band of thirteen to more than 700 members in New York alone, and has operating chapters in more than thirty-five cities across the country. If crime is today a growth industry in America, making people fearful in their homes and on the street, the Guardian Angels are the leading opponents of crime—attempting to give the streets back to the community.

Branded as vigilantes by some and ineffective do-gooders by others, Guardian Angel patrols are now seen in suburban shopping malls and residential neighborhoods in addition to their continued presence in public-housing projects, at senior-citizen centers, and on subways and buses of major cities.

And when there is a public statement to be made, about a decision on training and credentials, or a negotiation with a local police chief who does not welcome the volunteers, it is Curtis

Sliwa who makes the appearance and public pronouncement.

Perhaps, if Horatio Alger were reincarnated for the turbulent 1970s and '80s, he would come back in the person of Curtis Sliwa. Industrious, hard-working, well-spoken, aware of social issues, and seemingly unconcerned with personal financial gain, Sliwa is the young man who is almost too good to be true.

Sliwa grew up in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn. His mother, now the public-relations director for the Guardian Angels, was then a dental assistant; his father, a merchant seaman. Well before the Earth Day movement, when Sliwa was fifteen, he began his own recycling campaign, filling his parents' living room, front yard, and basement with sixty tons' worth of aluminum cans and newspapers.

At the age of sixteen, while on a morning newspaper-delivery route of the *Daily News*, he rescued six people from a burning home. That same year Sliwa was selected as Newsboy of the Year and was received at a White House audience with then President Nixon. Never one to be overly grateful or awestruck by those in power, Sliwa demonstrated some early iconoclasm by complaining about the perfunctory ceremony and simple gifts. He was ushered out of the White House meeting by Secret Service agents.

His next exploit was being forced to leave high school. As president of his class at prestigious Brooklyn Prep, he wouldn't back down on a student demand to relax the dress code, even though he himself had always worn a shirt and tie. He never finished high school but credits the Jesuits with encouraging his learning and allowing him to debate issues.

Several jobs later via grocery stores and gas stations, Sliwa was assistant manager at a McDonald's in the Bronx. There he began organizing "the Rock Brigade," a band of employees and local youths who combed the area cleaning up trash beneath the arches. He received some cooperation from the New

PHOTOGRAPH BY LES UNDERHILL

York City sanitation department, although there are different versions of why the group disbanded. Sliwa says the cooperation ceased, while city officials claim Sliwa lost interest.

Sliwa's next project was even more formidable. Sliwa, who had studied martial arts and was nicknamed "the Rock" for his overall toughness, was becoming increasingly aware of street crime and random violence against the defenseless. Every night he had a long ride on the IRT #4 from the Bronx, dubbed the "Mugger's Express."

Members of the Rock Brigade soon had a new task as the founding volunteers in "The Magnificent Thirteen." They went on their first patrol on February 13, 1979. The principle was one of basic deterrence. Young, tough-looking kids would ride the subways during the peak crime hours. They wouldn't look for confrontation but would hope that by their presence crime would be discouraged. The group would do what New York City transit police, because of municipal budget cuts, would not or could not do.

Other volunteers were attracted to the group and the name was changed to the Guardian Angels. The Angels were rejected by the official powers, and the New York City transit police opposed the invasion of their turf and called for more trained police. Mayor Edward Koch opposed the group until a working arrangement evolved last year by which the

Guardian Angels were accorded semi-official status. They are now financed by unsolicited contributions and fees derived from public-speaking engagements.

But the mass-transit ridership was clearly in favor of these highly visible and disciplined youths. Although most were not the all-American type, unblemished like Sliwa, these kids volunteered their time, a minimum of four hours a week of service. All Angels go through three months of training in rudimentary self-defense, principles of citizen's arrest, and team discipline, and all are screened to weed out those with any history of violent crime.

The group's concept began to spread, in great part abetted by Sliwa's uncanny ability to deal with the media. A master of the forty-five-second response that fits in perfectly with the local evening news, Sliwa challenged local police forces to make the streets safer, to stop telling citizens the best response to crime was more locks on the doors, bars on windows, and surrender of thoroughfares to the bad guys.

Expansion came about in cities like Newark, Boston, and Detroit. The only official welcome mat came from New Orleans. And during the height of fear in Atlanta about the killings of young black children, the national director of the Guardian Angels, Lisa Evers (now Lisa Sliwa), led a troop of Angels into that city to talk to people about self-defense and awareness of crime.

Penthouse: The Guardian Angels have now been in existence for two years. How many arrests can you take credit for at this point?

Sliwa: You must understand that our aim is deterrence. But throughout the country we have made 241 citizen's arrests, 158 of which were in New York City. But if you ask the New York City police department, they say we have made no arrests whatsoever. They don't even give us credit for having detained one suspect.

Penthouse: Why is that?

Sliwa: Let me explain how it works. The Guardian Angels do not respond when they suspect that a felony crime has been committed. They only physically intervene when they've seen the felony crime and have a witness to it, a complainant. Other than that, they can follow a suspect, they can bring him to the attention of the police, but they cannot block his path of entry, question him, or improperly detain him. This way, Guardian Angels do not get in trouble. Guardian Angels do not get hit with lawsuits; Guardian Angels do not get arrested for improper detention or for excessive use of force.

Now here you are, a cop. A crime is being committed on the subway. A woman's pocketbook has been stolen. The guy runs off the train. The Angels see it. The first five Angels run to pursue the suspect. Guardian Angel six stays with the complainant, calms her down, gets the facts, encourages her to press charges, reas-

sures her that "Hey, we're with you in this all the way." We tell her we'll go to the Victim's Assistance Bureau and will be subpoenaed to go to court. Guardian Angel seven whips out a pen, gets names and addresses and phone numbers of witnesses, encourages them to stay until the police arrive—maybe a half hour later, if you're lucky. Guardian Angel eight immediately runs for the police.

A cop finally comes on the scene. He despises Guardian Angels. But he's presented with an open-and-shut case. The suspect is five blocks away, being detained. The victim is now totally ready to press charges. A witness or two have stayed behind to tell what happened. Everyone backs up the story of the Angels. The cop would have liked to have rammed it up the Angel's butt on this one. He would have liked to have been able to find a hole in the story, but he can't. What an arrest for him: clean and clear-cut. Witnesses. He doesn't get all this when he makes a bust! He says to us, "Wow, thanks!" Does he want the Angels to come down to the precinct? No. He just takes the numbers off the Angels' ID cards so they can get a subpoena in the mail.

So here it is. We went to all the work, we make the bust—but what are we going to do? Run to the papers all the time? But it's okay. We'll detain the people, we'll keep our patrol logs, we'll file them with the police department. We always do this. And the police can behave like total assholes

In early 1982, only five cities had officially recognized the Guardian Angels. However, the tragic death of Frank Melvin, a member of the Newark contingent, at the hands of a Newark police officer, has spurred other cities to meet with the Angels to avoid the repetition of such an incident.

Penthouse sent journalist and attorney Andrew Gilman to interview Sliwa. Gilman reports that "Sliwa seems to enjoy his role as the outsider in the criminal-justice system, playing the role of conscience and goading police and public officials to improve the quality of American life. Sliwa's rhetoric is consistent and full of positive values. At times, however, he avoids direct answers to questions so that he can score more philosophical points. He represents what all of us were supposed to be—doing good deeds and not expecting any reward. So far he's the chief proponent of the anti-Me Generation. He claims his greatest accomplishment would be to create a positive role model for young men and women. His major self-confessed sin is that of arrogance. It is this brashness, along with well-thought-out and forcefully delivered position statements on every topic, that makes him seem a little unhuman, too unemotional, perhaps insensitive to the efforts of those who don't come across as the white knights. Whether or not one agrees with Sliwa is not the point. He is one individual who is out there as a positive force in society."

and deny that we even exist.

Penthouse: You were supposedly abused by the police in Washington, D.C. What is that story?

Sliwa: I had gone to Washington in July 1981 to address a senate subcommittee on juvenile violence. We were setting up the mechanism for a Washington, D.C., Guardian Angels chapter. Police Chief Turner and Mayor Barry were prostrate over the idea. But there was tremendous public sentiment in favor of us—a *Washington Post* editorial, Lisa on a television talk show, etc. Turner finally says, "Let's set up a meeting." A meeting was arranged for the following week. I came early to do a talk show and meet with Congressman Ron Mottl, a strong supporter of the group. That night I'm supposed to stay with one of his aides out in Arlington. Late that night I was walking around in my uniform, checking out the bad neighborhoods, like Fourteenth and U. It's the typical scene. The prostitutes flirting around, the pimps with their dogs, the dope dealers. The pimps and pushers saying to me, "Fuck you. We'll kill you. This is Washington, this ain't New York." And the people on the street saying, "When will you start here? We need you—it's desperate."

Then it's 1:00 A.M. and time to get back to Arlington. The aide had given me the directions on how to get back to Arlington. But I didn't realize that their subways closed at midnight. So here I am, on Penn-



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sylvania Avenue, a few blocks from the White House, and I ask a cab driver how much it will cost to get to Arlington. Fourteen dollars. I have four. So he points me in the right direction and I start walking. I'm walking through the area that's got the most police per square inch, considered to be the safest area in Washington. Directly behind the White House a black van pulls up on the corner with the twirling light and the siren going. These guys jump out, show me badges—Washington Metro Police—throw me up against the wall, start to handcuff me, whirl me around. There's a woman there, crying hysterically, "Oh, I was raped, I was raped." She's claiming I raped her twenty minutes ago.

So they pull my ass in, read me my rights. They start driving with the siren as if we're going to some precinct. But we never go to a precinct. They start smacking the shit out of me in the back. *Smack*. "Oh, you think you're bad, you're talking shit, you're going to meet with Turner in the morning, eh?" *Smack*. "We don't want your trash here." *Smack*. They go through the whole thing—burning me with cigarettes, poking a cattle prod right up the old scorutio. Man, they're going to town burning me, shocking me—I'm starting to lose consciousness. And this one curly-headed guy sits in front of me, smacks me around, then begins to put one bullet in his gun, twirls the chamber, puts it to my head. *Click*. A few times. *Click, click*.

Says, "You're a tough guy, huh? Tough guys shit in their pants too. I want to see you shit in your pants." *Click*.

And now I *am* starting to shit in my pants, boy. There's about a load yo' big. And he clicks it off a few times. Lord only knows where we are. We're riding around. The siren has stopped.

Penthouse: Where was the woman?

Sliwa: Lord knows. They just kept rolling me around. Finally they take the handcuffs off. I'm like in another world now. They tie me up with my shirt around my feet, my tie around my hands. I didn't know where we were—it was all dark. But then they lead me along a grass path, pick me up, and heave me into water—the Potomac River. I'm ass-up in mud because the Potomac is not a very deep river. I'm half-conscious. Water up to my chin. And they've got these cans of beer that they throw at me, hitting me in the side of the head. They're laughing and joking. They close the van up and the last thing I remember is them yelling, "You take that trash back to the Bronx with you and bury it." And off they go. I'm lying there. I pass out a little bit. I'm starting to throw up, my face in it. Finally I start crawling up from the river, up the bank, onto the street. Now I'm running in the street, just trying to keep my balance. Cars squealing by, nobody stopping. Finally I get to the Lincoln Memorial and pass out.

So I get taken to George Washington

University Hospital. One of the doctors there recognizes me, says, "This guy is the leader of the Guardian Angels." So the police order tests for all kinds of drugs. Six hundred thirty-five dollars' worth of drug tests for every imaginable drug, from caffeine to hallucinogenics. I kept telling them: "I'm not drugged. I've got pain here, here." But they wouldn't deal with that. All these drug tests . . . The cops finally get what they want and leave for a while. Then the doctors do their thing, X rays and all.

In the meantime, I was supposed to have met with Turner at nine that morning. I assumed the cops had let their boss know where I was but they didn't. At 1:00 P.M. they're still pumping the water out of my lungs. A new doctor comes on shift and says, "Hey, don't you know the whole town's looking for you?" Finally Congressman Mottl gets the word and comes down to get me. The police didn't want to know anything about the incident—didn't want me to show them where it all happened, nothing. Finally, I went up to Internal Affairs at Metro Police—with a neck brace, sling, cast, the whole bit—and forced them to make a report. They never did anything about it. To this day, every time I go to Washington, we're besieged by cops from the time we hit the city line until we leave it.

Penthouse: How did you first get involved in public service?

Sliwa: I would say that I was like any typi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



"I wish we'd never signed that strategic-arms-limitation treaty!"



DONNA



“When a man takes me to bed,
I show him what turns
me on...and how...and where...”

ONCE UPON A TEXAN



August Pet of the Month Donna Barnes is so tall (5'11") that she claims the jingle "reach out and touch someone" had to be penned with her in mind. But her men do the reaching, she tells us, with a toss of her chestnut mane. It's her Texas pride. And our joy, as she reclines before us, a long, lush 38-25-38 stretch of Texas hill country herself. Ironically, Donna was part owner of the photography studio that helped bring fellow Austinite (and eventual Pet of the Year contender) Cody Carmack to these pages. This cowgirl thing seems to be a...trend. "Well, you know what the men say where I come from? Once upon a Texan, no other filly will do."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Isn't that a bit...self-serving? "Yep!" she shoots back. "To all the helpings I can get!" With that, she pins up her rich, tousled hair, a gesture that makes letting one's hair down seem tame. "Bob Guccione once said I had the world's most perfect breasts," she recalls. "I always did like them, but you can imagine how I feel about them now....!"





Chinese jacket courtesy of Donna Parker, New York, N.Y.





What does a beautiful girl with a good mind, two college degrees, and a perfect body do with the rest of her life? "I intend to have several careers, several homes, several lives. Last year I was living in the Alaskan frontier learning to ski and fish and shoot. Now I'm in New York, taking business courses, learning to model and do promotion for *Penthouse*." Proving that a moving target's the most alluring one.



Not that she's half bad when perfectly still—though she warns she's never passive for long. "If a man takes me to bed, he'd better be open-minded and flexible. I intend to show him how to please me—just exactly what turns me on...and how...and where..."





And most men seem to thrive on her helpful hints.
"One lover calls me the world's prettiest
sex aid." Several times, women who've been
with one of Donna's conquests call
her up to tell her how grateful they are.







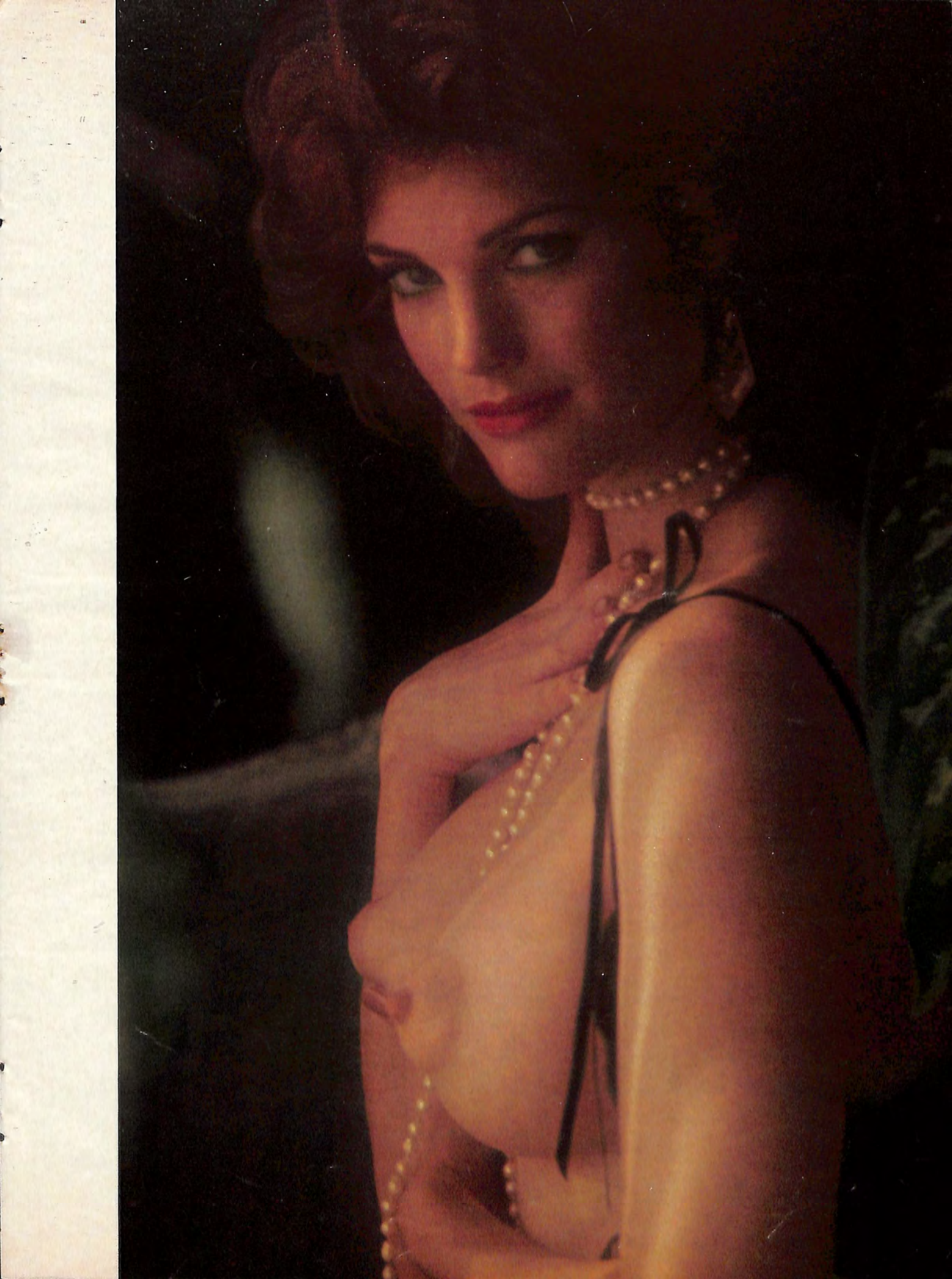
It took a long time, but Donna now feels totally liberated, above all petty competitiveness with females,

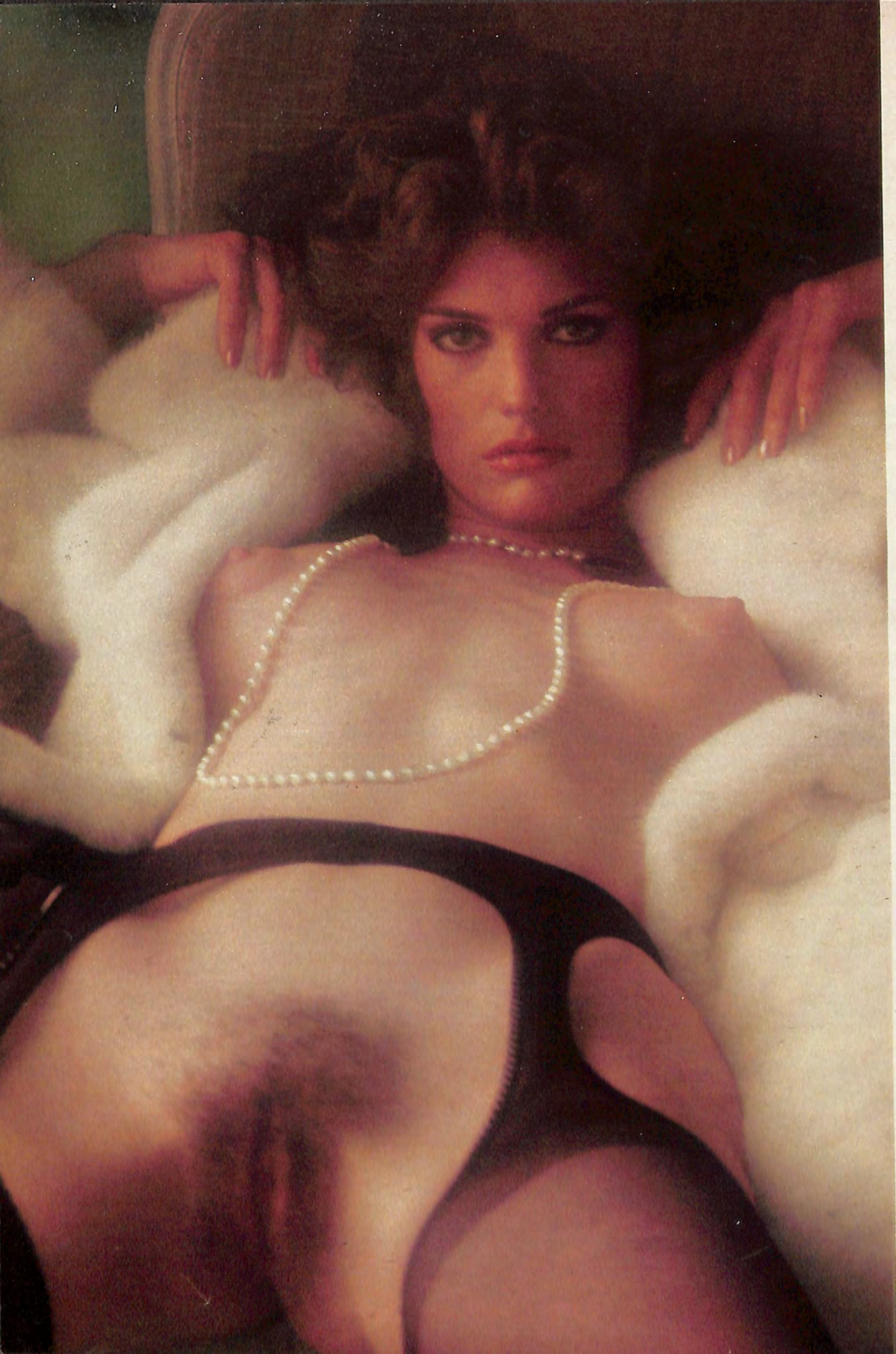


above possessive jealousies with men. "I had a brief fling with marriage, but it made me much too passive..."



"Now I'm actively involved with several fascinating men, and I don't intend to ever settle down, to stop changing or growing. Wild flowers don't bloom well in tiny gardens—especially with a picket fence around them."







Penthouse has helped her bloom, also. "Most women dread turning thirty, but on that birthday, there I was—a desirable woman being honored by the legendary magic of Bob Guccione's camera. Which means I've still got quite a future." Future perfect, Donna.





MISS DONNA BARNES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Male Vietnam veterans aren't the only ones scarred by America's most unpopular war. There are a relatively small, forgotten number of women Vietnam veterans living quietly across America, silently wrestling with their flashbacks, nightmares, and depressions. Their fear of loud noises and the queasy, tightening feeling that grips their stomachs every time they hear a helicopter linger on for years. Some still drift from relationship to relationship and job to job, unable to settle back into normal, daily patterns, while others continue to dull their minds with drugs and alcohol ten years after returning home.

It's easy to forget this largely silent minority; the Veterans Administration has never included them in any of the major studies it sponsored on Vietnam vets or made any concerted effort to reach out to these women. In fact, neither the VA nor the Department of Defense can produce definite statistics on the number of women who served in Southeast Asia—the DOD has settled on 7,500 while the VA admits it has no idea, although one official "guessed" that the number was near 55,000—much less how many died or were wounded in enemy fire. Further, the VA hospital system has failed its women vets miserably. Very few facilities offer gynecological care or even bother to inform women their visits to doctors will be paid for, while others have no separate sleeping accommodations for women.

If it weren't for the dogged determination of a few bold leaders to speak out, the VA would happily ignore the bothersome women vets. Yet their pain is just as poignant as that of their male counterparts. Why, then, have these women remained silent? The answer lies in the complex psychology of women and the unique circumstances in which they found themselves in Vietnam.

For many women it is a matter of denial: either denying they have problems or failing to link them to the war. Lynda Van Devanter, the outspoken director of the women's program of Vietnam Veterans of America, says she's conducted counseling sessions "with women literally wringing their hands. Here it is, ten years after Nam and they've had no relationships or been married two or three times and can't hold on to a job. They sit there and deny that Vietnam affected them."

The majority of women were nurses and related medical personnel, working twelve-hour shifts, six days a week, sometimes pulling additional duty when choppers arrived with mass casualties in the middle of the night. Almost all were young, inexperienced, and naive. In their spare time, many volunteered at civilian hospitals and clinics.

Although they didn't actually fight, women saw the worst of

the war—the steady stream of bloody and disfigured bodies that no amount of medical training could ever repair. It was the nurses who sat at the patients' bedsides, watching the life ooze out of boys not even old enough to shave. Their feminine and nursing instincts, to protect and nurture, had to be drastically modified, replaced by a stoic shield that didn't allow pain to penetrate. Unlike the men, women couldn't release their pent-up rage in combat, fistfights, or brothels. They always had to be in control, even off-duty.

At the same time, the pressures on them were enormous. In mass casualty situations nurses were forced to decide who would live and who would die. They had to play a myriad of roles—wife, mother, and friend. "Women had all these conflicting expectations placed on them," says Shad Meshad, the Los Angeles-based VA Vet Center regional coordinator who has counseled more than 250 women Vietnam vets in the past

eleven years. "On the one hand they had to be 'warm fuzzies,' the always-smiling caretakers, and on the other hand they were round-eyed pieces of ass to soldiers who hadn't laid eyes on women—especially on American women—in months."

Emotionally exhausted, these women returned home to a hostile nation and a public that believed the general assumption that all women in the military are whores or lesbians. They were caught in a dichotomy: embarrassed about serving in Vietnam, yet proud of what they had done for the

troops. Many simply wanted to forget Vietnam and couldn't stand to be around other vets or anything that reminded them of the war. But the flashbacks, the nightmares, and the irrational fears that haunted them didn't allow them to forget. Although they were unaware of it, many suffered from the classic symptoms of posttraumatic stress disorder.

One of the biggest problems is reaching women to let them know they are not crazy or alone in their pain, says Van Devanter. One of the ways word is getting out is through the neighborhood Vet Centers, the one positive step the VA has taken to assist women. Although the centers are generally geared toward male vets, several have ongoing women's support groups while others are struggling to organize programs. In 1981, the second year of the women's outreach program, more than 1,000 women walked through its doors.

Women who want more information on who offers support services or rap groups for them can contact their local Vet Centers or call or write Lynda Van Devanter at Vietnam Veterans of America, Department P, 329 Eighth Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, (202) 546-3700.—Cherri Senders

Although they didn't
actually fight, women saw the worst
of the war—the steady
stream of bloody and disfigured bodies
that no amount of
medical training could ever repair.



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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Pat Hill

BY MARK K. BENENSON

The author, a New York lawyer, is a Life Member of the National Rifle Association and Executive Secretary of New York City's Metropolitan Committee for Firearms Education. He served three years as Chairman of the U.S. branch of Amnesty International.

WHY GUN CONTROL WON'T WORK

The cold war between gun haters and gun owners has turned hot. In Illinois, the lawsuits over the Morton Grove Village pistol ban are heading up the ladder of appeals toward the Supreme Court of the United States. In California, following the example of Chicago last March, thousands of signatures are being gathered in a campaign to stop hand-gun sales. Throughout the country, affluent towns like Brookline, Mass., secure in liberal sentiment and low crime records, contemplate forbidding handgun ownership, while editorials in the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and the *Los Angeles Times*, and in those paragons of exemplary analysis of great issues, *Time* and *Newsweek*, repeatedly extol their efforts.

At the same time, unprecedented numbers of hunters and other gun owners have been flocking to join the National Rifle Association. In the last two years membership has doubled to nearly 2.5 million. Across the country there is a ferment among gun owners, who believe their constitutional right to possess weapons is threatened. In contrast to Morton Grove there is Kennesaw, Ga., where a new law actually requires every homeowner to have a gun.

It is a classic American political clash between sharply different views of what the country is and what it ought to be. The roots of the dispute run deep. In the early days of the Republic, guns were as common as air and almost as needed. The Minutemen beat the British and were enshrined in the Second Amendment of the Bill of Rights, which states, "A well-regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed." The militia, in classical political theory, were the whole body of the people armed with their own weapons, able to defend the nation or enforce decent behavior by government.

Today's revisionists, who deplore private weapons, claim the Second Amendment merely gives states a right to have the National Guard. But gun owners insist that the Framers, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights in language never surpassed for clarity of expression, would have used the word *states* instead of "people" if that was what they meant.

A February 1982 report of the Senate Subcommittee on the Constitution declares of the Second Amendment, "What is protected is an individual right of a private citizen to own and carry firearms in a peaceful manner."

The Framers, the dominant group when our nation was founded, used and liked guns. But in becoming a great modern power, the country has changed from Jefferson's republic of independent farmers and sturdy townsmen, each secure "under his vine and under his fig tree." The cities grew and suburbia consumed millions of square miles of hunting country and shooting space.

•The gun banners, mostly liberal in political complexion, ironically resemble the Moral Majority in their rigid outlook. You cannot persuade Americans to abandon their natural instinct for self-preservation and supinely submit to robbery, brutalization, and death. •

New generations were born whose knowledge of guns was confined to military service, experienced only by the unlucky few, or to the inflammatory visions of the media. Then, late in the 1950s, crime rates started to climb. One reason was that young males commit most violent crime, and at this time the vast numbers of so-called war babies were becoming teenagers. Some observers saw societal restraints and family authority weakened under the onslaught of a new hedonism. Others pointed to television, which made violent and, in truth, revolting and horrible crimes a commonplace in every living room.

There were equal and opposite reactions to this rise in crime from two groups of Americans. The first, the urban elite, the college-educated intellectual leadership of the nation who control much of education and the media, were unfamiliar with the legitimate use of firearms. Safe in their doormanned apartments and antiseptic suburbs, these people traditionally looked down on Middle America and the small-town life-style. Moreover, they bore an unadmitted distaste for those whose interests they pretended to defend—the unwashed urban poor and the ethnic minorities who are the victims of most crime. Shocked by the Kennedy and King assassinations and the ghetto riots of the 1960s, this influential group began a campaign to make guns a four-letter word. They maligned gun owners as reactionary and racist rednecks, uncaring of human life. But while the elite disdained them, these millions of other Americans, men and women not so favored by fortune, began to buy guns for self-protection.

Most people in the anti-gun movement are unwilling to bring to this controversy the fairness and objectivity which, they boast, are the hallmarks of their attitude to the political process. Contrary to their claims, controlling guns has little to do with controlling crime. The latest and most thorough study of this subject, by James D. Wright and Peter E. Rossi at the University of Massachusetts, was released last November after two years of work. They concluded that there is no convincing proof that firearms-control laws cut crime. In fact, their report hints that guns in private hands may deter crime as much as all traditional law enforcement.

But even if a national gun ban were desirable in theory, those who wish to impose it have not counted the monetary and social costs. Baltimore, population 850,000, tried to buy up handguns some years ago at \$50 each. Only 8,000, many of them junk, of at least 100,000 were turned in. Some owners went right out to buy better ones. A decent handgun today costs at least \$100; most are close to \$200. There are more than 50 million. Buying them up would cost several billion dollars. Since the federal government spends less than \$6 billion a year on crime control, this would clearly be impossible.

Moreover, a 1976 Decision Making Information poll found

that 78 percent of registered voters believe individual Americans have a constitutional right to keep and bear arms. Thus, there would be great resistance to such a purchasing program if it were made compulsory, and, as in the case of Baltimore, it won't work at all if it isn't. In a 1979 Illinois poll, 73 percent of gun owners (and half our households contain at least one firearm) said they would not obey a federal law requiring them to turn in their guns. Gun prohibition, like the earlier "noble experiment" with alcohol, would only produce a nation of law-breakers.

Getting these guns would require vast numbers of police and wholesale breaches of the Fourth Amendment, which protects against unreasonable search and seizure. Doors would be kicked down and dwellings searched. Metal detectors would scan the streets. Informers would flourish. The paradox of a gun ban, which its advocates refuse to face, is that only enormous government force can make it work, but such force, besides being against all our traditions, would itself bring on a convulsion of civil disobedience—one only dimly foreshadowed by Prohibition, when efforts were directed only against importers and distillers. A gun ban would have to be enforced against individual gun owners.

Private armament is still a protection against tyranny. In the 1960s in the South, racists' threats to burn down black ghettos were empty, because they knew that a loaded rifle leaned in every doorway. Our civilian armory has nearly 200 million firearms. This fact should reassure those hysterics who during Watergate feared that Richard Nixon would stage a coup—and many of these hysterics are now in the forefront of the anti-gun movement.

In a society where the official forces of order cannot stem criminal anarchy, it is an illusion to imagine that taking away victims' means of resistance will reduce aggressors' violence. You cannot persuade Americans to abandon their natural instinct for self-preservation and supinely submit to robbery, brutalization, and death.

The gun banners, who are mostly liberal in political complexion, ironically resemble the Moral Majority in their rigid outlook. Their heedless push for gun prohibition could bring a constitutional whirlwind upon us. Thirty states already support the radical right's demand for a convention to revise the Constitution. Those making this demand seek bans on busing, abortion, and federal-deficit financing and seek to weaken the Miranda and exclusionary rules, to require school prayer, and to shorten the reach of the federal courts. A Supreme Court decision against individual Second Amendment rights would almost certainly ensure the holding of this convention. Then, indeed, will we see demonstrated anew the truth of the Framers' knowledge, hard won at the beginning of our national history, that an attack on one freedom weakens all freedoms. •

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

cal, all-American kid until about the age of fourteen. I was involved with sports—football, baseball—and did very well in school academically. But at the age of fourteen suddenly things began to change. I still did well in all those areas but I started to spend my time differently. Most normal young men at that time were socializing a great deal and getting kind of goofy and giddy—they weren't serious about anything. Everything was a lark and a laugh. But I started getting involved in volunteer services—not in volunteer services that already existed, like civic organizations, but in organizing projects I thought people needed.

I developed a recycling program way before the Earth Day phenomenon. When I started collecting discarded bottles, newspapers, and cans, there wasn't much of a market for it.

Penthouse: Why did you do this?

Sliwa: I think the motivation for it was my grandfather, who used to collect junk. At that time he was living in Brooklyn, about eighty-nine years old, all bent over—a ditchdigger from Italy who had raised and supported thirteen kids. That man had enough money in the bank to take care of himself until the day he died. He'd go out every morning with a broken-down carriage, as he had during the Depression, and look for junk—scraps of aluminum, copper, glass, mattresses, newspapers, rags, anything and everything that he could salvage. He'd get up at about four in the morning and not come back until noon. And then the junk man would come around and they'd squabble back and forth and hit upon a price for the stuff.

Well, what it promoted in me was an awareness that there was a value in all these things. Not moneywise! You would see my grandfather coming back with his carriage full of junk piled to a height beyond belief, tied up in all kinds of ways. And he'd get maybe a dollar for the whole thing, a whole day's work. So it wasn't exactly lucrative. But I began to see the importance of what he was doing—that there wasn't litter all over the place. Then it occurred to me: "Hey, these things come from someplace and they're not being replaced, particularly if they come from natural elements that can't grow back." So I began to collect these items. It cost me a lot of money because I had to buy things to pack and store the junk in. The industrial users wouldn't come down unless I had huge amounts. Tin cans were a brand-new phenomenon then—so you'd find maybe one aluminum can in every million. A ton of tin cans brought me six dollars. And glass had to be broken, graded, separated, put in barrels—and it brought twenty dollars for a ton. So you had to collect massive amounts, and it wouldn't even offset the price of storage bins.

Penthouse: But why were you doing this?

To clean up the neighborhood?

Sliwa: It was killing two birds with one stone. I was cleaning up the neighborhood and at the same time working on what I considered a world problem—conservation. And my grandfather was somehow a model for my doing all this.

My parents were the other big influence. My dad was a merchant seaman, so he was away most of the time, but when he was home, he was very giving of himself. The children always came first with my parents. We couldn't really afford it, but we were sent to the best private schools. We could take any kind of lessons we wanted. Our home was very small and meager, but cozy. When we went on a summer vacation, it was generally to help people out—relatives or neighbors, whoever. My parents benefited internally from helping—I could see that at a very young age. They were very happy doing what they did. My peers thought I was nuts doing what I was doing, collecting junk. How

Throughout the country we have made 241 citizen's arrests, 158 of which were made in New York City. But if you ask the New York City police department, they say we have made no arrests whatsoever.

the hell could I be doing all this? What good was I getting out of it? All I could see was that the people who were most happy with what they were doing were those who were out helping others.

Penthouse: It was around this time that you rescued a family from a fire. How did this happen?

Sliwa: Well, I had started delivering the *Daily News* in the morning to get a little extra pocket money, because it was obvious that my junk collecting would never make me money. I started with thirty-four papers—got up at 6:00 A.M., made the rounds with my little newspaper cart. I ended up building it up to about 144 daily newspapers and 160 on Sunday. I always had a dog with me—Butkus. He was a monster, named after the Chicago middle linebacker because he tackled people. Wouldn't hurt 'em, wouldn't bite 'em, but he'd literally tackle 'em. Everywhere I went, he went.

I remember one morning when I was about sixteen. It was January, freezing cold. At 5:00 A.M. it was pitch-black out, the middle of the night. I walked over to the newspaper office; I was always the first there. I was bundling my newspapers

when I heard a huge banging noise down the block. It sounded like someone was banging on a door to get out. I looked down the block, and it was real cold and the smoke was pouring from the top of this old wooden-frame house. So I ran over there and Butkus ran with me. Someone was banging; then I heard screaming. So I ran up to the door, and it was as if someone with tremendous strength was pounding on it. I didn't know it was actually the heat inside expanding—pounding on the door. I went to knock the door in with my shoulder. I hit it twice, hit it again, jarred the lock, and the heat just blew the whole door out, knocking me over, flying right over my dog and going into a car, breaking the window.

At this point I was a little woozy. I remember looking back and seeing my dog sitting there with his back legs shaking because there were flames just pouring out of the door now. And he did a 180-degree turn and ran straight home. Knowing what my dad had told me about fires—being on a ship, he saw a lot of fires—I stayed low. I heard children screaming, so I had to go in. I crawled in on my belly. I started pulling people out, going in and out, until finally I was on the ground floor, where the fire was most intense. I walked into a room, and there was this old man sitting there with no clothes on. He refused to leave—he said he couldn't leave without any clothes on. I had to literally knock him out to drag him out. At this point I began to actually pass out because of the smoke. There was just too much. And then I saw a woman lying in the hallway, completely on fire. She looked like a candle that had melted. She was really gone. That's the last thing I remember. Later on I found out it was the old woman who had set herself on fire to commit suicide.

Penthouse: This was all one family in this house?

Sliwa: It was the elders on the bottom floor and three youngsters up top with their parents.

Penthouse: So what happened then?

Sliwa: I was told afterward that I walked outside, dropped the old man on the ground like a rag doll, put my army coat on, took some of my papers, and went on my way as if to deliver them. I must have delivered a dozen or so when a cop car pulled up. Here I was, all blackened by smoke and freezing. They got me in the car and took me to the hospital. Then they started to piece the story together. The firemen had still not arrived but the people I had pulled out ended up in the same emergency room with me, and they put the whole story together.

Penthouse: How many people did you pull out?

Sliwa: Six people. So, naturally, being a New York *Daily News* boy, well, that's like being the cat's meow. They had a contest—"Newsboy of the Year." You're elected from your regions. And then I was elected to represent the whole country and receive an award from President Nix-

on. All set up by the Newspaper Commission.

Penthouse: Did you speak with Nixon?

Sliwa: I wanted to talk to him. It was in the middle of the antiwar crisis—when protesters were trying to throw blood at Nixon. There was a lot of political turmoil with the Black Panthers. It was really the violent tail end of the civil-rights movement. And I was in tune with everything. I wasn't a radical but certainly had liberal leanings at the time. And I wasn't too thrilled by meeting Nixon. So when we went in there, I wanted an opportunity at least to say a few words to the man. But I never met a man who was colder in person. I've met many politicians in my life, and most of them are phonies. They're phonier than a fake five-dollar bill. And a lot of them are just booze-hounds. But Nixon was obviously not intoxicated or high, but meeting him was like running into a glacier at the North Pole. Just no personality whatsoever. And as I began to speak after receiving the award, I was told to hush my mouth, that this was not proper, that I wasn't being asked to speak. So the quote I am remembered for was: "You mean to tell me I come down here to pick up a cheap pen and a tie clip and don't have the opportunity to say one thing to the president of the United States? Am I that much of an underling?" And then I was just hustled off.

Penthouse: Not too humble, were you?

Sliwa: No. If they'd wanted to christen some Little Lord Fauntleroy with some special ceremony, then they'd gotten the wrong guy. They were well aware at that point that people had very limited access to the president. Remember, Nixon was not an accessible president, to young people in particular, unless you were a Young American for Freedom and wore a crew cut. I wasn't going to say anything controversial; I just wanted to ask him a few questions. But he got very offended.

Penthouse: Did you at least feel honored by all this?

Sliwa: Well, naturally, it was like a dream world, because I was being rewarded for my sports, my school record, the recycling program, having saved people from the fire, being a good paper boy, everything. It's everything you read about in *Junior Scholastic* magazine. So sure, I felt honored and proud. But it began to dawn on me that I couldn't treat it as most people before me had treated it—as if it made them special. I was getting a lot of media attention. I began to realize that I could get caught up in this whole head trip and end up dying a one-man soldier. I became increasingly aware that if I really wanted to accomplish things, then I had to get other people involved and not just be a one-man army—the individual who collected eight tons of garbage, the individual who saved six people, the individual who did the impossible. A lot of people end up becoming so self-oriented that they forget that they're just a drop in the bucket, that in order to have successful programs, you've got to get other people involved—people

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who may not have the same ability to speak on the matter or organize it as you might have. I realized I needed to get all kinds of people together to get involved, to try to create a better quality of life.

Penthouse: Did you have any role model in mind when you formed the Guardian Angels group?

Sliwa: There had really never been anything like the Guardian Angels. When the group first started to evolve, a lot of people perceived it as being an extension of the Young Lords or Black Panthers or some urban group. When I sat down and formed the organization, I wasn't thinking of the Boy Scouts or the Conservation Corps or any group. It was a unique program that adapted itself to its own particular time and to the conditions in society.

Penthouse: How did you choose the Guardian Angels uniform—the red beret and T-shirt?

Sliwa: You must remember that the Angels are mostly young blacks and Hispanics. We had to deal with a lot of stereotyped notions; blacks and Hispanics were usually associated with creating criminal conditions. So the uniform let people see from a distance that this was not their stereotyped guy. I thought of it as like the way the British dressed when they fought the colonials. The British were always chided for their battle techniques—banging drums and wearing all that red—letting the enemy know hours before that they were ready to attack.

You see, we're not out there to build up a big arrest record. We're not Starsky and Hutch. Our presence is a deterrent to crime. When we're out there on the subway in multiracial groups of eight with our red berets and T-shirts, someone is going to think twice about grabbing a purse.

And then what we're doing, which is even more important, is giving the average citizen the idea that he could be doing something like this too. When he slaps us on the back thanking us, in essence we slapped *him* on the back. The whole statement is "Hey, you can do it. We can all work to return the streets to the people—and not in a violent manner." The Angels really represent the view of the common, average, everyday man—that he *can* fight back. It's a simple concept, but it's also mind-boggling.

Penthouse: Is your group at all a reform group for ex-convicts? Are they kids who could just as easily have been criminals as Guardian Angels?

Sliwa: This is not a reform program. We don't have enough time to spend with people to do that. We are responsible, though, for pulling people off that fine line. Most young men and women—rich, poor, and in between—are on the fine line between being decent citizens and not. It's very easy to fall in either direction. The role models that young people have in today's society are very bad, both on the street level and on the media level. You're told to be the superstar, the richest person, the most famous individual.

On the street level, the quickest way for me to get a big reputation in any neighborhood is to carry a gun. When I shoot somebody because I don't like the way he's looking at me, I'm even tougher. This is in the lower-middle-class and poor neighborhoods. Say you're a little crook. Let's say you geese—which means break and enter—twenty apartments a year. That's all. You're not even a full-time crook. And you take out \$5,000 worth of valuables every time—televisions, stereos, gadgets, games, jewelry. You can get good bucks for these things. You make \$5,000 a crack, man. You can make \$100,000 a year, and the government doesn't even know about it to tax it. If you had a college degree from Harvard or Stanford, you couldn't make money so easily. And here you are, maybe not even a high-school graduate. That's the role model we have for a poor kid.

Penthouse: And for a middle-class kid?

Sliwa: In affluent areas, the role models

Reagan is talking about
the needy servicing the greedy,
about the rich getting
richer on the backbreaking
labor of volunteer
service of those who are most
in need of
volunteer services themselves.

come across on the boob tube. You tune in and see John McEnroe—he breaks his racket, makes obscene gestures at the referee, has a temper tantrum. The perfect role model. Reggie Jackson. Julius Erving. Money is the big thing, clearly. And the new superstar of the women's movement in America: lughead Brooke Shields. She's a beautiful girl and, damn, she's everywhere you look. She has an ability to speak to the masses of young people whose eyes are popping out of their heads looking at her—but she doesn't give you any particular motivation to better yourself or improve things around you. She doesn't even know about the things around you. People like her can talk about Rolls-Royces, Jacuzzis, homes on the Riviera, how to sign a contract to guarantee \$6 billion for the rest of your life. They set themselves apart from the norm of society, saying, "Look how much better I am." The arrogance! The *unbelievable arrogance*!

Can you really blame young people for going astray? For being trained to be so individual-oriented, to grab for the brass ring, take as much as you can? We see congressmen leaving rooms with money

in their pockets who then blame it on alcohol! Nixon almost says, "It's okay if you do it, just don't get caught." This is the attitude the young people take. It's sad, but our young people are living what I call the "Saturday Night Live" syndrome. Everybody is goofballing—this is how you gain attention.

Doing constructive, good things gets you little or no attention. This is where the Guardian Angels have broken the stereotype. Because we've come in like Errol Flynn—swashbucklers. We've come in with a verve and intensity, doing good. I think we've even become competition for the pimps, pushers, the golden-Cadillacs syndrome, to a degree where even the pimps and pushers themselves have a grudging respect for what the Angels have been able to achieve.

Penthouse: Do you think everyone comes into the group with the same motivation that you have?


Sliwa: No! Everyone is attracted to the Angels for different reasons. But they all seem to want to change what they see as a terrible situation in their community. Listen, you can come off patrol after nothing's happened and say, "It's the most boring thing in the world." Who in his right mind is going to commit a crime in front of an eight-person patrol? The whole purpose is the visible deterrent effect. And we make people *feel* better—safer—and occasionally catch the mugger or rapist who was so stupid as to have attempted a crime in the first place. And one does get recognition for it. Not money—but people know you're helping. The shirt and the beret stand for something. It's like the doughboys from World War I. There's a real pride there.

Penthouse: Do the people on the street really know you and give you credit?

Sliwa: I'll tell you, we all marched from New York to Washington when Frank Melvin died. We walked through Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland—and people

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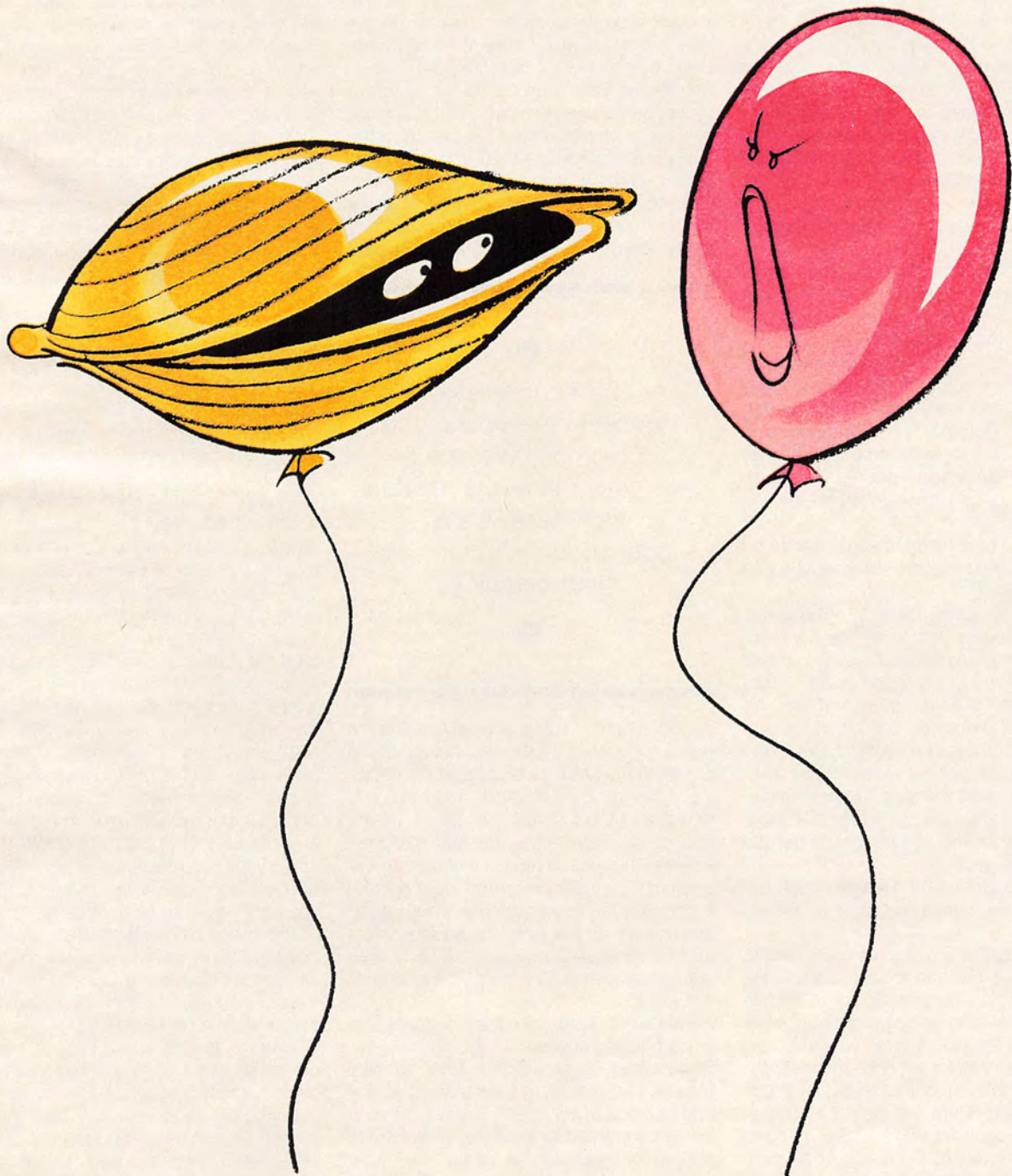
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BY ART CUMINGS



"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's an undercover clam..."

were pouring out into the streets. Cars lined up with people leaning out saying, "Hey, you guys are four hours late!" Giving us coffee, hot chocolate, asking us for autographs. And the weirdest thing happened. We were walking through a place called Media, Pennsylvania, and it's all white, all middle-class. We're passing in the main strip of town and it's like a parade. But we come to a corner and there's this redneck bar, and all these white monsters pour out—I mean these guys are *hulks*, and they're gassed up to the gills. I figure, "Oh-oh, this is where the party ends." We're primarily blacks and Hispanics, remember. Man, these guys not only invited us into the bar, they made us sandwiches! Gave us hot pretzels, popcorn. They went way out of their way—and I know a lot of them despised blacks and Hispanics. But they identified with the concept of what we were doing.

You see, in essence, what the Guardian Angels has become is a reminder to average Americans of their guilt. They know that this is what people should be doing. They know that if more people were doing it, they wouldn't be sunk in garbage, ridden with crimes and all kinds of senseless, wanton violent acts. When you take away our berets and shirts, then we're everything that Grandma and Grandpa and Mom and Dad talked about happening thirty, forty years ago—people just spontaneously coming to your aid when you were in trouble.

Penthouse: Your motto is supposed to be "Don't wait for others to do what you can do for yourself."

Sliva: It's not, really. The key motto for the Guardian Angels has been: "Evil will triumph when good men do nothing." This is the key. We're just average people choosing to create a better quality of life. We know that if we sit on the sidelines and shut our mouths and play blind, deaf, and dumb, then it will all get worse. If you sit on the sidelines and yell from the peanut gallery, then that's what you deserve: peanuts. We're saying you've *got* to get out and get involved.

Penthouse: President Reagan has encouraged the volunteer spirit in Americans.

Sliva: His isn't the volunteer spirit we're talking about. Reagan is talking about the needy servicing the greedy, about the rich getting richer on the backbreaking labor of volunteer service of those who are most in need of volunteer services themselves. President Reagan is totally out of touch when he and Koch talk about volunteer service—they in no way, shape, or form are talking about the Guardian Angel concept. The Guardian Angel concept is quite literally that in order to improve your own quality of life, you must *give*. If you throw out something good, you get something good back. It's a very basic concept, but when you listen to Reagan talk, he's talking about gray ladies in hospitals with bed pans, candy-stripers, all the safe volunteer activities—Boy Scouts, cleanups,

tree-planting—all the "touchable" items. He doesn't deal with the real, nitty-gritty volunteer services that are a vital need every day in our lives.

Penthouse: What exactly do Guardian Angels do? What would a typical night's patrol in New York City be like?

Sliva: In New York, because the subway system is the lifeblood of the city, the groups meet at different subway stops throughout the five boroughs. Eight or more members are in each group. The first thing is, the patrol leader will come to the subway station with a bag of red berets, T-shirts, and ID cards. When all members of the patrol are together, each member is frisked by the patrol leader for weapons, drugs, or drug paraphernalia. And then someone frisks the patrol leader. If any of those articles are found on an individual, that's it, they're out of the group. One strike and they're gone. This discipline is very important. So then the uniforms are distributed and the leader calls

“

The Angels really represent the view of the common, average, everyday man—that he *can* fight back. It's a simple concept, but it's also mind-boggling.

”

headquarters. A route is assigned and the patrol goes over it—the techniques of the patrol, the areas they'll cover, a little briefing. They go out on patrol. They put in a minimum of four hours per patrol. At the end of the patrol they ride back to their original station and have a five-minute debriefing. They discuss what went on that night, discuss any problems. They report the results of the night to headquarters and fill out their patrol log, which is then submitted to headquarters at the end of the week.

Penthouse: What do they actually do while on the subways?

Sliva: They spread out on their subway station. The policemen are always at one end of the subway station when a crime is being committed at the other end. So we spread our people out totally. The train comes into the station, the whistles blow, and each Angel enters a separate car. Complete, blanket coverage. We know what's happening from the front of the train to the back of the train. We have a system of hand signals and beret signals to immediately summon all eight Guardian Angels into a car where there's a problem while the train is running. When the train


stops, everyone bends over and looks out the doors. If there's a problem someone waves his beret. Everyone then immediately runs through the train to the car where there's a problem taking place, and they cover each of the doors, every entrance and exit, until the patrol leader enters and determines what has taken place and what the course of action should be.

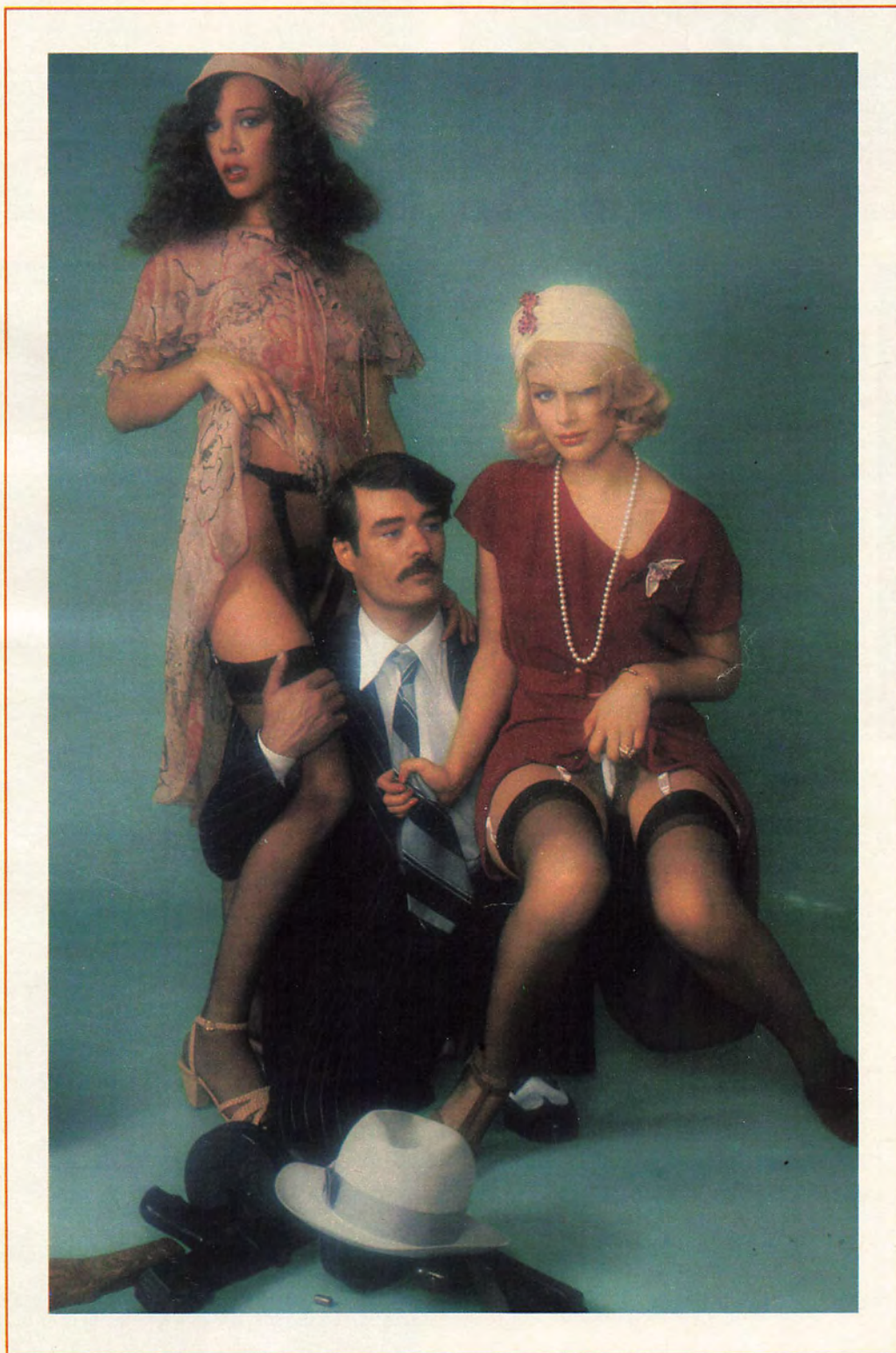
Penthouse: In Europe they would call the Guardian Angels a fascist or paramilitary organization.

Sliva: Just looking at the group, without understanding what it is, a European might think that, given their history. But we're no Hitler Youth group. There were always political doctrines to that type of organization. You had to be of a certain religion, a certain sexual preference. We don't ask what your politics are. We all have different points of view. We just check them at the door when we come on duty. And we're total pacifists. But you can't pinpoint us as anything other than people who have banded together to achieve constructive things.

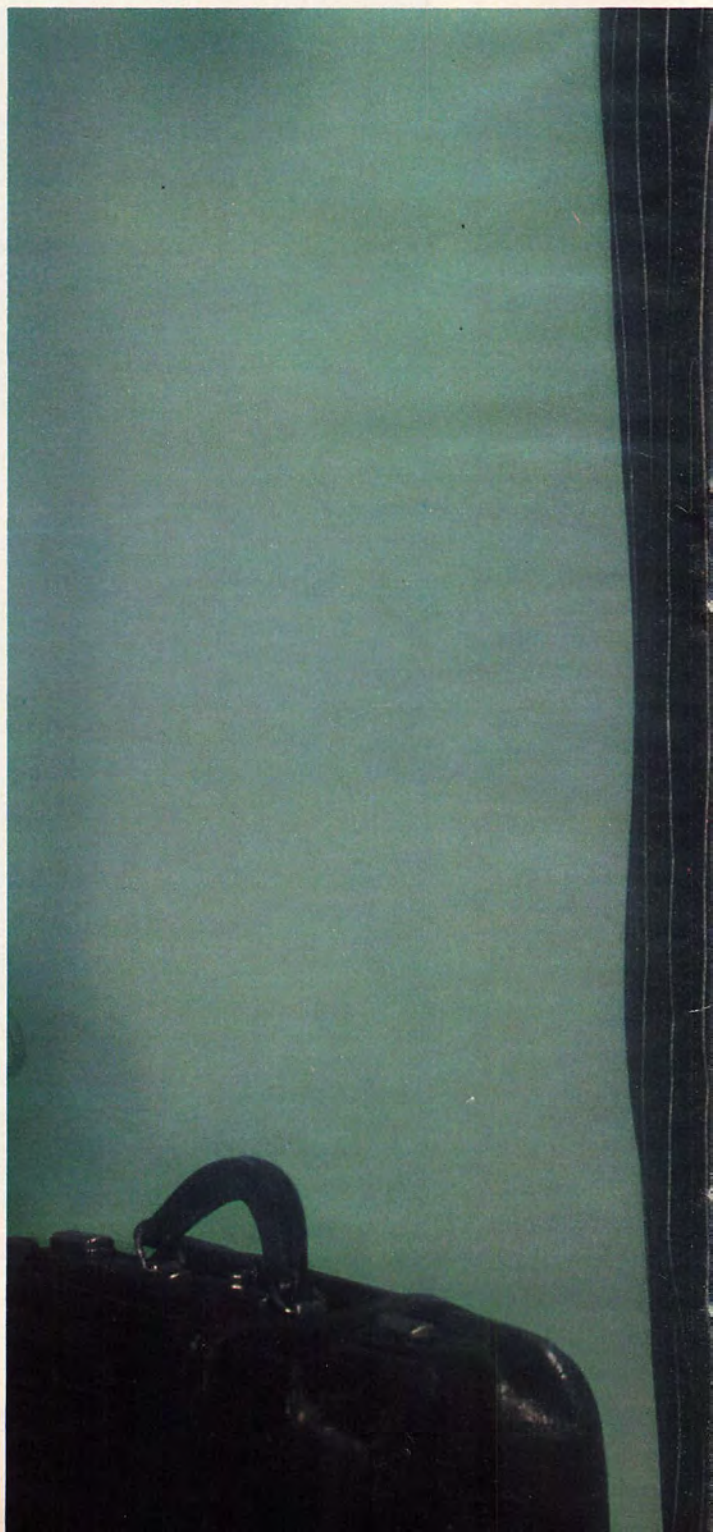
Penthouse: What really makes it worthwhile to you?

Sliva: Something like this story: Over a year ago, a woman came up to us after having been to all the authorities—the police, the social-service agencies. Her daughter was missing. She was a blond, blue-eyed Hispanic child, seven years old, and mentally retarded. She could hardly speak English—she could hardly speak because of her handicap. This woman came to us behind her husband's back. For some reason, out of some prejudice, he hated the Angels and had forbidden her to come to us. She snuck out at 3:00 A.M., talked to us for hours, recounted all the details. We escorted her home and jumped on the case. We just vacuumed the area. Scoured every bodega, social club, pinball parlor, pool hall. . . . We finally found the girl in the possession of a real undesirable character. He hadn't harmed her at all, but he was trying to turn her into a prostitute. The way she looked, she could have brought him a lot of money. We brought her back home to her mother—you can just imagine the scene.

The father, who had been so inalienably opposed to us, just broke down, invited us all over for dinner. He kept bringing food over to our headquarters for the next several weeks. And he explained his prejudice to us, too. He was Hispanic himself, but he'd been mugged and ripped off by blacks and Hispanics from his own community. He'd just lost total faith in young people. He thought the Angels were just a gimmick. Well, to this day, if we ever need a favor—to be driven someplace or something—we call him and he comes right over. If he doesn't hear from us for a while he'll call and say, "Hey, why aren't you guys calling me?" We've touched him and he hasn't forgotten it. He's a very hard, tough guy—and I've never seen such a dramatic change in a person's attitude. 



●He's wanted dead or alive; his partners are wanted alive and kicking.●



THE BANK ROBBERY

DIRECTED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL WACHTER

The Depression: Times were hard and lean, but so was Sam.

Hard enough to have soft-skinned girls at his feet and lean enough to care. Plotting the heist, he tells them:

"The best-laid plans aren't laid as well as you'll be if you stay my loyal partners in crime..." Though honor's scarce among thieves, he proves as good as his word.







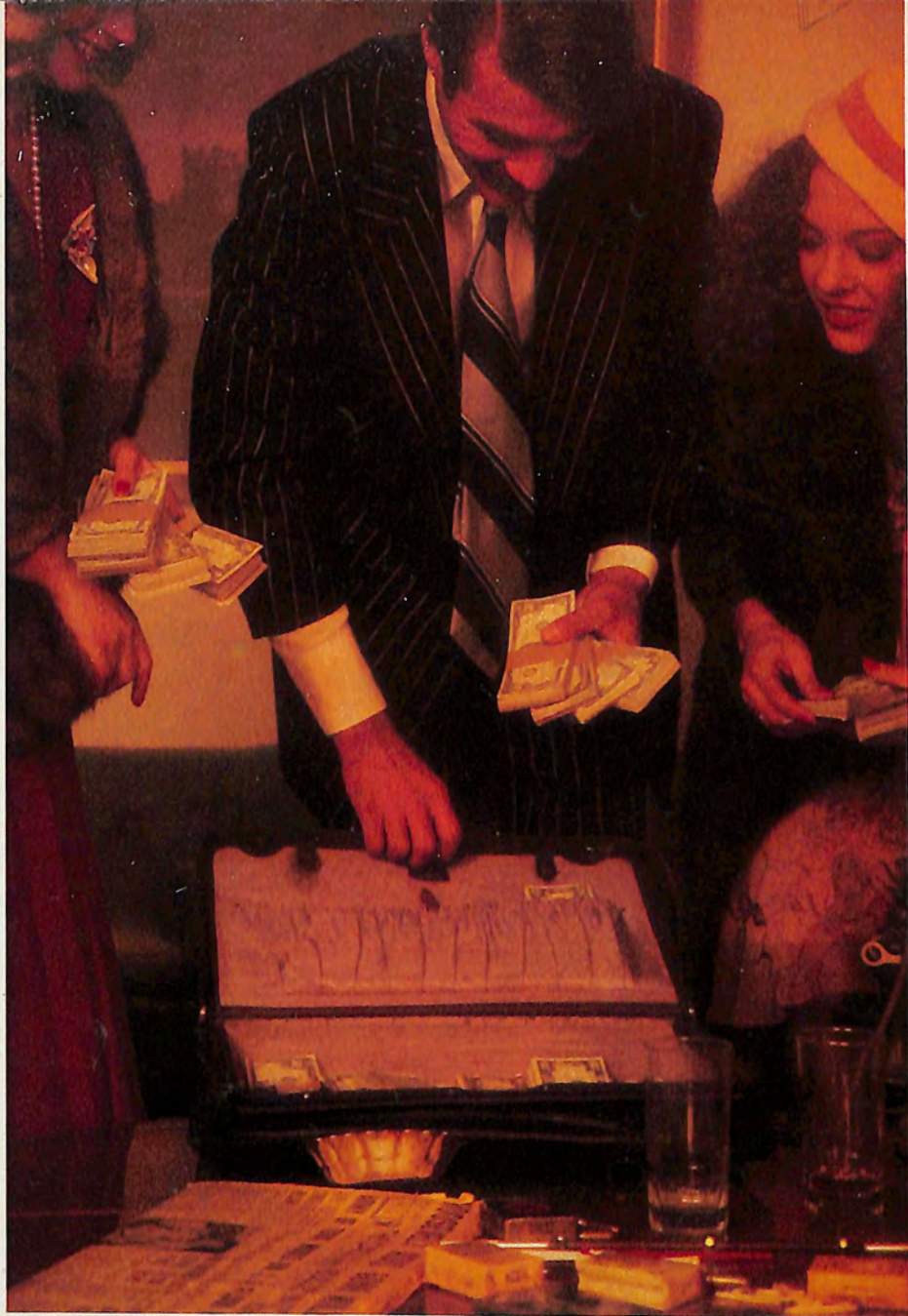
In turn, they melt before him, learning how to handle a weapon—teaching him how to hold his fire. The next day, cocked and ready, they laugh all the way to the bank. The heist's a cinch, till one man tries to play hero. With a deafening spray of bullets, they shorten his banker's hours.





While they're making their
getaway, another brave
banker blocks their
path. One well-placed
kick to his groin, and the
Gang of Three's off and
running, careening down
the road to easy street...



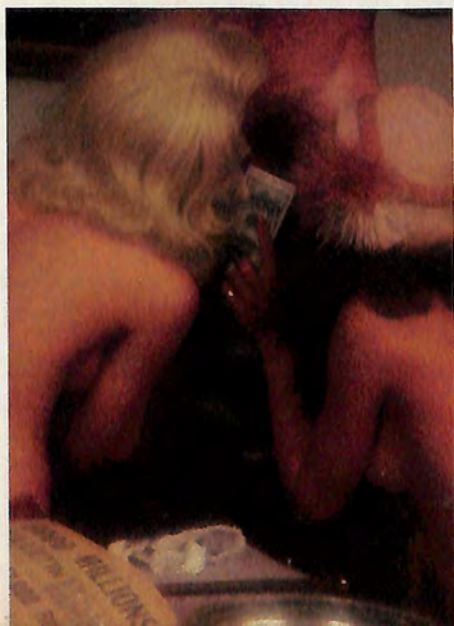




Back at the hideout they divvy up the loot—a hundred thousand clams to split three ways.
"We don't know how to thank you, Sam," they croon.
"I'll show you," their leader assures.



Holding a gun on his girls, he gives them a wink:
"Commit a misdemeanor or pay
with your life!" Since the ladies love this outlaw, they
gladly comply, give him a rubdown
with greenbacks, bestow on each other the pleasure
of aiding and abetting hands...







As they celebrate with multiple crimes of passion, the radio broadcasts the news: "The ringleader's wanted dead or alive," it intones; "the dames, alive and kicking." ○✚





PSYCHIATRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

facts. The reason for this is, of course, our adversary trial procedure. Each expert winds up being in the employ of the prosecution or the defense—and the jury winds up with two conflicting diagnoses."

The adversary trial concept, which allows virtually no "neutral" opinions, pressures psychiatrists to color their findings one way or another. Other experts are more or less bound by the concrete frameworks of their fields, but mental tests can be interpreted so broadly that two testers may reach diametrically opposite conclusions without fudging their data or consciously acting in bad faith.

Even if we scrapped the adversary system and used psychiatrists only as impartial advisers, their testimony wouldn't help much in court. Their science is—perhaps must be—far too opaque for the unequivocal judgments required. Under cross-examination, simply by having to say yea or nay when the real answer is maybe, they will always be pushed into statements they can't validate and frequently didn't mean in the first place.

One psychiatrist, appearing at the D.C. Superior Court, told jurors that in his opinion *any* person who committed a major crime was legally insane. Whereupon psychoanalyst Dr. Ernest van den Haag re-

torted that in *his* opinion the psychiatrist was legally insane.

The incompatible marriage between law and psychiatry keeps producing fall-out resembling Lenny Bruce monologues minus the laughs. In July 1975, Gregory Shaddy of Wichita, Kans., axed his father and mother to death and stuffed their bodies into a bedroom closet. He confessed doing this, but his first trial ended in a hung jury, his second in acquittal on grounds of insanity. Shaddy went to the state security hospital at Larned. Two years later hospital officials declared him cured and had him sprung. The macabre joke was that Shaddy stood to inherit his parents' estate, a fact that the prosecution cited as a possible motive for their killings. Since he hadn't been convicted of a felony, he remained entitled to his share of the \$400,000 they left!

Said clinical director George W. Getz: "I really don't know whether he was originally insane, but it doesn't matter. The jury found that he was. . . . I really feel sorry for juries because of all the damn fool things psychiatrists say."

Unfortunately, much of the time juries don't know what the psychiatrists are saying. The New York trial of Calvin Jackson revolved around his sanity. Jackson had raped and strangled nine old ladies in what newspapers dubbed the "horror hotel." One of the experts contributed the following statement on his mental condition:

"There are problems in concept formation which may lead to misinterpretation of reality, even to hallucinations wherein an individual perceives a nonexistent stimulus, or it could be in the form of delusion, which is a false belief that cannot be corrected by reason."

The above is a fairly mild sample of the verbiage dispensed by psychiatrists on the witness stand. In this case the judge added his own bit of phantasmagoria by giving Jackson eighteen life sentences, two per killing. Which, in sober practice, meant that the defendant would be eligible for parole at age fifty-six.

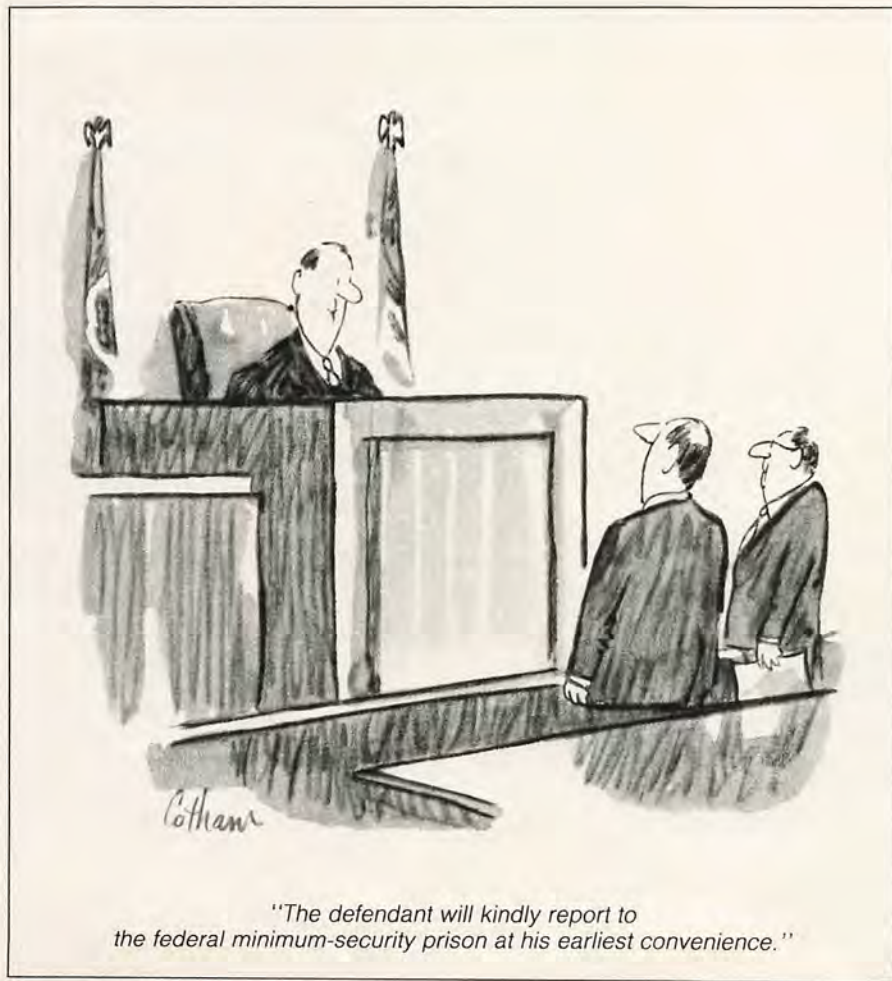
Psychiatrists generally can't help their bewildering impact on courtrooms. The concepts of their profession simply don't mesh with those of the judiciary. Our attempts to make them fit are as futile as trying to force wrongly shaped pieces into a jigsaw puzzle. "No medical professional can answer the question 'What is insanity?' in a sensible way," commented New York psychologist Benjamin Wolman. "The legal tests are based on an obsolete concept, that of definable insanity."

There is no uniform definition of criminal insanity in America. Each jurisdiction developed its own, each adding widely differing "improvements" along the way. The California Supreme Court, always eager to prove that the law is indeed an ass, provided the so-called diminished-capacity ruling.

"Diminished capacity" meant that an accused could plead for a lesser charge because he had been momentarily and temporarily half-crazy. He might have doped, liquored, dieted, hypnotized, or meditated himself into that state. While such a plea wouldn't get him acquitted, it could reduce a first-degree murder count to something like manslaughter. The ruling set a new world record for judicial fuzziness, containing loopholes through which you could drive a fleet of hearses. Nevertheless, it ghosted around the courts for over twenty years, until the Dan White case exposed its imbecility.

Dan White was a former cop, fireman, and city supervisor in San Francisco. He had a feud with Mayor George Moscone because Moscone refused to reappoint him to his seat on the board of supervisors. And he hated Supervisor Harvey Milk because Milk was gay. On November 27, 1978, White went to City Hall carrying a loaded revolver plus extra ammunition. He shot the mayor in his office, reloaded his gun, crossed the building to Milk's office, and shot him as well. He fired a coup-de-grâce bullet into each of his victims' heads as they lay on the floor. Then he calmly surrendered to the police.

White's trial opened amidst tremendous public excitement. He faced two first-degree murder charges and quite possibly the gas chamber. His attorneys decided on a diminished-capacity plea with a novel twist: the now historic "Twinkie defense." They produced half a dozen experts who



stated that White had suffered periods of severe depression during which he existed largely on a diet of sugary junk food, such as Twinkies. This, the attorneys contended, led to a deterioration of his mental condition, which made him incapable of the "deliberate malice" required for a first-degree murder conviction.

The jurors bought it. When they filed back after thirty-seven hours, the foreman announced that they had found White guilty of voluntary manslaughter. The judge thereupon imposed a sentence of seven years, eight months imprisonment... minus time off for good behavior. Roughly what you'd expect for a safe-cracking job.

That night rioting erupted in San Francisco. Thousands of demonstrators, mostly gays, chanted, "He got away with murder!" and battered at the doors of City Hall. The sentence stood as given, but sixteen months later Gov. Jerry Brown signed a measure abolishing "diminished capacity" as a legal defense. "This brings the law back to a commonsense approach," proclaimed the governor. "It is a real strengthening of the criminal justice system." *Sancta simplicitas!*

Regardless of riots, the man who pioneered the diminished-capacity ploy still regards it as perfectly valid. "In terms of the evidence presented to the Dan White jury, I think they brought in a correct verdict," said law professor and psychiatrist Dr. Bernard Diamond, considered to be among the nation's leading authorities in the field. "Don't forget that only one of six psychiatrists brought in this Twinkies diet business—an unproven theory, which the media then picked up."

Silver-bearded and smiling, Dr. Diamond comes across like an unusually benign Old Testament prophet. He is a tireless battler for liberal reforms in U.S. courts and routinely serves as expert witness in headline trials, including that of Sirhan Sirhan, who gunned down Robert Kennedy. To him the insanity defense—temporary or otherwise—represents a cornerstone of American justice, and he is willing to brave any amount of popular fury to keep it on the books.

"It's not at all rare for a person to commit a crime in an insane state and then recover by the time of the trial," said Diamond. "There's nothing either medically or legally wrong with that. What is wrong is that the public won't accept it. And," he added firmly, "if such a person wasn't responsible at the time of the crime but has since recovered and is no longer in need of treatment, I'm absolutely against institutionalizing or punishing him. I, personally, am not willing to cater to the improper wishes of the public just because they want it that way."

Dr. Martin Blinder, the key witness for the Dan White defense, tends to downplay the importance of his testimony. "Juries make up their minds according to what degree they can identify with the defendant," he said knowingly. "If they have a

powerful sympathy for the accused, they may use psychiatric testimony as the legal hook upon which to hang their sympathies. And if they're against him—the guy may be as nutty as a fruitcake—they'll say, 'We're not going to let him loose around our streets,' and they'll accept the prosecution case. That's how juries decide."

Most insanity trials, however, never go before a jury. Dr. Halpern quoted the example of Dennis Sweeney, who killed former Congressman Allard Lowenstein: "There, the district attorney and the defense attorney together arranged a plea of 'not responsible by reason of mental disease,' which the judge accepted. So Mr. Sweeney went to the Mid-Hudson Psychiatric Center, from which he is likely to be released after a fairly brief stay."

"The vast majority of cases in which there are insanity acquittals do not come to public attention," Dr. Halpern added. "The fact is that the number of such acquittals has increased dramatically. In New York State, one person a year was acquitted by reason of insanity during the 1950s. Last year that figure had risen to 124. These people go into confinement and, miraculously, none of them are insane any longer once they're in confinement following acquittal."

When juries do get to hear insanity pleas they often reject them, not because they doubt a defendant's mental derangement but because they are too thoroughly

convinced of it. They know that the average time even murderers are kept confined is four years, frequently far less. This rapid-release syndrome was sparked by the 1963 Community Mental Health Centers Act, which envisioned a system of centers providing humane outpatient care to nondangerous inmates. Consequently the number of institutionalized patients sank from 650,000 to 150,000.

Alas for the humanity of the Act, it cost money. Budget cuts prevented most of the projected neighborhood centers from being built. Most of the discharged patients were shoved into fleabag hotels nicknamed "psycho havens" and given no care whatever. As for the "nondangerous" clause, we leave that decision to psychiatrists who frankly admit they can't predict who will or won't become violent in the future. The majority of mental patients are harmless. But those who aren't can perpetrate horrors that boggle the imagination.

James Ruzicka was declared a sexual psychopath by a Seattle judge, who sent him to Western State Hospital. There he joined a sexual-offender program that allowed him the freedom of the hospital grounds. After four months he walked out and vanished. Ruzicka was later apprehended and charged with having raped and strangled two girls during his escape. One of the girls' bodies was found dangling from a tree in a patch of woodland.

Herbert Mullin was committed five times



"A small penis has absolutely nothing to do with the ability to satisfy a woman. Right, dear?"

to various California mental institutions, once voluntarily. Specialists diagnosed him as schizophrenic. Five times they prescribed medication and turned him out.

Between October 1972 and February 1973, Mullin killed thirteen people, including a priest, four young campers, and two entire families. He did this because voices inside his head told him that he could prevent earthquakes by slaughtering a requisite number of "sacrifices." At his trial jurors heard Mullin described as a paranoid-type schizophrenic . . . who doesn't appreciate the enormity of the evil and does not regard his acts as base and anti-social. They found him sane and guilty. The jurors were local folks. They weren't taking chances on a sixth hospital letting him free, medicated or otherwise.

Edmund Emil Kemper—"Big Ed" to his friends—murdered both his grandparents at fifteen. He spent the next five years in Atascadero State Mental Hospital, where he learned how to camouflage his constant preoccupation with sexual violence and his smoldering hatred for his mother. In 1969 the medical board declared him "fully recovered" and released him into the care of—his mother.

Kemper came to Santa Cruz, Calif., where his mother worked for the university. In September 1972 he persuaded four psychologists to recommend that his criminal record be sealed—in effect, expunged. The specialists duly agreed that

their patient had become a normal, non-violent, well-adjusted citizen.

Between sessions with the mental experts, Kemper murdered six college co-eds. He shot, strangled, or knifed them, had intercourse with their still warm bodies, dismembered them, and took certain portions home. He masturbated into the mouths of their severed heads. Occasionally he ate chunks of their flesh. During his final psychiatric session the head of his most recent victim was stowed in the trunk of his car, parked outside the office.

But Big Ed wasn't quite through yet. In April 1973 he smashed his mother's skull, carved out her larynx, and threw it into the garbage disposal. That evening he also strangled his mother's woman friend and put her body in another walk-in closet. Four days later he rang the cops: would they please come and get him; he'd killed some people. Kemper, too, was found sane and guilty.

One of the witnesses who testified at Kemper's trial is also the foremost fighter for the elimination of psychiatrists from our courts. Dr. Joel Fort has testified or consulted in over 300 cases, including those of Charles Manson and Patty Hearst. He has impressive credentials, but very heretical ideas. He favors complete abolition of the insanity defense.

"I believe that mental or physical illness should be considered when assessing a defendant's crime but not used to get him

off," he said. "Very few mentally ill people commit crimes, at least, not crimes that have direct connection with their disease. Take Kemper. I spent a lot of time with him. He had no discernible mental illness. He was driven by hatred for women, by feelings of sexual inadequacy, by a desire to show off, become famous. If I had to label him, I'd call him a sociopath. But that's not insane."


A sociopath has been described as someone operating outside any accepted moral code, entirely for whatever will give him or her the greatest gratification or pleasure. The tag fits most of our multiple murderers—and a good many other celebrities to boot. It denotes a total absence of conscience.

Dr. Fort went on: "I want all so-called mental experts out of the courts, because no standards of relevant training and experience regarding criminal responsibility have been established for them. They often know nothing about the issues in question. And many of them start with the bias of viewing any criminal defendant as a 'sick patient.'"

Fort believes that psychiatrists could fulfill a more useful function in crime *prevention*, not in consulting rooms but at the city-streets level, where most crime originates. He is the founder of the National Center for Solving Special Social and Health Problems, known among San Franciscans as Fort Help. Located in one of the sleaziest sections of town, Fort Help bears absolutely no resemblance to a mental-health clinic.

"That's because it isn't one," Dr. Fort explained. "At least, not in the conventional sense. It has no staff hierarchy, no appointment schedules. Anyone can wander in at any time. And they don't have to be sick—just troubled. They can get help with problems ranging from drug addiction and alcoholism to suicidal tendencies and violence. If the resident staff can't help them, they'll find a specialist who will. And the clients aren't called 'patients.' They're 'guests' and the staff members are 'helpers.' The idea is to get away from the paternalistic therapist-patient setup and establish a link of mutual trust between two equals."

Fort Help is unofficial, unsubsidized, and unprofitable. But it fulfills a function that suggests a real alternative to our entrenched system of court psychiatry. As Dr. Fort explained: "One of the reasons I moved away from psychiatry was because I found it of little relevance to the major problems of our society. We must try and detect violence and circumvent it *before* it explodes. That's the crux of the matter. To give people a chance of voicing their feelings, letting out some of the pressures building up inside them."

Joel Fort's ideas may be too unorthodox for our psychiatric establishment to emulate. But it doesn't take much imagination to see the difference a nationwide network of Fort Helps could make to our rate of violence. 



"Don't turn around, chump!"

FANTASTIC VOYAGES



Each new edition of OMNI magazine is a fantastic voyage, a wondrous journey through the infinite and magical universe of science. OMNI sees the beauty of the depthless, enigmatic black of space, tingles with the incredible excitement of the unknown and the promise of tomorrow and explores these as no other magazine ever has or ever could.

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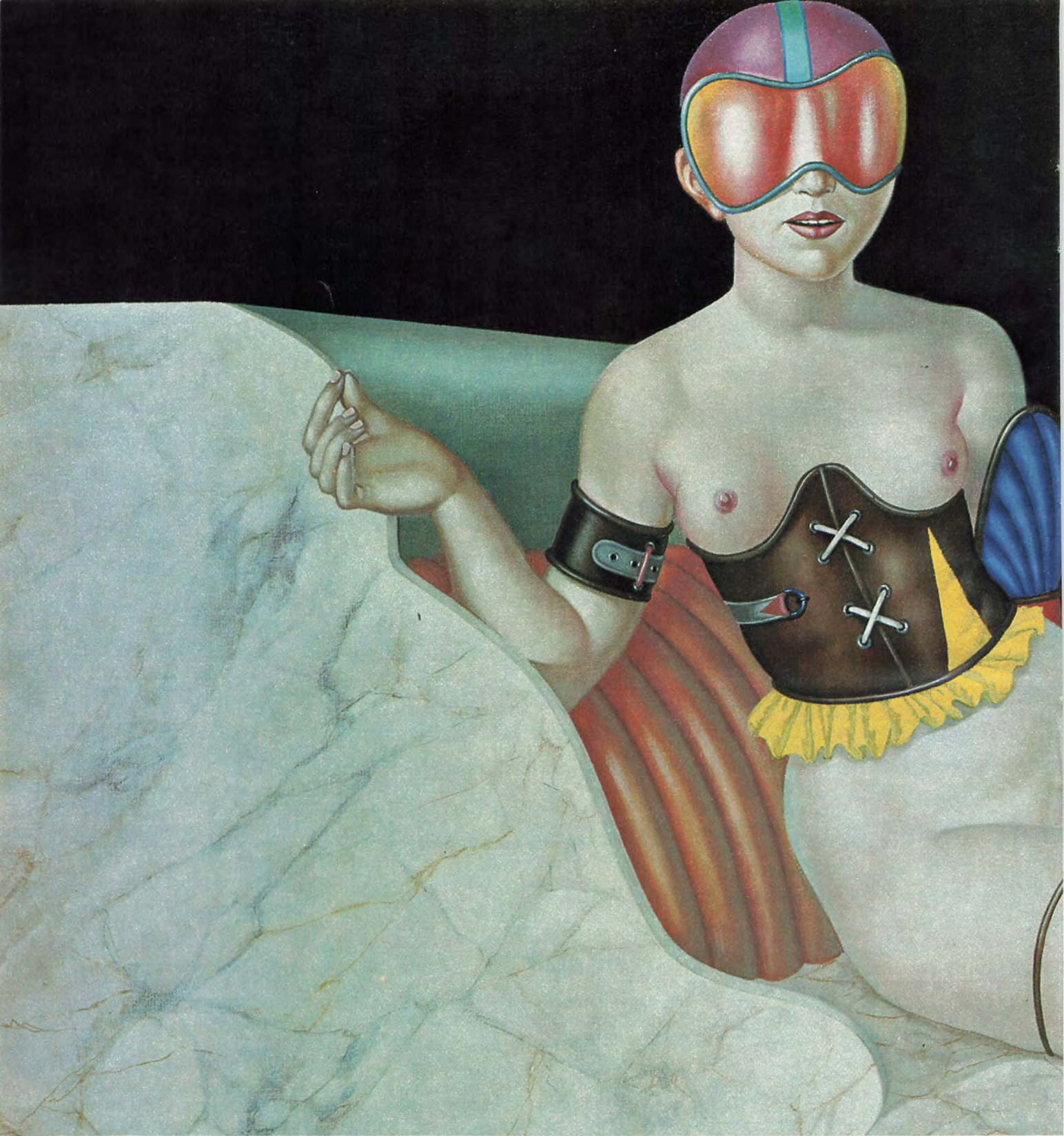
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OMNI

There is no more interesting magazine published today.



Although the ritualized behavior of the sadomasochistic relationship has traditionally belonged to only the most sexually daring, clearly, times have changed.

S & M FOR BEGINNERS

BY V. K. McCARTY



A University of Colorado sophomore coed nears orgasm in a parked car as her football-player date unzips his fly. She is handcuffed and blindfolded, her only sensory input being his rigid cock slicing in and out of her mouth.

A Wall Street broker leaves his offices early for his biweekly hour session of bondage and humiliation

with his dominatrice-mistress before going home to his family in Connecticut.

An engaged couple in Houston sit in a French restaurant shyly courting over dinner. Under his clothes, the man wears his fiancée's panties, has a cockring around his penis and balls, and a small, greased plug inserted into his anus.

PAINTING BY CARLOS REVILLA

An elegantly dressed woman in a SoHo (New York) play sternly reprimands her pupil and is in turn forced by her principal to lift her skirt for "six of the best" with a birch rod. She leaves the stage to enthusiastic applause with a half-dozen scarlet welts blazing on her buttocks.

Sadomasochism has become a startlingly popular and widely accepted sexual practice among Americans. Kept under wraps as a part of the sexual underground for years, S & M is now popping up all over the place: in the commercial media, in the cinema, in the shopping mall. Slick films such as *American Gigolo* hint at it; *Nine*

and a *Half Weeks* and *Punish Me With Kisses* lay it right out there for you. The limousines line up outside Manhattan's Hellfire Club and the *New York Post* is there to cover it. Even *Time* magazine reports that sadomasochism is out of the closet. S & M has come of age. What is it all about?

Let's start with the word itself, the S and M of it. The term *sadism*, meaning pleasure derived from inflicting pain, is taken from the French *sadisme*, after the Marquis de Sade (1740–1814). This eighteenth-century French nobleman declared that only through the medium of sexual violence could people heal themselves of their socially inflicted scars. The term

masochism, meaning pleasure derived from experiencing pain, was coined by Krafft-Ebing and refers to the German novelist Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1836–1895), who wrote *Venus in Furs*. In this semiautobiographical erotic classic, he describes his fantasy of being abused and abandoned by a cruel mistress swathed in furs to signal her cruel mood.

Simply put, erotic sadomasochism is a willing exchange of control between lovers. It is a sexual practice of myriad forms and ascending levels of intensity. Many elements come into play: costumes, spanking, bondage, the stinging kisses of the rod, verbal humiliation, and simulated

INTERVIEW WITH A DOMINATRICE

Madam X is an elegant, thirty-five-year-old dominatrice who plies her trade in Manhattan. She charges \$125 to \$300 an hour for her very special services. A college graduate with several years in the arena of S & M, Madam X is a happy purveyor of pain.

Penthouse: How rare is the dominatrice in the world of prostitution?

Madame X: Far less rare than five years ago. Now a lot of prostitutes simply pick up a whip and play dominatrice, but that doesn't mean they are really dominant. Actually, a real domme is one in a million.

Penthouse: Did you go from prostitution to domination?

Madame X: Yes. I used to work as a prostitute, which was satisfying in itself. But clients began asking me to do domination scenes. I tried it and liked it. Gradually, I built up a house exclusively for domination. However, I don't turn tricks of any kind. In fact, I don't consider myself a prostitute. I'm a dominatrice. I provide a very specific service for men, which happens to gratify me as well. Sometimes I come in a scene myself.

Penthouse: Are you dominant in your private sex life too?

Madame X: Sure, I'm dominant 100 percent of the time. I run my whole life. I'm even more assertive with my boyfriends; that is, I run the fuck now.

Penthouse: Is there no difference between work and pleasure for you?

Madame X: Oh, yes. What I provide is so well rehearsed that my pleasure is very subtle. For the man, the experience is new and terrifying every time, but part of the satisfaction for me is in the familiarity. Even though the john doesn't know what to say next, no matter what he says, some other john said it before and I always have the answer ready.

Penthouse: What is the range of your services?

Madame X: Most people who come to me think they are in for a good whipping.

Yet the mental trip is often enough. For example, my clients tend to be frightened by the look of the equipment alone. Just the sight of the whip, or cat-o'-nine, and the crop, and the fact that I caress their bodies with them is almost sufficient for orgasm. Very often they don't even want to be beaten. But it's part of my repertoire, and I do a very good job.

Penthouse: How good?

Madame X: Well, if you asked me to whip you, for example, I'd make you keep begging for it while you stripped down naked in front of me. Then I'd make you wipe that look off your face and get on your knees, where you belong. I would handcuff your wrists behind your back and then tie your ankles and the dog collar I'd put on you to a footstool. I start a beating with light strokes, get the surface tingling. Personally, I like to suck on the little red welts; it makes each stroke sting more, and each smack is louder.

When your ass was a uniform scarlet and you were purring, not really singing yet but coming out with little moans and jerking around a bit, I'd start with the cat. I have a special method of figure-eighting the cat over my head so it whistles in the air before you get it. When you seemed close to coming, I'd probably stop, take a breather, let you think it was over, check the bondage, and then make you count out loud while I gave you ten strokes with the cane. I like a man really flapping around yelping. At this point, you'd be so turned on I bet you'd probably come from rubbing it into the footstool.

Penthouse: Do you have a specialty?

Madame X: Building erotic suspense with verbal humiliation, which is what they desire most of all. I like to watch a guy's dick getting harder and harder and harder and watch him sweat it out while I yell at him. Sometimes I can get a guy to come just by talking to him.

Penthouse: And you have an extended wardrobe?

Madame X: Oh, sure. Among other things, my men like head-to-foot leather. I have leather trousers with a snap-out crotch: they really love that. I also have long boots that rise high on the thigh.

Penthouse: Do you do Little Bopeep and Sister Mary Magdalene?

Madame X: No, I leave that for the hookers on the street. But I'll do a drill sergeant, a governess, or an enema nurse. Incidentally, I don't do piss or scat. You need a more specialized domme for that.

Penthouse: Are your own sexual interests truly as broad as those of your johns?

Madame X: My own sexual preferences are much more specific, but I've been in this for years now. It takes more to turn me on than some guy who is being whipped for the first time. I'm into a specific kind of fantasy: I prefer to have boys around me who act like a German shepherd or like a good house servant.

Penthouse: Do you allow your clients intercourse with you?

Madame X: Absolutely not. That's not part of being a dominatrice.

Penthouse: Never?

Madame X: Well, if I've been with a man for a long time and if he turns me on and if I like his cock, and if he's tied up, maybe I'll sit on it.

I must confess that my clients have a climax in most of my scenes. But I make them beg for it. And I like the whole session to be a slow build toward a climax. When they finally come, it's because I've allowed them to touch themselves. Sometimes they jerk off on my boots.

Penthouse: Are your men permitted to touch you or see you nude?

Madame X: Generally no. There's no need for them to see my body. If they want something special, we can negotiate, but usually I stay dressed. People like my tits. I don't feel that my dignity as a dominatrice is compromised when I expose my breasts. Nevertheless, I keep my cunt for my boys.



rape. Pain, which can provide a blossoming rush of pleasure, may be involved.

Fantasy games are a basic raw material of S & M. Role playing allows the lovers to evoke their most provocative sexual thoughts and subterranean memories. Eroticized scenarios may be casual or complex. For example, the mere mention of a catchphrase in bed can program a certain style of sex; or, more elaborately, there is the well-practiced S & M devotee who dresses in full police gear and "apprehends" his wife on a monthly basis, letting her persuade him not to "arrest" her in exchange for her best fellatio.

Bondage is another theme in S & M, for many reasons. The satisfaction in this specific kind of control-surrender is almost universal. The idea of struggling against restraints is a tremendous stimulant to many people. Women who have been raised with strong inhibitions about "unladylike" behavior use bondage to overcome their guilt about sex. A woman bound at the ankles and wrists by silk scarves feels she cannot be blamed for giving way to sexual abandonment, which she might judge wanton under other circumstances. Men burdened with heavy responsibilities in high-anxiety jobs can release their tensions and relax when handcuffs and collar fasten them down. Tied down, they are unburdened from making decisions.

S & M enthusiasts use a highly developed jargon. Since sadist and masochist can be harsh terms for lovers, people in the scene use other words to mean the same thing but without the violent connotations. *S* means sadist and *M* means masochist. *Top* and *bottom* also enjoy wide use in denoting sadist and masochist, respectively, and are probably the most popular and colloquial terms. To describe someone as a "hot topman" or a "heavy bottom" calls up pleasurable fantasies for those in the field. *Dominant* and *submissive* are also useful terms, because of both easy comprehensibility and the implied element of control instead of brutality. The submissive offers control of his orgasm to the dominant lover. The dominant takes control, guiding the submissive beyond his limits toward the ultimate pleasure of surrender.

Dominatrix, often misspelled as "dominatrix," and *master* refer to female and male experts in sexual dominance, respectively. They are addressed as *Mistress* and *Master*, *Madam* and *Sir*. Sometimes more creative forms are used, such as "Baroness von Cleef" or "Lord Preston." Submissives refer to their dominants in writing with capital letters and to themselves in lower case.

What transpires in a typical S & M encounter? We cite two actual scenes. Both involve New York City couples, each with a long-standing continuity of erotic experience with each other. These scenes represent well-rehearsed patterns of ritual and response. Although S & M doesn't always include genital sex, both of these

couples incorporate intercourse into many of their scenes together.

Anne Henderson and Elliott Myers go from their midtown offices one afternoon a week to meet their dominant lovers. (Names of people whose personal experiences are described in this article have been changed for reasons of privacy.) Elliott sees his mistress every Thursday after work; Anne waits for Les to call to arrange their lunchtime trysts. Both report heavy masturbatory fantasizing before and after their S & M rendezvous. This is difficult for Elliott because, in preparation for his "Baroness," she demands that he abstain from ejaculation.

Anne, in turn, readies herself by carefully shaving her pubis. She also eschews her usual pantyhose for stockings and garters and removes her panties before visiting her lover's Chelsea advertising agency. At other times, late at night, he has had her call up from a phone booth on the corner, instructing her to strip naked

Elliott usually chooses the type of scene he will enact with Patricia, indicating his preference sometimes by wearing his special punishment belt and a leather thong around his throat.

as she comes up on the elevator, but on this occasion she walks demurely past the receptionist and into his office.

Anne met Les while doing voice-over work for him, and they have been seeing each other in a master-slave relationship off and on for three years. As Les has trained her, Anne closes the door, removes her skirt, crosses her wrists behind her back, and waits for permission to kneel at his feet. First, Les has her walk around the room, watching her long legs, balanced on high stiletto heels. He fixates on the little triangle of naked space at the top of her thighs.

When he asks her to clear the butcher-block coffee table, Anne knows she will be spending most of her lunch hour on her back with her wrists roped to its legs. Over the years, Anne and Les have worked out their favorite rituals, negotiating limits and parameters, so that each gets the most out of their time together. "What I want," says Anne, "is sort of sexual sensory deprivation—all my senses under his control—and then the pain to take me out into that other space with skyrocket O's." Anne says that her orgasms are quite satisfactory with her boyfriend, too, but that the

qualitative difference with Les is so great as to make this the highlight of her sex life.

Although this is their most familiar scene, Anne is whimpering and pleading from the minute the clothespins come out of the drawer. Les silences her by putting his cock in her mouth. He places earphones on her—and a blindfold. Then, one by one, he begins to clamp the wooden pins onto her flesh in two arcs, beginning inside her stretched armpits and moving toward her nipples. Each new clamp brings a jerk and a groan from Anne until her entire torso undulates from intensity of the sensations. He reminds her to breathe, rubbing her stomach and kissing her.

The ultimate gratification for Les is building his collection of videotapes of Anne and others struggling under his control. "I've got my proud beauties writhing against the shackles. I've got a camera in the elevator for those scenes. I've even got one out the window to catch them wrestling with their resistance in the phone booth. Sometimes, in fact, I leave—that's part of it. But I watch them later at home in bed. My tapes are my insurance against old age."

He pulls out of her mouth and mounts her. Les enjoys the imminence of Anne's orgasm immediately upon penetration. This is the sign of a good scene for him. She begs permission to come, which is granted; her body tenses, arching to meet his thrusts. Before she slips back from her orgasmic plateau, Les removes Anne's blindfold and one of the clothespins. Still inside her, he begins to pattern his rhythm on her writhing.

Each withdrawn clothespin releases a new wave of muscle contractions and gasping from Anne, which Les cuts into with his thrusts. Soon Anne is begging to come for the fourth and fifth times. With all the pins removed except the two clamping the nipples themselves, Les extends himself full-length on Anne, releasing the last two pins, and speeds up his strokes for his own climax.

A critically important part of Les and Anne's scene is the quiet time they spend together after the high intensity of the bondage and orgasm. "Finding myself in Les's arms as I'm coming down from that wild euphoria is one of my greatest joys," Anne says. "I need a little tenderness after the rough stuff."

Anne is in some ways typical of women who have immersed themselves in S & M. For example, her experience was male initiated: without Les, she would probably have lived out her sex life without ever trying S & M. Such behavior is not a primarily female dynamic. In fact, sadomasochism, like all fetishistic behavior, is usually a male impulse. We have only to look at gay men and gay women for confirmation of this basic point. While leather sex is popular among male homosexuals, such activities are virtually unknown among lesbians. (However, there are a few dramatic exceptions. Samois in San



HANS HENRIK LERFELDT

Master of the surreal, inheritor of the mantle of Goya and Bosch, this extraordinary Danish artist's work is interpreted by poet Jens Jørgen Thorsen.



Hans Henrik Lerfeldt is one of the very few Scandinavian painters of European caliber. He is, first and foremost, because he belongs to THE DAMNED PAINTERS' lineage....

Are the lusty cracks of the whip our fundamental heritage from Western civilization, from black priests, black armies, and black habits? At any rate, Lerfeldt isn't black—far from it. His pictures are wrapped in the silken hues

of lovers....

His past lay in the rectory's evil black shadow. In Germany's depraved ruins.

In the fetid hallways of reform schools and asylums. Their insects are adhesive and

glittering playmates. Merciless and incandescent. They come suddenly and scrabbling, whining and implacably

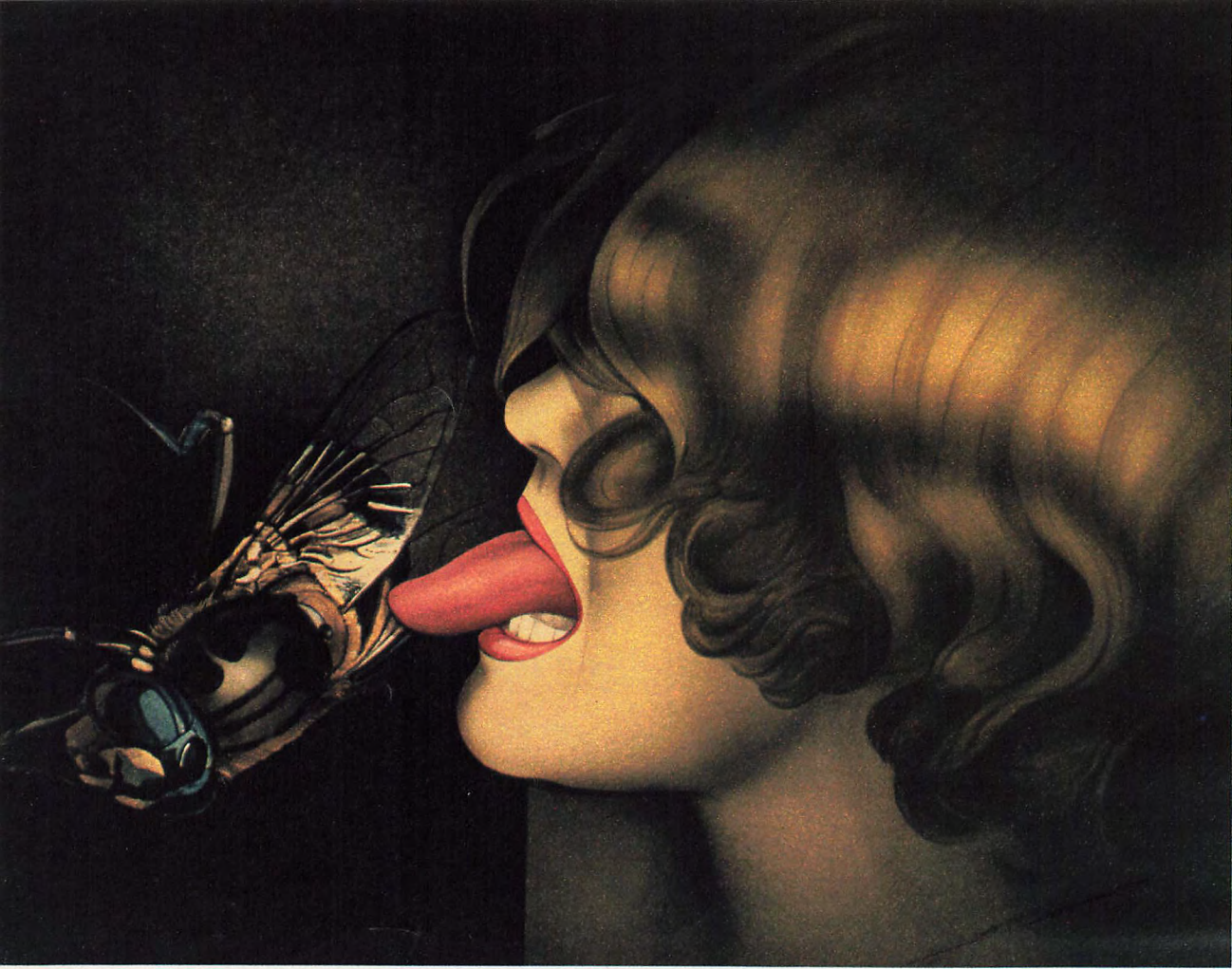
into reveries of black stockings, silk, the whip, and wet cunts....

Delight becomes hateful.

Enjoyment turns to vice....

Passion turns to panic. And reality becomes ridiculous.





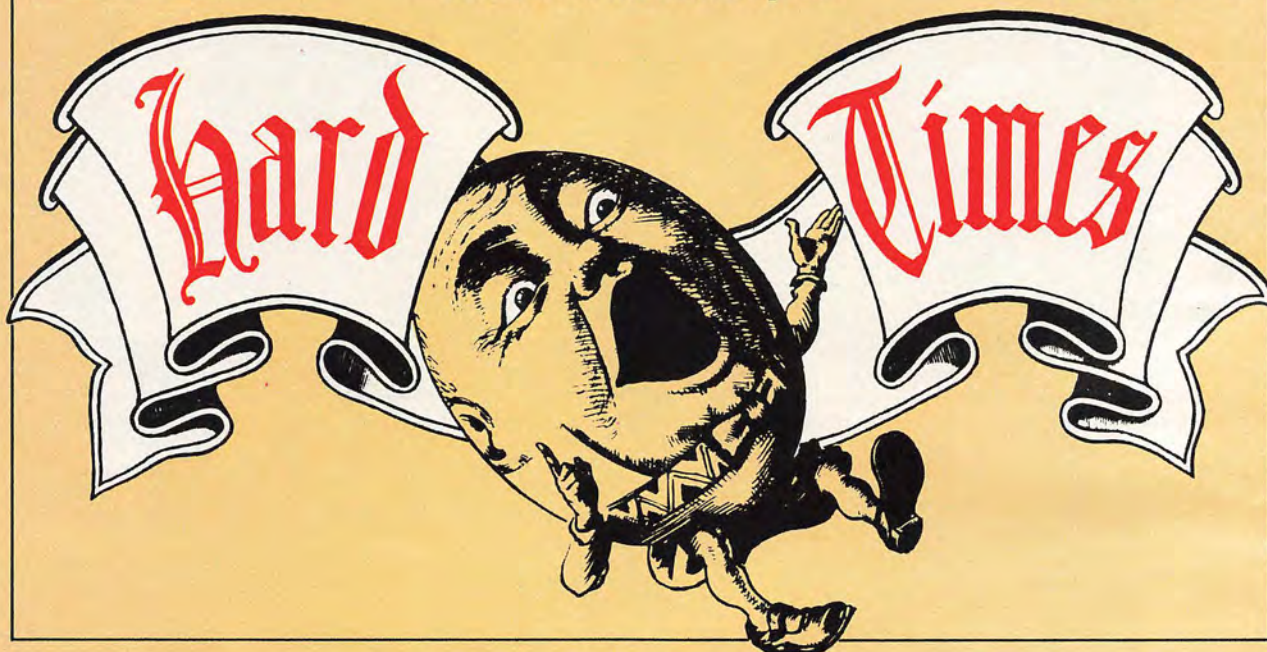
Text from Hans Henrik Lørfeldt, © Jens Jørgen Thorsen, published by Galerie Asbaek.

Lerfeldt sat down among the hardened prostitutes and began reading aloud from SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD.... They did all kinds of perversions in order to illustrate the book.... The biggest of them...slowly inserted her head between Alice's slender thighs, which she spread with bird hands. (Translated by Ken Tindall)



EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 1, NO. 7

BLIZZARD OF DEATH SWEEPING TOWARDS EARTH

A deadly deluge of germs from outer space could rain on the Earth causing a flu outbreak that will kill millions.

Some researchers predict that the coming disaster could equal the disastrous epidemic of 1918 that killed 30 million people and made 500 million people sick.

"We're really overdue for a major epidemic and I am certain it's coming," Sir Fred Hoyle, a leading British scientist and university professor, told the *News*.

Hoyle and another top British space expert, Prof. Chandra Wickramasinghe, said the viruses that unleash the most horrible flu outbreaks are created in outer space.

They said clouds of deadly virus particles are left behind by comets as they zoom past the Earth. The virus clouds collide with our atmosphere,



Wide World Photo

then sift slowly toward the Earth.

The alien viruses fall over the Earth in patches, explaining why disease strikes in random pockets, the experts said.

The disastrous 1918 epidemic struck at a time when the world was tortured by famine and millions were starving and homeless.

Frantic doctors say those conditions are even more severe today.

"There are millions of people in developing countries, and even in countries like

America, who are just as vulnerable as people were in 1918," said one specialist.

"Even with our antibiotics and our vaccines, we may not be able to put up much of a fight. The world could be in for a real disaster." (*Weekly World News*)

If it isn't one thing it's another.—Editor

WARNING: SMOKING CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

A would-be suicide's last smoke saved his life, but severely wounded his two rescuers.

Gregory Martin, 31, of Long Beach, despondent because he was out of work, had decided to take his life by filling his apartment with gas. But as he was still alive five hours later, he decided to have one last smoke.

The ensuing blast hurled him across the room and alerted two 15-year-old bicyclists passing outside.

They ran to Martin's window and were trying to pull him out when a second blast hit, burning them.

Martin is thinking of giving up cigarettes. (*Examiner*)
Not a moment too soon.—Editor

SHOPLIFTERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW

Police chief D.L. Montgomery can't understand why the mayor and municipal judge bought four 9mm machine guns, since the sleepy town's biggest crime last year—a burglary—was solved within 24 hours.

Mayor Felix Robinson has been defending the purchase of

the Ingram automatic weapons, made with funds from an anonymous donor, by saying they would be useful in case of "riot or nuclear attack." But Montgomery said it was "ludicrous and asinine for a city the size of White-wright to possess four automatic weapons."



The Bettmann Archive

"They [the guns] are a small World War II German-type machine gun, carried over the shoulder and fired from the hip," he said. "It's not your average, everyday squirrel hunting weapon."

"We have a town of 1,743

honest, law-abiding citizens," Robinson said. "The biggest crime in the year and a half I've been out here was a burglary. And we had it solved within 24 hours, without drawing a gun." (*Boston Herald American*)

TRANSSEXUAL SUES BANKRUPT SPERM BANK

In one of the most bizarre court cases ever, a transsexual lawyer has successfully sued a sperm bank because sperm she deposited before her sex-change operation has been destroyed.

Kris Fong-Moseley, 31, was left heartbroken, she says, by the destruction and her life now is in a "shambles."

"When I heard the news, I cried and cried. 'Good God,' my mind screamed, 'now I'll never be able to have a child of my own,'" said Kris, in tears. "There's no way to describe the depression I felt."

Born a man, Kris was living with a common-law wife when the sperm deposit was made in 1974. Kris decided to go ahead with the sex change operation only because she was confident the sperm would be preserved.

"My wife was going to be artificially inseminated with the sperm after my operation so that we could have a child, but when it was destroyed she suffered a nervous breakdown and eventually left me," said the San Francisco attorney.

Last year a jury awarded her \$50,000. But the attorney who handled her case says the award will be "all but impossible to collect" because "the sperm bank is defunct." (*National Enquirer*)

Q. When is a sperm bank defunct?

A. When the customers stop coming.—Editor

Price of Wedding Cost Them the Marriage

The marriage began as a love story—but ended with a larceny.

The young couple had hoped that a videotape of their wedding festivities would provide cherished memories. Instead, it led to the bizarre finish of their brief wedded bliss.

It all happened at a recent wedding in the metropolitan area. There was no police report and the names have been withheld. The story was reported in a recent issue of *The Jewish Week*, a publication of the Joint Campaign on the UJA-Federation.

After the ceremony, the guests threw themselves into enjoying the reception at a catering hall. Spurred by the orchestra, they danced and sang joyously. Formality wilted with some of the collars, and many of the men took off their jackets.

Among them was the father of the bride, who forgot, in his joy, that in one pocket was an envelope containing thousands of dollars to pay the bill.

When it was almost time to go, he removed his jacket from his chair and felt for the envelope. It was gone.

As quietly as possible, a search was begun—under chairs, tables, in the restrooms. Nothing.

Rather than spoil his daughter's big moment, her father quietly paid the bill by check, and sat down with the few remaining guests sipping their final coffees. As they rested, they decided to watch the wonderful wedding over again.

The cameraman who had

recorded it on tape played it for them—the beautiful and solemn ceremony and the joyous festivities.

And there, clear as day, was the father of the groom reaching into the host's jacket pocket and removing the envelope with the cash.

After the accusations and the recriminations had died down, the envelope was returned. But nothing else could be put straight.

The marriage—never consummated—was annulled. (*New York Post*)
Not all marriages are made in heaven.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: *Hard Times*, c/o *Penthouse*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

thought. He said, 'I think that's maybe the biggest idea I ever heard in sexuality. You must write it up.'

"Of course, I was immensely flattered, but I asked him how he could possibly mean that, since I was merely a student. Reik replied that important ideas are often a combination of a particular personality and the environment. Even a washerwoman might make an original observation in life, he said, and that I just happened to hit on a giant one. Reik promised never to use resistance in his future books and he never did. It was quite amazing."

Tripp purposely refrained from spelling out the complete contours of resistance to Kinsey, a zoologist by training, who abhorred generalized theories. "I often hit him with resistance in spots," Tripp comments. "And he would say things like: 'That's perfectly true and that's why there's no known example from anthropology of a working monogamy,' or 'This is very prominent in S & M.' When I brought resistance up in connection with exhibitionism, he said, 'That would make perfect sense, because some 96 percent of the exhibitionists arrested in New York City last year were Roman Catholics or Orthodox Jews.'" (An overly scrupulous religious training makes a super-taboo of genital exposure and thus qualifies it as a "sexy" mode of behavior.)

Resistance seems to be a male obsession. The most athletic high hurdlers on the playing fields of sex are men.

Indeed, women participate in the forbidden violations that put men away, but the investment is hardly the same. Why should men and women differ in their resistance requirements? "Well, they don't differ at the same level of arousal," says Tripp. "Resistance is proportionate to drive. Women who are highly arousable and have high activity—around 10 percent according to Kinsey—also have a high resistance factor. They fatigue quickly and seek new partners just like men. Nonetheless, the drive of most females isn't high enough to surface in many of the usual forms of resistance." He points out that women's breathtaking adaptability in sex permits them to go along with activities they would never seek on their own.

Lesbians, for example, are innocent of the barriers males erect on the wild and woolly fringes of homosexuality. Almost half of the 575 white homosexual males surveyed in *Homosexualities: A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women*, a recent Kinsey Institute publication, reported at least 500 different male sexual partners. In contrast, 83 percent of the 229 white females in the sample had fewer than 15 female partners.

Some primitive societies appear resistance-free compared with our own. Although every culture surrounds sex with taboos, where do naked savages whose

tribal customs encourage doing-it-on-demand find excitement? "The most common resistance in sex-positive societies is outlawing sex at home," says Dr. Tripp. "They have to sneak out into the forest. Other nonrestrictive societies move the front to the act of intercourse itself, which becomes a donnybrook of biting, scratching, spitting, and hair-tearing."

In Dr. Tripp's view, there are no exceptions to the demands of resistance. Yet some couples do manage to sustain a spritely bedroom scene for years and years without dependence on a variety of partners or far-out fetishes. In these rare cases he cites an underlying platform response, his term for an early and intense hunger that can never be satisfied. "Nothing so spurs a clotheshorse as a threadbare childhood," Tripp says, describing the dynamics of platform response. "A person born to wealth or even plenty may soon tire of luxury but not the grown-up child of poverty, just as a burnt child may

When a prostitute wishes to hurry along ejaculation, she may cleverly say to the john: "Don't come, don't come." At this unexpected suggestion, he cannot do otherwise.

ever after fear the stove and a shivering waif may always make the tropics a paradise. One can't say that every early frustration leads to permanent appetite, but whenever that denial was long-standing and particularly acute, it is likely to."

Where does the platform response appear in marriage? "I use the example of a Quaker couple who may feel that sex is very naughty even though they're married. They may never fatigue because resistance—the unshakable sense of sin—is always feeding their passion. But once ordinary couples start searching for variations within a marriage, they quickly use them up."

The most intriguing case of resistance that Tripp has ever seen is a homosexual Italian count, now in his seventies but still reveling in almost incredible numbers of sexual encounters in his retirement in the Far East. His current rate is twenty to thirty a day! This count, an important source of Kinsey's, recorded ten to twelve contacts to orgasm a day for most of his adult life and only with lower-class men. He would come three or four times himself, but his partners always did. Troubled by a bad prostate, the count is now reduced to an

average of three orgasms a week.

"Why doesn't he get satiated?" asks Dr. Tripp. "Despite the new partners, it's the same old act. So why doesn't he prove whatever he's trying to prove and wear down? The answer is a platform response. He grew up in the Italian aristocracy. His father always said to be kind to the servants but never to fraternize with them. Well, he had a homosexual attraction to some of the livery boys. Thus he was frustrated in both his homosexual desire as well as his desire to have close, personal contact with lower-social-level males. Having built up that platform of frustration, the count is able to go on forever. We all have platform responses in one way or another. Some people like the count have them in sex."

Dr. Tripp's own platform involves gadgets. When he was a child during the Depression, he desperately wanted toys that his family could not always afford. Now he cannot resist acquiring state-of-the-art hardware in video recorders, word processors, and cameras.

The theory of resistance seems eminently logical and universally applied. As a kind of law of sexual gravity, it explains a multitude of erotic attitudes and behaviors according to a single principle—that high and continuing excitement requires violation of some barrier. Thus the resistance theory makes perfect sense of the following disparate phenomena:

Shakespeare's comments on the psychology of arousal in *All's Well That Ends Well*: "All impediments in fancy's course are motives for more fancy," and "She knew her distance and did angle for me, maddening my eagerness with her restraint" (act 5, scene 3).

In those cultures where women go bare-breasted, female breasts are not eroticized. But in our more modest society, the situation is reversed, giving rise to enormous topless commerce.

When a prostitute wishes to hurry ejaculation along, she may cleverly say to the john: "Don't come, don't come." At this unexpected suggestion, he cannot do otherwise.

The young bridegroom has little interest in the supposed allure of negligees, but the older husband may insist on the saucy of peekaboo apparel.

All sex researchers (including Kinsey and Masters and Johnson) and anthropologists agree that the frequency of marital intercourse declines steadily with the length of the marriage.

Lawrence of Arabia, a terrible prude, arranged elaborate ruses to have himself birched to orgasm when he was in the Royal Air Force.

A young schoolteacher fell in love with a divorced man who had a six-year-old daughter. Her most erotic memory of their affair involved a weekend stay in a country inn. On one evening the little girl woke up in her room with nightmares and joined the couple in bed. "We were very hot but very careful," the schoolteacher recalls. "I was

facing the daughter while he fucked me from behind. I was almost the daughter and he was almost the father. It was extremely exciting."

A sexually active female surgeon in New York City loved having sex in her car in the hospital parking lot. "She was more turned on than I was," says her former boyfriend. "But I never understood how she could do it with blood still on her apron."

Kinsey noted that 7.6 percent of American white males had seven or more orgasms a week. Half of Kinsey's under-world sample (eighty-one cases in all) appeared in this high-outlet category, and these gangsters far exceeded all other social groups in the percentage of men with twenty-one-plus orgasms a week. "This is further evidence for believing," observed Kinsey, "that most individuals could be much more active sexually if they were as unrestrained as the group that openly and regularly defies the law and the social convention."

"Marriage must continually vanquish a monster that devours everything: the monster of habit." (Honoré de Balzac)

Males of many animal species are constantly rearroused by the presence of a new female. A research paper titled "Stimuli Eliciting Sexual Behavior" and published in *Sex and Behavior* (Wiley) claims that male animals just won't quit as long as they can get their paws on different females. The authors conclude: "The entire sequence of events is based on the amount of novelty which can be introduced into the system and to be provocative we will add the possibility that the only ceiling on sexual responses is that established in terms of the organism's capacity to identify novelty."

Nancy Friday's anthologies of male and female fantasies demonstrate the aphrodisiac of violational sex. "It is notorious that a life of quiet affection between two people usually puts their sexual desires for each other to sleep," Friday declares in *Men in Love*. On the other hand, many warring couples are known to provoke fights and quarrels because, consciously or not, they find it heightens their sexuality afterwards."

Despite the clarity of the confirmation, resistance is not a theory whose time has come. For instance, America's most renowned sexologists have brilliantly documented the theory with solid scientific data, yet still cannot or will not accept the logical conclusions of their own studies. Resistance demands too much moral reconstruction. What renowned sexologists would dare observe that marital intimacy eventually smothers sexual excitement and that husbands and wives who do have great sex frequently fantasize about making love with other partners and about forced encounters? Such notions are risky. Even if good research corroborated resistance, the temptation to ignore or cover up its meaning would be strong.

Apparently, that is what occurred with

Masters and Johnson. Although *The Pleasure Bond* (1975) argued that total commitment is a perennial turn-on in marriage, two other Masters and Johnson books contradict that view—and quite convincingly. *Human Sexual Response* (1966) noted that monotony was the biggest factor in failing erotic attention in the aging male. "The female partner may lose her stimulative effect as her every wish, interest, and expression become too well known in advance of sexual activity," they wrote. *Homosexuality in Perspective* (1979) also verifies the workings of resistance by citing the fact that committed heterosexual couples fantasize all sorts of violational behavior. Both the husbands and wives in Masters and Johnson's sample, who were chosen specifically for their "high levels of sexual effectiveness," thought most about having it with somebody else.

What do Masters and Johnson make of this resistance material? How do they ac-

Sex partners must find
new resistance to focus on right
up to the moment of
orgasm. If they fail to do this,
they risk a collapse of their
sexual interest in each other.

count for the inevitable boredom of monogamy and the debauched tastes of marital fantasy? *The Pleasure Bond*, a sexologist's sermon, evades the question with pious praise of mom-and-pop gothic. However, in an interview following the publication of *Homosexuality in Perspective*, Virginia Johnson did venture a guess that thinking about sex with strangers suggested one of two possibilities: "Either that so little has been put into the real relationship—when there is a real one—or the partner is so unappealing that the 'newness' of a fantasized stranger is used simply to provide erotic stimulation. Or it may be saying something about inability to trust intimacy."

How bizarre. For Masters and Johnson pointed out that their heterosexual sample consisted of carefully selected couples from "a background of essentially positive sexual experience." Indeed, these subjects had real relationships of true intimacy with appealing spouses. That's why they were used in the first place.


Masters and Johnson cannot have it both ways and remain intellectually honest. They cannot hold that frequent sex games signal dysfunction (*The Pleasure*

Bond) when their own data prove that overfamiliarity destroys excitement (*Human Sexual Response*) and that the fantasizing of sex with third partners is the national pastime of healthy sexual couples (*Homosexuality in Perspective*). Yet Masters and Johnson do maintain their conflicting positions, while sweeping the significance of their findings under the rug of tradition.

This failure of nerve among sex therapists to recognize the imperatives of resistance does immense harm to patients. "Many loving husbands and wives feel that they are human and sexual incompetents when they seem to lose interest in bed," comments psychotherapist Dr. George Weinberg. "Instead of getting help from therapists, they often get condemnation, packaged as a default in intimacy. And couples are bound to magnify the flaws of their mates to explain their lack of drive. Therapists usually turn their heads from the simplest reality—that sexual decline originates in familiarity. We must not shy away from truth merely because it appears to have unwanted consequences. In terms of resistance, it is the very avoidance of the truth that reinforces sexual discontent in many otherwise happy relationships."

The theory of resistance seems to have tripped up other explorers of excitement. For instance, Freud understood the mechanism of increasing libido by placing an obstacle in its path, but he misinterpreted its application. "The curb put upon love by civilization involves a universal tendency to debase sexual objects," he wrote. Dr. Robert Stoller, professor of psychiatry at U.C.L.A., echoed Freud in his recent book *Sexual Excitement*. "It is hostility," insists Dr. Stoller, "the desire, overt or hidden, to harm another person—that generates and enhances sexual excitement." Nancy Friday leaps to the same judgment in *Men in Love*, which is subtitled *The Triumph of Love Over Rage*. "It may be dismaying," she writes, "but it is often true that for some people the white-hot pitch of obsessive desire that may be the peak experience sex has to offer is reached when hostility is fused with love."

Let us recall the case of R. Riley, the passionate professor who could not come a second time with the secretary until he fantasized filthy thoughts about his wife. Do concepts like debasement or hostility, or the failure of intimacy, trust, or commitment, tell us anything at all about the professor's excitement? Since monotony is the hobgoblin of sex in general, and marriage in particular, would not Riley's rendezvous serve to tone up his erotic life and thereby enhance the pleasures of the marital bed?

There is a principle of science and logic called Occam's razor that says the simplest of competing theories is preferred to the more complex. It seems Dr. Tripp's theory of resistance cuts through the perplexing dynamics of sexual excitement with the sharpest blade of all. 



PART TWO

MALE PROSTITUTION

THE WELL-KEPT MAN

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

He lives in a spacious brownstone apartment, eats at all the best restaurants in Manhattan, and vacations in Barbados. He is the owner of a gray Rolls-Royce, twenty pairs of Bally shoes, and a mink coat. And he never pays a dime for anything.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN



The lights are low and flattering in the chic SoHo restaurant, J. S. Van Dam. The patrons of the place, dressed in that casual elegance that costs plenty, have the insolent bearing of those who've made it in the worlds of show biz and fashion, or of those who think they will—and soon. The room is studded with celebrity. There's Michael York here, Scott Barrie there, Marisa Berenson at a table in one corner, Pierre Cardin at one in another. As I sit in a booth, stirring my Campari and soda, I watch the tall, lithe figure walking toward me. He wears a brown leather Eisenhower jacket and is as graceful as a panther, and attractive in an intense, brooding way. There is something about him—some charm, some charisma, some prowling, hungry quality—that causes heads to turn as he moves through the aisle between crowded tables, then slips into the booth and faces me. Up close I notice cloudy green eyes that look a bit drowsy and a thick head of fair, curly hair. He wears an expensive-looking gray cashmere sweater and jeans. "Mike," he introduces himself and shakes my hand. He smiles, flashing a set of even white teeth, the kind that put orthodontists out of business, the kind women have to pay to have around. And, if Mike and his reputation are to be believed, to pay handsomely for, at that.

Mike is a kept man. He likes to call himself a fashion photographer, and to be fair, let's say he's a student of the photographic arts. But talking real dollars and cents, Mike is, most accurately, a man who is al-

most totally supported by women. Not just a man who hustles them or who takes money from them for his sexual services. He is something much more. "I bring romance and love into their lives. And continuity," Mike explains. "Continuity—it's very important."

Apparently. And so skillful is Mike at supplying this continuity that at the age of thirty-two he is currently being taken care of—and quite nicely—by four women at the same time:

- Mike lives, rent-free, in a brownstone apartment (whose current value must be in the range of a quarter of a million dollars), courtesy of a seventy-one-year-old married Florida socialite, who comes up to New York about once a month in order to purchase her designer wardrobes or to see her jeweler, and who, at those times, likes a taste of young flesh. She and Mike have had a relationship for seven years.
- He is the owner of a gray 1973 Rolls-Royce and a wardrobe of Giorgio Armani suits, courtesy of a gorgeous, fortyish fashion designer with whom he has lived in both L.A. and New York and who has gotten him some, although not a lot of, work as a fashion photographer. She and Mike have had a relationship for four years.
- He is the owner of the latest and most modern video and camera equipment—a Sony Betamax, two motorized Nikons, a Hasselblad, an incredible variety of lenses, and a darkroom that rivals that of the movie *Blow-Up*—courtesy of a bril-

liant, widowed stockbroker who at fifty-two is a vice-president on her way to the presidency of a major investment banking firm, and whom Mike first met when he asked her to handle a portfolio of stocks given him as a birthday present by his Florida socialite. He and the stockbroker have had a relationship for almost a year.

- He is the owner of twenty pairs of Bally leather shoes ("my passion"), a Rolex self-winding chronometer watch with a sapphire crystal, and a mink coat, all courtesy of a much-married-and-divorced actress, now pushing fifty, whom he met when he came to her home to do a photo layout for a decorating magazine. "Take a picture of me in bed," she said when she saw what a dreamboat had walked into her house. He did. They've had a relationship for five months.

Mike glances around the restaurant and, apparently not recognizing any faces, hails a waitress. He orders a kir, a drink composed of white wine and blackberry cassis that is very popular in Europe, and solicitously inquires if I would like a refill. When I nod my refusal, he begins discussing what we have come to call his "life-style."

"Look, a lot of people put me down because of the way I conduct my life," he confesses to me in a soft, pious tone. "They think I'm using these women. They think I'm one step away from pickpocketing them or being some kind of common criminal. Man, that's not true at all. In fact, I want to be perfectly clear on a couple of things. First, I am no hustler. I do not take money for sex. If you asked me right now, 'Can we have sex? I'll pay you \$200,' I'd say, 'No.'"

"What if I said, 'I'll pay you \$200 a month'? What do I get for it?"

"Nothing. I'm not available. I'm not for hire. I relate. I have relationships with each of my women. I like every one of them. In fact, if I start to dislike one, I lose her—it's as simple as that. A few years ago I was involved with a woman who was great to look at, and she had money to burn as well. We had our arrangement for, oh, maybe a month or two. She was so happy and pleased with me that she started giving out my phone number to all her rich friends, all the ladies on the benefit committee. That really disgusted me. I dumped her immediately. I'm not in this for quick pocket money, for a quick fuck in the night. To tell you the truth, the most basic part of every one of my relationships is caring. And I mean loving. Not sex, but tenderness. I dispense affection. It just so happens that I get well rewarded for my work. What can I say, those are the breaks!"

Over a dinner of steak tartar and a good, vintage red wine—Mike, it seems, is perfectly at home with the best, the most expensive, whether the woman footing the bill is a lover or a stranger—he speaks quietly, even thoughtfully, about his benefactors and his life. What's most striking is his seriousness. "Look, women have a tough



"I love working with wood!"

time of it these days," he says, shaking his head sympathetically. "At least in a city like New York, it seems as though half the eligible men are gay, and the rest are interested in eighteen-year-olds. The women I meet are not eighteen. They're women who are achievers, which means they're usually in their thirties, forties, or fifties. Many of these ladies have been married and either divorced or widowed, and they aren't equipped to or don't want to deal in the current social marketplace. Or they haven't wanted to give a man their full attention."

Mike's own story seems to be that of an incredible juggler of time, events, and emotions. How does he manage to keep all four of his women happy at the same time? When they snap their fingers, is he supposed to jump? "As high as I can," he says with a smile, amused and not insulted by my metaphor. "I really try to give my all to my women. I guess it's a point of pride with me."

The demands on Mike's time and energy, however, are high. "I guess that Grace, my seventy-one-year-old socialite, is the least demanding and easiest," Mike says after a moment's thought. "Don't get me wrong, I don't mean the others are difficult, but facts are facts. Grace does live 1,300 miles away. She is fabulously wealthy and even more fabulously generous."

Grace comes to town about once a month—sometimes for three days, sometimes for more—and she does so for various reasons (to see the designer collections, to attend a charity ball or the horse show). And during these intervals Mike is at her disposal.

Sometimes he escorts her to dinner, parties, or other functions, all of which appears socially correct enough, especially since Grace has already introduced Mike to her husband as her "gay consultant." ("What I am *supposed* to consult her on," Mike says, his eyes twinkling, "is interior decoration, which is perfectly appropriate for Grace since she's always in the process of redecorating something.") Most evenings, however, the couple stay at home in their luxurious brownstone on Central Park West and make love. "After all, Grace's husband is seventy-eight, he's had a prostate operation, and, let's face it, he's not as spry as he used to be," Mike explains, almost demurely.

Yes, but what about Grace herself? The woman is seventy-one. How fiery and passionate can someone of that age be? "Fiery enough," Mike answers, now glaring at me as though I'd just suggested something on the order of geriatricide.

"What do you mean, 'fiery enough'?"

"I mean that she has a healthy sexual appetite. Sorry, I'm not going to *rate* that appetite for you, but I'm quite sure it's larger than that of some women half her age, and smaller than others. Dig?" For a moment we sit and suffer an awkward silence. Then Mike continues. "When you get up there in years, it's tough—the last

few of them have taken their toll. To tell you the truth, our relationship is based more on affection than sex. At night I cuddle Grace, kiss her, hold her in my arms. I stroke her hair, massage her feet. It's the intimacy and tenderness that are important."

In return for this, Mike has the deed to an apartment, as well as a substantial yearly income. You might say that Mike is the most highly paid masseur in the business.

Does sex with a woman old enough to be his grandmother ever turn him off?

"I don't ever, ever do things that turn me off," Mike says emphatically by way of a reprimand. "No, in fact, being with Grace makes me high. I love her. She is a beautiful, gentle woman who wants to be held and loved. I feel glad that I can give her so much happiness. Besides, she's a very sharp woman, very worldly and very wise. Her years have given her wisdom." Mike is beginning to sound like a Hallmark greeting card.

Abruptly he glances at his Rolex watch and announces that he's late for an appointment. He stands up, tells me to call him the following morning, and slips out of the booth and the restaurant. As usual, the woman is left holding his check.

The loft on Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway sits over a tool-and-die company and is a steep fifth-floor walk-up. Though it's light and spacious, it's nobody's idea of luxury. This is Mike's new "space," his new photo studio, which for the past three

months he has rented "with my own photography earnings," he says pointedly. It is painted stark white, with a number of screens and paper backdrops—one white, one black, some multi-colored—rolled up and hung from the ceilings. Along one wall hang framed fashion photos. "My favorites," says Mike, smiling—all charm, as though our dissonant moment the other night had never happened. A well-worn gray velvet couch sits along one wall under a bank of windows, and three white director's chairs surround a square glass coffee table. Along another wall, pinned to a clothesline, hang a series of artsy black-and-white photos of New York hi-tech landscapes—Mondrian-like geometric shapes, steel-and-glass exteriors jutting into the skyline. "I just started a series of these," Mike says. "I see enough faces and figures at work. These are my relaxation."

Recently Mike moved his studio and darkroom from a makeshift space in the spare bedroom of his apartment into this loft. Here he feels he can deal more professionally with his profession. That is, his "other" profession, photography. "People who know me say, 'What does he care? He's playing at it, that's all,'" Mike protests. "Well, they used to have a case, but now they're wrong. In fact, I just got a terrific assignment. I'm going to Milan to photograph the fall line for a top fashion magazine; I'd rather not say anything more right now in case anything falls through." Mike's enthusiasm appears

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



Francisco and the Lesbian Sex Mafia in New York, with a combined membership of 250, attest to a vigorous but extremely limited female audience.)

Patricia Jennings was also drawn into the S & M scene by her lover, Elliott Myers, a corporate vice-president. Elliott had bought the services of several professional dominatrices but was much happier when he found a dominant streak in his mistress. After six months of experimenting, they now choose to keep their dominant-submissive activities quite separate from the rest of their relationship. This makes it possible for them to isolate the intense role playing they find so satisfying in their scenes.

Elliott and Patricia have an elaborate seduction ritual. Since he is excited by the image of an elegant, unapproachable woman, they arrange to meet as strangers in an empty East Side lounge. The sight of her sitting alone, dressed in a business suit and a fox stole, staring at him coolly through cigarette smoke, haunts his masturbatory fantasies. Although Elliott feels he has surrendered himself to Patricia's mastery—"She owns my manhood," he says—it is he who usually chooses the type of scene they will enact, indicating his preference in this case by wearing his special punishment belt and a leather thong around his throat.

After watching him adjust himself and steal glances at her for several minutes, Patricia rises and leaves the bar with her powerful executive trailing submissively behind. Inside her apartment, she settles herself again into a chair with a cigarette to watch Elliott undress and present himself on his knees, with an unbidden erection. This sign of premature arousal will be added to his list of faults when Patricia hears Elliott's confession, the scenario these two lovers have found to be most satisfying.

She ties his hands behind his back with a long thong, drawing the ends through his crotch to the front and binding his cock and balls, circling loop after loop of leather around the shaft down to the head. Removing her dress, Patricia exposes a black satin merry widow and seamed stockings, to which she adds thigh-high black boots. Elliott now pours out his troubles from the office and his feelings of inadequacy with his wife as Patricia toys with his thong leash, deciding on fifteen strokes as his punishment.

She forces his head down to her feet and he licks his way up her leg to her sex. When she rises, belt in hand, he assumes the proper position to be beaten, his face buried in her crotch, his buttocks arched out as an offering. She loops the belt in half and loudly begins to smack his bottom, warming the surface with several dozen uncounted strokes. She continually repositions his head, rubbing his fore-

TEN GREATEST S&M HITS

1. *Story of O* (1954), Pauline Reage
S & M's foremost classic depicts a young woman's odyssey of sexual surrender and submissive body "ornamentation"; O is whipped, sodomized, corseted, pierced, branded, and abandoned.
2. *Juliette, or The Prosperities of Vice* (1791), Donatien Alphonse François Marquis de Sade
Juliette is the perfect whore and dominatrix supreme; she describes her brothel adventures in gory detail.
3. *Venus in Furs* (1870), Leopold von Sacher-Masoch
Submissive Severin's elaborate description of contracting himself to his Baroness Wanda for regular whipping, humiliation, and general ill treatment.
4. *The Memoirs of Dolly Morton* (1904), Hughes Rebelle
Flagellatory frolics in the Deep South, with a young virgin lady coerced into sexual slavery by a plantation owner with Rabelaisian tasks.
5. *White Thighs* (1967), Alexander Trocchi
Vigorous dominant and submissive role playing, with many delightful reversals, between an orphan, his voluptuous governess, and the servants.
6. *Return to the Chateau* (1969), Pauline Reage
Beginning where *Story of O* leaves off, O matriculates as a professional submissive behind chateau walls; her dossier reads, "Well-trained mouth. Should be whipped."
7. *The Image* (1956), Jean de Berg
This homage to *Story of O* is an elegant novella chock-full of sexy vignettes describing exhibitionistic domination of one woman by another for the benefit of the male narrator.
8. *Mr. Benson* (1979), Jack Prescott
Heartrending first-person narrative of a young man's step-by-step seduction and subjugation by his New York City gay master.
9. *The Real Thing* (1968), William Carney
Witty, precise, and elegant instructions for the discipline novice in the form of letters from an authoritative uncle to his submissive nephew.
10. *Nine and a Half Weeks* (1978), Elizabeth McNeill
A contemporary New York career girl experiences a few fortnights of escalating degradation.

head, then his nose, then his chin, firmly back and forth across her vulva until the jerky strokes carry her over the edge into orgasm.

Finally she orders him to the floor, unfurls the belt to its full length, and, when his buttocks are properly arched up, strikes the anticipated strokes, each one producing a pink welt, while Elliott counts and thanks her aloud—and climaxes onto the carpet. After orgasm these two S & M devotees seem much more talkative and relaxed.

"Our relationship has always been an alternative-life-style sort of thing," stated Elliott. "We met at Night Moves, a swing club; both of us were trying that. Well, the same place is an S & M club on Tuesdays and Thursdays—Chateau 19—and as we talked to these folks, particularly Bob and Penny, who run it, I began to dream about Patty as a merciless mistress beating the shit out of me. I mean, it just stormed my dreams."

Patricia says she patterns her dominatrix image on the costume and mannerisms of a character in the French film *La Maîtresse*. "See, I don't want to be just another kitten with a whip in vinyl boots. Each thing I add has to be real. The point for me is to really scare him. It's the mental part that makes me hot between the legs—really stringing out the suspense."

Although Anne and Les and Elliott and Patricia inhabit the wilder shores of discipline pleasure, they were once beginners, who graduated from simple spanking and handcuffs to more severe forms of whipping and bondage.

Exactly how many Americans indulge in S & M? There are no reliable statistics. On the high side, *Time* cited Dr. Michael Evans, a psychologist at the Berkeley Therapy Institute, as estimating "that a third of all couples have tried spanking at least once and perhaps as many have tied up a sexual partner." In fact, Dr. Evan denies this astounding figure. "I was misquoted," he says. "What I really said was that one-third of the couples merely fantasized about these practices. Actually, the percent is probably much lower, but I wouldn't be surprised if one out of ten couples has tried spanking or light bondage."

On the low side, *The Cosmo Report*, a survey of *Cosmopolitan* readers, noted that only 1.9 percent of its female sample regularly participated in "flagellation or other sadomasochistic behavior" like spanking and bondage. However, almost 10 percent of the *Cosmo* women admitted a fondness for pinching, biting, and slapping their lovers and having the same done to them.

The big-city-sex scene offers broad access to S & M rites. In New York City, for example, several theaters and clubs provide opportunities to watch and even participate. *Another Way to Love*, an Off-Off-Broadway show at the Project Theatre, presents dramatizations of several popular erotic fantasies, many of which deal with sadomasochism. The audience,

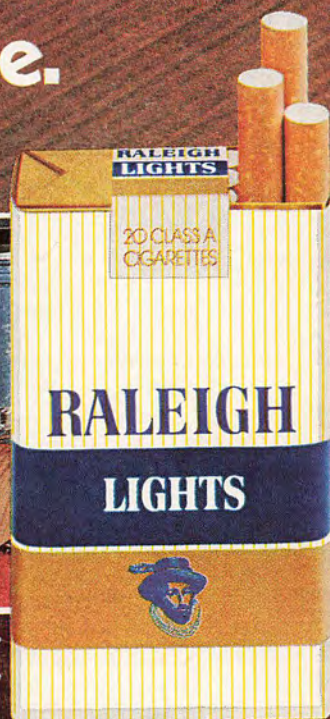
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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*Genuine tobacco flavor
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RALEIGH LIGHTS

which consists mainly of the uninitiated, is encouraged to remain after the show to discuss their own favorite fantasies.

For those eager to turn fantasy into action, there are several on-premise S & M establishments. Most charge a private membership fee, serve liquor, and set aside specific areas for socializing and dancing. The cozy atmosphere and clean facilities of Manhattan's Chateau 19 make it a good place for couples ready to whet their appetite. This club has a comfortable lounge area and a dance floor that sports sturdy S & M equipment, including a ladder and a padded horse.

More authentic scenes unfold at the Hellfire Club, New York's bastion of hardcore S & M. The raw space of its darkest corners truly evokes the S & M ideal of a deserted alley or pier. Parts of *Cruising* were filmed there. Although often inundated with curious "tourists" until the wee hours, late-night visitors willing to participate will certainly find real S & M devotees dressed for action and searching out partners to satisfy their own special tastes. The facilities include structural support beams with shackles for standing, spread-eagle bondage; a tub room for piss scenes; arm-and-wrist stocks built into a fist-fucking sling; and plenty of back rooms for raunchy sex.

How do people actually become dominant and submissive? We asked a few regular club-goers about the origin of their S & M urges. "I've always been this way," reported an imposing dominant by the name of Mike Ross, "but I guess it's something about leather itself. Maybe it goes back to my horseback-riding days, but that's before I was getting laid. I never did train horses, but I guess that's the basic idea. I guess I just feel really sexed up in my leathers." He swept the belt out of his pants by way of illustration. "See, my belt's an extension of my dick—I make them kiss it first. I make love with it, really."

John Graften, a neatly dressed Hellfire habitué, had fantasized about submission since puberty. "All my life I've jerked off to the idea of different women pulling down my pants and spanking me. Sometimes it was in a classroom or in the locker room or over my machine at work. It never occurred to me until recently that I could make it come true. I mean, I'm not going to ask my wife. But I can usually get a good paddling at the club if I play my cards right. Funny thing is, I never was spanked as a kid."

On the West Coast, too, the pain-for-pay scene is thriving. Sylvia and Aaron Wakefield call themselves the "love children" of Los Angeles's domination houses. They met at The Chateau, became involved in compatible bondage fantasies, and married last year. "Now we've found The Padded Cell," said Sylvia. "It's twice as large, and has really super bondage equipment and none of that funny mind-control attitude from the staff. We treat each other to sessions there on our birthdays and anniversaries." The Padded Cell is housed in

S&M SEX MANUAL

SAFETY FIRST

Never experiment with S & M of any kind without deciding first on a signal word as an emergency stop mechanism. Choose something other than "No" or "Stop" so that yelling and struggling can still enhance pleasure. Never strike or put pressure on the neck or kidneys. Check bindings often to prevent cutting off circulation.

FANTASY SCENARIOS

A wide range of characters and story lines are incorporated into dominant and submissive sex play. Some favorite scenarios: harem girl and sheik, pirate and prisoner, teacher and schoolgirl, nurse and patient. These entertainments are acted out with costumes and appropriate background or simply talked through as a part of foreplay. Lovers familiar with each other's most eroticized subjects learn to structure fantasy scenes for peak arousal.

YOUR OWN HOME DUNGEON

Many couples make use of a corner of their basement or garage as a black room or dungeon. Black painted walls, candles, incense, and equipment displayed in the open can be quite provocative to create an S & M atmosphere. A woodshed worktable covered with a sheet or black shower curtain makes a suitable rack. Simply screwing hooks into a solid doorframe at the top and bottom of each side creates a structural support for bondage.

BASIC BONDAGE

Effective spread-eagle bondage is possible without the use of any heavy equipment. Wrists and ankles can be securely bound to a bed with neckties, silk scarves, or hose. After either the wrists or the ankles of the person are tied to the legs of the bed, at one end, loops with slip knots can be quickly dropped around the person's other limbs and

pulled tight. Try a blindfold for an added feeling of helplessness. One of the best-kept secrets of bondage experts is the use of Ace bandages for binding. They are easy to buy and relatively safe; they also double as blindfolds.

STINGING KISSES OF THE ROD

Lash-lovers use a wide variety of flagellation instruments, including the crop, a stiff, tapering rod of gunmetal or plexiglas sheathed in leather; the cane, a slender springy rod of bamboo with one end curled into a handle; and the cat-o'-nine-tails, nine leather thongs attached to a thick handle. Something as simple as a man's belt makes a good "starter" whip. Folded in half, it makes a loud noise with a minimum of damage.

SPANKING GAMES—S & M WITHOUT EQUIPMENT

A favorite pain/pleasure practice among neophyte discipline enthusiasts is a good, old-fashioned spanking. Spanking stimulates erogenous zones and often arouses both participants. The classic over-the-knee, bare-bottom version can call to mind highly charged memories from childhood. Spanking is also a stimulating adjunct to lovemaking—spankers like that extra flush of sensations as they approach orgasm.

DOMINANT/SUBMISSIVE BODY DECORATION

Perhaps the most common symbols of S & M are the collar and cockring. Dog collars are available at any pet store; wearing one is a universal gesture of submission. A cockring heightens genital sensation besides expressing a love of leather. To put one on, start by slipping one testicle into the ring, then gently tug the ball down to the bottom of the sac. Next, slip the other ball through the ring, tugging it down too. Then, push the shaft (flaccid, please) into the ring, with the help of lubrication if needed.

a large Victorian building in Hollywood with rooms and equipment that can be rented with or without professional assistance. Occasional live sex shows are also part of the ambience.

Outside the large cities, the popularity of S & M can be measured by the growth of sex boutiques and mail-order businesses. The Pleasure Chest, America's first S & M-oriented sex shop, opened in New York in 1971. At first, the customers came from the gay leather crowd. Now, however, the demand for S & M gear has spread to the heterosexual crowd, and consequently Pleasure Chest has expanded to eight franchises. In the Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington shops the straight clientele outnumber the gay by ten to one. Even the mild-mannered erotic boutiques in Middle American shopping malls that

were once content to stock push-up brasieres and babydoll nighties now find themselves delving into the realm of S & M.

Caren Ryer, manager of the A 1001 Nights boutique in Manhattan, says that she used to carry sexy lingerie exclusively but that recently she has extended her line to include leather wear, rubber sheets, and discipline equipment in keeping up with the needs of her customers. "Mistress," "Master," and "Slave" T-shirts are also big-selling novelties.

"I can't tell you the number of whips I sell to little old housewives from Scarsdale. They even ask for rubber. Definitely rough trade. It used to be they'd say, 'If you love me, you'll go to bed with me.' Then it was 'If you love me, you'll take it in your mouth.' Well, now it's 'If you love me,

you'll let me beat you.' It's just the next taboo. Why, they had a dominatrice on 'Hour Magazine' on Channel 5 this morning. S & M's all over the place."

S & M practice is discussed in theory at weekly gatherings of the Eulenspiegel Society, a unique social and educational organization. The name comes from the character in German folklore who preferred to climb hills rather than descend them. Rather like the masochist, Eulenspiegel wandered across the countryside, always longing for the ordeal of the next climb. Starting out as sort of a "Masochists Anonymous" in 1971, the society has grown considerably and now attracts many dominants. Meetings consist of panels or lectures followed by "The Circle," that is, group confession, in which each member of the audience confesses his or her sexual preferences and fantasies. There are also monthly parties, including two extravagant costume balls on Halloween and New Year's Eve.

After a recent meeting entitled "Breaking Into S & M," we asked Jack Jackson, Eulenspiegel's president and a nationally known topman, what advice he gives couples just learning to love the lash. "If you want to have an S & M relationship, you have to begin first with a loving relationship—or at least a sexual one. You can't start with the whip. S & M begins in the head. So sit down with your lover and talk out compatible fantasies you might want to play out if mutually agreeable. Say, if you both have a strong bondage fantasy, then try it out with materials at hand, maybe nylon stockings or neckties."

Although happily married, Jack also maintains a primary relationship with his slave of seven years. They appear in public at S & M functions, but Jack says their time together doesn't always involve an overt expression of his dominance. Sometimes they are just as content watching television.

However, the evenings of fantasy certainly highlight their relationship. Jackson's slave loves to be treated like a thoroughbred. "She has very long legs and arms, so when she bends over her ass is in perfect position for my cock," Jack remarks. "I have her walk on her hands. I put a pony's bridle bit in her teeth and then, holding the reins and steering her with my thighs and a whip, I fuck her around the room." Naturally, Jackson hopes that the burgeoning interest in S & M will translate into greater acceptability by straight culture. "When people imagine S & M, they think of a few nuts out there going around hitting each other. They have to understand that it's a valid form of lovemaking."

Well, Sigmund Freud did not. The founder of psychoanalysis explained S & M, in males at least, in terms of castration fear: the sadist does to others that which he fears will be done to him. Freud held that sadistic desires were, in psychological jargon, a primary behavioral impulse. Masochism, on the other hand, supposed-

ly comes about from a failure to deal with the sadistic drive, so that the desire to harm is inverted to one's own body. Masochism is simply passive sadism, normal aggression turned violently against the self. Yet Freud, for all his musing on the perverse, was probably the first sexologist to comment on the importance of S & M as a basic psychosexual characteristic. In *Three Contributions to Sexual Theory* (1920), he states: "The roots of active algolagnia [love of pain] can be readily demonstrated in the normal individual. The sexuality of most men shows an admixture of aggression, of a propensity to subdue, the biological significance of which lies in the necessity for overcoming the resistance of the sexual object by actions other than mere courting."

In *Masochism and Modern Man* (1941), Theodor Reik, a member of Freud's inner circle, contradicted his mentor. Reik held that the masochist pursues pleasure like everyone else but is detoured by pain be-

“I don't want to be just another kitten with a whip in vinyl boots,” she says.
“The point is to really scare him. It's the mental part that makes me hot between the legs—really stringing out the suspense.”

cause he is unable to approach pleasure directly. Perpetually in flight from the agonizing anxiety of pleasure, he deals with his own created but manageable pain instead. "First he atones, then he sins," as Reik put it.

More recently, Dr. Robert Stoller, a Berkeley psychiatrist, stated in *Perversion: The Erotic Form of Hatred* that many variations of sexual practice, including S & M, are generated from hostility born in childhood victimization and conflict, and are then acted out on the sex object. Going Freud one better, he says, "One can raise the possibly controversial question whether in humans, especially males, powerful sexual excitement can ever exist without hostility also being present." Despite his dim view of pain as pleasure, Stoller regards the S & M impulse as basic. "If hostility could be lifted out of the sexual excitement, there would be no perversion, but how much loving sexuality would be possible?" In Stoller's view the unconscious plays out hostility by dehumanizing the love object. According to the canons of psychiatry, this dehumanization is the core dynamic of fetishism. The stiletto-heeled foot and leather-swathed breast

replace the person as a whole as incitement to sexual arousal.

Dr. C. A. Tripp, author of *The Homosexual Matrix*, has a far more sensible view of S & M origins. Transcending the simplicities of Freudian psychology, he refuses to see perversity or hostility in these activities. Instead, he draws the notion of S & M much closer to the idea of sexual well-being and fulfillment by explaining that many highly erotic acts including S & M are brought about as violations of taboos.

"The enjoyment of sadomasochistic techniques," he states in *The Homosexual Matrix*, "is usually limited to persons who have had exceptionally strong social training in either the be-kind-to-others direction or the sex-as-sinful department, or both." He notes how restrictive social attitudes ultimately incite pain/pleasure stimulation by setting up behavior limitations in the form of taboos, which can be electrically arousing to break. "A person with strong, personally held sexual taboos can be ripe for S & M experiences because his taboos don't always inhibit sex—they may enormously intensify it."

In a woman, for example, who has been brought up to feel that sex must be a pleasant, kindly act, spanking can be violational to her early training and extremely arousing. A man whose macho training has impressed upon him the need to be domineering and on top can be tremendously stimulated by bondage and discipline. When the man finally has an orgasm, it's absolutely explosive. "Everyone has tremendous resistance to taboos on some level," says Tripp. "You just don't know where the lightning is going to strike."

People wonder, can pain be pleasurable? One approach to this question is to consider pain as an extension of pleasure rather than as the antithesis of it. Along these lines, Tripp commented, "It is traditional for people to think of sexual activity as a product of moments of maximal contact—and it is." Intensifying the caress to the point of discomfort can be part of this. There may be a heightening of many types of physical contact which remain well within the domain of the embrace. A good example is sexual wrestling where the dominant partner fights, as in the courtship combat of animals, to mount the submissive. This can include holding down, biting the ears and neck, rough stroking or sucking flesh, and overt slapping.

From a biological standpoint, pain seems to be a necessary component in the reproductive mechanisms of lesser animals. For instance, female minks cannot release ripe eggs from their ovaries unless they are stimulated by vigorous fighting during intercourse. Havelock Ellis, an English sexologist and contemporary of Freud, also remarked on the animal origins of S & M in *Love and Pain* (1903). "Among animals, the male wins the female very largely by the display of force. The infliction of pain must inevitably be a result of the exertion of power." What

does this mean for the human animal? Have we inherited this evolutionary taste for pain/pleasure? Ellis thinks we have: "While in men, it is possible to trace a tendency to inflict pain on the women they love, it is still easier to trace in women a delight in experiencing physical pain when inflicted by a lover, and an eagerness to accept subjection to his will. Such a tendency is certainly normal."

Far more fascinating is a recent physiological observation that may help unlock the mystery of the body's orgasmic response to pain. In the face of painful stress, the endocrine system secretes substances called endorphins. These amazing chemicals alter the pain message in the brain. In fact, the *British Medical Journal* has called endorphins "the real opiate of the people." Some sex researchers believe that the escalating stress of S & M practices could generate higher endorphin levels and thus act indirectly as an aphrodisiac, creating an added measure of pleasure. Very simply, just as the distance runner pushes himself for the "runner's high," a masochist uses the painful stimulation of a scene to reach the euphoric rush of an endorphin high. This may account for the addictive quality in sadomasochistic practices where gradually escalating pain is necessary in each encounter to reach the desired level of pleasure.

Occasionally, this euphoria costs plenty. Some men with extravagant obsessions will pay as much as \$4,000 for an evening of S & M in *excelsis*. However, the pay-for-pain scene starts cheap. Hookers who a few years ago would have been content to brag about their blowjob technique have now taken up the whip. They advertise themselves in *Screw* with claims such as "the baddest bitch in B & D" and "fiery domineering witch." An hour of paddling and dirty talk runs anywhere from \$75 to \$200, depending on equipment and specialties.

Forty-second Street's porno mecca, Show World Center, has live S & M in its sex theaters. Many massage parlors, or "leisure spas" as they are often called, have installed black rooms with special dungeon facilities. Even the fantasy phone services have gotten into the swing. "Serve a beautiful aggressive demanding woman and have your B & D humiliation fantasy fulfilled by phone. Master Charge/Visa only." Half an hour starts at \$25. Elegant call-girl services offer dominance upon request at \$125 per hour and up. The market, however, is not limited to dominant hookers; one phone service reported specializing in submissives whose need for "unimaginable humiliation" and "hard Greeking" and "masterful men" could be filled only by calling the number given.

But the problem is finding some shard of authenticity amongst all the prattle. Searching out extraspecial S & M action may lead a man to extraordinarily high-priced mistresses—like Amber.

Amber, a well-seasoned "domme," runs a house on the East Coast. She employs two other professionals and specializes in fantasy actualization. Mistress Amber's fantasy enactments can be elaborately embroidered. We speak here of an extravaganza that she produced last winter for a lawyer named Martin. This eight-year veteran of discipline pleasures and his submissive girl friend, Rose, a ballet student, wanted an erotic ritual that would incorporate three scenes they found most meaningful as a way of celebrating their first anniversary. Martin requested that the ceremony be entirely scripted and performed in front of fifteen friends from his S & M family.

After a champagne-and-caviar welcoming reception, the guests gathered in Amber's dungeon room for the entrance of the dominant players, whom Martin had flown in from various cities. They arranged themselves with their slaves around a small, raised stage area. Rose was pre-

“

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you love me, you'll go to bed
with me." Then, "You'll
take it in your mouth." Well,
now it's "If you love
me, you'll let me beat you."
It's just the next taboo.

”

sented to the group in a white negligee, entirely unaware of the specific proceedings in store for her. After stating her desire to perform the ordeal for her lover, she was stripped and shackled, standing spread-eagled on a dais.

Although she was instructed by Martin to call only him Master, each of the dominants then attempted to force Rose to acknowledge them as Mistress or Master with ten strokes of the whip. She never broke down, and the last of the strokes was meted out with the dais removed and Rose swinging free, suspended by her wrists. Throughout this the audience was quietly served champagne. The effect of the spoken words, the slow, measured pace of the strokes, and Rose's unknowing innocence all made for a highly charged intensity as the ritual continued.


The next scene called for Rose to submit to "being sodomized by a masterful stranger," as Martin put it, "while I gaze on." With the words "Arch and present!" Master Odeon, a tall, powerful-looking man, ordered Rose to assume a position on her knees with her torso hyperextended, her hands at her sides, and her mouth open. He disrobed, lit a joint, and slowly

walked around Rose, casually stroking himself and regarding her from several sides. Then he tugged back her head by the hair and introduced his cock to her lips, inch by inch.

When he was sufficiently aroused, a stool was brought on stage and Rose was tied down over it so that she could keep her eyes on Martin while her anal virginity was taken. Odeon slapped Rose's buttocks and stroked his erection to full rigidity, then worked his way into her ass in several short jabs. Her cries seemed to fire his vigor; his thrusts became so fierce that two men came up from the audience to hold the stool in place while Odeon rode Rose to a bullish orgasm.

During a candlelit buffet supper that followed, the hushed atmosphere continued. Most remained silent until the final segment of the ritual. Rose was escorted back to the stage in a black peignoir and bound to a huge structure in the shape of an X. Mistress Amber then brought on master tattooist Phil Sparrow to complete the ceremony. He inked a beautiful black-and-red rose entwined with Martin's initials onto Rose's right breast. Then, pulling the flesh taut, he embedded the three-color design permanently into her skin with the buzzing electric needle. Afterward, Martin tenderly untied her himself and presented her with eleven red roses. Both of them broke into tears as they were toasted by the audience.

How, ultimately, can we understand the panorama of the pain/pleasure behavior described here? Are Rose and Martin caught up in some inexplicable libidinal knot within the fabric of human sexuality? Dr. Alfred Kinsey, the master analyst of eros, offers the simplest and least judgmental answer. In *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953), he observes that certain sexual patterns arise from the processes of learning in each individual. "Behavior which may appear bizarre, perverse, or unthinkably unacceptable to some persons, and even to most persons, may have significance for other individuals because of the way in which they have been conditioned. Flagellation and masochism . . . may be no more difficult to explain than the behavior of the male who reacts at the sight of his wife undressing for bed."

In the final instance, sadomasochism is simply another type of sexual preference, no different from a fondness for blondes or a favorite coital position. A love for discipline, or for blindfolds, leather, or bondage, like any other erotic inclination, is an acquired taste, which comes about as a result of experience. "All of these choices and reactions to particular stimuli," Kinsey says, "may seem reasonable enough and more or less inevitable to the person who is involved." How natural it is, then, to discover that ritualized role playing, the giving and taking of sexual control and pain as an erotic stimulant, is a truly valuable element in love play for so many people. 

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

TIM, AGE TWENTY-SIX
I've never been married. I've been in the U.S. Navy
since I was seventeen years old. I'm a cook now, having
made the navy my career.

I've never had a steady relationship with a woman that lasted more than a couple of months. Every time I become interested in a particular woman, the relationship begins wonderfully, we see each other constantly, then—*pop!*—the bubble bursts. It's suddenly all over. This has happened with about a dozen women I've been "seriously" interested in, over and over again.

I think my dream has a lot to do with my tendency to have these short, disappointing relationships. Or maybe it has something to do with my worrying about this tendency. I have it at least once a week. Sometimes I dream this dream every night of a given week.

As the dream starts, I am in a strange city. Even after nine years of traveling around the world, I have never seen a town like this one. In the center of the town, next to a bank (where, in every dream, I cash a

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

paycheck), is my ideal center, situated so it is accessible from any direction. Everything I like is in this complex: an amusement park, movie theater, roller-skating rink, and bookstore. I enter the skating rink.

While skating I notice the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She has long, blond hair, blue eyes, and is wearing a long, flowing beige dress. Gracefully she skates along, but I notice she is not wearing any skates. I race to catch up to her, to tell her, but I lose a wheel and fall. When I get up, she's gone. I turn my skates in and go outside.

The marquee announces *A Clockwork Orange* is showing. (Sometimes it's another film but most of the time it's *Orange*.) I head toward the theater, walking past the bookstore, which is having a sale on *In Cold Blood*, by Truman Capote. I am about to go into the movie house when I see the woman again. She, too, is walking toward the theater. I go up to her and tap her on the shoulder.

What turns around is not a beautiful woman but the most grotesque creature I have ever seen. I run away and hide in the record store. Every record ever available is on sale for \$1.99 or three for \$5.

While glancing through the records I look up to see the woman again. This time it is really her, not the creature. But, at the same time, out of the corner of my eye, I notice a very rare album, an original copy that I have wanted for years. I

● I start performing for the people who are watching, moving my ass in rhythm to her moans. ●

rush over to grab the album before someone else can get it. I get the record but when I look up, the woman is leaving with a man I argue with every time we are together. I yell, "Wait! Don't go with him!" They both yell back, "Fuck you!" and walk out. Somebody yanks the record from my hand.

I walk outside and get on the roller coaster to cheer myself up. As the coaster takes off, I see the woman, alone, standing on the ground. She yells up at me, "Frank, meet me here when the ride's over!"

I am very happy, but on the first big hill a piece of track is missing. I hear crashing noises and experience a falling sensation. I wake up.

I have never seen my dream woman in real life. But I do worry that when I meet the "right" woman, she won't be interested. Also, the prospect of being with the same woman for the rest of my life scares me a little. Please help me.

DR. ELLIS COMMENTS:

Your analysis of your dream seems close to the truth, namely, that you have been looking for many years for the "right" woman and discarding many as not being this wonderful she. Now (at the old age of twenty-six!) you fear that you will never find her, or that if you do, you won't have enough to offer her. In your dream, you meet one obstacle after another: you lose a skating wheel, encounter an ugly woman, get robbed of a valuable record, fall off the roller coaster, and lose the princess you crave. Lots of effort—and all for zilch! Just like what keeps happening in your real-life affairs with women.

If you will try to give up the idea of finding one perfect or



"right" woman and also stop defending yourself against lasting involvements by thinking of them as scary, persistence and luck will most probably pay off and you may well find more lasting bliss. Not for too long or too short a time—but just "right"!

SONIA, AGE THIRTY-TWO

I'm a clerical worker and a bisexual swinger. My lover and I were introduced by a mutual friend (female) who had had sexual relations with my man, his ex-girl friend, her husband, and me. On the first night we met, my man knew I was bisexual and he was delighted with my attitude. We—my man, our beautiful friend, and I—made love. He watched me as I stripped our friend, laid her down, teased her skin with my tongue and fingers, and fingered her to orgasm. When I buried my face in her fine cunt to drink her juices, he worked on me from behind with his tongue, his fingers and—finally—his big cock. The first time I saw his cock was when we were done and he was wet with me. My friend left us alone after a while to get to know each other completely. It was so good my man and I have been together ever since.

In my dream I am in a busy department store. I see my man's ex-girl friend and go over to talk with her. I haven't seen her in a long time and she looks great. It's summer and she has on this thin T-shirt and tight pants. I can see her whole body as I follow her to the back of one of the departments and behind some boxes stacked there. She goes behind some of the boxes—not totally out of view—and lies down.

All of a sudden it's as though there's two of me. One is



friend in her own right, since you enjoyed her before and were recently reminded of her by your man's showing you her promotion pictures. Second, you may want to emphasize her lesbianism, which she greatly displays in your dream, to convince yourself that she's no longer really interested in men—especially, your man!—but primarily in women. Third, you perform very well in the dream, not only for your partner but for many onlookers. This may show that you'd like to turn the whole world on with your great love-making and your rhythmically moving ass.

So the dream may, all at once, satisfy your personal lusts, make you feel safe with your man, and let you show the whole world how sexy you are. Triple rewards wrapped up in a single sexy dream!

HENRY, AGE THIRTY-SEVEN

I have a sex dream that has just about rejuvenated my marriage. I've been married for about fifteen years, and like a lot of husbands and wives who've known each other for a long time, my sexual desire for my spouse has diminished as the years have increased, until recently. We'd make love about once a month. Sometimes less. No one can say I didn't try to be a good lover. My wife and I have read all the sex manuals. We even went to a sex therapist once. Nothing worked. Until I had this dream.

“One man is in a room packed with women. They're fingering, sucking, licking any orifice in sight.”

there behind the boxes with this lovely lady, the other one is watching as I take the lady by the hips, unzip her pants, and feel her smooth belly. It's difficult but I pull her pants down over her hips so I can get my tongue on her beautiful cunt. It tastes so good! I play with the girl's clit and make her moan so loud that people start walking over to watch what's happening. One hand is playing with her cunt lips, my fingers moving in and out. The other hand is pinching her nipples and driving her crazy. I start performing for the people who are watching, moving my ass in rhythm to her moans. I can tell the people are getting as hot as I am with this lady's heavy breathing. She's just lying back and having a great time. She comes in a blast, comes again and again. Then I wake up hot enough to drive my man crazy for the rest of the night.

When my man and I first started going together, he would get an occasional call from this lady, his ex-girl friend (she lives out of state now). She is a stripper and has a very liberal attitude toward sex. I had this dream the same night he showed me some of her promotional pictures. She's a beauty. They had been going together for four years and their split-up had been by mutual agreement. Is my dream just lust for this lovely-looking lady or am I telling myself she's no threat to the relationship my man and I now have? I don't understand why my making love to her would turn me on so.

DR. ELLIS COMMENTS:

Your dream could easily have several complementary meanings. First, you may well lust after your man's ex-girl

In the dream, I'm walking along a street in a big city. I pass a theater that is showing porno movies. I go inside. It's an incredible film. One naked man is in a motel room that is literally packed with naked women. There are at least twenty women in this room. They're swarming over the man like bees in a hive. Some of them are even making love with each other. They're fingering, sucking, licking, kissing any orifice in sight. You name it, they're doing it. In the movie there are lots of come shots. Remember, this is a dream. The guy in the movie can keep it up forever.

I'm enjoying the film immensely. I begin to masturbate as I watch the film. Then I realize that my wife, Karen, is one of the women in the porno movie. In fact, it is soon apparent that she and the one guy are the star attractions. She does everything sexually possible. She gets finger-fucked by a number of the women. They eat her out. She eats them. She then goes for the man, who is fucking another chick. My wife literally pushes this other woman aside and takes the guy's cock in her mouth. From there they do everything. Every position imaginable to man and woman is explored. He even fucks my wife up the ass, something I've never tried with her.

The strange part of the dream—as if the whole dream isn't pretty bizarre—is the moment at which I wake up. I've had the sex dream maybe six times in the last month, and I always wake up just at the moment I'm about to enter the motel room myself. I'm no longer in the theater. I'm outside the door of the motel, ready to enter, when—bam!—I'm awake. And very, very excited.

My wife is beside me in bed. She's sleeping. I can't help

• The nuns face the camera and slowly open their robes to reveal they're wearing nothing underneath except garter belts and black net stockings. •

myself. I have to have sex. Sometimes I wake her up. Sometimes I don't. I just enter her while she's sleeping. It's fantastic, and generally I'm so excited and enthusiastic it gets her going, too. After one of these dreams, my whole attitude toward her changes. I see her as a hot woman, someone who's made for sex. Otherwise, she's just Karen, my wife of fifteen years.

I might add that I'm a porno aficionado. I probably take in about three or four triple-X-rated movies a week. I even have a library at home of some classic sex movies. I really enjoy the ones with movie stars, made before they became hot-shot successes. Karen doesn't much care for this hobby of mine. She refuses to let me watch them when she's in the house. And of course, she won't go to a triple-X film with me, even though I've begged her to many times.

As I said before, our sex life is very good these days, and I owe it to this horny dream of mine. Karen keeps asking me why I've changed, why the sudden interest. I'd love to tell her, but I'm afraid I'll ruin a good thing.

DR. ELLIS COMMENTS:

Congratulations! You have nicely solved, with this dream technique, one of the most common and greatest sex problems of marriage—the waning of one's sexual desire as the years go by.

Like many men, you not only want to be horny yourself but to have a partner who is truly, as you say, "a hot woman, someone who's made for sex." Your wife, Karen, is hardly like this, so you creatively make her into this kind of woman in your dream. You thereby harmlessly arouse yourself, refrain from putting down your wife in real life, and get yourself so excited and enthusiastic for her "hotness" that you practically screw her ass off and get her going, too. Great! Keep up the good dream work. It's really paying (instead of laying off) off!

NAT, AGE TWENTY-FIVE

I'm a happily married, very religious man who rarely has sex-oriented dreams. I have strong family ties—my mother and sister are very dear to me—so this dream, which I had about a week after I gave up smoking marijuana, puzzles me.

In it I'm watching public broadcasting with my mother and sister. The television screen shows a large room with many beautiful women, all dressed in the traditional nun's habit. The nuns face the camera and slowly open their robes to reveal they're wearing nothing underneath except garter belts and black net stockings. I notice the women are all tied or chained together in groups of two and three.

The camera does a series of close-ups on the faces of these gorgeous young women as they kiss and caress one another. Then it focuses on one stunning black woman who is simulating oral sex with a huge, fake purple penis. She licks it with her long tongue in sweeping, measured strokes. She squeezes the penis, and out darts a tongue from its tip. The cock tongue is like a butterfly tongue—long, stretchy, thin—and at the end is what looks like a tiny suction cup.

The woman sucks on this tongue, then engulfs the entire penis in her mouth, then moves her head back and forth, back and forth. The final camera shot is a close-up of this woman sticking her tongue into the little suction cup at the tip.

The scene changes to a beach. Standing with two gorgeous girls in bikinis is Frank Sinatra. Frank and the girls begin to roll around on the ground as he slowly pulls their bikini bottoms down their long legs. The camera zooms in as he spreads the legs of one of the girls.

My mother asks, "Isn't there anything else on?"

"I don't know," I reply.

"Get up and change the channel," my sister says.

But I am reluctant to do so because I have a hard-on and don't want them to notice.

What do you make of this dream?

DR. ELLIS COMMENTS:

This seems like a very sexy dream but it could also represent your craving for marijuana, for the black woman sucking—and I mean sucking—a purple penis could symbolize your need to suck on reefers. And your mother and sister wanting you to "change the channel" may indicate their desire for you to stay off luscious, enjoyable pot.

Sexually, your dream shows that even a highly religious man can greatly lust after the fleshpots of Egypt and get violently hard under the most forbidden, family-censored circumstances. In fact, if we put two and two (that is, sex and pot) together, we may surmise that in order to subdue some of your sexual lusts, you once resorted to marijuana; and now that you have given that up, your unconscious desires for nonmarital sex have again reared their "ugly" head. If so, perhaps you had better fully accept your underlying lustfulness so that you don't have to squelch it with drugs or bury it in your dreams. O—

"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

ARE YOU A SADIST?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-seven questions to predict how much pain you can inflict



PSYCHOGRAPH

If you have a closet full of leather harnesses, buggy whips, handcuffs, nipple clamps, labia spreaders, bicycle chains, hobnail boots, and padlocks, you'll probably score well on at least part of this psychograph. But you don't have to be a connoisseur of whips and chains to be a sadist. Daily life offers us limitless opportunities to practice more subtle forms of sadistic behavior.

Sadism is an ambiguous term in psychology. Sometimes it's used to describe only people who practice the arcane rites of the sexual sadist: bondage, flagellation, mutilation, etc. Other times it applies to a more generalized set of cruel attitudes and behaviors. People who fall into the first category do not always fit into the second. Some sexual sadists are, in the non-erotic parts of their lives, well-adjusted, pleasant folks. On the other hand, some extremely cruel men can be downright meek when it comes to sex. (In fact, they are sometimes sexual masochists, preferring to feel pain rather than to administer it. For more on masochism, stay tuned. . . . This reverse side of the S & M coin will be the subject of next month's psychograph.)

Researchers at the University of London's prestigious Institute of Psychiatry have found that sadism is not peculiar to any single social class. It's spread fairly evenly through all socioeconomic levels. They've also found that sadists' sex drives are neither more nor less powerful than those of "normal" men, nor do sadists engage in their kinky sex practices with more or fewer partners than your average heterosexual male. (These English researchers, Chris Gosselin and Glenn Wilson, have published their findings in a recent book, *Sexual Variations*, which was helpful in preparing this psychograph. It contains in-depth, comparative studies of sadists, masochists, leather and rubber fetishists, and transvestites.)

Sadistic impulses go back to the dawn of human existence. In fact, there are those who argue that gratuitous cruelty is what sets man apart from all other species.

The Romans, of course, were masters of sadism. Public executions were a major spectator sport. People were not only thrown to the lions, they were also burned alive, buried in the company of vicious dogs or poisonous snakes, thrown off

cliffs, drowned, and trampled by elephants. Roman execution practices also illuminate the curious, deeply rooted connection between sex and cruelty: when they crucified people, they often pierced the victims' genitals in the process.

The eighteenth-century Marquis Donatien Alphonse François de Sade, from whose name sadism derives, was actually not as vicious as legend would have it. True, he once slashed a girl with a knife for the sheer pleasure of savoring her fear, but otherwise most of his sadistic impulses seem to have been confined to his writings. (The girl, by the way, escaped and had the marquis arrested.)

The man with perhaps the greatest claim to being the world's worst sadist was Gilles de Rais—one of France's most wealthy and powerful nobles—who lived from 1404 to 1440. During his short life he sexually abused and killed 150 to 200 children (he said he lost count), often sexually violating his victims after they were dead. The fact that he was also the official protector of Joan of Arc—he saved her life twice—lends ammunition to those who have noted a historic attachment between religion and sadism.

Some of the following questions touch on delicate matters. It's important that you answer them with complete honesty.

PART I

1. If you only could have one type of sex for the rest of your life, would you prefer that it be:
 - (a) soft, gentle, and romantic
 - (b) rough, hard, and impersonal
2. Have you ever bound, gagged, spanked, or whipped your sexual partner?
 - (a) yes, frequently
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) very rarely or never
3. Have you ever forced your sexual partner to engage in erotic practices against her will?
 - (a) yes, very often
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) on rare occasions
 - (d) never
4. Do unusual items of clothing specifically designed to be erotic—such as

leather or rubber underwear, etc.—turn you on?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

5. Have you ever ripped clothing off your partner during a sexual encounter?
 - (a) yes, frequently
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) rarely or never
6. Do you enjoy having sex with a woman *while* you're mad at her?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
7. When you're having sex, do you often pin your woman to the bed almost as a wrestler would, immobilizing her writhing arms and legs while you enter her?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
8. Do you feel a sexual encounter is not completely satisfying unless your partner emits uncontrollable gasps, moans, and sighs?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) not usually
9. How do you feel about anal intercourse?
 - (a) I love it; it's my favorite form of sex.
 - (b) It's nice, but it's not my preferred form of intercourse.
 - (c) I can take it or leave it.
 - (d) It's disgusting.
10. Have you ever seriously bruised or injured a partner during sex?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
11. Does your lovemaking style usually include biting, scratching, giving hickies, and similar sorts of minor physical aggressiveness?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) occasionally
 - (c) not usually
12. Do you feel a sexual encounter isn't completely satisfying unless you use

words like "cunt" and "bitch" while you're making love?

- (a) yes
(b) no

PART II

How strongly do the following statements apply to you? Check (a) if a statement applies *very strongly*; (b) for *quite strongly*; (c) for *moderately*; (d) for *not much*; (e) for *not at all*.

1. When I'm arguing with people close to me (lover, wife, parents, etc.) and they don't fight back verbally or physically, I become even more enraged than I already am. When someone folds up on me, I attack even more viciously.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
2. I daydream a lot about getting back at my enemies. When I think someone has done me wrong, I plot all sorts of ways that I can screw them.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
3. I have very strong political beliefs. You could almost say I'm a fanatic.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
4. I have very strong religious beliefs. You could almost say I'm a fanatic on that subject.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
5. I like to play practical jokes.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
6. When I was a kid, I often tortured small animals and insects (pulling wings off flies, etc.).
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
7. I enjoy discovering other people's mistakes, and when I do, I invariably point them out to the people concerned.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___
8. I almost always express my anger with my lover, wife, parents, kids, or roommates. Even if it's a little thing that ticks me off—something other people might let pass—I get it out into the open.
(a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

9. I enjoy being sarcastic. I can never resist making a sarcastic jab whenever the occasion presents itself.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

10. If I'm mad at someone, I can invoke the silent treatment better than anybody around.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

11. I think that having a mastery of sexual technique is the key to a good sex life.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

12. Any woman I live with has to know that I'm the boss.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

13. The Nazis actually had some good ideas; they just didn't get a chance to carry them out.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

14. I often make promises that I'm pretty sure I won't be able to keep. For example, I'll make an appointment that I know I'll probably have to break or I'll promise to call someone back when I actually have no intention of doing so.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

15. I'm never the first to make up after a quarrel.

- (a) ___ (b) ___ (c) ___ (d) ___ (e) ___

SCORING

The two parts of this psychograph deal with different aspects of sadism. They are scored independently. It's possible to score very high on one and very low on the other. However, a high score on either part indicates possible sadistic tendencies.

Part I

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | 7. a-5, b-1 |
| 2. a-10, b-3, c-1 | 8. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 3. a-8, b-5, c-2, d-1 | 9. a-7, b-4, c-2, d-1 |
| 4. a-5, b-1 | 10. a-8, b-1 |
| 5. a-6, b-3, c-1 | 11. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 6. a-5, b-1 | 12. a-7, b-1 |

Part II

Give yourself 5 points for each (a) answer you selected; 4 points for each (b) answer; 3 points for each (c) answer; 2 points for each (d) answer; 1 point for each (e) answer.


INTERPRETATION

Part I. (Highest possible score, 76; lowest possible, 12.) If you scored 40 or more points on this section, there's a strong likelihood that you have a pronounced streak of sexual sadism in you. If you scored 20 or below, you probably don't. A score between these two extremes may indicate that you have leanings toward sexual sadism but don't often indulge them. No matter what your overall score, if you chose *any* individual answers worth 6 points or more, there's a good possibility that, deep down, you're a sexual sadist.

Sadistic sex fantasies. Even if you've never engaged in any of the behaviors described in Part I, it's possible—even probable—that you fantasize about them. If you scored low on this part but fantasize frequently about such activities, it's likely you're a closet sadist.

If you fantasize occasionally about some of the behaviors covered in Part I, you're probably relatively normal, since most men have some secret sadistic sex fantasies. If you never fantasize about any of these activities, you may actually be a little weird, since few men are really *that* meek and mild.

Part II. (Highest possible score, 75; lowest possible, 15.) This section deals with generalized psychological sadism in everyday life. A score above 50 points suggests that you have a strong tendency toward cruel, sadistic behavior in nonsexual matters. If you got the chance, you could be our next Hitler or Idi Amin. This applies no matter what you scored on Part I of this psychograph.

A score between 30 and 50 points means you have some sadistic leanings but don't carry them out to the same frightening degree as men who scored highest on this section. If you scored below 30 points, you're probably pretty well adjusted. You don't feel the need to take out your frustrations and power lusts on those around you. 



F. Foster

"It means another damn malpractice suit, I suppose."



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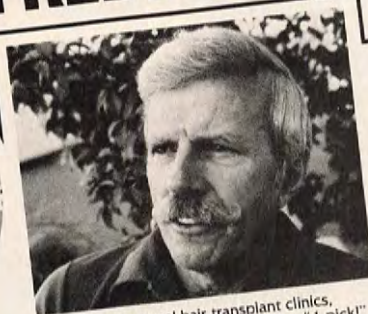
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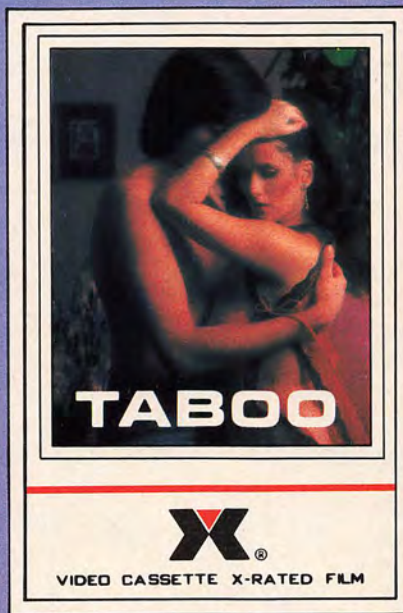
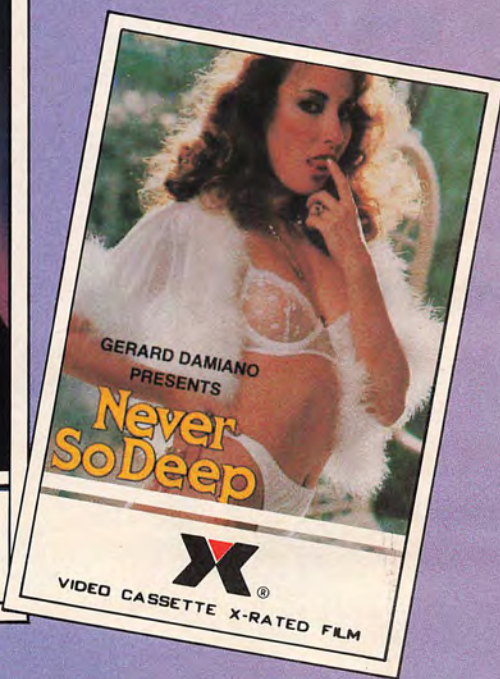
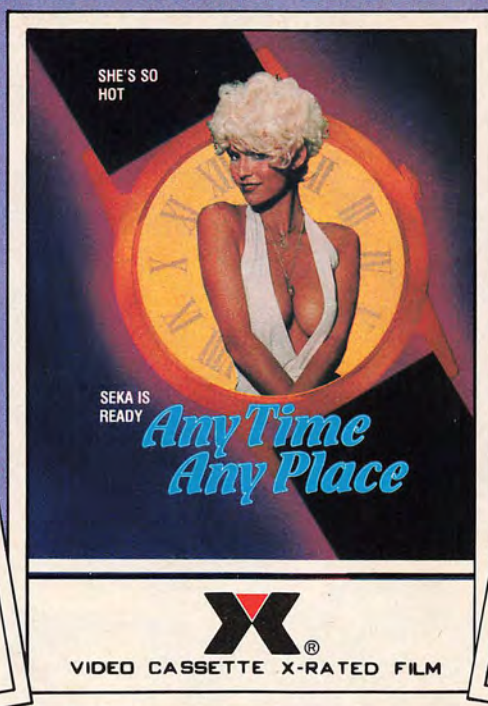
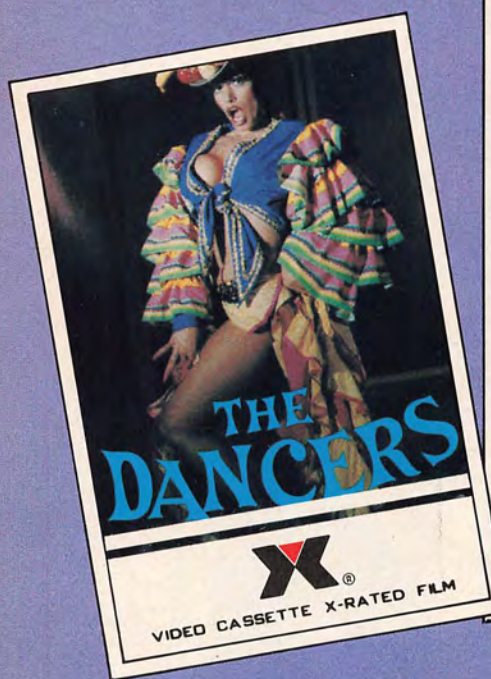
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my door. I tried to ignore it but Ivan was saying something about checking some pipes on the kitchen radiator. I was seconds away from coming but I threw on my robe and answered the door. Breathing heavily and covered in perspiration, I made some rude remarks about disturbing tenants so late in the evening.

Ivan is a tall, bronzed Hungarian with wide shoulders, a muscular chest, and a tight, firm ass that drives the other women in my building crazy. He pretended to check the radiator but was actually staring at me with a knowing smile.

My pussy was still throbbing when he said, "I think I can help you with your other problem too." When he stood up the zipper of his jeans was bulging, but I pretended not to notice or understand his comment. He walked over to the vase, removed another thistle, and began rubbing it up and down the outside of his pants till I thought his cock would break through the zipper's metal teeth.

My snatch was on fire and I let my robe fall to the floor. He pushed me to the ground and began screwing me with this prickly dick. I came in seconds, my sticky love juices flowing all over the flower. While regaining my composure, I watched him lick the flower clean. I then used that flower on his beautiful instrument till it took on science-fiction-size dimensions. Forgetting all my hang-ups, I began screaming for him to "fuck me hard and fast." We fucked in every imaginable position and inserted our bushy surrogate penis into every imaginable orifice. After hours of ecstasy, we lay exhausted in each other's arms with our horticultural toy between us, reeking of the scent of our many orgasms. After licking off our wonderful third partner, we fell asleep till dawn. Ivan has been back five times this month, and each encounter is more unbelievable than the last.

First, is there any disease we can contract from this thistle? I am too embarrassed to ask my gynecologist. Secondly, is there any way to preserve this wonderful flower so that we can enjoy this erotic pleasure in all seasons? I hope you have some positive information, because I don't think I can live without my new flower friend.—K.H.

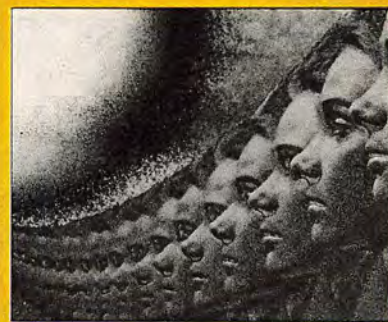
I am not a botanist and therefore I am not familiar with your particular thistle. If it is a prickly thistle, the spines could contain some substance that could cause an infection. On the other hand, the European stinging nettle, *Urtica dioica*, has traditionally been used for sexual stimulation since ancient Roman times. Its hairlike spines secrete an irritant to the skin that is supposed to drive you wild when applied to cock or clit. I have never tried it myself.

Floral fucking is not yet elucidated by any of the learned sexologists, so it seems you are the first in this field. O—

THIS MONTH IN OMNI ON SALE JULY 22



FICTION



UTOPIA



FUTURE TOWN

MICKEY MOUSE'S FUTURE TOWN—What began as a dream of the revered cartoonist and park builder Walt Disney has become what some say is just another amusement park. Called EPCOT (Experimental Prototype of the Community of Tomorrow), it was to be an experiment where a community of people would try out promising new technologies, a living laboratory. EPCOT has now become a theme park, a "classroom of the future," with Fortune 500 corporate sponsors and animated exhibits. Is this the Disney dream? Find out what the people who gave us Mickey Mouse have done with the future in *Omni*.

INNER VISIONS—Mankind must use the brain to study the brain. And many brilliant minds have struggled to illuminate the organ of intellect in its infinite complexity. To this end, researchers at UCLA Medical Center have pioneered a technique that reveals the brain in vivid, three-dimensional detail and with unrivaled depth of focus. Their unique photographs create the illusion of penetrating inner space. Readers will marvel at the intricacy of a single brain cell, or wander, bacteriumlike, through a forest of nerves that tower like redwoods. Don't miss this journey through the landscape of the mind in *Omni*.

TINKERING WITH UTOPIA—Such technologies as genetic engineering, psychopharmacology, and brain implants promise a lot, but what will they deliver: better living through science, or a Brave New Future? As we edge closer to the start of the next millennium, more people are beginning to ask themselves this question. In this month's *Omni* you can read about what some of the world's top scientists, such as Konrad Lorenz and brain-control expert José Delgado, see as the likelihood of a man-made utopia, what technology will do to our sex lives, and why some fear we may be the last of an imperiled species.

FICTION—In August *Omni* concludes its exclusive two-part excerpt of Frank Herbert's new novel, *The White Plague*. In this installment an anguished man's vengeance is beginning to be felt all over the world, and a team of scientists tries to halt the progress of his genetically engineered plague. Also, *Omni* introduces the Japanese science-fiction writer Kono Tensei's work to America. "Triceratops" is a fine example of his famed "city naturalist" SF series.

TEN TRUE TALES OF SEXUAL TERROR

Toe tampering. Vehement virginity. Mantis mania.
History is rife with men who reap pleasure from pain,
proving that lust is stranger than fiction.

BY ANN HODGMAN



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEREK PELL

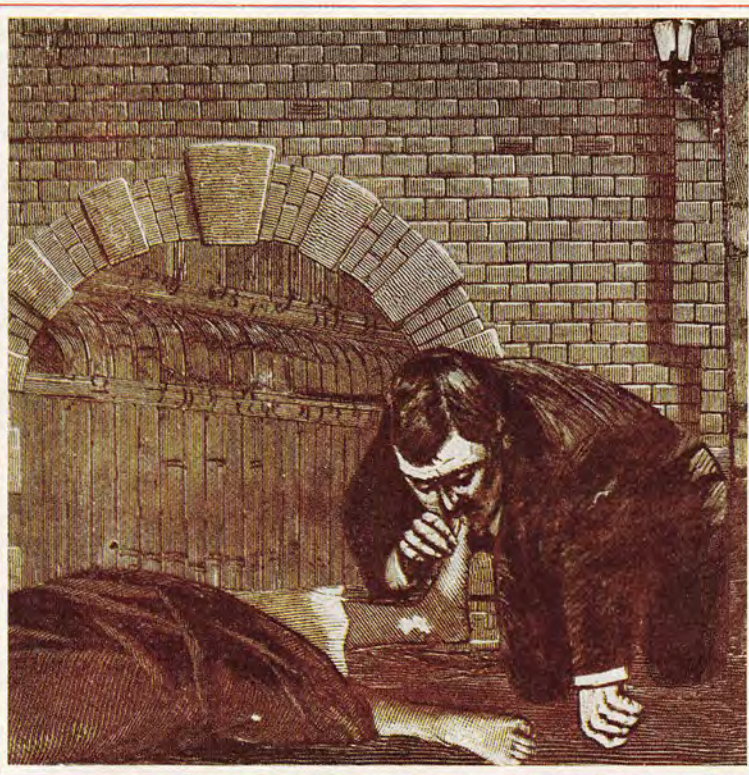
From the forthcoming book *True Tiny Tales of Terror*, to be published by Perigee Books. © 1982 Ann Hodgman & Derek Pell



Jane Toppan was a sweet-faced nurse in Lowell, Mass. She was well loved and her services were in great demand, though people would probably have been less eager to hire her if they had known that her stated ambition was "to have killed more people—more helpless people—than any man or woman has ever killed."

Toppan made her own poison and used it with great restraint, introducing it only after having nursed her patients enough to make doctors' visits unnecessary. The poison, which was almost impossible to detect, caused shortness of breath, convulsions, and chills—all of which made Jane Toppan want to laugh. "I would kiss the patient simply because I was happy," she said in court before her shaken lawyers. Toppan was certainly the murderer of thirty-one of her patients and may actually have nursed more than a hundred to death.

There were several factors opposing the marriage of Capt. William



Cranstoun and Mary Blandy from Henley-upon-Thames. To begin with, Captain Cranstoun was already married, and Mary's father hated him. But the lovers were not discouraged by this, for Cranstoun had sent Mary a package of powder that he called a "love philter." This philter was not for Mary; it was for her father, and if she would slip it to him in his meals it would make him love the captain like a son.

Instead the love philter killed the old man. Captain Cranstoun ungallantly fled England and left Mary Blandy to be hanged. Her sense of refinement never deserted her, though. As she walked up the gallows ladder she said, "Gentlemen, do not hang me high, for the sake of decency."

In 1789 the West End of London was haunted by a villain popularly known as "The Monster." His habit was to follow well-dressed women through the streets, insulting them, and then—if possible—stabbing them through their stays or

"through their petticoats behind" (as one reporter genteelly described it). A journalist of the time portrayed the general terror in the area.

"It is really distressing to walk the streets towards evening. Every woman we meet regards us with distrust, shrinks sidling from our touch, and expects a poignard to pierce what gallantry and mankind regard as sacred."

The Monster, whose real name was Rhyndrick Williams, was caught and jailed. He gradually faded from public memory until he was mentioned in passing in a London *Times* article ten years later:

"Another new *Monster* on Wednesday made his appearance in town. His passion is for *biting the Ladies' toes and finger ends*. They said his name is *Frost*."

In 1901 a man in monk's robes arrived in the village of Verkhoturie in the Ural Mountains. His name was Father Fédot. He had come to build a hermitage for his new cult, a colo-

ny of "sister disciples."

These disciples, as it developed, were always wealthy young women, whom Father Fédot permitted to stay with him on one condition: they must swear they had told no one about their visits to his hermitage. If the female disciples could not swear to this, Fédot made them leave at once. But some were allowed to stay. These women were first given luxurious baths. Next they were made to lie in specially prepared coffins so that they might acknowledge the sacredness of death. The discipleship ended there.

Fédot did not think to ask Madame Chernust if she had kept her visit to the hermitage a secret. After all, it was she who had funded the building in the first place. She had also told her husband where she was going on the day Fédot killed her. Alarmed at her long absence, Captain Chernust visited the hermitage himself and there caught Fédot closing his freshly dead wife into her coffin. Four other coffins—filled—lay in the same room.

Before long the bodies of thirty other women were found on the hermitage grounds. Authorities had the building burned to the ground; it was all they could think of to do, for

Captain Chernust had already run Father Fédot through with his sword.

John Hunter, one of the greatest doctors of the 1700s, had many theories about venereal disease. To test them he infected himself with tissue taken from a syphilitic patient. He became very ill himself and let the disease boil along untreated for several months. By rubbing his sores with mercury he gradually brought them under control, but three years went by before he considered himself cured. During all that time Hunter's fiancée had been patiently waiting to marry him.

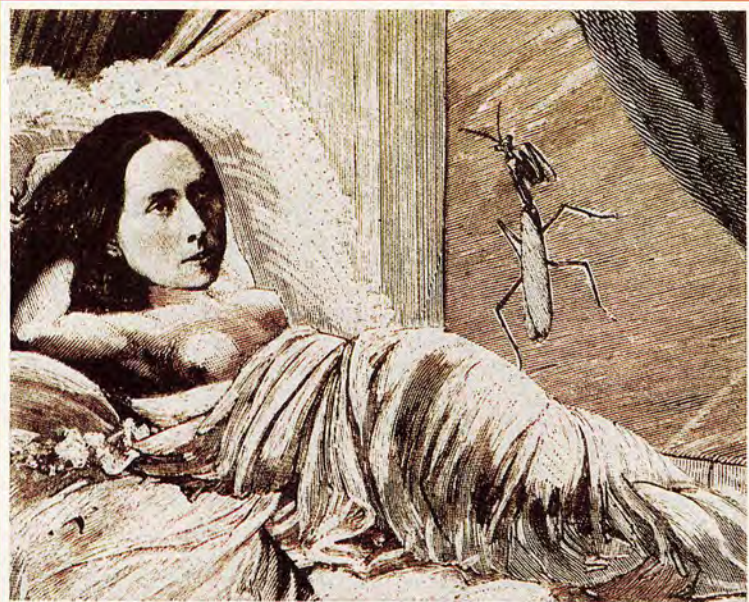
Queen Bess was the name of a celebrated praying mantis belonging to a nineteenth-century insect lover named Mrs. Taylor. In *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* Mrs. Taylor described—with evident delight—waking to find Bess on nightly guard against mosquitos. "It was the drollest, the most laughter-moving sensation," she chuckled, "to feel one of these trumpeters saluting your nose or forehead, and hear Queen Bess approaching with those long claws, creeping slowly nearer and nearer; to feel the fine prick of the lancet setting in for a tip-

ple; then you would suppose a dozen fine needles had been suddenly drawn across the part; then, presto! Bess's strong, saberlike claws had the jolly trumpeter tucked into her capacious jaws before you could open your eyes to ascertain the state of affairs."

Mrs. Taylor came to enjoy the praying mantis's company so much that she kept Bess with her every night, tying her to the bedpost with a long, silk thread.

In 1914 George Joseph Smith made an odd statement as his companion Edith Pegler prepared to take a bath. "I should not have much to do with those things," he told her. "Women have been known to die in baths through having fainting fits or weak hearts." If anyone was in a position to comment on this, it was Smith, who had a habit of marrying friendless young women for their money and then drowning them in the bathtub.

Smith's first such bride was Bessie Mundy, whom he drowned in a secondhand tub he had bought after discovering that the boardinghouse where the couple was staying had no bathtub. A week after the murder he returned the tub so he wouldn't have to pay for it.





All three of Smith's wives died in their baths; in each case he took the precaution of convincing the women and their doctors that they were subject to fits. The third murder, the one that brought Smith to justice, occurred on December 17, 1914. On that night Smith's landlady overheard splashing, the sound of wet hands screeching across a bathtub's sides, and a final sigh. Then she heard Smith plunk himself down at the harmonium in the sitting room. The tune he picked to play that night was "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Lydia Adler was brought to trial for killing her husband by kicking him in the groin. Since she was convicted only of manslaughter, however, she was punished not by death but by having her hand burned.

When Elizabeth Bathory, a Hungarian countess of the early 1600s, began to worry about growing old, a companion told her that bathing in human blood—preferably the blood of young girls—would keep her complexion young and beautiful forever. (It was the countess's own idea that the blood of young blondes would be more worth collecting.) Accordingly she began to



stock her castle Csethe with blond peasant girls.

The countess needed a large stock: she killed as many as nine girls a night, usually by shutting them in an iron maiden one by one as the others watched. Not only did she bathe in their blood; she also drank it. In addition, she cut off the flesh of some of her victims, chopped it up, roasted it, and forced the other girls to eat it before she killed them.

Such sadism could not remain secret. The servants hired to scour the region for blondes, the parents of some of the girls, and even one priest had suspicions of the countess. Because she was an aristocrat, however, they let her alone.

After killing more than 600 girls, however, the countess decided that she needed richer blood. In the winter of 1609 she announced that she was taking in several noblemen's daughters to teach them the social arts. It was only after these guests disappeared that the countess was arrested.

Because of her rank, Elizabeth Bathory was not executed. Instead, she was sent to her room for the rest of her life.

Wifely devotion sometimes goes

very far. Joanna, the third daughter of Spain's Ferdinand and Isabella, was married to Philip the Fair of Burgundy in 1496. Ten years later he died. Although she had never been particularly happy with him, Joanna was crazed with grief at her husband's death.

To begin with, Joanna dressed Philip's corpse carefully in ermine-trimmed brocade and propped it up on a throne for several days. At length she allowed the corpse to be embalmed, but she refused to permit it burial or even to let the coffin out of her sight. Every evening she made her attendants lift the casket lid so that she could kiss her husband good-night. She also took him along with her on a several-years tour of Spain, during which time she rode only after sunset and only with her face completely covered. She let no women near Philip's body; once, rather than taking refuge in a convent and running the risk of fighting off lustful nuns, she and her servants spent a whole night in a snowy field.

Joanna's father finally locked her up in Tordesillas, the coffin remaining with her all the while. She died at the age of seventy-six. Philip's body had accompanied her for more than fifty years. ○—

FORSAKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

convicted frequently, and they always serve.

Now, standing alone in the kitchen, she thought bleakly of her trip to prison the next morning and, more depressing, of what the ride home would be like. Driving home to a house where she was supposed to find great satisfaction in helping her mother clean the entire house each Saturday. She had a song in her body, and they wanted her to spend her life in a laundry room.

She stared at the trays of food with the paper slips on them, then sat down and slowly took out a cigarette, lit it, and immediately thought of the movie star outside in the car.

"Can you imagine me being with a spic?" she said.

"Maximo!"

Teenager finally walked out of Mariani's house. "I kept you waiting a long time, Maximo."

"I was reading," Maximo said.

"I had to talk to him about his son-in-law," Teenager said. He began driving.

"That's all right. Because I'm coming up with you again the next time."

Teenager's eyebrows bunched together. Then his eyes widened as he realized what Maximo was speaking about. "Your school turned you into a crazy man. You can never go near that female."

"There's nothing crazy about wanting her," Maximo said.

"They would take you into a freezer in the meat market and hang you on the hook like a lamb, and then they would cut you up a piece at a time. They would make sure to keep you alive for a long time. They would torture you all week. Then on Sunday they would cut off your nuts and stuff them in your mouth."

When they got to Ana's Bar, Maximo walked right to the phone and called to Teenager. "Give me the phone number of that female's house."

"You're crazy," Teenager said.

"She is in love with me," Maximo said. "I have to call her or she will kill herself tonight."

She answered on the third ring. Her voice became a fire alarm when she heard Maximo ask for her.

"Who is this?"

"I am Maximo, Teenager's friend outside in the car."

"Are you insane calling me here?"

"Your look lingers," Maximo said.

"Thank you."

"I meant it," Maximo said.

"Maybe I have thoughts about you," she said.

"Tell me about them."

She laughed. "Not now. Do you want to get us killed?"

"Then Wednesday," Maximo said.

"Okay, you could meet me by where I

work on Wednesday," she said.

"Where?"

"I work on Fifty-third Street and Third Avenue," she said.

"So I got to go to a bar review course in the Statler. Over on Thirty-third Street. It's right on the subway from you."

"Then you could meet me at five."

"Wednesday night at five."

"There's a place in the basement of the Citicorp Building. The European coffee shop."

"Where do I get you in case something happens and I have to call you?"

"Continental Bank. I'll give you the number direct to my department. Plaza 1-2592. I'll see you at five."

"Thas lovely," Maximo said.

When she hung up she told herself that if she had not taken charge of making the arrangements, this guy would have had her meeting him in a social club full of spics someplace. Some kind of law course he's supposed to be taking, she

“You’ll do it right,” her father had said to her on the day her husband went to jail. This meant remaining home, or being seen only with female friends whose husbands, too, were in jail.

thought. He and his friend must have some sort of case together and they're trying to read up on it behind the lawyer's back. Oh, what does all that matter? A *fucking movie star*.

Maximo was beaming when he hung up.

"What did she say?" Teenager said.

"That she loves me very much."

Teenager laughed. Maximo said, "It's nothing to fool with. She is in love with me. I am playing with this poor girl's life."

"You are playing with your own," Teenager said.

All Maximo could think about was Wednesday.

There was a crowd of shoppers in the arcade and when she pushed through them and came into the coffee shop, she saw Maximo at a front table, a vision, his head turned from her so that the slope of his neck taunted her. When he turned and saw her and smiled, her breath quickened.

"Your eyes are lovely," he said.

"Thank you. Wouldn't it be better if we went to the back? There's too many people walking by here."

"Fine." He stood up and his face showed no suspicion. This pleased her, because she was moving the table in order to keep people passing by from seeing her with a Puerto Rican.

Nicki led him to a table in the rear corner of the shop, by the swinging wooden doors that led to the kitchen.

"Say the truth," Nicki said.

"What?"

"You really go to school?"

"I'll tell you what. When we leave here, you come with me and see what I do. And if I'm not sitting in a bar review course for three hours—"

"All right, I believe you." The surprising thing to her was that she did believe him. A cold, factual quality to his voice convinced her.

"Are you always this suspicious?" Maximo said.

"I don't want to say anything, but look who you were with when I met you," she said.

"And look who you were with," he said. "When did you get married?" Maximo asked her.

"Forty-two months ago. He's been gone thirty-six of them."

"What for?"

"What for?" She lit a cigarette. "What do you think for?"

"Drugs," Maximo said.

She inhaled slowly, her eyes looking out the window, and said nothing.

"And you wait?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe I shouldn't be bothering you," Maximo said.

"Did I say you shouldn't?"

"No."

"Then you just wait until I tell you."

"Fine with me," Maximo said.

Examining him, she decided that he was not a pure Puerto Rican. He was more like a Spaniard from Spain. That would be all right, to be in love with a Spaniard from Spain.

Maximo had been studying her as they spoke. He knew that each time he smiled, her face flushed.

"What do you do in the bank?"

"I'm in charge of people who collect money."

"I can't like that so much."

"There's lots about you I probably don't like. I'm not here to talk about my job, anyway."

When they had finished coffee, Maximo said, "Are you coming to check on my course?"

"I'm going home."

"That's a great waste."

"Isn't it?" Nicki said.

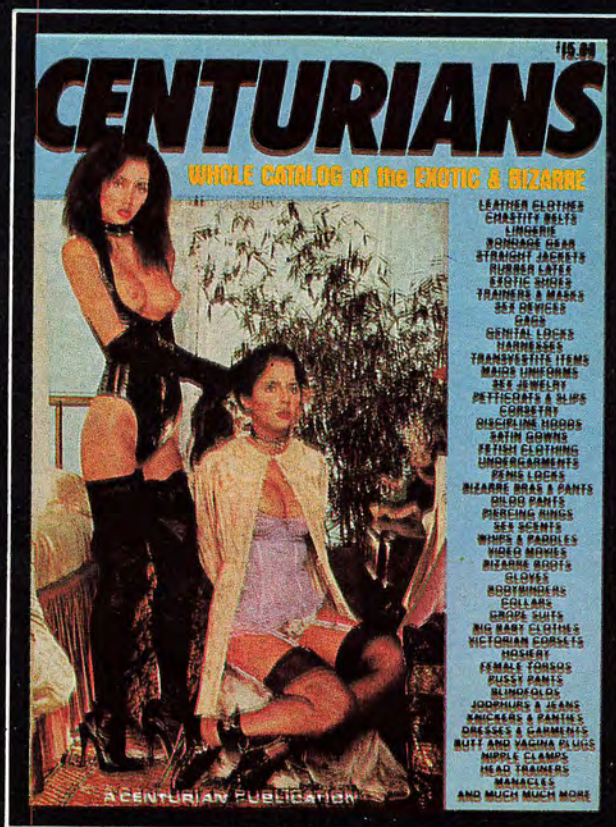
"I'll say."

"Next time you can take me to your course," she said.

"When will that be?"

"You call my girl friend Angela at her house. Here, write the number down." She waited until he took a sheet of paper out of a notebook. "She lives in Jersey. Two oh one. Seven three three, five eight

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oh two. You call her up and leave a message where you are. She'll call me and I'll call you."

"Why can't I just call your house?"

"So you could get the both of us killed?"

Outside, he smiled at her and her face flushed and she reached out and took his hand.

"You'll call."

"Fine."

He smiled again and she walked down the hall. She was going the wrong way, but she wanted to walk someplace slowly. Maximo went to the subway entrance and on a whim, just because he felt like it, put one hand on the banister and then sent himself far out into the air, so that he landed halfway down the first flight of stairs.

When she awoke for work at 7:00 A.M., she was surprised to smell cigars, which signified that her father was up. As the hour was so alien to his habits, she felt that something extraordinary was taking place. She sat up quickly. At first, her guilt forced her to wonder if all this was over her seeing the spic after work. Nobody saw me, she assured herself.

Putting on a white terrycloth robe, she went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. She then followed the cigar smoke along the hallway from the bedrooms, past the den and into the living room, where the sound of her father's voice, arguing in the

kitchen, caused her to stop.

"So you got two guys sitting in the same joint with Paulie, am I right or am I a fucking cabbage?" her father growled.

"Right," another voice said quietly.

"Yeah, the two was there," a third voice said.

"So Paulie gets clipped and then the next thing, the two guys go, too," Nicki's father said.

"Two fucking spics," a voice said.

"I know they was spics," the father shouted, "but Paulie ain't no spic. He's one of us. What I'm thinking is that one guy does the whole job on the three of them."

There were murmurs. "I'll tell you what I think," the father said. "I think some fucking spic done it. I know just the guy I'm thinking of. I'd like to bite my whole face off, I let him come into my own house."

"Teenager," one of the other voices said.

"Who else could it be in the Bronx?" the father said.

"What do you think?" one of the voices said.

"I think he ought to get buried," Nicki's father said.

Nicki silently went back into the bathroom, showered, and dressed for work. When she came back out, she walked loudly, as a warning to those in the kitchen.

Smiling, Sal and Corky stood up and Nicki turned on her fixed, vacant smile.

"Where are you going this early?" Mariani said.

"To work."

"At least have some coffee first."

"Thanks, but I have to be in early and I'm running late already."

"How do you like this kid? Doesn't take a thing and runs off to work. She's a real citizen."

Walking the three blocks to the bus station, she thought of Maximo again. Suppose my father's men break into a room after this Teenager and Maximo is sitting there too? Would I have to live with that on my mind? Imagine being haunted by somebody I hardly know, a spic? No movie star should ever get killed, she reminded herself flippantly.

On the bus, however, the realization that another person's life somehow rested in her hands was bewildering. Across her years, she had overheard dark talk in her house, but it always was conversation through which she could walk without the words registering, a commercial for a product whose name never is retained. This was different.

As she knew no way to call Maximo, she sat at her desk, looked at the faces of the hundred and twenty-five people who were in her charge, and hoped that Maximo would call.

When he didn't call by five-thirty, she put her cigarettes into her purse and called her mother to say that she was going to shop for a few hours.

She walked the one block to the Statler Hilton Hotel and entered the lobby at seven o'clock.

He calls it the bar course, she said to herself. If I ask for the bar course and they send me into a bar and I find him carrying ice around like some other Puerto Rican busboy, then my father's people won't have to kill him; I'll strangle him right here, she said to herself. She pushed inside the lobby and thought about what she was doing. Are you crazy, she asked herself, talking to a guy you don't even know and telling him something like this? Supposing he runs right to this bum he hangs out with, this Teenager, and tells him? Oh, for sure he'll tell him. One spic tells another. No, you can't be serious doing a thing like this. Daddy will kill me.

A cardboard sign tacked to the top of the bulletin board said, "Martense Bar Review Course, Manhattan Ballroom."

She waited for fifteen minutes before Maximo arrived. She felt the sensation of somebody foreign, a beard, dark deep eyes that kept things hidden, prominent cheekbones. Nicki would have liked it even better if Maximo wore an earring.

Maximo pushed through the crowd. "The doors opened and I look past this guy and I got the best surprise I've had in a long time," he said.

"Thank you," Nicki said.

"Are you going to sit through this whole thing? It's long."

"Listen to what I say. I want to see you again."

"Terrific."
 "But I can't ever see you again if you hang around your friend."

"Teenager."
 "That's right. If you even sit down to have coffee with him, then you won't see me anymore."

"I barely know you and here you're telling me who to be friendly with," Maximo said.

"It isn't that at all. Listen to what I say. I say the truth. So if you want to see me again, then you can't be near that Teenager. Even once."

She moved to one side as a crowd came off the elevator. She stepped into the empty elevator and just before the doors closed she smiled out at him and said, "Remember what I say."

Maximo's first reaction was to say to himself, if she wants to tell Teenager anything, then let her tell him herself. Instinctively, he stepped away from trouble. Then he brightened and assured himself that she had shown up merely to see him, and was using this talk of danger as an excuse. I see her twice and she cannot remain away from me, he told himself proudly.

For the next week, Maximo looked for a furnished apartment, but the amount of burned-out buildings made it difficult to find anything inhabitable. Dirt could be scrubbed. Rats could be contended with; he had grown up to the sound of their scratching inside the bedroom wall at night. But a half-empty building, with the threat of fire in the night starting in an empty apartment, was not for him. Then a man named Roy in the bodega said that he had a cousin named Chino on Barretto Street who had a furnished apartment and was giving it up.

Maximo moved into the apartment about a week later. On his first night there, he went downstairs to an outdoor phone booth and called the number that Nicki had given him for her girl friend Angela. He gave Angela the number of the phone booth and hung up. A few moments later, the phone rang.

"Where have you been?" Nicki said.
 "I'll tell you tomorrow."

"I thought you didn't call me because you weren't going to take my advice. You did what I told you, didn't you?"

"I haven't seen him and said anything to him."

"Ahead of all the schools you went to, that shows you're smart. So now let's forget that. We don't need to talk about that anymore."

"Right. Am I going to see you tomorrow?" Maximo said.

"I'll be in the same place at five o'clock," Nicki said.

When Maximo appeared in a gold knit shirt, smiling across the room at her, Nicki felt her face become warm. As she watched Maximo slide between tables, hips swaying to avoid people's elbows,

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she thought of him as a jungle animal, a long black panther. Do they have panthers in Puerto Rico? It doesn't matter, she thought, whatever it is, as long as it is something direct from the jungle.

"I got a job," Maximo said.

"That's nice," Nicki said.

"And I got an apartment."

"That's nice," Nicki said.

"I'm going to be working in a poverty law office in the Bronx. It will give me a great chance to work at some of the things I want to do. Housing. I can't wait to try some class actions in housing."

Nicki saw him on a wide screen, his eyes and beard commanding.

They lapsed into silence for several moments. At first their eyes were moving from coffee cup to cigarette to ceiling lights and then, simultaneously, they locked on each other and remained there. Maximo saw a forbidden white orchid, and she saw a panther striding across a wide screen.

She looked at her watch. "Will you look at this? It's six-thirty already."

"So?"

"I'm late for dinner. I have to call."

"My course starts at seven," Maximo said.

"You're not going," she said.

"No?"

"Not tonight."

"Where are we going?"

"You said you just got an apartment."

"Yes."

"That's where we're going. Just stay here until I call my mother."

She went to the phone and told her mother that she and Angela had decided to stay in town and see a movie. Then she called Angela and said that she would need her, first for an alibi and then later for transportation.

When Maximo got to his door, the dog began barking. "*Para!*" Maximo called as he turned the locks. The dog kept barking. "*Para!*" Maximo called in a louder voice. The barking stopped and was replaced by an anxious squeal.

As the door opened, the dog came leaping, tongue out, against Maximo's chest.

"*Bajate.*"

The dog would not get down.

"*Bajate!*" Maximo snapped.

The dog got down and loped back into the apartment.

"Come here, boy," Nicki said, as she stepped into the apartment. The dog did not move.

"*Chevere!*" Maximo said.

"Don't call him," Nicki said, "I'm not here to pet dogs."

Her eyes drew his face to her and as they kissed, she reacted first, controlling the kiss, her body moving, and when his hand ran over her body her arms tightened around his neck.

He took her by the hand into the bedroom, which had no window. As Maximo reached for the lamp, Nicki covered his hand. "No lights," she said. She dropped

her clothes on the floor and got into bed with her panties on, threw herself atop his chest and kissed him, then moved her legs in irritation when her knee prevented him from pulling the panties off immediately. As quickly as possible, she wanted him inside her, which, she knew, was all she was there for.

Always her husband had told her that he was the best in the world in bed, told her with this half-smile that goes with permanent ownership, and she thought this to be true. But now as Maximo's warmth flooded into her, she sounded and stretched in long, lovely release, the most delicious, she was sure, of her young years.

Maximo had his head in the crook of her arm and she ran a hand through his hair and thought for a moment of her husband's boast. And I believed him, she said to herself.

He walked her downstairs and they stood

“
You can never go
near that female. They
would take you
into a freezer and hang
you on the hook like
a lamb, and then they would
cut you up
a piece at a time.”
”

at a phone booth on the night-empty street and Nicki went into the booth and called Angela and asked to be picked up. She gave Angela the address.

"You're crazy," Angela said.

"No, I'm not," Nicki said. "Anybody who didn't come here tonight is the crazy one."

"Get inside! You'll get raped!" Angela said.

"Oh, do you think so?" Nicki said.

They held hands and stood by the phone booth waiting for Angela. Across the street, two small boys came out of the door leading to the apartment over the sandwich shop. Immediately, a window flew open and a woman's head came out.

"*Aquí!*"

The kids looked up and complained and the woman shouted again. Reluctantly, the kids went back inside the house.

"I feel sorry for them they can't come out," Maximo said. "That's how it was with me. If I was out of the house after five o'clock, my father went crazy."

"I have to ask you something," Nicki said.

"What?"

"When's the next time I'm going to be able

to see you?" she asked.

"You will," Maximo said.

"Right away," Nicki said. "I want more of this right away." She began to dance in the light from the outdoor telephone.

"I'll call you," Maximo said.

"Not at home," Nicki said. "Just do it the same way you did it this time."

"What if I want to see you on the spur of the moment?"

"So call Angela on the spur of the moment. If you call my house you'll get killed on the spur of the moment."

When Angela arrived, Nicki gave Maximo a long kiss and then jumped into the car.

"Soon you'll be with niggers," Angela said as she drove the car.

When she heard her mother caterwauling somewhere in the back of the house, Nicki called from the kitchen.

"You better!" her mother shrieked.

"Better what?"

"You just better." Her mother was in the hallway.

"You better tell me what these are doing in your closet," the mother said, carrying in the three boxes of towels that Nicki had bought for Maximo.

Nicki's answer was to sip her coffee.

The top of her mother's blue quilted housecoat expanded as she took a deep, angry breath. A wind shear came from her mouth. "I'm looking for a place on your shelf to put your pocketbook and I find these boxes and I say, 'What the hell is this?' So I open them up and look what I find. We got no orange towels in this house. We got every color in the world, we got no orange towels in this house." She took the top off a box to show good, heavy Martex orange towels.

"They're a shower gift," Nicki said.

"Yeah? For who?"

Nicki looked up from her fingernails and into her mother's eyes. There was no way that she could lie to the woman; the mother felt that anyone who could state an untruth to her was insulting her very being.

"For nobody," Nicki said.

"Well," the mother said, putting the boxes on the table.

"Ma, it was either this or go crazy."

"But you go to see him."

"Ma."

"I guess so. But you were good for so long."

"And I've been going crazy for so long."

"He'll get paroled."

"Ma, this got nothing to do with him. The minute he comes out, I live my life out to the end with him. This thing now has got to do with me. I can't last anymore."

"Only to the parole," the mother said.

"The minute I hear he's getting out."

"This guy now, he's not Italian," the mother said.

"Of course not," Nicki said. "Then the whole world would know."

"Swear on God."

"I swear."

"Oh, if your father ever knew. That would be the end of everything."

"Don't I know that! Ma, he'll never know anything."

"Does that mean this guy is Irish?"

"No."

"At least I could be thankful for that."

"He's Puerto Rican."

The mother gathered the boxes and stood up. "Don't make no jokes with me. You're playing with our lives here."

"It's the truth, Ma."

The mother, paying no attention to this, said, "There's ways that these things are supposed to be done. The women have to wait for the men. So all right. A little something goes on that nobody has to know about. But don't make no jokes about it. Because if we ever got caught, believe me, it would be no joke."

"What do you mean we got caught?"

"Because even if I don't want to know nothing more about it, which I don't, I'll still get blamed for it."

"By Ronnie?"

"Ronnie. He better not say anything to me about anything or I'll slap him like a fly. Your father is the one I'm worried about. He'll blame me."

"Ma, he'll never know."

The mother left the kitchen with the towel boxes and Nicki sat with coffee and thought of how Maximo would look with the bright orange towel wrapped around his waist. Standing in the bedroom, the towel knotted at the side and hanging up on its own because the waist was so beautifully proportioned. Looking for something on the bureau. While I'm in his bed looking at his back, Nicki thought,

Many weeks later, on a Monday morning in the apartment, the husband was gliding around the bedroom at six o'clock, a towel around his neck, workboots in his hands, enough cologne seeping through his skin to form groundwater. He chose the living room to finish dressing for his first day's work at the trucking company.

"Don't you want coffee?" she called.

"Stay in bed."

She swung out of bed and walked into the living room in her nightie, glancing out the window at the river in the morning.

"Where do you think you're going today?" he said.

"Work."

"Why?"

"Because."

"You won't be going anymore. Why don't you start today? Stay home. Don't even call them."

"I have to go this week."

"For what?"

"We'll talk about it."

"What talk?"

"There's all these hospitalizations and insurances. I can't just walk away from that. I get all these benefits. If I stay for such and such a length of time, then I get so many things when I leave to have a baby."

The moment she said this, her breath

held; she had, on record, just finished the fifth night of her period, which was about the modern record for female, Bergen County, New Jersey.

"Being that you brought it up," he said.

"Tonight, probably."

"Probably?"

"Tonight."

"Another thing. I don't care what you do all day. When I come home, I get dinner."

"You will."

"Nothing off a silver foil tray."

"You'll get a regular dinner."

His street smile flashed. "You make it sound like a job," he said. "I know guys would come 200 miles to eat anything you cooked. Nobody knows how to cook like my wife. One day in the joint, a nigger done me a favor and I tell him, 'Come here, I'll give you something you never had before.' I bring him in and give him some of the spaghetti and crabs you made up. The nigger goes, 'What's this?' I tell him 'Just eat it.' When he ate it, he wanted

6

Nicki dropped her clothes on the floor and got into bed with her panties on. . . . As quickly as possible she wanted him inside her, which, she knew, was all she was there for.

,

to lick my feet. He said to me, 'Is this how white folks eat like?' I told him, 'No, only people lucky enough to have my wife. And there's only one person on earth got that lucky, and that's me.'"

He jumped up from lacing his shoes and kissed her on the cheek. "I want you home at night right away because I don't want anybody else even to see you all day."

"Now that you're out of jail, you're putting me in one?"

He laughed. "You got Friday night. Deal? Friday night is yours. You go shopping with Angela or something. I give you the night."

"How much of it?" she said.

"What time do the stores close?"

"Nine."

"If you're not here by nine-fifteen, I get a gun and go out looking for you."

"I thought you promised me a car?"

"You're going to have a car for the day and a car for the night. It don't matter. I'll find you wherever you are."

He laughed, teeth buffed and shining, and then kissed her on the neck. It was the bubbling, arrogant, tender, almost charming way in which he had first sought her

and captured her so easily; she had been so overpowered by him that her agreement was almost involuntary. But that seemed to her now to be so long ago as to be part of some other decade. As he kissed her neck, her chin rose and she laughed, jogged by memory as much as manner. She would, she guessed, let this, along with a new car and a few other things, take the place of real love.

Walking into the restaurant on Friday, she had in her mind a couple of things to say about the food as she remembered it, that jungle food, in order to put a sudden bend, produce a diverting smile, into any conversation she found uncomfortable. The moment she saw Maximo as stranger, his beard gone, smooth chin resting in the cup of his hand, everything else left her mind.

"What did you do to yourself?"

"What does it matter to you?"

"It does matter; you look so different. Oh! I don't even know you anymore."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, I love it. You look just like a Puerto Rican doorman."

Her right hand came out elegantly and she kissed him on the cheek as if he were a relation. As she did, she noticed the traces of the bruise Teenager had put on the side of his face.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, it is. Tell me."

"Forget about it."

"A cop hit you?"

"Teenager."

"I told you to swear to me that you'd stay away from that bum. Oh, I'm so mad at you. I told you to say the truth to me and you lied to me. You did see him. Oh, I wish I could punish you for this."

"I won't be around to give you the chance," he said.

"Don't talk like that."

"What are you going to do for me?"

"Nothing, dear."

"So why care?"

"I do. But I can't change my whole life for you."

"I'd change mine for you," Maximo said.

"You mean leave these wonderful people of yours? Never."

He had never spoken of anything like this before, and at first she thought it was some kind of bravado to lure her into a trap, but then she sensed that underneath the words this time there was fact.

"When did you start thinking like this?" she said.

"Oh, for some time now," he said.

"Well, I don't know about you. I can't even think of turning my whole life over. I'm not a gypsy like you people."

"But you're a grown woman. You can do whatever you like. Are you married to the man because you have your name on a doorbell or because you want to be married to him?"

"I'm married," Nicki said.

"Tell me how you're married to him," Maximo said.

His voice was demanding and he put his face closer to hers. Nicki took her eyes from him, turned her head to pick up her drink, and slowly brought the glass to her lips. "I am married," she said.

For part of an instant, the flesh on his face seemed to shake, as if he'd been punched. Or was it anger? I can never tell with these people, she thought.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I've told you 200 times. You're a spic and you'll always be a spic."

"I'd take that as a compliment, in view of the way you hurried into bed for this spic," Maximo said.

"I'll admit to anything you say," Nicki said. "I loved being in bed with you. I even was in love with you, or at least I thought I loved you a couple of times. But you're still a spic and you'll always be a spic."

"That's not even funny anymore."

"It never was," she said. "Say the truth. Did I ever once lie to you?"

Maximo, silent, stared at a face that now surrendered nothing.

"All right, then," he said, lightly. "We'll have a private drink here and that's it. I'll even have one." Maximo waved to the bartender.

"I don't want another," Nicki said.

"Forget it," Maximo said to the bartender. He put ten dollars on the bar. "Take out, will you?" Maximo stood up and reached for her coat.

"Maximo."

"Yes?"

She sighed. "What could I tell you?"

She slipped into her coat and walked out ahead of him as he picked up the change from the bar. She stood on the sidewalk in the cold shadow, her hands in her pockets, searching the traffic for a cab, then turning to face him. His bare chin gave him a vulnerability she never had noticed before. She smiled and brought her hand up to his face and began to kiss him on the cheek. Maximo put his arm around her and pulled her face to his and his mouth covered hers. Her tongue responded to his, and her hand, which had been touching the side of his head lightly, became firmer.

Now a couple of kids, walking with long, bouncing strides, reached them. "The ladies," one of the kids said. Nicki, closing her eyes more tightly, losing herself in the kiss on the crowded street, did not care.

Maximo stepped back. He took her hands and his chin jutted out, as strongly as it seemed to when it was protected by a forest.

"I quit you," he said.

"Maximo."

"I just said to you, 'I quit you.'"

"Let's always be friends."

"I quit you."

The words came out of a stony face. Maximo dropped her hands, turned, and walked away until he became one of the crowd on the street in the early evening chill.

Maximo threw his dirty clothes on the floor and, thinking of her, picked them up. He hung the pants on the hanger and put his shirt and underwear in the bathroom hamper. The shower was warm rain on the back of his neck and he leaned against the wall, closed his eyes, and stood for many minutes. And then suddenly he turned the water off and got out. When he came out of the shower and reached for the towel that Nicki had given him, its bright orange caused him to feel that she was in the apartment with him, waiting right outside the bathroom door.

It was almost six o'clock now and he was going out, just going out to see what women looked like, and he had no idea of where he was going, but he was certainly going to be out and about, maybe even downtown, for that was where he would wind up living, he knew that. And as he passed the phone booth he stopped and for some reason, in his mind he did not want to do it, his hand went for the phone.

6

"I'll admit to anything you say," Nicki said. "I loved being in bed with you. I even was in love with you, or at least I thought I loved you a couple of times. But you're still a spic and you'll always be a spic."

9

Again, Angela's phone did not answer. After a while, each unanswered ring caused a small pain somewhere inside Maximo. He decided to walk over to the subway and go down to the Corso Ballroom on Eighty-sixth Street. He walked to the kiosk on One Hundred Thirty-eighth and picked his way through the rush-hour crowds, ducking his head in case there was anybody left across in Ana's Bar who would recognize him. The phone booth was at the foot of the stairs and he ran up to it without thought and found he was nervous as he dialed. When there was no answer again, he slammed the phone down, angry at her, at Nicki, at himself for being so vulnerable. He walked to within a couple of steps of the change booth, changed direction, and pushed on a metal door in the wall. Music and laughter came through the open doorway and into the dungeon of a subway station. Maximo walked into a room of gold.

"You want to drink?" the woman behind the bar said.

"Rum," Maximo said.

The woman poured rum into a plastic glass and held the bottle high and started to put it back on the shelf and then

stopped her arm in midair, shrugged, and brought the bottle down to the bar and filled her own glass to the brim. She took a great slug of the rum before putting the bottle back. She reached under the bar and brought up a small bottle of beer and placed it in front of Maximo as a chaser.

Maximo swallowed half the rum, swigged from the beer bottle, and, carrying it in his hand, went to the jukebox. He played a song called "Elena" and drank the bottle of beer and listened to the singer, Miguelito Antonetti.

"What time is it?" he asked the woman.

"Ten after six."

This made Maximo feel better. He thought it was half past six already. "Yo, Maximo, you've got plenty of time," he told himself.

"You want another drink?" the woman said to him.

"No, I better take it easy," he said. "I'm starting too fast."

"Did you eat?" the woman said.

"No."

"That's good. You get drunk on an empty stomach." She poured Maximo more rum and the others at the bar laughed.

He pointed at the barmaid's cigarettes. "Give me one of those," he said.

She handed him one and Maximo lit it and took a deep drag, exhaled through his mouth and nose, and watched the smoke crisscross in the mirror. His hand slammed on the bar. "Bitch!"

Forget about it, Maximo told himself. He drank more rum. He didn't know what time it was when the one drink went down that suddenly was too heavy and the suggestion of a hiccup strained against his midsection. He picked up his bar-wet money and went out the door and onto the subway platform, which now in the night was completely empty. He reeled the couple of steps to the change booth and waited for the clerk to give him a token. He couldn't hear any train coming, but he still was apprehensive that a train would suddenly roar into the station as he stood waiting for the clerk to look up.

"Come on," Maximo said.

"Money, please," the clerk said, without looking up.

Maximo tried to clear his head by shaking it. Fuzzily, he pushed a wet, crumpled bill under the glass. The clerk flicked a token and change back. Maximo took the token and started for the turnstiles. He almost bumped into the man who had just come from the stairs, but he rolled his body away from the man and was heading for the turnstiles, eyes half-closed, his breath a stream of alcohol so thick that he almost could see it shimmering in front of him, when the man took a step after Maximo and the man's hand rose and put a black .22 Magnum Derringer behind Maximo's right ear and pulled the trigger twice. Maximo pitched onto his face.

The subway clerk looked up, but now Corky had wheeled, stuffed the gun into his pocket, and had his head down and

the brim of his hat well over the eyes and the clerk could see none of his face. Corky went up the stairs, stepped out into the car at the curb, which took off immediately, made a turn, and headed for the traffic down on the Bruckner Expressway.

"You could say one thing about us," Corky said. "It took a long time maybe. But when we do the job, we do what we have to do."


"He got no complaints about us today," the thug driving said.

"I'm on the subway steps almost three hours waiting for the guy to come out," Corky said.

As the car blended in with the expressway traffic, Corky sat back and slapped the Derringer. "This is a nice piece."

"When I got it off Jackie he told me, don't worry, it gives the best bang for a job like this."

"He's not kidding. You should've seen it. The back of the guy's head turned into tomato soup," Corky said.

It was after midnight when she finished straightening up the room. She felt in her purse for the bankbook. In doing so, her fingers came upon the joint. She picked up matches and went into the bathroom with it. She opened the window and lit the joint. She blew the smoke out the window and looked at the night. She thought of Maximo. She was happy thinking about Maximo. At the same time, she thought that she never could be with Maximo for good. She wished that there were somebody who could clean the house for her husband. The poor guy was in jail for so long, the least he deserves is a clean house. As she smoked, the pot made her sleepy. She was surprised that the pot was any good. She began to think of the day she and her husband rode in the speedboat on Long Island Sound. The sun was bright and caused the white spray to glisten like thousands of expensive stones. She thought that she was living in freedom that day, riding through the water in a boat. Then right after it, here was the lawyer taking the money from them and her husband was gone and Maximo was there and he was great and she wondered if she loved him enough to give her the freedom she wanted. She thought of Maximo. She would wait one more day. No, she would punish him and wait two more days before she spoke to him. After all, she had told him not to see Teenager and he had broken his word to her. It didn't matter what happened. He told her he would do something and he did not. For that he would be punished. In two days I will talk to him on the phone, she told herself. She blew more smoke into the night air and thought of calling up to her mother to toss the basketball from their sixth-floor window. She smoked more and her eyes grew heavy. She took the last drag, flicked the joint out the window, and went to bed. I love Maximo. She fell asleep immediately. She did not remember the dreams she knows she must have had. 





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PARTY. WE CAN ATTEND
TO ALL THAT DREARY
BUSINESS STUFF LATER!**

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HANGS OVER CASTLE DREER.
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PROVERBIAL POT OF GOLD IN
CHASTITY'S PIGZASSO INHERITANCE
AND A STRING OF PARTIES
PROCLAIM HIS BENEVOLENT
FEELINGS TO THE WORLD AT LARGE

WHOM SHALL I
ANNOUNCE?

**HE'S THE TRANSYLVANIAN
MINISTER OF FINANCE
— I'M ANYBODY'S!**

**I SEE THE BARONESS
IS INTO A NEW SCENE!**

COCKTAIL,
SIR?

LOIS LANE WOULD NEVER BEHAVE LIKE THAT!

**SHALL WE GO UPSTAIRS
TO MY ROOMS FOR
A SPOT OF HEAD
BANGING?**

**YEAH! THIS IS
A PRETTY FREAKY
CROWD!**

SHE'LL HAVE TO GO-ALTOGETHER TOO AMBITIOUS!

THAT'S VERY KIND
OF YOU-BUT I'M
NOT REALLY
INTERESTED IN
ETCHINGS!

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BUT TAKE MY TIP—
GET YOURSELF A
GOOD DENTIST!

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**...AND SEND ME
YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS
NOW!**

AND GET THAT BEER OFF THE TABLE! YOU'RE CORRUPTING THE CHILDREN!

WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO THE GOOD
OLD AMERICAN
SATURDAY
NIGHT?

I'LL NEVER
THINK OF
JOHN
TRAVOLTA
AGAIN!

I'M A GOOD GUY! I'M A GOOD GUY!

**A DEAD
CERT IN
THE FIRST
RACE-AND
IT'S A SIN!**

RACING

THERE GOES
MY POKER
GAME!

...AND
THE MASSAGE
AT FAT
ANNIE'S!

**DON'T FORGET
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HOW'M
I DOING,
FOULWELL?

YOU WERE GREAT, BILLY BABY! 3 MILLION BUCKS A PERFORMANCE—YOU'RE PULLIN' IN MORE GRAY THAN THE STONES!

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

rest of us "sinners" what we may or may not do, then I think it is time for us to take a stand. I thank all of you at *Penthouse* for doing just that. I for one do not appreciate having my life run by a minority of fools who quote the Scripture out of context to suit their own narrow-minded ideas. I realize, though, that there has to be some good somewhere within the Moral Majority for it to have gained such widespread acceptance. When the leaders of the Moral Majority seek to further their ideas through gentle persuasion rather than through coercion, I will be the first to listen. Thank you again for a stimulating magazine.—James D. Alston, Oneonta, Ala.


The letters from members of the moron minority are absolutely hilarious. Please continue to print a section of these literary gems. I am finding that I read them first for a piss-myself laugh.

I am a devout Christian. I believe in freedom above all. The Moral Majority scares the hell out of me. How can those people be so blind? They really seem upset that your pornography is in every school-child's eye. Isn't sex a natural act anymore, or are the Moral Majority people all springing up by divine intervention? There is nothing disgusting about pornography, nor does it "cause [people] to squander their seed and take away their desire." I have masturbated at least twice daily for nine years. Only last week did I engage in actual sex. I'm bound for hell, according to Falwell. Well, my desire was certainly not taken away. My girl friend couldn't believe me. I screwed her eighteen times in forty-eight hours with no episode of premature ejaculation. I was on top for twenty-five minutes at one point and had to force myself to come to keep from giving her blisters. So if my desire was taken away, I sure am glad. What would happen if I had it? Can sex be lethal?

By the way, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone!" I never realized there were so many saints out there! I especially liked Fejera's letter. He is set to shoot all the Commies. Shouldn't we turn our cheek?—or is it an eye for an eye? The Bible was written by men and is therefore fallible. Didn't God destroy a city because the people didn't give him enough respect? Sounds pretty un-Christian to me.

As I said, I am a devout Christian. I believe I am going to heaven. "... He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Since I believe in God, no matter how much lusting and masturbating I do, I'll still go to heaven. I doubt I'll see Jerry there.—Name withheld

In reference to all the letters printed in your April 1982 issue: How in the fuck would all those born-again Christians know about the article on Jerry Falwell and his Moral



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Majority if they didn't buy and read *Penthouse*? We think *Penthouse* is a fantastic magazine, and it takes a lot of guts and balls to reveal all those bastards who try to commercialize God and find a way to make a huge, tax-free income. Keep up the good work, guys.—Joe Schlarman, Culver, Ind.

The "Moans and Groans" in April's issue was hilarious! It offers conclusive proof that, for the Moral Majoritarians and their fellow travelers, ignorance is strength, if not bliss.

Keep probing the religious right—someone has to expose it for what it is—basically a bunch of rednecks, racists, and cranks using religion as a cover. If they were allowed to take over America, you wouldn't recognize it as the land of the free any longer; it would be closer to Saudi Arabia, a conservative religious dictatorship if ever one existed! Can you imagine the president taking marching orders from the likes of the religious roundtable?

Have you noticed also that the "right-to-lifers" who rail mindlessly about abortion being murder would at the same time be willing to send soldiers, sailors, airmen, and marines overseas to be murdered in the name of their God and country? I pity these people for their narrow-mindedness and ignorance!—Parker Lane, Rohnert Park, Calif.

I have some moans and groans about your "Moans and Groans" column. For the past two months you have wasted this potentially interesting column by giving it over to Jerry Falwell's loyal supporters. Who cares what those repetitive assholes have to say? Please forget those jerk-offs!—R. R., Fort Gay, W. Va.

If Dr. Falwell is so dead-set against abortion, let him build a massive orphanage with his \$250,000-a-day nationwide contributions. Then we could let all the unwanted babies grow up in a Christian institution. I know how badly orphanages need money; I grew up in one. At eight years old, I operated a lawnmower over five acres that jerked my feet off the ground every time I put it into gear. I washed dishes by hand for 200 people twice a week for five years. With just a little of what Billy Graham or Oral Roberts or Jerry Falwell or Rex Humbard take in, we could build the goddamnedest orphanage ever. Please pass the message along.—Richard M. Lybrand, Clarkston, Ga.

GRATEFUL

I rarely write letters about articles in magazines, but I was so touched by Ardith Berger's letter (April 1982) thanking you for David Rorvik's article "Going Sane" (Sept. 1981) that I had to write and say thank you as well. I am not in Mrs. Berger's position, but when I feel goose bumps while reading a letter as touching as hers, I have to say thanks.—Randy Anzalone, Pasadena, Tex. O+

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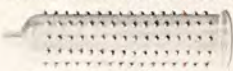
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KEPT MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

genuine enough.

How do his benefactors, the women who support him, feel about Mike's "career"? After all, his job throws him into constant contact with beautiful and available young things all the time. "If any of my women are jealous," Mike says bluntly, "they've learned to keep it to themselves. That's their problem. The reality is that I'm with *them*, not with these beautiful young things."

More to the point is why Mike *isn't* with these lovely young women, who would seem to be far more appropriate companions in every way. "Yes, some of them are gorgeous, and it's hard to resist a fling here and there—which of course I wouldn't admit to, whether I indulged myself or not. But beyond that, I really have no time for them."

As we talk, the phone rings. The woman on the other end is Mike's actress friend Cynthia. Mike and Cynthia generally spend a couple of nights a week together. She's off earlier than expected and so intends to make every minute count. "Cynthia," Mike laughs as he hangs up the phone, "is what you might call the most difficult woman in my life. Like most actresses and models, she is self-centered beyond belief and has a ridiculously ex-

plosive temper." But as Mike talks about Cynthia, his face betrays genuine warmth and amusement. The two met five months ago when he went up to her country home in Connecticut to do a photo session. "There she was, late as usual, opening the door and wearing an absurd pink peignoir creation, looking like some kind of crazy 1950s idea of what a movie star was supposed to be. She made a pot of coffee, which we immediately spiked with Remy Martin—the whole bottle. And then, when I started to set up my camera equipment, she looked at me and said, 'Take a picture of me in bed!' I think it was a scene from one of her old movies. Anyway, I stayed with her for about three days."

Soon Cynthia was paying the monthly maintenance on his apartment (\$778). "When did you make your deal?" I ask.

"Deal?" says Mike.

"The financial arrangement."

Mike takes a breath. He pauses. "These women aren't dumb," he says, lowering his voice. "I'm not exactly rich. They're not exactly young. Cynthia likes to think she's helping me with my career. You know, helping me get started until I can pay for it all myself."

Mike, in fact, appeared at a time when things were a little down for Cynthia. She hadn't made a film in ten years and had recently lost a TV series that has since become a major hit. "I made her feel like a starlet again. Since we've been seeing

each other, she has lost weight and looks terrific again," Mike says, as though he's responsible for the transformation. And perhaps he is.

"Did I tell you I'm a father?" asks Mike. We're having dinner at Odeon, one of Manhattan's trendiest new restaurants, when Mike drops his bombshell.

"No," I say, trying not to act too surprised. And, as if to answer a question I never get to ask, he quickly adds, "I was married. Not for long. We were kids ourselves, going to college, in the Midwest, and when she got pregnant right off the bat, I knew I wanted out. I freaked. I began slapping her around. One morning I threw a jar of peanut butter at her. I missed. But I knew it was time to leave."

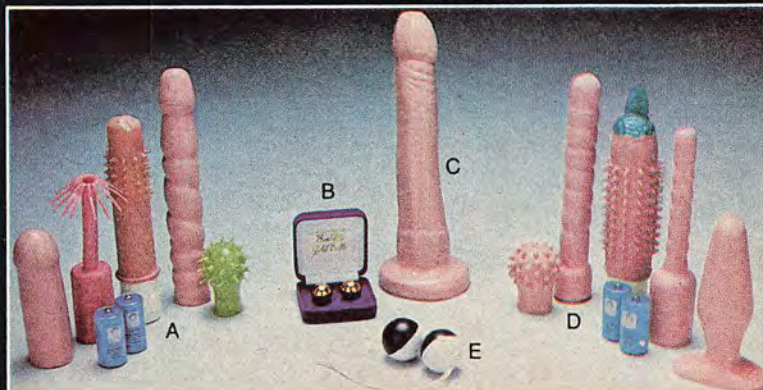
His wife paid for the divorce when, finally, Mike left her and their daughter and came to New York City. "She had all the money," he remembers, "being an only child and daughter of a shrink. That was my old man's problem: he never specialized."

Mike himself was the child of a medical doctor. "Unfortunately, a GP," he says disparagingly. "And it was a small town and there were too many of us kids. You don't live well on fifty thou a year when you've got six kids."

In New York Mike specialized in waitering. He also took a course in photography. "That's where I met Carolyn. I thought it



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would be a glamorous profession, photography." A fairly well-known photographer, Carolyn gave him one of her old Minolta cameras, then a light meter, then a wide-angle lens. She was guest-teaching Mike's photography course when they met. She taught him what she could about photography. She also taught him about women. And sex.

"Carolyn used to say good sex was like a mosaic." Mike smiles now, pleased with the metaphor. "Like lots of tiny pieces that fit together and make for a beautiful experience. It was difficult for me at first because, like a lot of guys, I used to be a machine in bed. A few minutes of foreplay, a few more minutes of intercourse. Carolyn showed me sex could be different. With her it would be a little oral sex, then a little intercourse, then some masturbation, more intercourse, perhaps a bit of massage, then more oral sex and intercourse. Sometimes we were gentle, sometimes wild, but we took our time, and these different sessions heightened our tension and pleasure. And frankly, with this particular lovemaking technique, a man doesn't have any problems."

"Problems?" I ask.

"Yeah, with endurance."

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"You like?" Mike asks as I look around. "I decorated it myself. So as not to give the lie to Grace."

Speaking of Grace, I ask if I can interview any of his women.

Mike opens a bottle of white wine—this one's a Chateau Carbonnieux 1979 Graves—and pours it into two Waterford crystal glasses. He hands me one, then finally answers my question. "Of course not."

Well, what about Dominique? She seems the most liberated.

Mike laughs. "She doesn't much like women or interviews." (Besides not letting me talk to his women, Mike also insisted that I change their names and various aspects of their biographies for this article.)

Dominique, the fashion designer who has been keeping Mike in cameras and magazine work for the past four years, met him in Los Angeles when they were both on assignment. Her clothes were being featured in a fashion magazine layout; he was there as assistant to the photogra-

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pher assigned to cover the shoot. "By four o'clock of our third day on Malibu beach, Dominique was bored and so was I," Mike recalls. "And so we got into her little red Porsche and drove up the coast for hours until we came to this mad place, the Madonna Inn, somewhere above Santa Barbara, I think. We checked in, and made it all night. And all morning. With Dominique, you see, you don't make love. You, well, fuck. With other women, you make love—or try to. With her there's no tenderness, no romance. We scratch, we slap, we bite, we play with violence. In fact, it's almost like fighting except that we're attached—at the genitals."

How kinky do they get?

"Not very," he says with typical evasiveness. "For both of us, looks are very important. We act out our fantasies, but we have rules. No bruises. No black eyes. But our sex is right on the threshold of pain. It's heady."

When they returned to New York, Dominique invited Mike to dinner. He accepted. She invited him again. And again. "She likes to pay," he says with a shrug. "Most men do, too. A few women also. They're into power, basically. Like Dominique."

Of all Mike's women, Laraine, the stockbroker, is perhaps the least glamorous. She is a widow, and her business responsibilities extend from early morning until late night and frequently include formal dinners and other time-consuming events.

Because of her schedule, she and Mike have developed a weekend relationship.

"With Laraine I've the responsibility of a lover, not a husband," says Mike. "I'm there to make her feel like a queen. Look, Laraine, believe it or not, had had maybe five orgasms in her life before she met me. As smart as she is, she wasn't able to communicate with her husband. I've opened up whole new sexual avenues for her."

Sexual avenues?

"Oral sex," he admits. "Great oral sex. A long time ago I had a lesbian friend who kept insisting that women could please each other much better than men could please women simply because they knew each other's bodies more intimately. She bragged so much about her oral-sex techniques that I eventually decided the time had come to do a little research, and so I persuaded her to go to bed with me. We had sex just once, and believe me, I had to pay her handsomely for it. It was very humiliating, but I learned a lot."

Like what?

"She particularly taught me that fantastic oral sex involves more than the woman's genitals. She taught me to pay particular attention to those very special erogenous zones men often dismiss—the nipples, the ears, the neck, the stomach, the insides of the thighs, the backs of the knees, the toes—and she showed me a technique where I'd slowly start licking

one area and then I'd alternate between licking and blowing her skin: very quickly a lick, a blow, a lick, and I'd slowly work my way up and down her body. Then, when she'd be so hot and turned on that she was practically begging for it, I'd use that technique on her vagina. This creates a hot-cold sensation, which, if done properly, is incredibly exciting and causes a woman to orgasm with great intensity."

If Mike ever feels like a slave to his women, to their schedules, their bank accounts, and their appetites, he refuses to admit it. "No, ma'am," he says emphatically, and then repeats, "I run my own show. A woman doesn't cooperate. I get rid of her. A woman wants too much? Bye-bye. A woman has disgusting habits? Forget it. I've got my rules." He leans forward and refills our glasses. "Once, a few years ago, I met a gal who I thought was absolutely terrific. She was a best-selling Gothic novelist, in fact, and wrote all those throbbing love stories. Well, she seemed sensational. Rich as all get-out. About forty or forty-five. Long blond hair. Big green eyes. Great body. She made all these promises and began by inviting me down to Barbados with her, so I said, 'Why not?' We get into our hotel room, it's twilight, the lights are low, we're drinking wine and getting romantic. We begin to undress, and suddenly she comes at me with a belt and starts whacking the living daylights out of me. Fuck it, man, that may be her

idea of a good time but it sure isn't mine. I'm not the kind of man who usually beats his women, but this one I smashed good across the face and was on the first plane out of there. You see, my women have got to do it my way or not at all."

Mike's way—in fact, his entire lifestyle—is a surprisingly orderly one. He avoids heavy drugs and heavy drinking. He works out three times a week on Nautilus machines and plays tennis twice a week with a pro he hires at a city club.

Does Mike ever feel that his career as a kept man is interfering with his career as a photographer? "Frankly, no. At the moment I'm very pleased with my career. When an assignment comes in that interests me, I take it. I don't need to work, God knows! So I can be picky and choosy. Right now I can't ask for anything more."

As for the future, Mike isn't one to give it much thought. "Look, I've got money in the bank, so I feel free. Maybe I'm lazy, but I don't think ahead. Besides, I like my arrangement. I like being protected and pampered. And it's part of my job to let them pamper me. You'd be surprised how many men reject that aspect of loving."

Mike sinks back in his chocolate velvet chair and looks around his rich, elegant room with its nineteenth-century moldings and Atget photographs. Lifting his crystal glass in a toast, he says, "Right now I'm exactly where I want to be." And he emphatically drinks to it all. **O—**

PHOTO CREDITS



Pet of the Month Donna Barnes, photographed for this month's cover by Pat Hill, is wearing a wetsuit courtesy of Imperial Mfg. Co., available through Atlantis 2/Total Scuba, 498 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C. Donna was photographed for the pictorial on page 85 by Bob Guccione, who used a Minolta camera with the Cokin Filter System.

Carl Wachter, who photographed "The Bank Robbery," appearing on page 113, used a Nikon F2 Photomic (35mm), with a Nikon A2 filter and a Spiratone mist filter. He used a Balcar flash unit, a Balcar mono block flash unit, a 43-86mm Nikon zoom lens, a 24mm wide-angle Nikon lens, and Kodachrome ASA 64 film.

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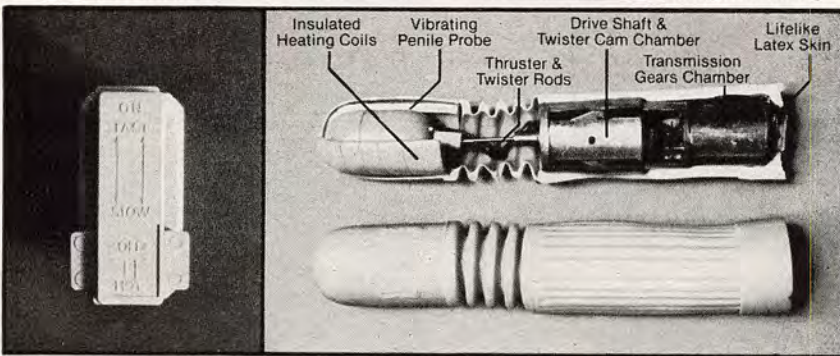
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ed occasions have we discussed swinging and threesomes.

Knowing that she was going to be gone a week, we had a terrific session before she left. In the past I have had to coax her to swallow my come whenever she blew me—for some reason that turns me on. But whenever she puts that tight cunt to work, I usually forget about everything else. She has muscles in her cunt that grab you and can milk all the come out of your balls. We really carried on before she left.

My sales job carries me all over the state, but I'm not usually gone more than a day or two. But since I knew there wasn't anyone to come home to, I decided to travel to some of my more distant accounts and to end up stopping by to see Eve later in the week.

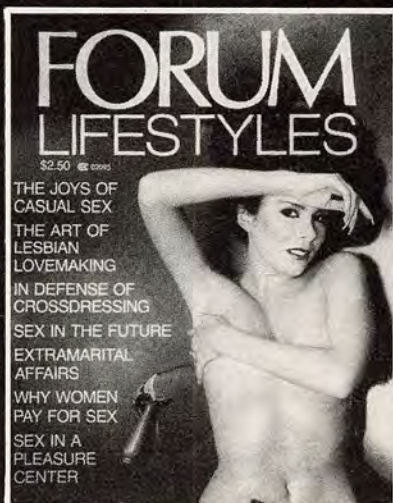
On Thursday I came into my sister's town and had lunch with a client. All during lunch I thought about popping in on Eve and surprising her. My client, Jack, is a little runt of a man, about thirty-five years old, but with a very good personality. He is one of my biggest accounts. Over lunch he was telling me about this fox he had recently met and scored with on the first night. He was saying how he couldn't believe that any woman could have such control of her cunt muscles and that her boobs were out of this world. He was meeting her that afternoon at her house and couldn't wait to get there. He left, and I tried to call Eve but couldn't get an answer, so I went straight to my sister's house.

When I got there, I noticed that Eve's car was there along with three others. I walked up the front steps and tried the bell but got no answer. Knocking didn't bring anyone to the door either, so I started to look in the windows. I almost died when I came to the second window. There was my Eve on her hands and knees with Jack and what looked like a mule dick between his legs ramming in and out of her cunt. Another guy's dick was in her mouth and another couple was locked in a sixty-nine on the floor beside them. For some reason I was transfixed by what I saw. I watched as Jack pumped that monster in and out of my wife's cunt and the guy in front of her pistoned her mouth proudly. When he was starting to come, he pulled out of her mouth and squirted all over her face and tits. Then she grabbed his dick and licked it clean. Jack then started pumping harder and let her have it.

The other couple finished their session and the girl came over to Eve, pushed her back, and started to suck and pinch her nipples. This got Eve going again. They got in a sixty-nine and went to town on each other. When Eve came up, she had come and pussy juice all over her face.

The guys had a few minutes of rest and it appeared they were willing to roll again.

14 SEXUAL LIFESTYLES.



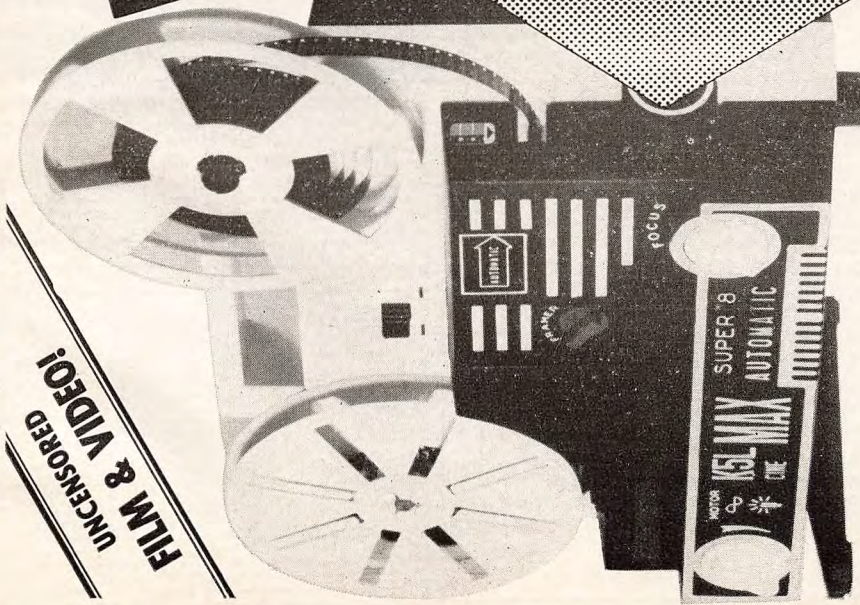
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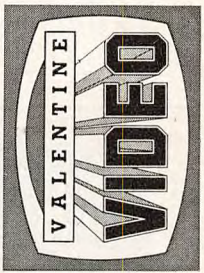
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Jack lay back on the floor and Eve straddled him, working that big fucker up her ass while one of the other guys mounted her cunt and the other knelt by her mouth. The girl started in on Eve's tits.

That's when I left. I couldn't take any more. It was some shock, watching my wife getting it in every way possible. It was shocking and exciting at the same time. I was hurt only because she hadn't discussed it with me first. Hell, I would have accepted it if I could have been in on it too. I have had time to think about it now and have decided that if that's what she wants, I can live with it. You should see the party I'm cooking up for her. She'll have all the dicks she can handle and probably more, but the difference is that she'll have to watch me with some lovely ladies I've discovered lately.—Name and address withheld

IMPOSSIBLE TO FAIL

My girl friend, who is a student in a college located in Los Angeles, has the kind of body that leads to many propositions, even from some of her teachers. Fran is five feet seven inches, with blond hair and a pair of legs that any guy would love to bury his head between. Her tits are perfect—not gigantic, but big enough and firm. The only reason she wears a bra is to cover her nipples, which are always sticking out as if begging to be sucked.

Last week she screwed up an exam be-

cause she had been sick and unable to study. So Fran told me that she was going to stop in at her teacher's office after her last class to try talking him into giving her another chance. This teacher had bluntly suggested several times to Fran that she could guarantee herself an A with the right moves, but she had always refused, saying that she would earn it the proper way. Now, with a failure staring her in the face and the possible consequences it would have for her academic future, I knew that her prof would try to take advantage of her situation. So, knowing her schedule, I went to the school to wait outside his office.

The door was open wide, and soon Fran arrived dressed in a skirt with a slit that went three-quarters of the way up her thigh, and a blouse barely buttoned enough to cover her tits. She hadn't seen me. They sat on a couch, where she explained why she had done so poorly. He put his hand on her thigh, and while staring at her tits told her that he understood. If she didn't mind, they could perhaps discuss private tutoring, followed by a make-up exam, over something to eat, since he had missed lunch and had a night lecture to give. She agreed, so he told her to wait downstairs while he made an important call. When she left I heard him call a local motel for reservations. Then he dialed an extension in school and explained the situation to someone else, telling him to be

there in about an hour and a half. He gave him the room number and said that he would leave the door unlocked. If he wasn't there in two hours, it meant he had struck out.

Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't have given the prof a chance. But from the way Fran was dressed, plus her actions in his office, I had second thoughts. So I went to the motel, and with the use of a credit card was able to open the door. I waited in the closet, but was soon ready to leave, thinking the prof had struck out, when I walked an obviously nervous Fran with her teacher.

After helping her off with her coat, he started to kiss her, but she pulled away, saying she couldn't go against her morals. As Fran grabbed her coat, he reminded her of the possible consequences of a failure for her future, and what a waste it would be after so many years of hard work. If she became a "willing student," things would look much better for her, depending on how she grasped the "subject matter." Hesitating, she put down her coat and reluctantly walked toward him. While he was kissing her, his hand moved up her thigh to her blond-haired pussy. She was stiff as a board, but slowly, with his fingers working their magic, she began to spread her legs. Fran stood there passively as he unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off her shoulders. Reaching around he un-snapped her bra to reveal her nipples,



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which were by now at attention. With his mouth he made sure they stayed that way.

Then he told her to get down on her knees because it was time for her first lesson. As she did, the prof unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi-hard cock, telling her to suck on it. Because she had never given head before, he told her what to do while guiding her head with his hands. Fran turned out to be a quick learner and was soon sucking it all in as his balls bounced against her chin. When he shot his load, Fran tried to pull her head back, but the prof held it firmly. It was obvious that she didn't swallow any, because it was soon gushing out of her mouth and dripping from her chin down to her tits. He then lifted her to her feet and unzipped her skirt. After he pulled her soaked panties off, he lay down on the bed and told her to straddle his face. With the prof sucking and licking her cunt, Fran was on the verge of orgasm, when in walked the prof's friend.

Fran jumped off the bed and grabbed a sheet to cover her body. The prof on the bed told her that she had been too messy on the first blowjob and needed more tutoring before the final exam. At the same time, he was going to give her a lesson in some good, old-fashioned fucking. With these words, the second prof pulled the sheet away from Fran and started to suck on her scum-stained tits while sticking a couple of fingers up her dripping-wet pussy. Already on the brink of orgasm from the workover her pussy had gotten from the first prof, the thrusting fingers pushed her over the edge. She fell to her knees and knelt there shaking and exhausted. But the second prof took off his clothes and pulled her to her feet. He lay down and ordered Fran to kneel down between his spread legs and to start sucking. She obliged, unaware that the other prof had gone to the foot of the bed to assault her exposed cunt. He knelt down and started to probe her cunt with his tongue, which caused her to grind her hips against his face in pleasure. He stood up, and holding her hips, stuck his cock all the way up her pussy. Fran got caught up in the rhythm and began to match every thrust, with her head bobbing up and down on the other prof's cock. When he shot his load into her mouth, she once again tried to pull her head away, but with him having a firm lock on her head, all she could do was open her mouth and let the scum run down his cock. The other prof pulled his cock out and said that he wouldn't continue until she cleaned up the mess. Fran quickly licked the scum off his cock and balls, begging for him to stick his cock back in her eager cunt.

They both came together, as evidenced by Fran's cries of ecstasy. After a couple of minutes of rest, he told Fran that she could take a shower if she wanted before she took her makeup exam. She accepted and returned in about twenty minutes.

Part I of her makeup exam was another blowjob, which she was to perform while

I was a Non-Orgasmic Woman!

*A letter to you, my
incomplete sister, who
I hope will use it to achieve
the precious sexual
pleasure I now enjoy*

Dear Friend,

This is a hard letter to write.

But if it helps you find the sexual happiness I have found at last, without wasting any more golden moments, then it is worth writing—and reading.

I couldn't come. I thought I never would. I was wrong.

I had a sex life, of course. But it never made me happy. In fact, it made me hate both myself and the men I "loved."

I knew that other women had orgasms. I envied them. So much that I lied and told them that I was having climaxes, too.

As soon as I knew what men wanted in a woman, I began to lie to my lovers, too. I'll even admit to you now that I grew very good at faking it in bed.

It worked, except for me. My lovers were flattered by my "responsiveness" to them. And men do talk about women. So plenty of fellows asked me out—and to bed.

I felt such contempt for them, and for myself! I knew what they were after, and all the shallow tricks that kept them happy. But I kept looking for the man who could make me a real woman. And, I admit, I slept with too many men.

I blamed God. Nature. The way I was brought up. I even began to wonder if I was really a female, I got so desperate.

Finally, just at the point of giving up on myself, I discovered how to come, truly and completely. It is a secret that shouldn't be hidden from any woman. So I want to share it with you now.

First of all, let's get some facts straight. Most women have orgasm problems. According to the best estimates I can find, about 28% of us *never* have an orgasm. And only 11 women out of 100 have an orgasm every time they have sex!

I can tell you that every woman I know who has tried it, has a knock-your-socks-off orgasm every time with Soft Touch.

Soft Touch is a vibrator, but a vibrator with several important differences that make it better than anything you may have considered trying before.

It is a sexual aid that works because it was designed by a woman for women. I call it Soft Touch because even though it is firm, its latex skin is pleasant to touch, not cold or bruising like some plastic vibrators.

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Diane Davis

P.S. Try it at my risk for 30 days. Love it or just return it for a prompt refund!



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sitting astride the other prof's cock. The prof lay down and Fran sucked on his cock until he had an erection. She then lowered herself and began to ride it, while sucking the cock of the prof who sat on the headboard in front of her. This time, even though she swallowed most of it, some still oozed out of the corners of her mouth. Throughout this, Fran continued to ride that cock like her life depended on it. After squeezing every last drop out of the cock she was impaled on, Fran rolled off, overcome by her own orgasm.

The first prof then told her that she would have gotten an A had she been neater on her blowjob. The best he could do was give her a D. Fran started to plead and got on her knees and started to suck on his cock. But he pulled away and said that with an extra-credit question she had an outside chance for an A. When she said she would do anything, he called the desk and asked them to send up the maid. In a few minutes this beautiful maid with long brown hair and a stunning body arrived. She obviously had been in this situation before, because she headed straight for Fran and planted a kiss on her mouth, slipping her tongue in at the same time. After a few seconds she stepped back and told Fran to undress her. Turning to the prof, Fran pleaded for help. This fell on deaf ears. The maid, grabbing Fran by her hair, said, "Do as you're told!" With that, she began to bark out orders. "Take off my

uniform!" Fran unbuttoned it down the front and then slipped it off her shoulders. "Unsnap my bra and suck on my nipples!" Fran unsnapped the front of the red bra and freed a pair of tits that made her own beautiful set look shabby. She lowered her head to the left nipple and began to work it over. After a few minutes Fran was told to get on her knees and pull down the matching red panties and rub the maid's clit. When she refused to do this, Fran was pulled to her feet by the two profs and held down on the bed. The maid then straddled her and began to grind her cunt on Fran's face. Since she was pinned down by the weight of the maid, one prof let go and went to work on Fran's pussy. Caught up in their excitement, her resistance ended and her hands reached up and fondled those beautiful tits that were bouncing and swaying above her. Seeing that he no longer had to hold her, the other prof let go and whispered something in the ear of the prof who had his tongue buried in Fran's cunt. His smile signaled his willingness to follow the new plan of attack. They quickly positioned themselves, lying down on each side of Fran, who was too busy learning about eating pussy to be aware of what was going on. They continued to probe her pussy with their hands. The juices from her pussy were clearly visible running down to her ass. One prof maneuvered his cock into her hungry cunt, and she quickly reacted, pushing down on

it and taking every inch. Then suddenly, as if they had rehearsed this countless times, they each grabbed ahold of one of Fran's beautiful thighs. The other prof maneuvered the head of his cock against her ass. She quickly stiffened and tried to push the maid off her as the prof eased his cock into her ass, slowly burying it inch by inch until it had completely disappeared. Then the two began to match strokes until she relaxed and went back to satisfying that hot, steamy pussy hovering over her face. The maid's orgasm was signaled by cries of pleasure, and Fran quickly followed. The profs then began to alternate their strokes, one cock going up while the other came out. Fran was moaning in ecstasy and was soon overcome by a series of spasms at the same time that the profs filled her holes. She was left shuddering with pleasure.

Then the maid and her profs dressed and left, telling her not to worry about her grade. Fran just lay there, her beautiful body limp with exhaustion, oblivious to what they had said. After resting for about fifteen minutes, she also got cleaned up, dressed, and left.—Name and address withheld.

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ple, hardly a day went by when I wouldn't have to go to the engineering/drafting department to get something clarified.

Anyway, there was one female drafting-person who was in her early forties but was still very womanly in her appearance, shape, and personality. I was twenty-nine at the time.

Over time we became friendly and I started eating my lunch with her in her office. The rest of the office crew would go out to lunch, so we were usually quite alone. Eventually our talks turned to husbands and wives, and I found that her marriage had gotten to the once-a-month stage for her—most of the time she was left high and dry. I had no plans of starting anything with this woman, because I was happy at home—and too shy! During our conversations she found out from me that I loved nylons and garters on women.

One day I went into her office for our lunch and the room was empty. Figuring she had gone out to eat, I proceeded to eat my own lunch. Connected to the drafting area is another room that is no longer used and is usually locked. I heard her call me from inside that room. As I entered, I heard the door close and lock after me. She came up behind me and held me close, caressing my chest and abdomen while kissing my neck. I turned and we melted together, kissing deeply and sensually. While we were kissing she backed herself up against a desk and sat up on the edge. She was wearing a dress with a generous slit up the front and I could see and feel her soft and gorgeous thighs. As I explored these soft thighs my fingers came upon the top edges of nylons. She was wearing my dream-of garter belt—black lace with little red roses strewn here and there. This woman had me now. Wild horses wouldn't drag me away. She gently pushed me back and opened her blouse, revealing a beautiful lace half-cup bra holding two of the fullest breasts I'd ever dreamt of. Peeking over the top edge of the lace were two sweet nipples, hard for the nibbling. She reached down and undid my pants and pulled on my now rock-hard cock, stroking it to make it seep my juices, which she promptly began flicking off with her tongue. She began caressing my cock in a way only a woman's mouth can. I was torn between letting her have my come in her mouth or feeling those lovely nylons against my thighs.

I straightened her up and moved into her thighs. It felt like hot velvet as I entered her. We started moving slowly, but that quickly changed to a frenzy of hard, solid fucking. It was over much too soon. I felt her clutch me closer and moan deeply as I left my load of steamy come deep inside of her.

We kissed and hugged and quickly got our clothes back in order and went back to her desk. While we finished our lunch, we made a date to do it again, but more thoroughly. When we kept our date, I reveled in stockings, garters, and lacy bras the whole night through. I have never been so

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around the curve of his head, and soon he let me know I was gonna get it. He let out a yell, and then he came and came. It was beautiful. I loved every minute of it, and I knew I pleased him.

My next adventure was to screw him. I met him at his place, and we went to a little room. We removed only part of our clothes. I was already hot knowing that this would be my lucky night. He removed my panties and ran those golden fingers through my hair, then to my pussy. As they entered my crave box, my juices flowed. I wasn't about to settle just for this. I had to have him totally. I got on top and lowered my body right on his muscle. We fucked till we both came together. Over and over that night we screwed till we were exhausted.

So I finally got my fantasy. We've seen each other since then, and once we went to a friend's apartment. Since Carl fulfilled a few of my fantasies, it was only fair to do one of his. He decided on a threesome with his friend Bill. Bill is a really terrific guy who I plan to see more often. He's a little older than Carl and me, with a body that doesn't quit. Bill is 40 years old, has blond hair, a nice chest, flat stomach, and a dick that craves pussy as much as I crave dick. The first time I was with them Bill did a great job of relaxing me. I don't think I knew what to do with two wonderful men, but they convinced me it would be great. And it was. Carl's pleasure is to fuck me in

the ass at least once in our love scenes, so that was his pleasure for the night. Bill fucked me in the front. The thrill of having two terrific men at one time is beautiful. Hands are all over your body, cuddling, and feeling you until you're in ecstasy. Two dicks to suck and fuck all night long.

The three of us got together again recently, and for once I can say I was totally fulfilled when I left. Carl and I were in bed first. We lay there as I teased, licked, sucked, and then fucked him. Then Bill came in, and I went right for his rod, licking, sucking, and rubbing his balls as he fingered me in the ass. Little did he know that that drives me crazy. When we finally screwed, it was so beautiful and when we came together, there was no stopping me. Then the three of us relaxed for a little while.

Soon after, Carl was at it again, fucking me in the ass as I rubbed Bill's balls. Bill left the room so Carl and I could enjoy ourselves for the last time that night. Carl began with a finger-fuck, which had me coming in seconds. Then I lay on top, and for one more orgasm I washed his balls with the juices that flowed over his body as I fingered myself. We were exhausted. Carl had to leave, so Bill and I lay down together to relax in each other's arms. I wish I could have stayed all night, sleeping, then awakening in his arms. But fantasies must come to an end. I will be seeing Bill on separate occasions now, and I

know they'll be very satisfying. As for Carl, he's introduced me to so much love I feel I'm one lucky woman to get someone so special. I don't know what he has or what he does that keeps me hot, but I hope he keeps it up so we can have these special moments together forever.—Name and address withheld

OLD INCESTRAL HOME

I'm a college sophomore who read your magazine for the first time a few years ago. Even at the tender age of twenty, I can relate to the probable truth of some of your letters. I've made love to a couple of girls, not quite in the ways described in your letters, but an experience I had last year will always be the wildest, most vivid experience of my life. I still get a raging hard-on whenever the memory creeps into my consciousness.

I was a normal, horny guy, masturbating almost daily. I have a sister, Terry, who is two years older than I. We were both home from college for the summer. She is cute, and I was always trying to see her nude. Our house was built in such a way that our rooms had windows that faced each other. Well, I figured that if I snuck into her room and arranged the shades, I would be able to see in below them when I was lying in my bed. As a result I was often treated to seeing Terry in various stages of undress, and I would always be sure to be in my room after she took a bath. She would

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come in, close the door, take off her robe, and stand in front of the mirror examining her body with her hands. Finally she would carefully powder herself. I'd usually come twice on these occasions.

Then it happened. She had her friend Cheryl over to spend the night. They talked and talked, and I was sure that I'd probably fall asleep before they got ready for bed. Then, after a while, Terry went over to the mirror and started brushing her long brown hair. She took off her blouse and kept on brushing. They kept talking, and finally Cheryl came over and took the brush from her. Terry folded her arms over her breasts and leaned back, closing her eyes. Cheryl's free hand started caressing Terry's shoulder. Slowly her other hand worked its way down Terry's back and un-snapped her bra. Terry raised her arms high, exposing her tits, and then lowered them and let her bra fall to the floor. Her nipples were hard and pointy in a way I'd never seen before. Cheryl put down the brush and reached around to cup both mounds with her hands. They stood there for a long time, and Cheryl kept kneading her breasts.

One of Cheryl's hands slid down and started to unbutton Terry's jeans. Terry pulled the hand away and I could see her mouth say, "No, please, don't." Cheryl stepped back and pulled her own sweater over her head. Her tits were beautiful, milky white, with large pink nipples. They

were twice as large as Terry's.

Terry reached out to touch them, pinching and pulling on the nipples. I shot my first load right then! Terry went over and sat on her bed and looked like she was ready to cry. Cheryl eased over and stood in front of her and peeled off her jeans and panties. Her ass was beautiful too. She walked even closer to Terry and reached out for her face and pulled it to her belly.

At first Terry pulled away, but a moment later she reached out and put her hands on Cheryl's ass and pulled her close. They moved until Cheryl was lying on the bed. Her legs were spread and Terry's face was between them. I could see her tongue lapping at Cheryl's pussy. My mind was racing; could this be real?

Cheryl's hips started bouncing and her head was thrashing wildly as Terry kept on licking. Finally Cheryl pushed her away and just lay there, breasts heaving, nipples taut, and pussy pink and wet. Terry stood up and finished taking off her clothes. Cheryl pulled her down and they kissed passionately, bodies rubbing together. She kissed Terry's breasts and then buried her face in Terry's snatch. Terry's hands were all the while pulling her pussy lips apart. She came as wildly as Cheryl had.

They lay side by side for a long while, caressing each other and talking. Then, all of a sudden, they were locked in a wild sixty-nine and I got a perfect view of Ter-

ry's ass and wet, puffy pussy. Her hair was all matted. It was the first time I'd ever seen her this way. I could see Cheryl's tongue licking up a storm and tongue-fucking Terry. Terry's tits were hanging down and looked a lot larger than when she was standing.

They finally collapsed in a heap. Then Cheryl worked her way loose and walked over and picked up her purse. She took out a dildo and walked back to the bed. She stood there and Terry really smiled. Terry got up on her hands and knees and Cheryl crawled up behind her. Cheryl worked the dildo in and out of Terry's pussy and then slowly into her ass. She started pumping it as fast as she could move her hand. Terry went into a seemingly never-ending climax, and when Cheryl pulled it out she collapsed on the bed.

In the morning I looked over there again and they were in separate beds. Mom woke them up, and when they got up they were both wearing shapeless nighties. I watched them dress. My adventure was over.

I saw Terry a lot more before she left for college in the fall, and still do once in a while when we're both home. Once, when I was in her room, I discovered a vibrator hidden beneath her panties (right next to a pair of crotchless panties). This arousing discovery always made me wish I could see in the dark and watch her use it.—
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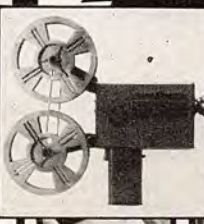
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I'm an attractive, twenty-three-year-old housewife and mother of one. My husband and I have been happily married for two years now. The last of a dying breed, I was a virgin before marrying Rich. I have to admit, it wasn't easy holding back as long as I did. Now our sex life is great, but not until recently did I find out how truly fulfilling, and I mean filling, sex can be.

Some friends of ours invited us to a late-night pool party at their house. Rich drove our son down to his grandparents' house to spend the weekend and was going to meet me at the party later. In no time at all, a wild party was brewing, and after a few tall drinks I removed my halter and shorts, exposing my well-rounded breasts and bottom, covered only by a slinky rust bikini. When my garments slid to the ground, I caught the attention of several men nearby, who turned to take a long look at my body. My surprise soon gave way to a sort of primal excitement as I noticed that an erection was quickly rising under the black silk swimsuit of the man across from me. Looking up, I realized that this steaming, silk-covered penis that was making my cunt so wet belonged to Jeff, a friend of Rich's. I've always been attracted to him. Looking into my eyes he must have sensed my desire before I could say a word. He picked me up and the two of us plunged into the pool together. I bobbed to the surface and moaned with delight as he

slid his hand down the back of my bikini bottoms and tugged me down to the dark, shallow end of the pool, out of sight of the rest of the drunken partyers.

Jeff told me how long he'd waited for this moment. He gently began kissing me up and down my neck and breasts, occasionally dipping a finger into my throbbing pussy and massaging my clitoris underwater. He popped one breast, then the other, out of my bikini and sensuously nibbled and licked each nipple, sending ripples of passion down my spine. As I kissed Jeff long and deep, he loosened my bottom, which floated away.

"Fuck me now, Jeff. Please, screw my hot cunt," I pleaded. Suddenly, Jeff plunged beneath the water and, yanking my thighs apart, passed his tongue over my hot spot and began lashing in and out of my waiting hole. When he came up for air I wrapped my legs around his buttocks and pushed, mashing his pole into my pubic hair. Then I positioned it at the entrance of my pussy. The feeling of this new penis pushing into my body was indescribable. The thrusts of his thick, warm, cock soon brought both of us to mind-shattering orgasms. It felt so good that I just kept pushing him inside of me farther and farther. We fucked for fifteen minutes straight, until I was too sore and exhausted to go on. Finally we stumbled back into our swimsuits, having just enjoyed the most ecstatic fuck session of our young

and ever restless sexual lives.

We split up and kept a low profile the rest of the night. Fortunately, because of car trouble, Rich was unable to make it to the party that night. I've longed to make it with Jeff again but he's since moved away. I'm keeping my fingers crossed, though, for another late-night lover.—
Name and address withheld

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I had recently bought a video camera, and this proved to be the opener. One night we somehow got around to talking about porno movies we had seen. I brought out my video camera and said, "Why don't we make our own?" They jumped at the idea. Evidently, they had been discussing the same subject. We all agreed to have some fun. Into the bedroom we went and stripped. We decided we would film it just like the movies, with come shots, etc. After some discussion, John and Alice were chosen to start.

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PAPARAZZI




THE GREAT BOLIVIAN DRUG SCAM

What Women Really Want in a Lover—Women frequently feel pressured to fake orgasm during intercourse and are afraid to tell the men in their lives how they can experience greater sexual satisfaction. Shere Hite, author of two best-selling studies on human sexuality, reveals what many women actually want in lovemaking. "The stereotype in our society that says women have a problem having an orgasm is false," writes Hite. "It is society that has a problem accepting how women do orgasm."

The Great Bolivian Drug Scam—Two years ago, agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration pulled off the greatest sting operation in narcotics history. Posing as American mafiosi, they made a deal with Roberto Suarez, the cocaine king of the world, who grosses over \$400 million a year from the annual export of twenty-five tons of coke. Although the DEA managed to get away with over \$100 million worth of the drug, and although several top lieutenants of his organization have been arrested, Suarez himself remains more powerful than ever. Jonathan Kandell draws upon his years of experience as a *New York Times* and *International Herald Tribune* reporter and editor to write a story as exciting as *The French Connection* and more real than tomorrow's headlines.

Hitler's Treasure—For twenty-nine years, the treasure lay wrapped in a box under the bed of a retired railroad worker in Pennsylvania. At first glance, it did not look like a treasure at all—a few crude watercolors, a pistol, jewelry, and family snapshots. But in fact the material all belonged to Adolf Hitler: his most personal possessions, intended for a Hitler museum to be built after Germany won the war. This priceless historical treasure, long believed lost, has now been unearthed by *Penthouse* contributor Ron Laytner and is revealed to the public for the first time in an exclusive *Penthouse* account.

Paparazzi—Spurned as low-life vermin, attacked on the streets, and sued in the courts, these daring shutterbugs do just about anything to deliver the goods: candid snaps of celebrities. Prowling the spas and resorts, lurking by restaurant doors, a few paparazzi have become almost as famous as the stars they relentlessly haunt. Here's how six top pros get the big-money shots of Liz, Jackie, Cher, and Caroline.


Walking the Plank in Outer Space—Why is the United States—whose space shuttle has been the envy of the world—allowing so-called Third World and Communist nations to get away with depicting its space program as selfish, militaristic, and piratical? In a provocative "Advise and Dissent," *Omni* editorial director Ben Bova warns that we are allowing ourselves to be set up by the Russians—and the stakes are enormous. As you read the news stories of our delegates' meetings with the Russians in Vienna, you'll want to keep all the facts in mind. 

Alice is very small, about five feet tall, slender, with what is described as a "cute figure." She has small, firm breasts. John is tall and slim with a generous-sized prick. I got the camera ready, and John and Alice got on the bed. I filmed and Barbara sat on a chair near the bed and watched. John and Alice began to make love. He sucked her tits and rubbed her cunt. Then he went down between her legs and tongued her. It was extremely hot to watch my wife do this. I had a wild desire to jerk off as I watched. Barbara was already rubbing herself at the sight. Alice was writhing and moaning and began to groan, "Faster, harder, watch me!" Suddenly she flung her legs out, pressed against John, and yelled wildly as she came. Her face was twisted with pleasure. She then took John's very stiff cock into her mouth and slowly, but enthusiastically, sucked. He was moaning now. After this she mounted him, sliding his glistening prick into her cunt once again. She worked slowly up and down in a way that made me think she had forgotten the camera. They were making the most incredible sounds. It was the hottest thing I ever saw. I glanced over at Barbara, and she was rubbing herself harder now.

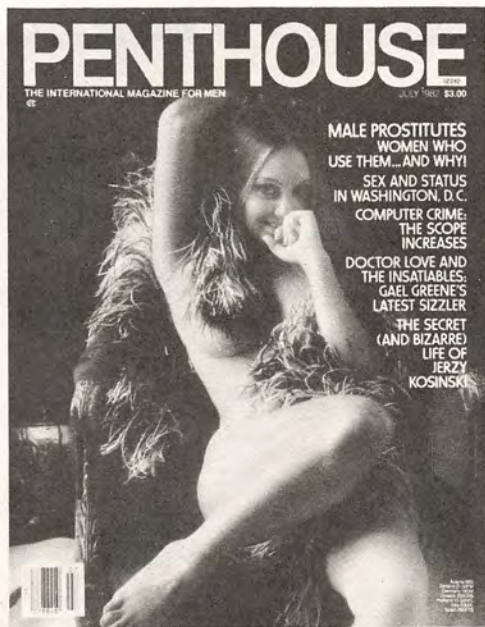
Alice got off and lay on her back as John got on top of her. I could tell they were about to come. John's ass was pumping up and down furiously. Suddenly Alice wrapped her legs around John and began to heave. Then John pulled his prick out, held it over Alice, and jerked it wildly in his hand. His whole body quivered as he, too, yelled out. He shot out spurt after spurt all over Alice. All of a sudden, we heard more yelling. I turned, and there was Barbara, coming like mad.

It was now my turn. Barbara is taller than Alice, with medium tits and a fantastic ass. We began to make love as John filmed. We sucked each other for a while, but then Barbara got on top of me and we began to fuck. She was hot as hell and made the wildest faces. Then she turned around, still on top of me, and continued. I was holding her ass and watching it pump and moaning with delight. Suddenly her ass began to pump wildly up and down. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her yelling. I was too hot to pull out. I grabbed her ass and pushed deeper and shot my come into her.

After a while we experimented with different things. The filming became less important as we didn't need the excuse to get together. We would fuck our own wives or each other's as we watched or kept busy in other ways.

We can't believe all this is happening, but let me tell you, swinging is great!—
Name and address withheld 

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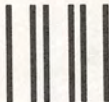
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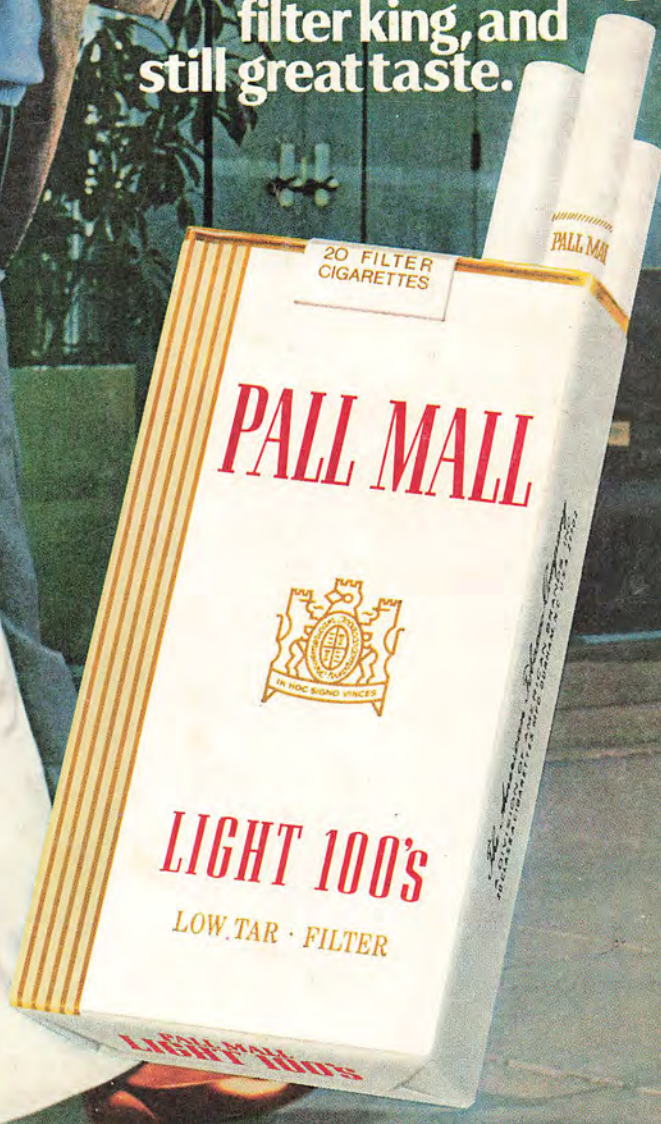
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