

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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MARCH 1983 \$3.00

EXCLUSIVE:

JOHN HINCKLEY

**GIVES SECRET
AND SHOCKING
INTERVIEW
TO PENTHOUSE**

YURI ANDROPOV:

**FORMER KGB
DOUBLE AGENT
REVEALS INSIDE FACTS
ABOUT NEW
SOVIET LEADER**

**TELEPHONE SEX:
AMERICA'S NEWEST
GROWTH INDUSTRY**

**AMERICA AFRAID:
THE FAILURE OF OUR
CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM
(AND WHY!)**



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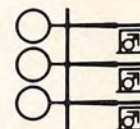
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This month's cover features Suzie Farrell, who was photographed by Earl Miller. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 30.

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HOUSECALL

"Have you heard of Karla? He is an old fox, the most cunning in Moscow Centre, the most secret....Decades of his life were not accounted for and probably never would be, since the people he worked with had a way of dying off or keeping their mouths shut." So wrote John le Carré about his legendary, fictional chief of the deadly Russian KGB, whose secret infiltrations of Western intelligence networks would prove so damaging. Much the same could have been written about Karla's real-life counterpart, Yuri Andropov, when the former KGB chief suddenly ascended to complete power in the Soviet Union after Leonid Brezhnev died last fall. Despite the fact that Andropov had been one of the most powerful men in Russia for fifteen years, Western officials and reporters knew next to nothing about him. What little they did know had come from a brief interview with Vladimir Sakharov, a former Soviet diplomat who had worked for many years as a secret American double agent. Sakharov, now living under a new identity in the U.S., had not only worked for Andropov in the KGB but had also been a longtime acquaintance of Andropov's son, Igor. Now, in the most complete and detailed profile of the new Russian leader yet to appear, Sakharov and *Penthouse* contributing editor Ernest Volkman disclose the fascinating background of Andropov's transformation of the KGB and reveal the paradox of his hidden life—a life that has been a monument to the Western influences he has been desperately trying to eradicate. Their exclusive report, "Yuri Andropov: The Spy Who Came In From the Cold" (page 56), is as compelling as any le Carré spy thriller while at the same time it's must reading for anyone who wants to understand the future direction of our most dedicated—and deadly—enemies.

In practical terms, most Americans are more afraid of the criminals lurking on their street corners than of the armies and missiles of the U.S.S.R. In "America Afraid" (page 76), an excerpt from a forthcoming book to be published by New American Library, the results of an important new study of citizens' attitudes toward crime show that "regardless of the occasional injustices in the justice system itself, the basic injustice is to law-abiding people who are sick to death of seeing victims lying in the streets and perpetrators laughing at the police and the courts through loopholes in the law." Although the authors of this study, *Research & Forecasts* and Ardy Friedberg, express the hope that "a new climate will prevent the tiny criminal minority from controlling the rest of society," the prevailing attitude is summed up by an angry judge: "We have to get back to the idea that a guy who commits a crime is going to pay for it."

The feelings of frustration about violent crime reached their peak last year when John W. Hinckley, Jr., was found not guilty of attempting to murder the president of the United States. Even though there was no question that he had willfully and deliberately pulled the trigger that wounded four people, including President Reagan, before national television cameras, a Washington, D.C., jury found him innocent "by reason of insanity." The outcry of rage from all over the country had, of course, no ef-

fect on the verdict, and Hinckley was subsequently transferred to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington to undergo treatment and evaluation to determine when he would be able to be set free. In order to see for ourselves how insane a man has to be to get away with trying to kill the president, we asked contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein to interview Hinckley. Despite the fact that Hinckley himself wanted to talk directly to Sonnenschein, hospital administrators refused to allow a face-to-face interview. Nonetheless, for several weeks Hinckley and Sonnenschein completed an extraordinary exchange of questions and answers through the mail, providing a chillingly comprehensive insight into the mind of this fascinating psychopath (page 102). But since there is no real substitute for the electric give-and-take of a personal interview, Sonnenschein and *Penthouse* are continuing to attempt to talk directly to Hinckley—a court battle having important First Amendment consequences for all media in this country may follow if all other efforts fail.

We're proud to present, in this issue, the American debut of one of today's most important young artists, Ori Hofmekler, whose biting but beautiful satiric caricatures of the famous and powerful have already been compared to the art of Daumier and Hogarth. When Bob Guccione discovered Hofmekler's drawings, the *Penthouse* editor and publisher immediately contracted the young Israeli to become a regular contributor to the magazine. Guccione's personal selection of the best of Hofmekler's recent work can be found in the special ten-page artist's portfolio beginning on page 124.

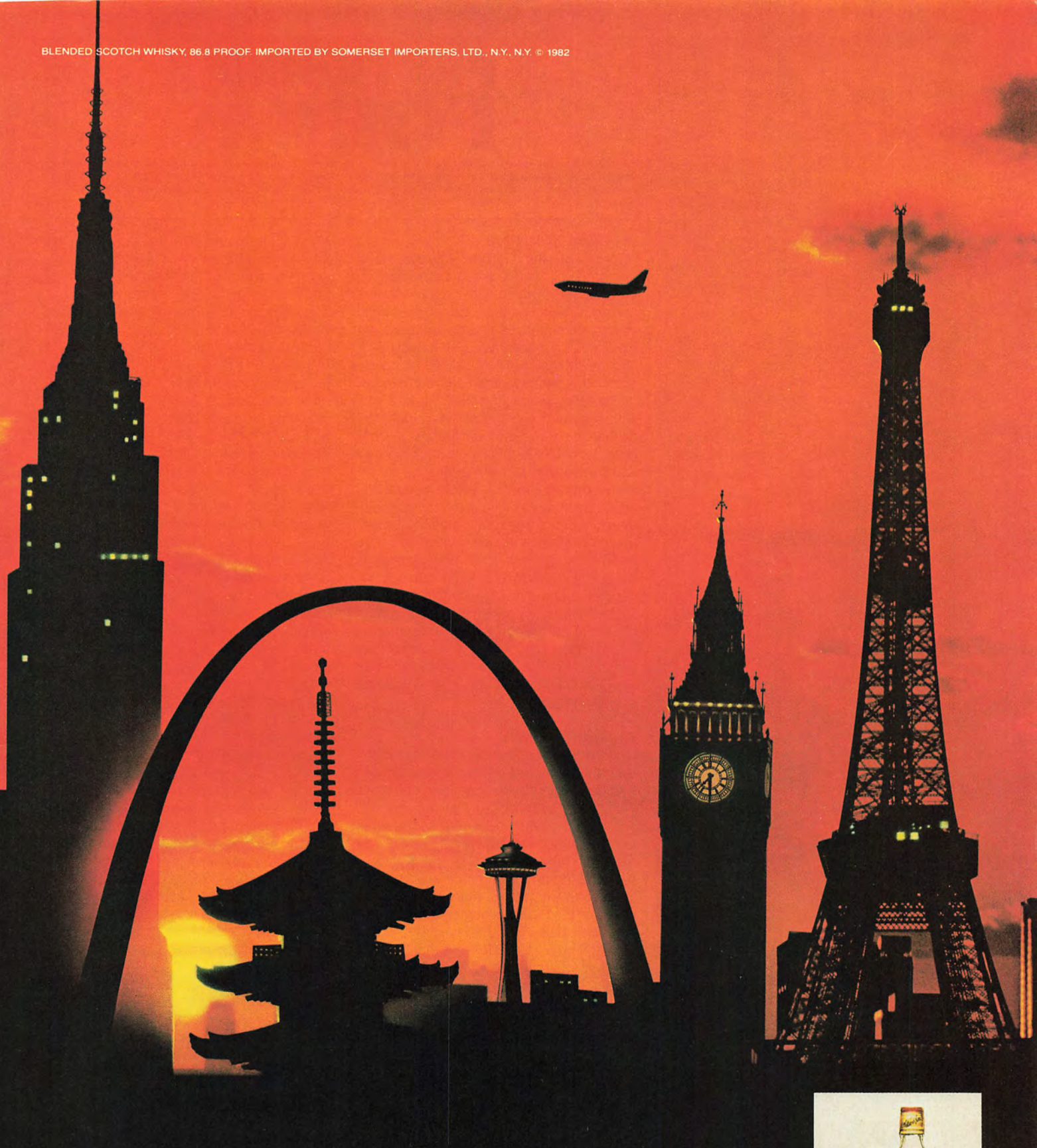
Our fiction this month is an exclusive excerpt from the first novel by Ovid Demaris, one of America's leading investigative journalists. Demaris, whose most recent best-seller was *The Last Mafioso*, the memoirs of Mafia killer Jimmy Fratianno, set *The Vegas Legacy* (which will be published soon by Delacorte) against a background of corruption and violence that this veteran reporter has become all too familiar with (page 116).

New York Post reporter Amy Pagnozzi makes her *Penthouse* debut with an article about one of our newest growth industries—telephone prostitution (page 72). An increasing number of men, it seems, are spending an increasing amount of time getting a lot more than old-fashioned pillow talk from a new generation of long-distance "operators." Pagnozzi interviewed the men, the girls, the "madams," and even credit-card company officials to show how the world's oldest profession has adapted to keep abreast of the technological future.

Other compelling articles this month include Susan Gray's personal account of the first Amerasian children returning to their fathers in the U.S. ("Vietnam Veterans Adviser," page 98); Anita Summer's profiles of "real" men who are discovering the subtle pleasures of cream liqueurs (page 142); our new television column, part of a redesigned "View From the Top" section (page 45); and Frank Donegan's psychographic quiz, which probes your hidden abilities to be a military genius (page 135).

You don't have to be a military or any other kind of genius, however, to recognize the naughty bits among this month's Pets, whose talents are anything but hidden and whose abilities to arouse your appreciation are, we feel certain, as obvious and as plentiful as the loveliness and charms they so graciously display. ☐

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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

POSITIVE THINKING

After reading the "Forum" letters in my latest issue of *Penthouse*, I could feel my large cunt throbbing with desire. Alone in my apartment, I pulled down my moistened panties. Spreading my long, slender black legs, I buried an eleven-inch dildo into my aching love box. I stabbed it in and out of the steamy depths of my womanhood while fantasizing that it was a man who was bringing me all this pleasure. I dream of an eleven-inch man who really cares about making me come. He licks my wet pussy and is very gentle as he explores my cave with his swollen shaft, then when I scream, "Yes!, I'm coming!", he keeps me in a frenzy by fingering around my hard clitoris and inserting his love muscle into my tight ass. Exploding up my butt, he grabs my firm breasts. I can feel my vaginal opening dripping with excitement. He begins licking my pussy while I tongue his penis hard once again. And when he shoots into my mouth, I feel my cunt grasping his tongue, forcing him to taste my juices. I'm in heaven.—Name and address withheld

PAYMENT IN KIND

Quite a few years ago I read in my boyfriend's *Penthouse* a letter from a girl who had been, by her own consent, corporally disciplined by her boss. For her and your interested readers, here is what happened to me just two weeks ago.

I am a French-Canadian girl of twenty-six, working as a waitress in a good-quality restaurant with a discotheque. I am considered good-looking and in particular very well built. That Friday noon, when I was getting a tray of drinks for my customers, I noticed that Ely, the barman, forgot to punch the total amount in the electronic register. Since that way I could not be charged, I decided to make a profit, and tucked away a twenty-dollar bill.

I will never know whether I had been set up, or whether I was just coincidentally observed. Anyway, when I returned to the bar, Ely told me that the boss wanted to see me immediately. We both went to his office, my heart beating like crazy. Ely told the boss, a soft-looking but tough guy in his forties, that I had been stealing money. When asked how he could prove that, Ely asked the boss to hold my arms behind my back for a moment, which he did. In a flash, Ely's hand disappeared in my blouse and in my bra, and returned with the twenty-dollar note.

"That, my dear, is a matter for the police," the boss said, and went to the tele-

phone. I implored him not to involve the police, assuring him that I would do whatever he told me to. He thought for a while and then said: "Okay, I spare you the police, but you sure won't get away without a good punishment." With that he gave me his note pad and made me write down the following: "I hereby admit having stolen the amount of \$20. I ask that the police not be involved, and request a very good whipping. I request this on my own volition and without pressure." I had to sign, and Ely cosigned as a witness.

He then gave me back the twenty dollars and instructed me to go to a downtown department store that he knew had an equestrian department. There I was to buy a thin, whippy riding switch and return half an hour before the 7 P.M. shift.

As soon as the lunch shift was over, I took the subway downtown for the strangest purchase of my life. I had never been whipped before, and felt my blood rushing to my cheeks whenever I thought of what was expected me.

I found the riding department and asked the saleslady, a girl around thirty-five, for the least painful riding switch. She looked at me kind of knowingly and asked whether my horse was so unusually sensitive. I blushed crimson, and she said: "Don't worry, Love, I know exactly what it's for. In fact, I can assure you that at least three quarters of all riding crops sold here are sold to bosses who have an account to settle. I would recommend this one here, the cheapest at \$7.95." That one for sure was thin, whippy, and resilient, but I bought it to save on the cost, and declined the kind offer to try it out on me, convinced that I would have enough opportunity later that day.

I paid, went home to change my underwear just to be on the safe side, and punctually saw my boss at 6:30 P.M. Without a word, I handed him the whip and the change. He then ordered me to bring in Ely, Angie, and four bar stools. Angie is a skinny girl who hates me because I get so much more attention from the men. I asked, why Angie, I was told she was representing the staff from whom I had stolen tips.

When we returned with the four stools, my boss closed the door. He then said he had decided on one blow for each dollar, plus number twenty-one for audacity. That made seven from each, and he would be first and was ready to proceed. I lay down on the row of stools on my belly without further ado. Ely held my arms, and Angie my feet. My boss pulled up my skirt and



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said, "Only on the bum. Hold your noise down, or the number will be increased." I was very tense and uncomfortable and said yes.

I heard the first swish, and immediately felt the sting through my panties and pantyhose. It was painful but bearable. The next six fell in an even rhythm, and all on the same spot, which made it more and more painful, even though I was soon to know that they were quite moderate.

Ely was next. He told the boss that he preferred it on my bare bum, to which he agreed. I protested wildly but was told it was either this or the police. So, with my boss holding my arms, Ely and Angie pulled my panties and pantyhose completely off and threw them in the corner. Then Angie held my legs, and Ely let the whip swish seven times, with ever increasing severity. The last one felt so sharp I had to let out a loud ow! I jumped to my feet and rubbed my more-than-sore behind, forgetting the show I was giving the men.

Then Angie said she wanted me completely nude. Against my wild protests, my boss simply said okay. Watched carefully by all around, I took off what was left, promising myself I would get even with both Ely and Angie.

I had to mount the stools again, and Angie really did her best. She gave me six burning stingers so hard I wriggled to get my hands loose and on my behind, but

without luck. But then Angie made a mistake. The seventh lash she laid with full force smack across the middle of my thighs. I jumped down and rubbed my legs, and then I had the revenge idea. I quoted the boss who had laid down the rule "bum only," and requested a return treatment on her. She protested, but the boss firmly said that was the rule. Of course I wanted her nude. Seeing that her lot was self-inflicted, she undressed slowly, being particularly careful with her bra. She had quite small, firm breasts with very large, firm, protruding nipples, which she tried to cover until she lay down.

Needless to say, I had no mercy. I laid seven of the best exactly on the same spot of her flat behind. During my own treatment I had learned that the greatest effect is obtained with just the end of the whip kissing the bum. And that's what she got to perfection. I must admit I admired her courage, for she did not utter one sigh. She dressed without one word and went out.

With Ely I got even the same evening, also. Since immediately after my whipping, I had been horny as a hamster, hornier than I can remember ever having been before. The connection with my whipping was obvious. Anyway, later in the evening I told Ely how well deserved my whipping was, and also how horny it had made me, and would he take me home with him. Having fancied me for a long time, of

course he said yes. I knew I was going to get both my hotness cooled, and my revenge.

When we arrived at his apartment, I jumped right into his bed. While he was in the washroom, I fingered myself close to a climax, but then waited for him. I made him lie down, mounted him, and screwed him like there was no tomorrow. After about a dozen deep, full strokes, I came in the most gorgeous orgasm I ever had before or after. After I recovered, I rode his beautiful dick until he was close to coming. Then I jumped off abruptly, leaving him disappointed and furious and pleading with me to come back. I got dressed quickly, kissed him on the nose while he was desperately jacking himself off, said goodnight, and left.—*Name and address withheld*

SPANDEX ON MY MIND

A week's sexual adventure in New York has so awakened, stimulated, and changed me that I have an irresistible urge to share the experience with you and your readers. I am a thirty-eight-year-old businesswoman and am considered attractive, although I've always dressed and behaved in an overly reserved, business-like way. While attending several conventions and courses in connection with my business, I'd met and gotten to know well a lady from New York whom I'll call Susan. I liked her because she dressed as she liked and was always a free spirit. At one such meeting, Susan invited me to stay with her in New York for a week. I accepted.

I got off the plane a little tipsy and found her at the luggage carousel. She was stunning. Atop black high heels, all six feet of her was clad in an arresting, shiny black Spandex jumpsuit. She was smoking an incredibly long black cigarette. I thought she looked wonderfully sexy and couldn't take my eyes off her on the ride to her place.

As we chatted in her living room, about business and personal things, Susan suddenly said, "Let's get stoned." I said, "Good idea," thinking at first she meant we should put away some Scotch. But she brought out a tall water pipe with two long hoses, and a large bag of marijuana. I had never tried it before, and was embarrassed to admit it, so I began to puff on the hose she handed me. Susan realized I was new at it and showed me how to inhale the dope properly. Before I knew it I was stoned and very giggly. I was also a little wet as I looked at Susan's long legs, so tightly and sexily wrapped in her Spandex jumpsuit. I felt comfortable enough to remark that I liked her outfit very much. "You'd look great in this," Susan said. "Would you like to try one on? I have several more." I agreed. Five minutes later, I was standing in the living room in a bright blue Spandex outfit just like Susan's. I felt fabulous. As we continued to talk, drink, and smoke I became absolutely high. Finally, we both sat on the floor next to one



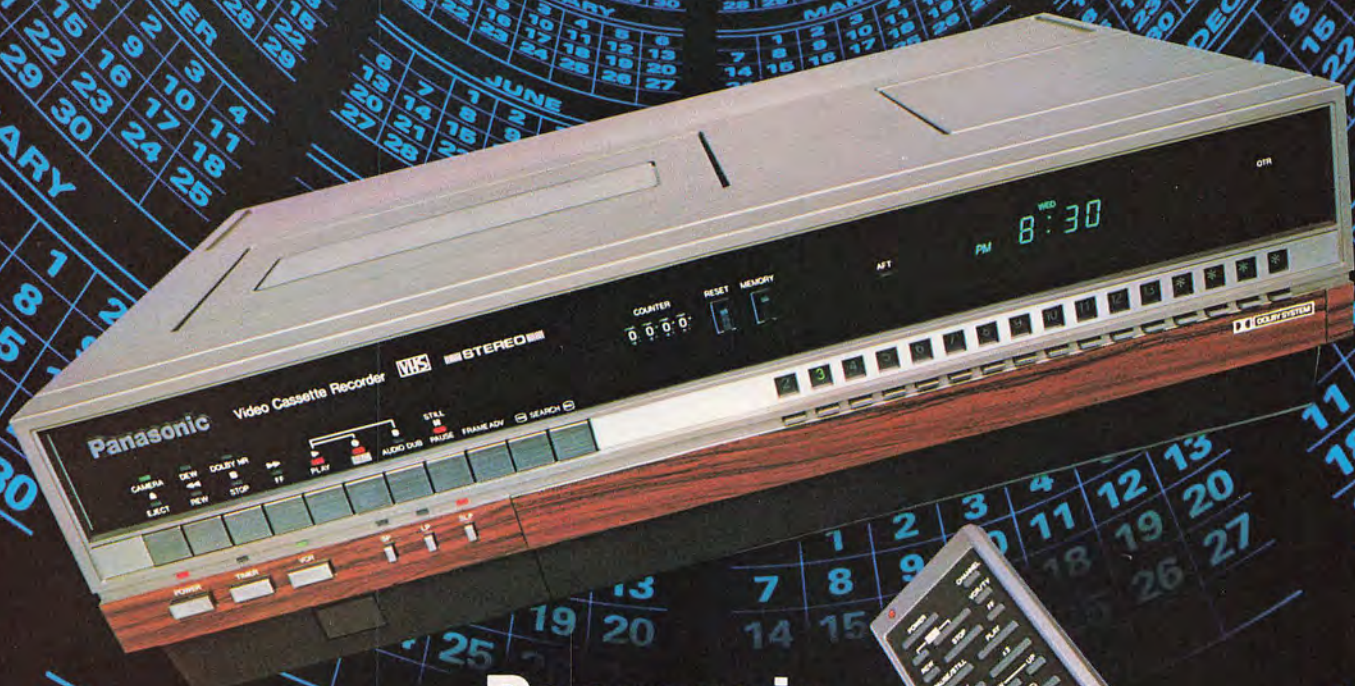
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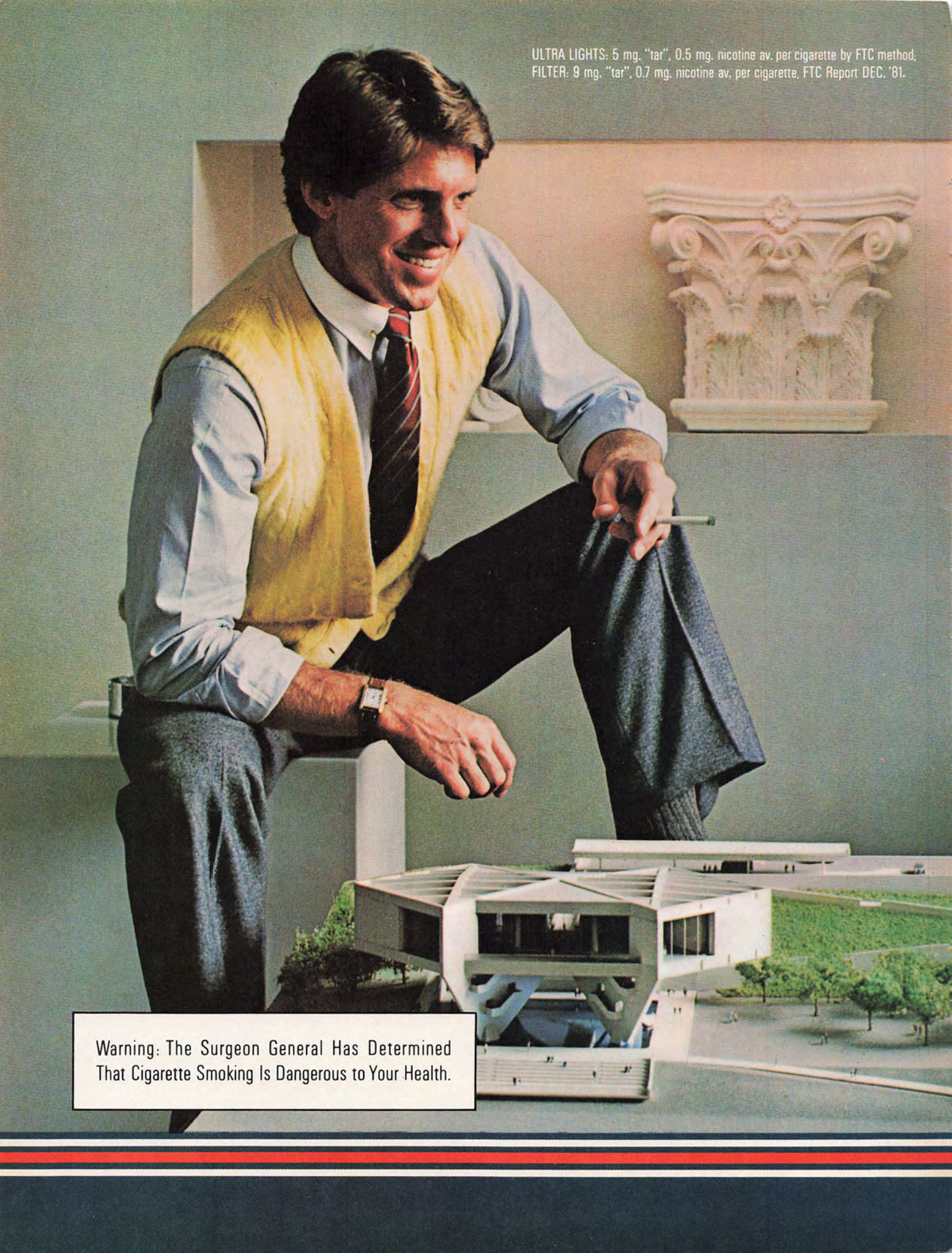
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FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

A man with dark hair, smiling, is leaning over a miniature architectural model of a modern building. He is wearing a light blue dress shirt, a yellow vest, and a striped tie. He holds a dark jacket in his left hand and a lit cigarette in his right. The background features a large, ornate classical column capital mounted on a wall. The scene is set indoors, with the man standing on a platform above the model.

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another, thoroughly stoned, and I felt very horny indeed. Suddenly, but somehow very naturally, Susan placed her hand between my legs and kissed me on the lips. I responded. We continued to kiss and fondle each other, and I got hotter and hotter, until I couldn't stand it. I began to slide the top of her jumpsuit down, and lick and kiss her gorgeous body until I got to her juicy snatch, where I began tonguing her aggressively. She moaned and twitched until she came violently. "That was fantastic," she moaned. "Now let me do you." I was beside myself, having never even really thought before of making love with another woman. She took my jumpsuit off and so began an all night session. Each of us came so many times we couldn't keep track. I knew as we fell asleep curled up in one another's arms, that I was in for a very special week. And I realized that I didn't feel the least bit guilty.

The next morning, the moment I awoke Susan handed me a cup of coffee. She was wearing the same shiny blue jumpsuit I'd borrowed the night before and lit up one of her six-inch cigarettes, this time blue to match. She took one puff and handed it to me. I realized from the aroma that she must have used the paper to make a joint. Having enjoyed it the night before, I toked again. We shared the joint, sitting on the bed together, until Susan said, "Get dressed, we're going to get you some new clothes."

We visited several stores, and I bought four jumpsuits. They were all the same shiny kind I'd seen Susan wearing. I also got a couple of pairs of Spandex jeans. They fit so perfectly, better than Susan's did on me, since she's taller. I felt exquisitely sexy.

Every time we went out that week we wore Spandex. I found several things I could wear as accessories—sweaters, blouses, leg warmers, and so forth. Whenever I went I felt sexier than I'd ever felt before, and I immensely enjoyed the looks from men and women both. Susan and I did everything together, from drinking, dinner, and shows, to more shopping. Because I liked the extra vampish touch, I bought a quantity of Susan's six-inch cigarettes—all in colors to match my new outfits. I was thrilled by my new ultrasexy image and, needless to say, by a week's delights in Susan's bed. In bed or out we had a fabulous time and spent most of our time high. I realized that I'd acquired a fetish for Susan's stoned-and-Spandexed image and that it was to become part of my image as well.

I was sad to leave at the end of the week but I knew we'd see one another soon again.

I was keen to show off the new me when I got home to my husband. He was flipped out to see me get off the plane in one of my new outfits. I had on the shiniest, tightest purple Spandex jumpsuit I could find, of

course with a matching cigarette. My husband has occasionally smoked pot, and although I'd never tried it despite his urgings, he was thrilled when I suggested we get high. We had a wild lovemaking session that night. I told him of my affair with Susan, and to my surprise he found this very exciting. He suggested we invite Susan to stay with us.

Well, I've now bought my husband his own men's style Spandex jeans, which he just loves. One night last week, he even dressed in one of my jumpsuits and greeted me at the door. My new image and fetishes have given a whole new dimension to sex for me and my husband. We both look forward to Susan's visit in two weeks. Perhaps that will be the source of a new letter!—*Name and address withheld*

A SIDE TRIP

I have been reading your magazine for many years and never thought I would have anything to write you about. Most of my sex life, although very satisfying, has been rather uneventful. I am a happily married man in my early forties, and although I have had all the normal fantasies, I have never actually experienced them. I have had a couple of minor affairs, but nothing out of the ordinary. Until a recent business trip, that is.

I was visiting one of the mountain states here in the West and found myself with a little extra time on my hands. I decided to visit one of our beautiful national parks for some relaxation and fishing. In the rented car that I had been provided for my stay, I drove up into the mountains. I was driving along, enjoying the scenery, when I noticed a young lady pulled off the road on a turnout with a flat tire. She was sitting on a rock, looking rather dejected. I stopped and asked her if I could help. It turned out that she had opened her trunk only to find that her spare tire was also flat. I offered to take her and her spare tire to a small mountain town, which was just up the road a few miles, where I knew there was a garage. She thanked me and we threw the spare tire in my trunk and drove off to get it fixed.

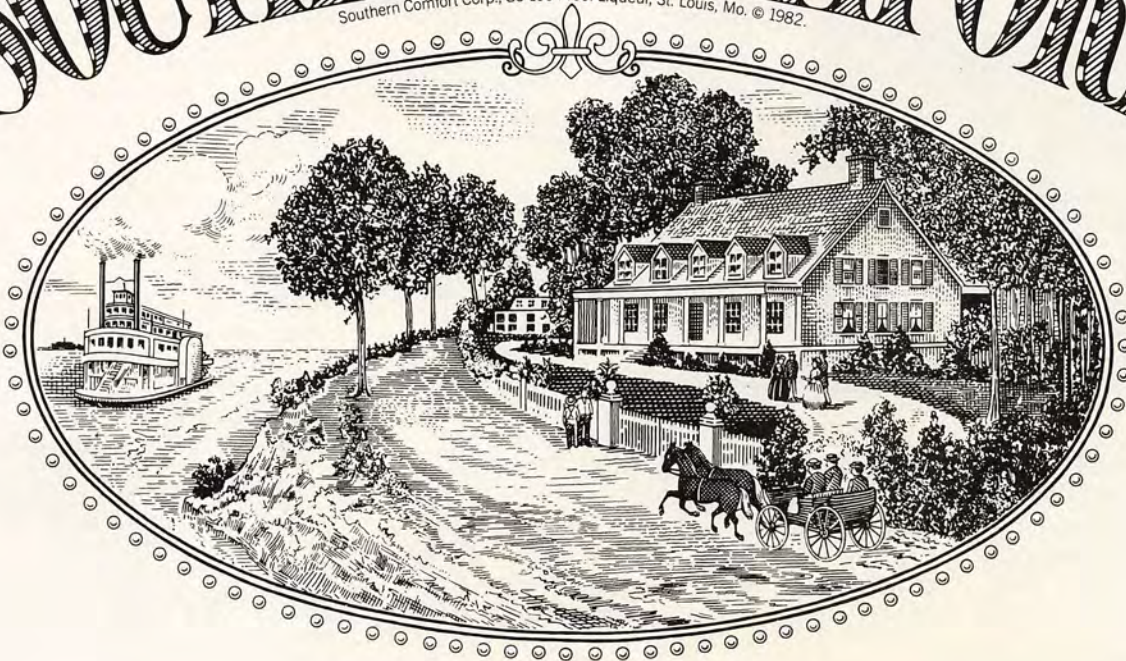
She was a very pretty young Oriental girl (I'd guess about twenty years old), under five feet tall, with beautiful long hair cascading down to her beautifully rounded butt. She was dressed in tight-fitting blue jeans and tank top. I asked her what she was doing driving out here in the mountains alone. She said she and some girl friends had been visiting in the city I had just come from, but they had already flown home and she had borrowed her aunt's car to do some sightseeing before she also went back to college on the East Coast. We soon arrived at the small town and found the only garage closed, but one of the townspeople offered to go get the owner for us. By the time he arrived and finally fixed the spare tire, it was getting late in the day. She said she was not used to driving in the mountains at night, so we hurried back to her car and got the spare



"Of course, by the same token, you could argue that God must have liked assholes, because He created so many of them!"

SOUTHERN COMFORT

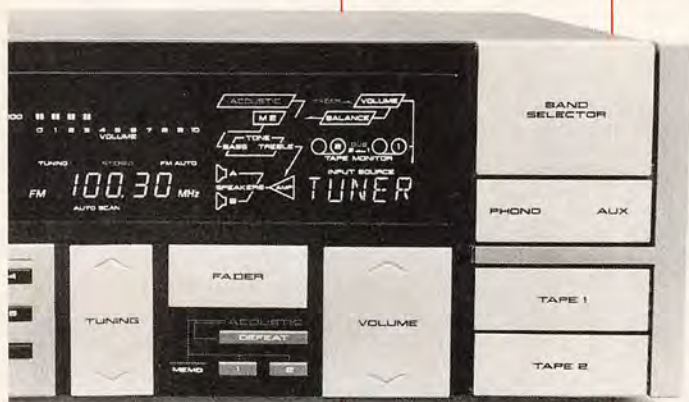
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than I do. She
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tire on. Since it would be almost dark by the time we would get back to town, I suggested that she follow me and stay at a motel there for the night. She thanked me for the help and offered to treat me to dinner for my trouble.

After we got back to town, she got a room at the motel for herself (I was still planning to continue on). We ate dinner and I was about to leave when she suggested that we go to her room for a couple of drinks before I went. I was glad she suggested it, since I was hesitant to make a play for a girl obviously young enough to be my daughter. We got to her room and she poured a couple of glasses of cool wine for us from the picnic cooler she had. I was beginning to get quite turned on to her when she suggested that we take a bath to get rid of the sweat and grime from the work of changing the tire. More than eagerly I nodded affirmatively, and we nearly ran to the bathtub. She stripped and revealed a pair of perfectly upturned breasts topped with small, hardened nipples, just barely covered by her long cascading hair. She had an exquisite little butt and her mound was covered with a little triangle of black hair. She refused to let me do anything and instead soaped and washed me all over, paying particular attention to my rock-hard cock, balls, and even my ass hole. We were so turned on by then that we just briefly dried each other with towels and ran back to the bed.

She had me lie down on the bed and she kneeled over me, kissing my body all over and caressing me with her beautiful hair while I fondled her breasts, which, to my surprise, although ample, were as hard as the nipples that topped them. She then said she wanted to suck my cock and balls, which, she said, were the largest she had ever held (I don't consider myself that much larger than normal, but I didn't correct her).

To my surprise she lifted my legs and started by licking my ass hole and then working her way up to my balls and finally my cock, which she slowly but persistently swallowed all the way down to the base of it. Her small mouth was stretched to its limit around my thick cock, but she managed to move her tongue around my cock in a way that drove me out of my mind. I watched, fascinated, as her beautiful face and hair bobbed up and down over my cock, which kept disappearing down her throat. Finally I could take no more and I erupted into her hungry mouth. She tried to swallow most of it, but with so much of my cock in her mouth some of it dribbled out and ran down my balls. Reluctantly she released my cock and licked up all the come she had missed. I turned her over on all fours and drove my still-hard cock into her cunt doggie-style. Her tight pussy squeezed my cock as I drove furiously into her and again I unloaded a torrent of come that her pussy had milked from me. We

fell, exhausted, onto the bed, and while relaxing I told her that was the first time anyone had ever licked my ass hole or deep-throated me and I was surprised that someone as small as she could have swallowed it all the way. She just smiled and said I tasted so good that I could expect more of the same.

Well, to make a long story short, I never did get to go fishing that weekend, but since we fucked and sucked all through the next two days, I didn't miss it at all. When we got back to the city, I drove her to the airport and she gave me her address and telephone number. Since she is attending a school just a few hundred miles away, I hope to soon go "sightseeing" with her again sometime.—Name and address withheld

A CASE HISTORY

I occasionally make contact with couples looking for a third sex partner. My latest experience is one to be shared.

I had first met Ned and Katy almost a year ago for dinner, but we did not get together afterwards. Katy seemed a bit shy and quiet during dinner conversation. I telephoned them a few months later to see if they would like to meet again. Ned told me to call him back at his office the next day to discuss the matter.

When I telephoned again, Ned explained that he couldn't talk freely at home and wanted to talk with me in private. He explained that they had never before had a three-way encounter and that at our dinner together Katy was embarrassed out of her mind. But Ned was still hoping to get her into threesomes and then maybe four-somes, so he was willing to talk about it again with me. I asked him to let me think about it for a bit and that I would call him back later.

I realized that because of Katy's shyness I should suggest a preplanned, low-key activity. I called Ned to discuss a plan, and here's what happened.

We met for dinner again near their home. I dressed in a dark suit and Katy wore a skirt, as she was instructed to do. The conversation was great and Ned and I had a twinkle in our eyes, since we knew what was to follow; Katy was still rather subdued.

Then we went to a hotel room and drew three chairs close together in a circle. Katy and Ned sat, crossed their legs, and watched as I started the ball rolling. I took off my coat and tie and then everything else down to my white briefs. Katy was certainly taking in the scene but did cast her eyes aside or to the floor often as if she was nervous. I stood close to them in front of the one empty chair and with my finger outlined the coiled semisoft penis bulging in my briefs. Already a wet spot was growing at its tip. Katy was a lovely, petite woman, about five-three and maybe 110 pounds, with long, straight black hair. The sight of her watching me was causing my penis to squirm as it grew larger. My penis isn't the world's largest—it's seven inches

long and six inches in circumference. No big deal, but nice.

As Katy and Ned watched I lowered the briefs, and my dick flopped forward, dangling and swaying for a few seconds while my balls bobbed underneath before I pushed the briefs to the floor. Then I sat down in the triangle, legs slightly parted, completely nude. Katy then knew her part was next.

She looked at both of us and didn't smile, but rather looked intent and businesslike. She uncrossed her legs, then gathered her hair and tossed it back behind her. Her trim figure was very attractive. I knew what Katy was wearing, since I had suggested this whole plan to them. She had on a skirt, tight white body shirt, and a nice blouse on top of that.

Katy parted her legs just slightly, enough for me to see the white patch between her legs. Then slowly she moved her legs a little farther apart. My dick was rolling around and starting to lift off my leg and to point skyward. She lifted her skirt up and stroked her inner leg just below her pussy, then let her finger trace the line of her pussy lips. By now my penis was at full staff and the head was bulging. I wrapped a hand around the base of my shaft and pumped it a few times as I watched Katy. She put her fingers under the legband of her tights and began to draw the nylon tighter so that it showed more of her. I wrapped both hands around my prick.

Now this was all we had asked Katy to do, a little teasing while they both watched me. I was timing myself to come at this point. But Katy kept going on her own. She drew the nylon crotch between her pussy lips, and I became curious, because I could see no wispy black cunt hair. She looked me right in the eyes now and was smiling.

I took the initiative and moved to the bed and told her to stand over me. I looked up her skirt and continued to pump my dick. Ned moved over beside us and cupped my balls in his hand, then reached up under Katy's skirt and felt her legs. She knelt down, straddling my face, and I used my teeth to gently nibble her crotch before she took off the skirt. The blouse went quickly too. Ned and I sat on either side of her as she lay on the bed and began to peel off her tights. First I leaned over and kissed her gently, then took off the shoulder straps and down it came. She had small breasts with tiny dark brown nipples.

Ned stood back to let me do the honors as I continued on down. Her pussy was a treat—sure enough, she had a small tuft of black hair on her mons veneris, but the lips between her legs were hairless. I leaned forward and kissed her once more, then traced her pussy lips with my tongue before inserting it between those lips to find her clit.

Ned had undressed and joined us in bed. Katy asked for me to come up near her head, where she grabbed my prick and drew it into her mouth. Ned took up the cue and began to work between her



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legs. We went on and on for a few hours, onto the floor, in the chairs, and in the shower. Afterward Ned said that he had not discussed any of this with Katy beforehand (except the planned part) and that he had never seen her so excited.

Good for them. And I hope this won't be my last time either.—*Name and address withheld*

WORK-INCENTIVE PROGRAM

I would like to begin by stating that I have been an avid reader of your magazine for approximately three years now. I work in a rural area where a number of my colleagues are rather conservative. Therefore, I never conceived any possibilities of sexual encounters during office hours.

Approximately four months ago, my new secretary, Nancy, picked up one of my *Penthouse* magazines and began reading your "Forum" section. She's an attractive strawberry-blond about five-seven, with a 34-24-35-inch figure. Before long, she admitted that she was getting extremely wet between her legs. Needless to say, I took advantage of the situation and asked her if there were anything I could do to relieve the stress. She grinned and shut the door behind her. Nancy didn't hesitate one minute.

She came and sat on my lap and I started sucking on one of her breasts as I squeezed the nipple of the other tit. She instantly started moaning and squirming. I

began clearing my desk off while she dropped her pantyhose and lifted her skirt up. Placing her on her back on top of the desk, I quickly moved between her legs—placing one over each shoulder—and buried my face in that hot, moist, juicy, love nest. Her gyrations told me that she enjoyed this as much as I did.

I worked my tongue up and down her sweet slit, occasionally dipping it deep in that love tunnel. I took one last long sweep from her bung hole up to her love button. She let out a low moan, and I knew it was time to concentrate on her clit.

Nancy's clit extended about one inch and I sucked it between my lips while my tongue whipped it rapidly side to side. Soon her moaning became louder. She arched her back, clamped her legs around my neck, and came continuously for ten minutes as I wasted not one drop of her love juices.

After she regained her composure, she grinned and said, "One good lick deserves another." She reached down and unzipped my pants, letting my six-inch pole pop out right in front of her face. With expertise I had never experienced before, she engulfed the entire six inches in one gulp. She began moving her head up and down my saliva-greased pole, while synchronizing her right hand at the base, and pumped with both her hand and her mouth, bringing me to an orgasm I will never forget. She continued sucking on

my limp pole until she got the last drop. With all the evidence deposited in her mouth, she grinned and swallowed. We quickly got dressed and went back to our daily responsibilities.

We have met several times since that day, each with favorable results. We have even gotten to the point now where we honor each other's needs. When I find myself exceptionally horny, she will relieve my tensions with no qualms about both of us having to come, and vice versa. To say the least, I find much more incentive in going to work these days.—*Name and address withheld*

PULLING RANK

I'm sitting here reading your October 1982 issue and decided I'd write. I get your magazine every month, and have never read a letter from anyone who has had an experience like mine.

I'm a twenty-six-year-old female and a military training instructor in Utah. I'm considered attractive by my peers and I work out at the gym every day to stay in shape. With the new standards, I get to push male and female trainees. One of my most memorable experiences was with one of my female trainees. I don't consider myself a lesbian, but I do enjoy a sweet pussy time and again.

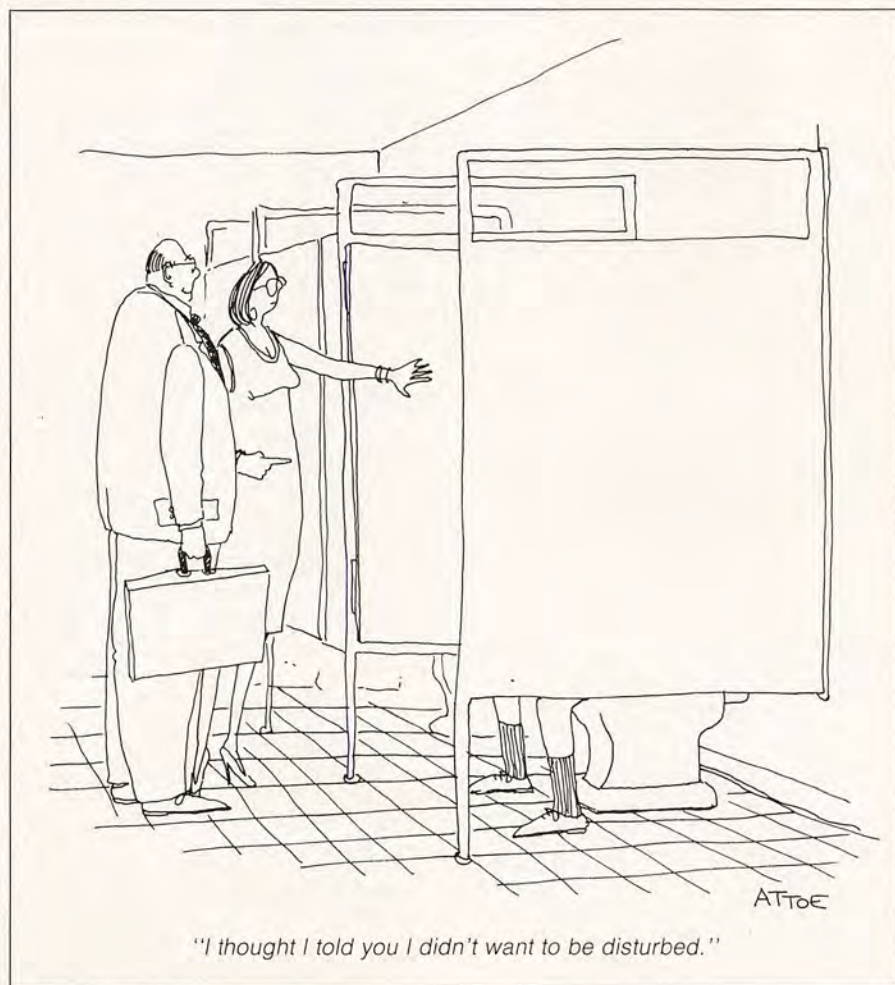
One day when I was sitting in my office, one of the trainees came to me with a problem. She had been crying, and told me she had gotten a letter from her boyfriend telling her they were through. We talked for about an hour, and while we were talking, I couldn't help noticing that she had a very lovely figure. Although she was no beauty queen, she was very cute. I consoled her and told her if she needed anything else to let me know.

As the days went by, she seemed to become attached and was always offering to help me or ask a question. I myself was starting to get hot for this little lady. I would find any excuse to go into the dorm after PC while they were in the showers just to get a look at her lovely body.

One night in about the twentieth day of training, I was in the office rather late doing some paperwork, and decided to stay there for the night. We have a bed in our office, so it was easy.

I locked the doors and started to get ready for bed. I always sleep nude, and when I got to bed, I started stroking my pussy, thinking of my trainee. I closed my eyes and started to stroke my skin and rub the inside of my thighs with my fingers, thinking they were her soft lips. As I worked on my painfully hard nipples, I worked my other hand feverishly over my cunt lips and clit. I keep a large, rubber dildo by my bed at home, and was wishing I had it when there was a knock at the door. At first it startled me. I was so deep into what I was doing I must have made more noise than I thought.

I asked what they wanted. It was my trainee. She was pulling dorm guard and asked if I was all right. I got up, put my



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pants on, and opened the door. She obviously must have known I was terribly aroused, as my nipples were still very stiff. She asked if she could come in, and I opened the door.

Without a word she started to kiss my nipples and undid my pants with a free hand. Her hot little mouth felt so good on my aching nipples. She sat me down on the bunk and put my legs over her shoulders and immediately dove into my pussy, sucking like crazy. She was nibbling and rubbing her face all over my soaking-wet pussy lips. I thrust my hips at her face as she made me come. She kissed me very deeply, our tongues battling. Again without a word, she got up and quietly left.

The next day there wasn't a word. Just a cute smile from her when no one was watching. I couldn't stand it. I had to have her. The trainees were due for a town pass the last Saturday that they were there. So I discreetly told her to plan on coming to my house. I got soaking-wet just thinking about it.

The day finally came. I had a friend of mine pick her up and bring her to my house. We sat around our pool for a while and did some swimming and sunbathing. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. We went in for lunch, and after we ate I just couldn't stand it any longer. I pulled her to me in a deep, hot kiss. She readily embraced me and returned my hot, passionate kiss. In no time we were totally nude and in my

king-sized waterbed. I laid her down and told her to just lie back and enjoy. I kissed every inch of her body from head to toe. She hadn't had any sex for a long time, except masturbating, as I found out later, and she was so hot that she couldn't lie still. I sucked her nipples into my mouth. God, they were so large. As I sucked, I would scrape them against my teeth. This drove her wild. As I did this, I had my right hand working on her pussy lips. She was flooding my hand. I would lightly scrape her clit with the tip of my fingernail, then plunge my fingers deep into her steaming hole. Then I'd use my two middle fingers, working them in and out and twisting while I used the knuckle of my index finger to put pressure on her clit. Her hips were swaying out of control as I sucked first one nipple, then the other, and worked her pussy with one hand and inserted a finger of the other into her tight little ass. Finally, I turned her over and got my dildo out of my nightstand. It's twelve inches long and plenty fat. As I slowly filled her pussy with my dildo I rimmed her ass with my tongue. She raised up off the bed and begged me to fuck her harder. I started slowly, and gradually built up speed as I shoved the rubber cock in and out of her swollen pussy. She was bucking so wildly I couldn't keep my mouth on her hot little ass. I wanted to taste her come, so I withdrew the dildo and sucked feverishly on her swollen clit. Her juices tasted sweeter than I imag-

ined. As she came, she flooded my face with her sweet juice.

We spent the rest of the afternoon in bed, sucking and fucking like there was no tomorrow. It was one of the best I've ever had.

She graduated, and calls from her new base from time to time. I told my boyfriend about the experience and he got so worked up, we ended up in bed with one hell of a terrific fuck session. We're going to call her to see if we can't get together for a three-way. We can hardly wait.—*Name and address withheld*

WEDDING REHEARSAL

I have been reading your letters, and for the most part, I think they are made up by some Harvard reject with nothing to do at this stage in his/her life. I did, however, have a situation that might just qualify for your special section called "Forum."

About a year ago, my youngest sister was about to be married, and I was asked to give the bride away, as my dad had passed away many years before. The honor was mine, but because of a tight financial situation, I couldn't take my wife and daughter. My wife is a most trusting person, and insisted that I go back to Alabama for the wedding. I decided to stay with a friend I had worked with years before rather than with the crowd, and, of course, there was plenty of super smoke all around the house. The second day after my arrival back in the South, I met my new sister-in-law. Dee was a nice lady. Nothing to get excited about at first glance, and at first glance I kept in mind that I was indeed just meeting a new member of the family. In a few moments of conversation, I learned all about her, and I was impressed by her intelligence and depth. Even though she was a few years older than me, I was impressed with her to the point that sex was beginning to start to play a role in my attentiveness. I tried to wash those thoughts out of my mind.

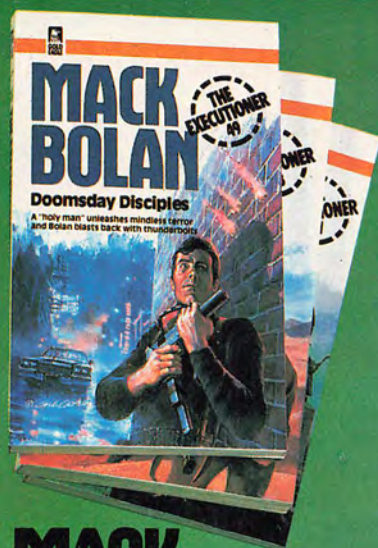
Later that night, we had the traditional rehearsal. Then we had a traditional rehearsal dinner, and after that, nothing else was traditional. Dee had played with my leg under the table . . . not a lot, but just enough to make my shorts look like a pup tent. After the dinner was over, I suggested that she might like to join me in a visit to my friend's house and then I'd give her a tour of the town. She wasted no time in accepting in a manner that made everyone in the group think that she was doing me a favor, and I sounded like I was bending over backwards for her. We went to my friend's house and immediately lit up a doobie for me, and she decided to stick with the white wine. We stepped out onto the back porch and stood very close to one another without saying so much as a single word. We stayed that way for about ten minutes, which seemed like an eternity, considering the thoughts that were running through my head.

This was new to me. It had been years since I was in a position to get into extra-





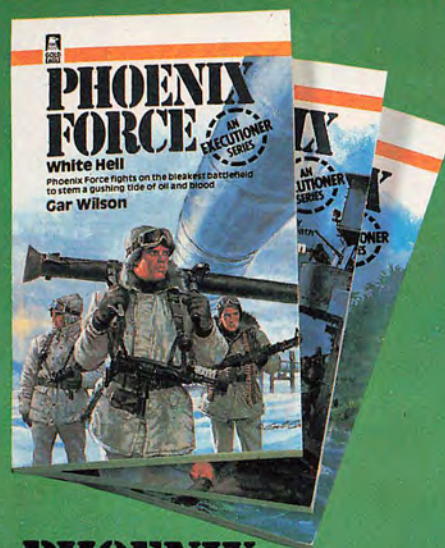
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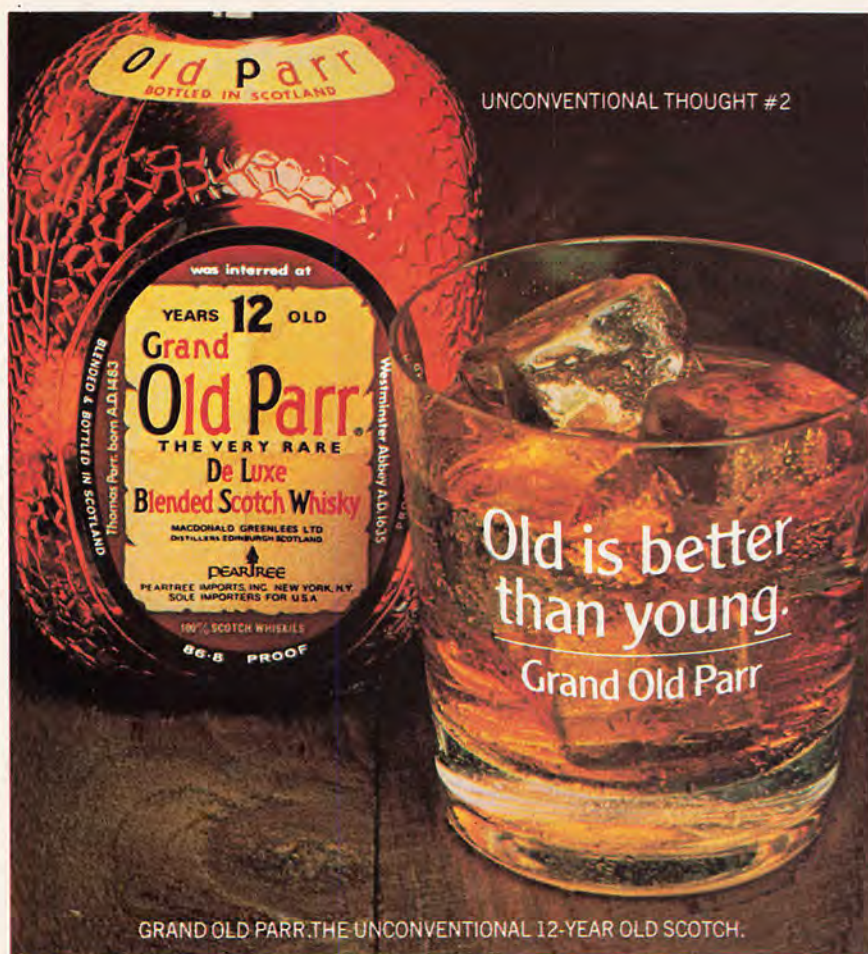
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GRAND OLD PARR. THE UNCONVENTIONAL 12-YEAR OLD SCOTCH.

try again.—Name and address withheld

GOOD TIMES

This is a story about the ten best days of my life, so far, after twenty-one years. I'm a pretty good-looking girl, working my life away in the cold state of North Dakota. This last summer I met a man from the great state of Texas while he was on vacation up here.

I was a little buzzed after a company football game and went to a local park with a six-pack. It was there that I spotted a black Chevy pickup with Texas plates. In the back of the truck was a cooler and this good-looking cowboy. I asked him if I could put my beer in his cooler and that's where it all got started.

He was up here for the whole next week and we hit a few of the good restaurants in town and spent some hot nights together, but every morning I had to get up and go to work. The day he left he stopped by where I work and gave me a yellow rose with a card that read, "Next time I see you will be in Texas." I didn't really know if I would ever see him again!

We kept in close touch by telephone, talking to each other while masturbating to some fantastic orgasms! It was during these very intimate conversations that I told him some of my most secret and favorite fantasies. I had two weeks of paid vacation coming, and within a month I was ready to go to Texas!

I left home wearing a very sexy, purple wraparound dress, discreetly slit to the waist. Under it I wore nothing but a garter-belt with stockings and high heels. All through the flight I had on my mind what a good time I was in for, and feeling so sexy, dressed the way I was, my pussy was just throbbing! After just a couple of drinks and cigs, there I was—Texas! This was so exciting for me to be traveling such a distance and knowing only one person in the whole state.

I got off the plane and couldn't believe the breezy, hot, and humid weather. I was walking through the crowd and suddenly there he was, the man I had been dreaming of every night and had told all of my fantasies to. I was hundreds of miles away from home, a total stranger to these new surroundings and totally at the mercy of this man I had spent only one week with back home.

We hardly said a word but kissed passionately and went to get my luggage, then started out to his truck. On the way, his wandering hand fell on my ass, and I saw the biggest Texas grin ever. On the way to the motel we smoked a joint and began touching and kissing. I don't know how we ever got to the motel, but we did and checked in immediately. We ran to our room like a couple of high school kids.

Once in the room it took him no time at all to get my dress off and start kissing my breasts and nibbling at my very erect nipples. When he came up to steal a kiss, I was able to reach down and release his large, hard cock. Remember, everything's

curricular activity, and I just didn't want to make a fool of myself. All at once I turned to her and said, "I need to know what's happening." She looked into my eyes and replied, "Anything you want to happen can and will happen. It's up to you."

There was little question in my mind what the next step was, so I went into the house, picked up a couple of doobies, some more wine, and I asked my buddy to let me use his van.

I had lived in this part of Alabama for several years before moving away, and with little trouble, I found one of my favorite parking spots near the airport. As we were driving there, Dee grabbed my hand and slid it inside her blouse and sighed as I slowly manipulated her small but firm tits. She slid her hand across my lap and slowly rubbed my cock with a touch reserved to an artist. By the time the van was parked, she had unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock. Dee took my hand and sucked on two fingers like she was into a super blowjob. I couldn't wait any longer. We moved into the back of the carpeted van and proceeded to get under way with super intensity. After I managed to get most of her clothes off, I had her sit on my face so that I could lick her cunt and ass hole. She loved it. As I rubbed her clit with my thumb, I stuck my tongue up her cunt just as far as I could, and then I got my finger wet and slid that up her ass hole, which made her cry out. I kept up the ac-

tion until she lost her cookies at least twice, and then I had her move back so that my cock could get into the action. It didn't take long before she had a full load up her twat, and she just kept bouncing like she never wanted it to end. We took a short break, she sipped, I toked, and then she looked at me with those same eyes, and said, "It's my turn," and the lady knew exactly what to do. She took my now limp cock and put it in her mouth along with my balls, and proceeded to teach me what a blowjob is all about. As she made my cock grow, she slid her finger under my balls until she got to my ass hole, and then, with an unrivaled touch, she slid that finger into me. In a few moments, she had me begging to put it into her, but she wanted to pay back in kind and took my load and swallowed it with a smile on her face. By this time it was late, and the wedding was the next day at noon. I took Dee home to the place where she was staying, and apparently no one heard her come in. My friends, on the other hand, were just smiling when I walked in the door. But they did the right thing. They handed me a super doobie, which topped off a delightful evening.

In the church the next day, as I stood at the altar after giving my sister away, I couldn't help but steal several glances at my sister-in-law. She had a special smile on her face, and I honestly hope that in the near future she and I will get a chance to

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BROOKS
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bigger in Texas. Now I know what they mean by damn Yankees! He just loved it when I'd rub his sensitive nipples and suck and nibble on them while he was pumping his lovely cock into my pussy. He could go on and on like no man I had ever been with before. We worked up such a terrific sweat that I had a pool in my belly-button and it was splashing all over the place. Later that afternoon we showered and got ourselves ready for a night out on the town.

He had always talked about the "Big ol' Texas Moon," and the next night he showed me what he meant by that. Bartime in Texas is two o'clock, and that was also when the temperature became bearable for a girl from the North. After a nice night of wine and some Texas dancing, we took off to a bayou just outside of town. We spread a blanket on the shore, and there was one of the largest and most beautiful full moons I had ever seen. He undressed me with his teeth while I lay there, enjoying the moon and the scent of pine trees. He swiftly rolled me over on my stomach and began fingering my moist pussy while licking my ass hole. It felt so good out there with nothing but our animal instincts to guide us. I began crying out for him to fuck my ass hole. I sucked and slobbered all over his cock while he was working on me. Then slowly he began forcing his hard cock into me, inch by inch, and when I could take it all in, he

slowly went in and out till we couldn't help but pick up the pace. Then, with our hands at my dripping-wet pussy, we shook the ground with unbelievable orgasms, then collapsed on the ground until we had enough strength to climb in the truck and head back to town.

The next night we stayed at his place, drank wine, and watched movies on his video recorder. Then he led me into the bedroom and I asked him why his briefcase was on the bed. He just smiled and said it was to fulfill one of my fantasies. Just then he pushed me on the bed and forcefully ripped off all my clothes. My pussy was so excited with the suspense of it all! He opened up his briefcase and immediately blindfolded me. He had me pinned spread-eagle on the bed, and in no time at all had me totally tied up. There wasn't a thing I could do!

I felt so aroused and helpless, it was fantastic. My pussy just yearned for more! He stuck his cock in my mouth and I sucked so hard and wanted it in my pussy so bad. After he came in my mouth, he started fingering my soaked pussy and sticking his fingers in my mouth. All this excitement was driving me crazy, and it was then I was begging him to fuck me. He then gagged me. Then he used a feather and started tickling me all over. I am an extremely ticklish person but this was about to bring me to the brink of exploding. I never realized how ticklish my soft

inner thighs were. I had so never wanted to be brutally fucked in all my life! Finally he gave in to my desires and climbed on top of me and really let me have it. It seemed to last forever and the orgasms seemed constant and earth-shattering. I had never felt so good, and when it was over and he had released me, we relaxed with a glass of wine and some really great weed.

Now it was my turn! With him now blindfolded and tied up, I was now in control. At first I concentrated on his extremely sensitive nipples and teased the hell out of him. I really had him going when I wet my fingers in my pussy and started playing with his ass hole and tickled his thighs while I continued nibbling his nipples. I was as horny as he was by this time, and so I climbed on and rode his rock-hard cock better than I ever had before! While fucking the living daylights out of him, I took off his gag and kissed him with a mouth full of wine. After we both came, I collapsed on top of his still-bound body, wanting to keep him right there between my legs forever!

The rest of my vacation you can leave to your imagination. When my ten days were over, we had to race to the airport to catch my flight. I am hoping we will see each other again on our vacations. Absence makes the heart, mind, and body grow fonder and hornier!—Name and address withheld

DOUBLES

I am a twenty-nine-year-old bachelor, fairly well-off, and I live in my own house in a suburb of Atlanta. I read your magazine occasionally and believe that most of your "Forum" letters are made up. Well, this one isn't.

Last Saturday, I was jogging with my dog around the neighborhood when Laura, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor, pulled up alongside me in her car. She is very pretty, with long, blond hair. She has an ass and tits that would revive the dead. I had said hello a few times to her in the past but never had the occasion to even talk to her at any length.

After stopping her car, she said hi and asked if I wanted to play tennis at her house. Her parents are very wealthy and have a tennis court on their property. I told her I was game, and after taking the dog back home and grabbing my racquet and tennis shoes, I got in my car and drove over to her house. Laura was already on the court, practicing serves, wearing very tight cutoffs and a very loose T-shirt. She was definitely without a bra and her tits were bouncing all over.

We played two sets, and although she is a very good player I won them both.

While I was toweling off, she suggested that we go in the house for a cool drink. I agreed, and once we got inside I said, "Where are your folks?" Laura explained that they'd left early that morning and would be back the next day. Her sister, Kathy, who happens to be twenty-two and

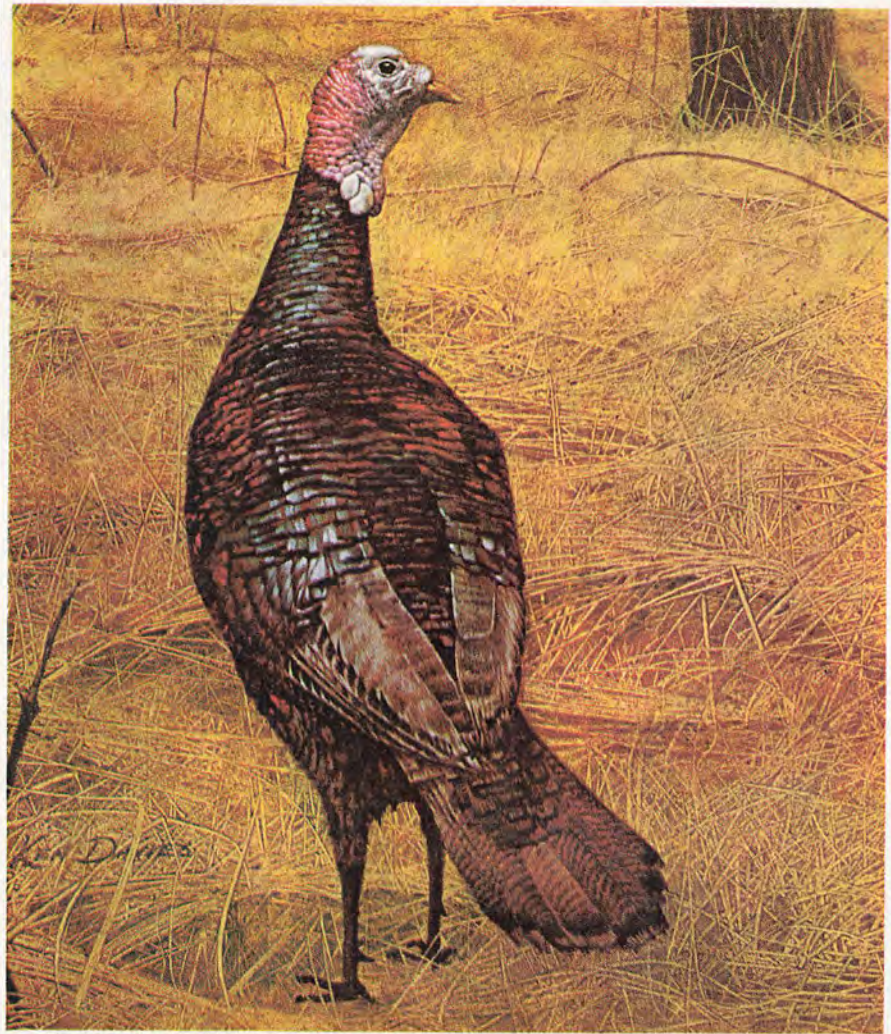
gorgeous, had gone shopping and wouldn't be back until the afternoon.

She made our drinks and set them down on the coffee table. She sat down on a couch opposite me with one leg on the armrest and one down on the floor, giving me a great view of her crotch. I was still standing in front of her and my cock was starting to get hard. So, holding my drink in one hand, I put my other hand inside my shorts pocket to hold my prick down. It was turning out to be a little embarrassing. Just then Laura said, "It's almost lunch-time. I can fix us a sandwich but first I'm going to change." She got up and ran upstairs while I was still considering the advisability of staying for lunch. She was really getting me horny.

Suddenly she called down to me, "Can you come up here and help me? I've got a problem." So I went upstairs and there she was, in her bedroom, fumbling with the zipper of her cutoffs. "It's stuck right at the top. Can you help me?" I hesitated, but she said it was okay. I was thinking that it was awfully close to her pussy and she was getting me very horny. I said, "Laura, as much as I'd like to help you . . ." She said, "No problem. I'll put my own hand on the inside of my shorts." So I grabbed the zipper and pulled hard. The damned thing came open immediately, and here I am, staring at Laura's hand holding onto her pretty pussy, without underwear. She said, "Look, I saw you holding your cock downstairs and I am not about to pass this up." I felt I'd regret it, but I wasn't about to hold back. I went down on my knees, and while holding her firm little ass in my hands I started rubbing her pussy with my nose, my chin, my lips, and finally my tongue.

She had blond pubic hair, and her clit was sticking out. My tongue was lapping it and she was moaning and wiggling while trying to open her legs wider. She said, "Fuck me, please!" But I wanted her to eat my cock first. I laid her on the bed and took all my clothes and her T-shirt off. She had the most erect and prettiest nipples I have ever seen. She told me she'd never had a cock in her mouth, so I brought her over me and took her head in my hands and told her to put her lips around its head. "Now lick my shaft . . . move your tongue . . ." I told her. While she was learning, I moved one of my hands down so that with my thumb I could rub her clit and slide my middle finger slowly up her ass hole. I thought she was going to come unglued. She started moaning louder and louder and pulling my cock faster and faster. I couldn't hold back any longer and shot my come into her mouth. She was kind of taken by surprise and let my cock slip out of her mouth so that come dripped all over her tits.

And speaking of surprises, there in the doorway stood Laura's sister, Kathy, with one hand rubbing her pussy and the other under her shirt on her tits! She said, "I'll tell if you don't share!" My prick was already going limp and this shock didn't help any. Laura was still sitting over me,



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but Kathy couldn't care less. She walked right in, getting undressed at the same time. "I can suck you better than she can," she assured me. She held my limp prick in her lips, while trying to stroke it with the tips of her fingers.

I turned my attention to her and started eating her beautiful, auburn snatch while with one hand I was still fingering Laura. Then, once my cock got hard again, I slowly entered Kathy's pussy. At this point Laura moved over to place her pussy right over Kathy's face. Kathy, with her eyes closed, started licking and eating her sister. What a sight! We all came like crazy.

After our session I called my housekeeper and told her I wasn't going to be home for dinner. The three of us had dinner together, naked, of course. I left their place the following morning after another long night of eating, fucking, and sucking.—Name and address withheld

HE DELIVERS

After growing up and attending college in the same comfortable midwestern college town, I was not in much of a hurry to look for jobs elsewhere when graduation approached. An old friend introduced me to a local real estate agent with more work than he could handle in his one-man business. Apparently, the business was not all he couldn't handle by himself.

Jeff, the agent, threw a party at his well-appointed home the Saturday after my

first week on the job. Jeff met me at the door in the company of a stunningly beautiful woman, whom he introduced as his wife, Lila. She was in her early twenties, at least fifteen years younger than Jeff, with auburn hair, large brown eyes, and an incredible body that sent a small shiver up my back.

"Let me close the door before you catch a chill," she said as Jeff took my coat. "Be careful or she'll have you bundled up and stuffed with vitamin C before you know it," he quipped. The thought of being bundled up with Lila was enough to keep an otherwise dull party interesting. I observed Jeff virtually ignoring his wife the rest of the evening as he drank heavily with his guests and business clients. My shyness was enough to keep me at a safe distance from Lila until she gently brushed me with her body as I went to get my coat and whispered, "Hope to see you again soon."

"Soon" came about two weeks later, after Jeff called me late one night at my apartment and told me to stop by his house the next morning to pick up some papers for delivery to a client. Apparently, he had made last-minute plans to attend a two-day meeting in Chicago and was leaving on an early flight.

Although I am probably better than average-looking, my strict upbringing has always led me to be overly reserved, especially in the presence of women.

When Lila answered the door, I had to swallow several times to get rid of the lump in my throat before I could answer her invitation to come in and have some early-morning coffee. Part of the problem, of course, was Lila herself. Covering her *Penthouse* body was a large terry-cloth robe, which was too big and must have been Jeff's. It was loosely tied in the front, revealing the tops of two gorgeous breasts. Her hair was in a sleepy jumble and her bare feet caused me to speculate on what else might be bare underneath the robe.

As we sat down at the kitchen table, I couldn't keep my eyes from wandering to her amply revealed cleavage. After a few minutes she noticed my stare and began to move her hand to close the top of the robe. "Please don't," I said, "I'm not embarrassed if you're not." Her sleepy brown eyes lit up. "Okay," she said as her hand dropped against the robe, revealing more of a tantalizing view. My cock started to inch its way up to the top of my jockeys. As Lila stood up to get something from the refrigerator, a beautiful nipple revealed itself from inside the robe. It was more than I could take. She asked me if I wanted anything to eat with my coffee. "How about you?" I replied. She answered by turning around and untying the loose knot on the front of the robe. I had guessed correctly. Only her firm, erect nipples, beautiful skin, and soft brown hair in the vee of her long

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SAVING YOUR SCALP

If you're seeking a "miracle" cure for baldness, forget it, because there is none. After all, if doctors, trichologists and hairstylists really knew the cause and solution, bald heads would be a thing of the past. Aside from hereditary, or pattern, baldness, contributory factors to hair loss include emotional stress; drug abuse (prescription or non-prescription); physical trauma (dyeing, perming, blow drying); infectious diseases; medical irregularities (inactive thyroid, anemia); hormonal imbalances; vitamin and mineral deficiencies; excess vitamin A; insufficient protein consumption; and X-ray exposure.

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legs greeted my eyes. Gorgeous!

Lila walked over to me as I sat in the chair and we began to French-kiss. My hand moved slowly up her baby-smooth legs and they parted to reveal a tiny trickle of pussy juice on her thigh. As my hand reached her wetness, she arched her back and pressed her tits into my face. She let out a series of low moans as my fingers entered her vagina and my lips and tongue explored her nipples. She came almost immediately, then took my hand and led me upstairs to the bedroom.

My clothes came off quickly with her help. As we fell on the bed together, I began kissing her entire body while moving in the general direction of her pussy. Her hands gently stopped me about halfway there. "Jeff doesn't believe in oral sex," she said. I asked, "How about you?" She replied that she had never had oral sex before, so she didn't know if she believed in it or not. I found myself wondering where in the world Jeff had come up with this god-dess.

My caresses soon had Lila's legs fully parted, and I buried my face and tongue deep in her delicious cunt. After about thirty seconds she came with such an intensity that tears began to run down her cheeks. As I began to soothe her and kiss away the tears, she took my dick in her hand and guided it to her pussy lips. I had never felt anything like it before as I slipped deeply inside her, watched her

delightful expression of ecstasy, and heard her soft, moaning intake of breath. As I started to push slowly in and out of her heavenly opening, I could feel juices flowing out onto my balls. Her entire body began a rhythmic fucking motion as she positioned her legs behind my back and pulled me deeper into her. Lila came several times before I exploded deep inside her.

We rolled beside each other on the bed, and I wiggled up to position my cock near her face. Lila reached up with her hands and rubbed my dick between them. "What do I do now?" she asked. I reached down and gently pushed the head of my penis into her mouth. She was very tentative at first, but soon I had a full erection. After several minutes of Lila's babylike sucking, I came in her mouth. Most of my come dripped out of her mouth and down her chin, but I gathered it up and rubbed it all over my dick.

Lila was lying on her stomach, with her beautiful hair and ass spread out on the bed. I mounted her and guided my lubricated member very slowly into her wonderfully tight little ass hole. It took about five minutes but eventually all six inches were throbbing inside her. I reached around and massaged her clit and slipped the fingers of my other hand inside her love canal as we fucked gently. We came at the same time, like a giant wave crashing on the beach. We rested a little while,

then fucked ourselves to sleep.

I woke up with a start at about 10:30 A.M. and jumped into my clothes. I was supposed to deliver the papers for Jeff at an 11:00 A.M. meeting. I made the meeting, then came back for dinner and made it with Lila for the rest of the night and the next. Although I eventually moved to a bigger city for a better job, Lila and I still bundle up for fun and games together when we get the chance.—Name and address withheld O—

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Earl Miller photographed Suzie Farrell, who appears on page 60, with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 50 and 200 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. The Pet of the Month, beginning on page 79, was photographed by Michel Moreau with a Nikon F3 camera and Nikkor 50, 105, and 200 lenses. "Carnival," beginning on page 106, was photographed by Tony Freitas with a Nikon 35mm camera with motor-drive, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom, and a Vivitar flash with battery pack.



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*Actual TV picture.

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.

AN INDISPOSABLE MOTHER

I am an almost-divorced working mother. After reading Peter McCabe's "Advise and Dissent" in the November 1982 issue, I found myself compelled to respond to his personal experience of being a "disposable father."

As Mr. McCabe points out, there are nearly 5 million divorced fathers in the U.S.A. Also, of course, 5 million divorced mothers. Mr. McCabe referred to himself as a conscientious father, and, not knowing the man, I can't dispute this. But let's see how conscientious the other 4,999,999 are.

Most mothers today work outside the home to help with ever rising financial obligations. They do this on top of carrying the major load of the household and family chores on their shoulders. As nature would have it, it is the woman who carries the children nine months and nurtures them for most of their "delicate years," as Mr. McCabe paraphrased the infant and toddler stages. Men are neither equipped to attend to nor interested in attending to all of the boring but vital daily needs of a child's development. Activities like "mommy diapers," as one commercial so aptly puts it; visits to the doctor for routine shots and checkups; staying up all night when a child becomes ill—because Daddy won't get up or because most mommies handle these matters more instinctively and accurately than men do. The sexual roles dictated by our sexual organs are not fair—but until nature or Mr. McCabe can alter this, we are all stuck with our respective roles in the child-rearing process.

How many fathers turn off the Monday night football game to read to their young child or listen to their fears or give them a bath? How many daddies know the ever changing sizes of the child's clothes, shoes, and educational levels? How many daddies even know the proper toys to buy for the child? Being a *father* is easy; being a *daddy* is more than bringing home the bacon and paying the bills and giving the kids a few hours a week of his time.

I'm not in disagreement that the child loses out in the custody settlements, but to put all the blame on "angry ex-wives" is typical of a misplaced father. Since the advent of the women's lib movement, if a mother isn't a Gloria Steinem, she is at least aware of her needs and rights as a woman and partner, whether she works outside the home or not. Men haven't changed; women have. They are more overt about sexual needs, intellectual

needs, and their basic human rights. Her children may be the most precious commodity in a mother's life, but she still needs adult stimulation. How many husbands come home and say, "Okay, honey, the kids are all mine; take the keys and go to a class or visit a friend or just do something for yourself"?

This all leads to resentments and quiet stirrings of bitterness, and eventually the male takes the "flight pattern" to return to his old life-style. Now he wants out of the marriage, but wants more time with the kids. He never had the time to take out of his busy schedule before, but suddenly it's miraculously bestowed on him. All of a sudden he sees the kids as *his* children—now he has the time to assume the role of, as McCabe puts it, "recreational director."

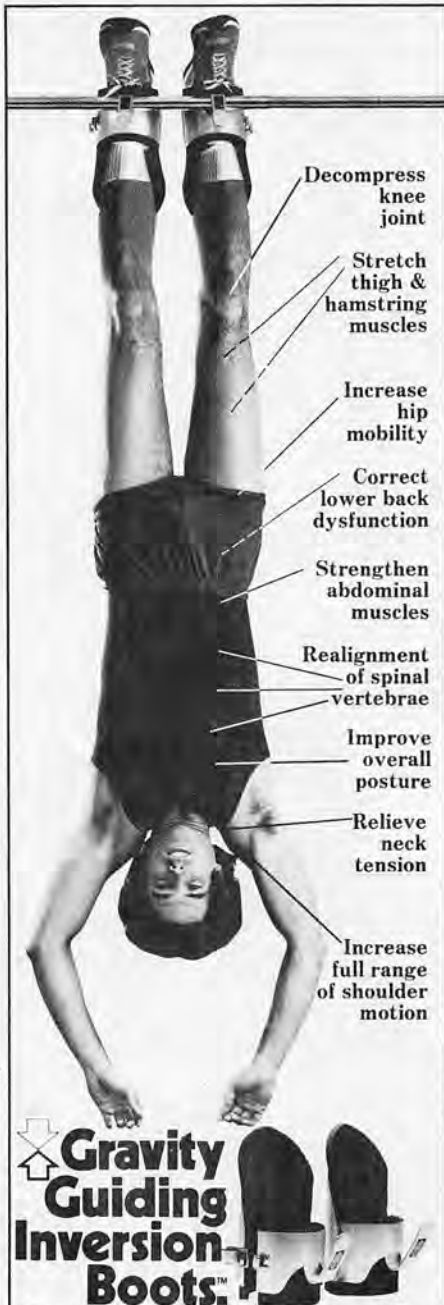
How many of these 5 million divorced fathers agreed to see a counselor to try to work out their differences in order to stay close to their children, if not to salvage the love they once knew with their wives? I think that married couples should think more seriously about marriage as being a good-times-and-bad-times proposition. Let's get back to the idea that the husband-and-wife relationship is a permanent one—then the problem of child custody and parental rights will no longer be a major issue!—*Debbie Lopano, Medford, N.Y.*

AN INDISPOSABLE FATHER

As a single parent with a three-year-old son who is in physical custody of his mother, I read with interest and agreement Mr. McCabe's article in your November issue. Thank you for publishing his article. This kind of information is helpful to all divorced fathers and men in general. We need to pool our resources and find new ways to overcome our pitiful plights.—*Alan Buchwald, M.D., Redwood City, Calif.*

NO PAIN

I am responding to your recent article on drugs and their abuse by youngsters—"Twelve Years Old and Feeling No Pain," by Allan Sonnenschein (October 1982). The guys I ran with in high school and grade school had three reasons for doing drugs: (1) We were fed up with life. Fed up with not measuring up to everything our parents said we should be. You know—not pulling down straight A's. (2) Peer pressure. We didn't call it that. It was being cool. It was having friends to talk to when the old man was down at the VFW. It was



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being understood and belonging. With a joint in your hand you were equal. (3) Why not? It was available. A few bucks here and there doing odd jobs and lawn-mowing took care of the expense. A little theft. You'd be surprised how much money three younguns could raise in a week's time.

This is being written by one of us on behalf of the three. I hope this is all behind us. But there is always that nagging feeling that you are going to lose what little control you have. Those of our relatives who know about us have branded us "junkies." Some junkies—we've been clean for almost two years.—*William Brooks, Bartonville, Ill.*

AN INVITATION TO THE SENATOR

I would like to comment on Senator Metz-enbaum's comments in your November 1982 issue. He admits the extreme waste caused by the lackadaisical attitude of most bureaucrats, yet states, "The trouble is, this country has lost the proper motivation. It doesn't have the drive for quality production and excellence. It just isn't there. Nobody wants to build better products, to do a better job."

It is obvious that Senator Metz-enbaum is not aware of the Norfolk Naval Shipyard in Portsmouth, Va. We are a production shipyard and proud to boast of being the best in the country. If the senator would care to visit and be shown around by a journeyman instead of a bureaucrat, he will find knowledgeable and skilled craftsmen, an apprenticeship program second to none, a production record unmatched, and an attitude throughout the yard that "yardbirds do it better." And we perform with this type of excellence despite the fact that, while we are the best, we are the lowest paid of any production shipyard workers in the country. We care about the money, and complain frequently, but our complaints never interfere with our mission, and that is to repair and overhaul our nation's ships to the best of our ability and ensure that when the time comes when defense is necessary, our boys will have the best to defend us with. Our motto is "Service to the Fleet," and the senator should be made aware of it.—*Danny Darden, Norfolk Naval Shipyard, Portsmouth, Va.*

JOHN ANDERSON

After reading the interview with John Anderson in the September issue of *Penthouse*, I came away with a different impression of the man than I had before. His foolishness and naiveté have grown since the 1980 presidential race, especially in foreign policy matters.

Take, for instance, his stand against being the first to use nuclear weapons. What, then, would he do about a conventional blitzkrieg-like Soviet offensive against Western Europe that clearly could not be stopped by non-nuclear means? Would he allow our allies to go under and prepare Americans for the "Finlandization"



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of their country? Anderson certainly let his doctrinaire liberalism get the best of him on this one.

Anderson also shows a disturbing willingness to believe remarks made by the late Leonid Brezhnev on the subject of nuclear arms reductions in Europe. It seems we have another pre-Afghanistan Jimmy Carter on our hands, one who cannot see the true face of the Soviet Communists until catastrophe strikes. Anderson, like all too many people who seek power at the national level, is frighteningly ignorant of the Soviet mind-set and the part Marxian philosophy plays in it. This subject is much too broad to be covered in a letter, but let me say that the Soviets have not given up their brand of totalitarianism.

John Anderson may be a good, moral, Christian man; but these qualities are not enough for a president. A president must see the world as it is, not as what he would like it to be. Unless Anderson gets the "smarts" as far as the Soviet Union is concerned, he will not be fit to be the "leader of the free world."—*Richard W. Kinel, APO, San Francisco, Calif.*

ULTRALIGHT FLYING

As an ultralight pilot and owner, I was extremely pleased to see your article on our fabulous sport, "The Light Stuff," by Brig. Gen. Charles Yeager, published in your November 1982 issue. I believe that the future of sport aviation is represented by

the term *ultralight*. The point being that ultralight aviation is a way for the middle-class, aviation-minded person to actually have enough money to fly and to actually own his own plane! I submit to you as proof the fact that the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association (A.O.P.A.) has formed an ultralight division. They will represent us and lobby for us, a very important step for ultralight aviation.

I was surprised, however, to see which of the numerous ultralights the good general chose to test. First of all, the new F.A.R. (Part 103) states that the speed of an ultralight should not exceed 63 miles per hour at the top end. This excludes the Mitchell U-2 from the ultralight classification. General Yeager himself states that the Mitchell P-38 is not an ultralight, and indeed it isn't. Part 103 states that the weight of an ultralight must be less than 254 pounds. The P-38 weighs over 300 pounds.

The biggest name in ultralight aviation is Eipper Formance, Inc., who manufactures the Quickslider MX. This aircraft is the most tested and most widely distributed ultralight available. It is an ultralight in every sense of the word. I would have liked Chuck to fly the MX just to see his reaction.

Thank you for the article. It was great, timely, and extremely important.—*Martin J. Steinbaum, Astronomy/Space Science Director, Planetarium-Space Science Laboratory, New Rochelle, N.Y.*

New federal regulations, established since General Yeager's article went to press, do specify a weight limit. We thank you for bringing this to our attention. And, yes, there are at least a dozen excellent ultralight aircraft—among them Eipper Formance's Quickslider MX—that merit attention. Space limitations did not permit General Yeager to report on them all, but we hope he will in a future issue.—The Editors

WHO'S THE WORST?

I was disappointed when I read your article "The 20 Worst Football Teams," in the October 1982 issue. I was hoping my home team, Syracuse University, would qualify. Coach McPhearson would probably disagree, but the team's record is horrendous. At this point in the season, the Orangemen have accumulated a record of one win and four losses. The next two games, Penn State and Pittsburgh, will obviously increase the number in the loss column. One of the Orangemen's losses was to Indiana, a team chosen as one of the twenty worst in Mr. Linderman's article.

Many of us at Syracuse are hoping we will beat Colgate on homecoming weekend, but we have our doubts! Imagine, we would have a 2-9 record for the season if the Orangemen could manage that win. I don't think we will beat any of the remaining opponents—Navy, Boston College,



and West Virginia—and if we don't, it will increase the losses to nine.

I hope Mr. Linderman will recognize the Orangemen next year as a contender for a position on the twenty-worst-teams list. The Orangemen deserve the recognition.—*Birch Walsh, Syracuse, N.Y.*

As a fifth-year senior attending San Diego State University, I was quite upset and very disappointed in the fact that the Aztecs were once again passed over in your bottom-twenty selections. I realize that there are so many bad teams to choose from, but I believe you were in error in not selecting S.D.S.U. As proof that a mistake was made, I offer this as evidence: in the Aztec's first two outings, they were beaten by Air Force and by California, your number nine and number twenty selections. S.D.S.U. is also a member of the bottom-ten poll that is published in many national newspapers, one being the *Los Angeles Times*.

It is time that both the Aztecs and their non-fans be given the recognition they are entitled to as one of the rankest.—*Name withheld*

JACK ABBOTT

Concerning your *Penthouse* interview with Jack Henry Abbott in the December issue, I am compelled to express the following opinion.

The man has blamed everyone around

him for his failure to be able to cope with society, except the one person who has to accept the responsibility, and that is Jack Abbott. I have not read his book, nor do I intend to. I hope Mr. Abbott will accept my criticism as being unbiased, because he put so much censure on the book for his persecution by the media. He wants to play the game by his rules and no one else's, and I assure you, it cannot be done that way. I have fought the system myself, like many of us have in one way or another, and spent time in jail (not a penitentiary) for it.

Mr. Abbott claims he is a product of his environment and seems to think none of the crimes he committed are *his* fault. How any man can convince himself of this is beyond me. Although I try not to deal in absolutes, I'm afraid Mr. Abbott could not exist in any society anywhere except in the one he presently resides in.

Mr. Abbott should find a new motto to live by instead of "Product of your environment." He would do well to pick a more suitable one, like "You are what you want to be."—*Ramon Benedetti, Portland, Oreg.*

NOT A FAN OF FALWELL

God bless Jerry Falwell. He has given me the peace to follow my true feelings. I am a videotape operator at the television stations carrying "The Old Time Gospel Hour." Nothing passes the hour faster

than turning the sound monitor down and reading *Penthouse*. I get a kick out of him and his ego. He is now a doctor and gets top billing. Not long ago, the show was introduced by a voice saying "The Old Time Gospel Hour with Jerry Falwell." Now it is "Jerry Falwell and The Old Time Gospel Hour." May I ask where his ego is headed?

Praise the Lord, not Jerry Falwell.—*Name withheld*

Comedy has always been one of the hardest forms of literature to write. You have been fortunate to receive *free* humor for your April 1982 issue. I am referring, of course, to the letters from the supporters of Jerry Falwell.

You have published a great series of articles on an atrocious phenomenon. Jerry Falwell and other evangelists like him are a definite cause for concern. In my opinion, Jerry Falwell is attempting to do what Reverend Moon has done. The only difference is that Falwell is doing it through the mass media.—*Donald G. Nichols, Rudenhause, West Germany*

COMBATING THE MORAL MAJORITY

I read with interest the letters regarding the Moral Majority in the October 1982 issue of *Penthouse*. I was particularly interested in the comparisons drawn between the Moral Majority and various fascist groups. I believe they are valid comparisons in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



IF YOU EVER WANTED TO RIDE THE ALLAGASH, YOU'RE A NATURAL BACKWOODS MAN.

The white water of Maine's Allagash river looks wild. And so is the ride you get. But Backwoods Smokes are different. They look wild. But taste mild. All natural tobacco is the reason. And Backwoods gives you a genuine Broadleaf wrapper aged a year to bring out its natural sweetness. Backwoods Smokes. For the man who likes things wild and mild.

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

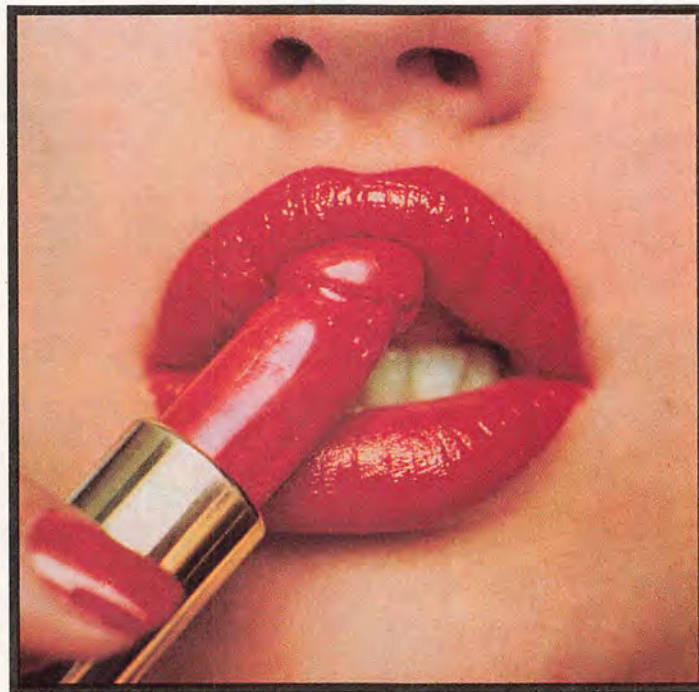
Since this situation concerns primarily my wife, I should explain that she has been my "bride" for over twenty years, is a very attractive brunette, and is extremely appealing sexually.

She was a virgin when we married, and our lovemaking has continually improved since the missionary-position-only of our early marriage. We have come to enjoy many variations of sex play that she never dreamed of. She is willing to try anything once—but never twice if she finds it unpleasant or unsatisfying. She particularly has learned to delight in oral sex, the only surefire guarantee of her reaching orgasm.

Despite all of the sexual surprises we enjoy in our bedroom, her image, to everyone who has met her, is considered to be impeccably "straight."

We keep no secrets. (She read this letter before I mailed it to you.) We discuss fantasies openly (although I do nearly all the fantasizing for us both), which excites us. She once described making it with a black stud. I have revealed my envisioning her with another guy, another couple, a group of guys, etc. Strangely enough, my fantasies always include my wife—I am not turned on by imaginary escapades with other women. My wife always plays the starring role. Her real-life innocence and straight attitude only fan the flame of my lurid imagination.

We were home alone one evening about a week ago—a rare circumstance—when the kids were out. I had a porno flick that I had purchased months before but had never had the chance to see. I suggested to her that this would be the opportune time. We have gone to a porno theater a couple of times, but they didn't do anything for her (while they made me crazy with lust). She agreed we should show it. She went to our bedroom to change into one of



her special outfits—black crotchless bikini panties, black bra with holes for her nipples, and a sheer black negligee. I didn't need to turn the projector switch to get turned on!

I sat on the floor with my back against the wall and she snuggled her back up against my chest and sat between my legs. The film started with a beautiful blonde named Seka making it with a guy. She blew him and he ate her and fucked her in both lovely holes. The only unique feature of the film seemed to be this woman's exceptionally sensual beauty.

The film then switched to the blonde fondling and exchanging caresses with an attractive brunette. As they played with each other's tits and began to finger each other's pussy, my wife's hands

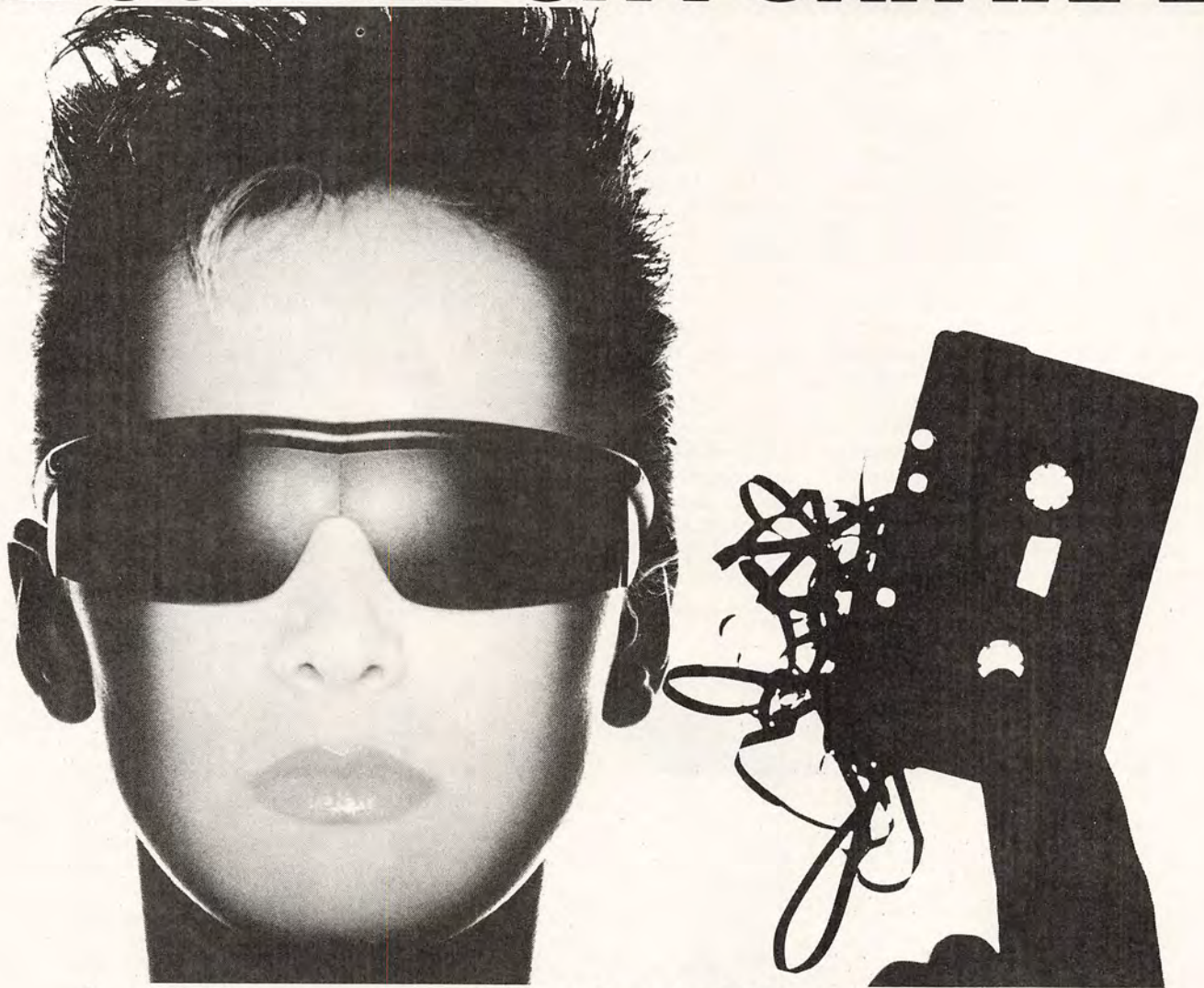
moved to her breasts and she began—playfully (I thought)—to moan and squeeze them. When these ladies started to eat each other out, my wife's moans became more genuine and her hand rested on her pussy. I could sense her arousal by the end of the flick. I asked her if she'd like to view it again. "Oh, God, yes!" she said breathlessly.

I rethreaded the film while trying to conceal the raging hard-on in my pants (caused by the thought that this film was really getting to her). I restrained myself to concentrate on her reactions to our second showing. In order to encourage her, I wrapped both arms around her and firmly grabbed her nice, big tits. As the blonde was making it with the guy, my wife let her hand work her pussy openly, and her breathing left no doubt about her state of high excitement.

When the two girls started doing their thing, my wife was frantically frigging her clit and groaning inaudibly. And when the stars started their oral action, my wife was whimpering "Eat me, honey!"

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
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Suck on my sweet, hairy pussy and make me come, baby!" She was out of control, which I had never seen before. Her pussy glistened in the light of the projector as she worked herself into a near frenzy. Her love juices clearly covered her busy fingers, with the overflow soaking her panties. When Seka spread her gorgeous thighs for the brunette, my wife stuck her pussy-wet fingers into her mouth to lick and gasped, "Oh, baby, let me eat out that sweet honey cunt of yours!" She was now frantically switching hands between her pussy and her mouth as I kneaded her titties even harder. "Oh, fuck! Your pussy tastes so sweet I could eat it forever! Oh, it's delicious! You make me crazy! Push your cunt into my face harder, baby!"

When the film ended, we didn't wait to go to our bedroom. I fucked her drenched pussy right then and there. I didn't last long, because I've never been that worked up in my life.

Afterward, when things became more calm, we talked about the film. She admitted the film's blonde really got her worked up. Although she has never entertained the thought before, she confessed that she would love the chance to make love to this Seka and would be ecstatic to find this lovely blonde's face between her legs.

I wouldn't mind at all if my wife has lesbian tendencies. But is it possible that one female could cause her to make a singular exception to her sexual preference? We

don't know. An unusually handsome man couldn't change my strictly heterosexual interest. If this blonde is this exception, dare I make an effort to make my wife's fantasy a reality? I think I have read in your column that living out these erotic fantasies seldom matches up.—T.W.

There is nothing wrong in realizing your mutual fantasy. Go out on the town one night in order to meet with a lovely blonde. I also suggest you learn how to make your own home movies, and once you have found a willing female to join you in your ménage à trois, you may well end up being the cameraman as well as the director. Buy a tripod so that you can jump into the picture as well! Living out your fantasies can be a lot of fun, but be aware that a fantasy may well be sublime and reality sometimes a bit of a letdown. The excitement will be to find out for yourself and to be picky about whom you choose to share your bed and bed partner with.

THE LOVE MACHINE

I'm a twenty-two-year-old gal, sexy, sassy, uncompromisingly heterosexual, and undeviatingly fuckable. I'm nice-looking, have a good personality, am always well-groomed, and dress as well as I can and as revealingly as the law allows. I have a good figure, with nice, big, wide-set tits that are very firm and heavy enough to juggle enticingly. I have a good

enough job and my own little apartment.

I am also enthusiastically promiscuous. I have lived with four different men for a few months at a time and in high school had steady boyfriends twice, for six months and eight months. In each of these arrangements I enjoyed the steady sex a girl gets when she has the same man in her bed every night. But for more than a year now I have decided that isn't enough for me.

The fact is, I like balling different men, not necessarily someone new all the time, but men I've fucked in the past who remember me appreciatively. I also like it when some man I've fucked recommends me to a friend who turns out to be someone new for me to cherish as an occasional lover.

Several times I have picked up someone new I met, at a party, at a bar, at work, and once at church. (I took this total stranger home and we were fucking twenty minutes later.)

I never kept a count, or made x's in my diary or in any way totaled up my partners. If I had to guess, I'd say somewhere between seventy-five and 125 or so. I don't think it's important how many I've fucked. What I'm proud of is that every single one of them really liked fucking and would like to fuck me again. I really love to fuck a man well and make him happy and satisfied. That helps satisfy me, and keeps me happy too.

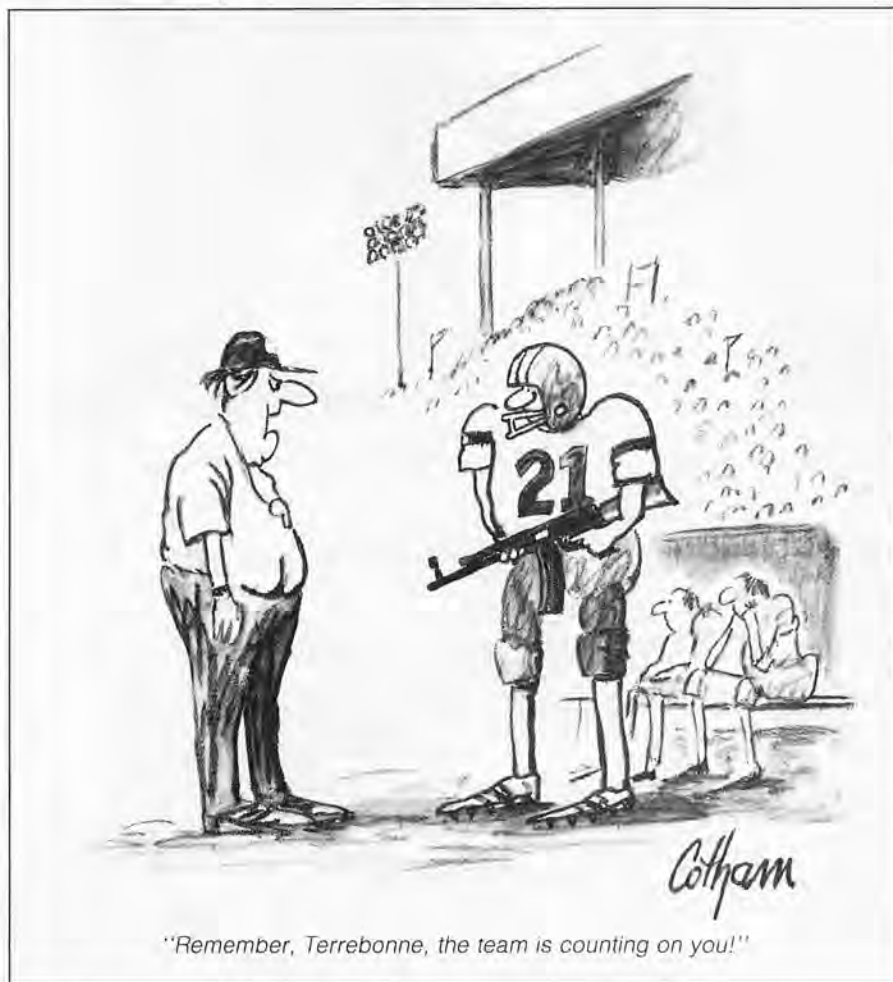
My parents think I'm terrible for fucking a lot of men instead of one man at a time. They wish I would "settle down" and live with one man or even get married. Mother has even told me that if I were married and "trained" my husband right, I could still have outside lovers and so could he. She thinks that would be more respectable and safer.

To all this I just say, "Bullshit!" I love it my way. I guess I'm different from some girls. I do like to sleep all night with a man and get fucked a couple of times at night and again in the morning. Who doesn't? But the next night I want another man and another cock turning my cunt into a heavenly center for the most ecstatic sensations a girl can have. God, how I love to fuck! Any man! It's the fucking I put first, not the man's identity. As far as I can tell, most of the men I fuck are just as considerate and care just as much for me as many husbands do for their wives.

I'm different in other ways, too. I really don't get much out of sucking cocks. I do it, and like it, but I'd rather fuck. My guys tell me they would rather fuck than get head. I have tried anal sex a dozen times or so and I don't like that. I like to have my pussy eaten and my clit nibbled. But again, only as foreplay or maybe afterplay, not as a substitute.

I've gotten it on with girls a few times, at orgies or just for kicks, and frankly, it's nothing compared with a genuine fuck. There are many men in my life who eat me out better than girls do.

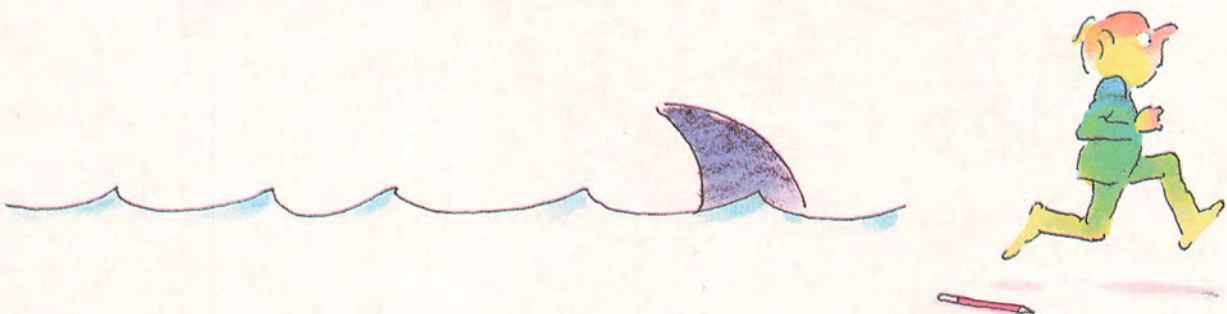
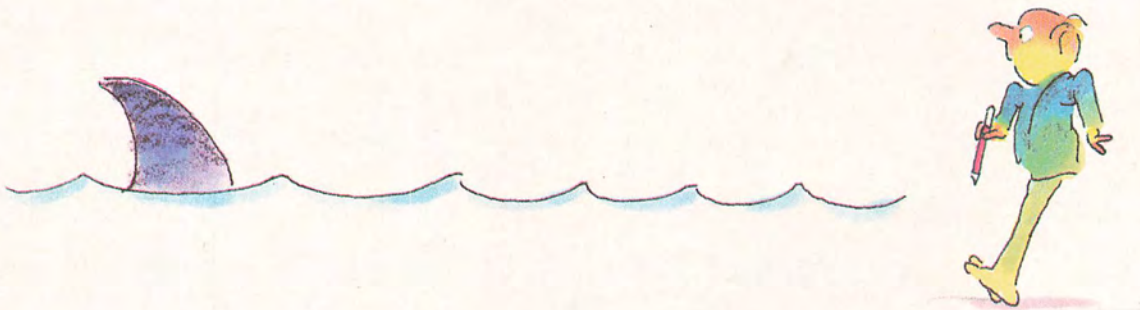
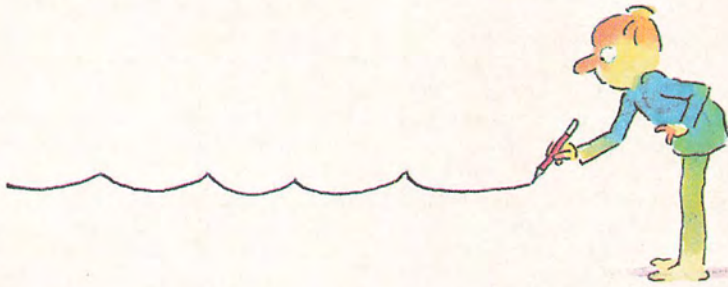
So I like being promiscuous and hetero.



"Remember, Terrebonne, the team is counting on you!"

The Artist

© ART CUMINGS



So here's to promiscuous girls, either teens or older! It's great for self-confidence, personality, tits, and complexion. As for all the crap about feeling cheap or having no self-esteem, it just isn't true. How can a girl not place a high value on her real self, her willing, personal, inner self, when she gives herself gladly to bring herself and her partner the ultimate pleasure? How can she feel cheap when so many men come back again and again to prove they value her and her fucking? It's an old-fashioned attitude, but I think I'm lucky to have always had it. —M.H.

If you think that by getting laid a lot people really value you as a good person, you may be badly disappointed. Considering you a good fuck is another matter—and not only a good fuck but also the easiest lay in town. Your ego certainly doesn't need any more boosting. I disagree with your words "I love to fuck. Any man. It's the fucking I put first. . . ." Are you not at all selective? Don't you ever crave something more than fucking? How about feelings, emotions, matters of the heart? Of course, I have been very promiscuous myself, but deep inside my promiscuity stemmed from a desperate need to find Mr. Right. Have you lost all feeling for romance? You apparently haven't discov-

ered the delights of "growing together" with one man after sleeping with each other over a period of time. In the long run, one-night stands have to be more unsatisfying than having a relationship with someone who puts not only his hard-on but also his heart into what he is doing.

THE BARE FACTS

I am a gay professional woman in my thirties. In a recent issue you casually mentioned that you shaved your pubic hair, and that has inspired me to write to you. I would like to offer you some advice.

I, too, remove my pubic hair and have been doing so for over ten years. I would like to tell you that although the actual shaving of one's pubis is a definite pleasure, the results are less than perfect and not very long-lasting. I suggest that you do as I do and have yourself waxed. It is a slightly painful procedure, but the more it's done the easier it is, and eventually the regrowth is very fine. I now need waxing only every six weeks. My crotch is as smooth as a baby's bum.

The second reason for my letter is to tell you about my new relationship. A couple of months ago a friend of mine told me about this new-wave club, and we decided to visit it. It was very interesting, with a nice mix of straights and gays and a lot of punk fashions. Since there were women dancing together, I asked a girl named Trina to dance and she accepted.

Trina is just twenty, and when we met she was wearing her hair only about a quarter of an inch in length. When I asked her about it and whether her employer said much about it, she told me that she had shaved herself bald and that she always wore a wig at work. This intrigued me and I started to consider what it would be like to have a bald female lover.

I bought her a couple of drinks, and by the wee hours she was becoming very amorous, rubbing her small but nice breasts against me and kissing me between dances. I asked her if she wanted to go home with me. She did.

At my place, Trina got very excited and frantically undid my slacks and pulled down my panties. When she saw my own bald cunt, she kissed and tongued me to an almost immediate orgasm.


Next, I undressed her and found a stubble crotch, which I announced had to be shaved. To this, Trina replied that she wanted me to shave all of her. This got me excited all the more and I got out my razor.

First I tied her to my bed with scarves and shaved her crotch. Then, after I tasted her little pubis at some length, I tied her to a chair and shaved both her head and eyebrows. Then I made her go down once more before we finally fell asleep.

In the afternoon, I got so aroused by her utter hairlessness that I started making love to her all over. At the new-wave club the next night, she displayed her bald head proudly and told all her friends that I was her mistress and she was my slave.

Trina somehow links her bald head with submissiveness and tells me that she thinks all submissives should be shaved like she is. I tend to agree but suspect that the world is not ready for a bunch of bald women.—F.N.

I once had a beautiful black female lover from Trinidad. She was ambisexual. Now this woman was a great dancer, and her Canadian husband was one of the leading jewelry designers. He made gigantic pieces, which his wife then wore. In order to accentuate the jewelry better on her black skin, she decided to shave her head. She was an instant hit in Montreal and especially wherever she danced. She could practically reach orgasm right there on the dance floor, dancing on her own, with just a few colorful silking scarves loosely covering her divine and shapely body. She told me that men loved to have their cocks sucked by her while they stroked her bald head.

To get back to your own story, I think you are doing the right thing by not trying to remove permanently the head hair of your latest lover. The novelty of baldness will probably wear off someday. My own female slave, who walks and talks like a teenage boy, gets her yearly cutting-off when she visits me. Maybe someday I'll shave her totally bald, but not everyone looks good with a bald head, or with a bald beaver for that matter. One has to have an expressive face or a pussy. 





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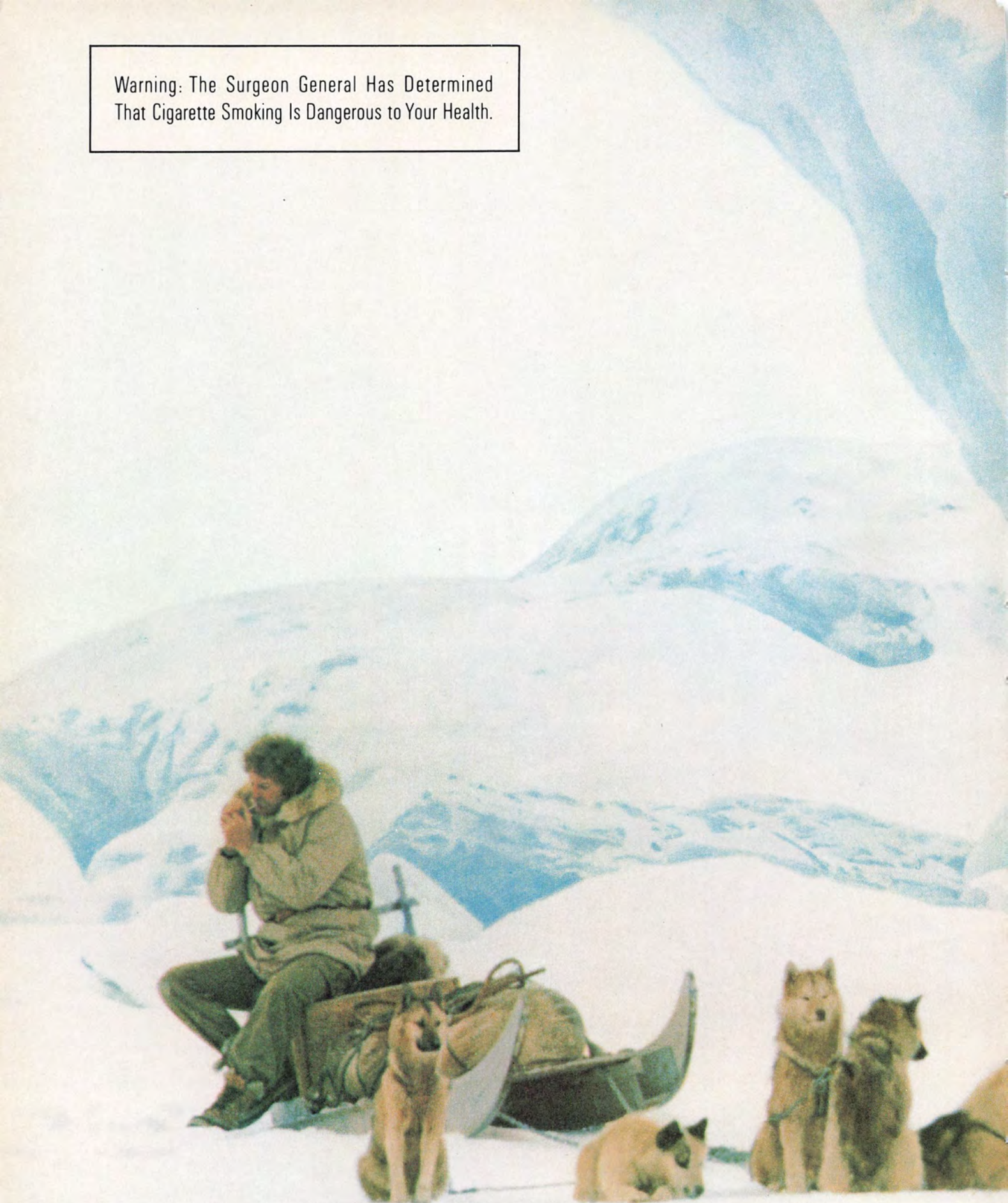
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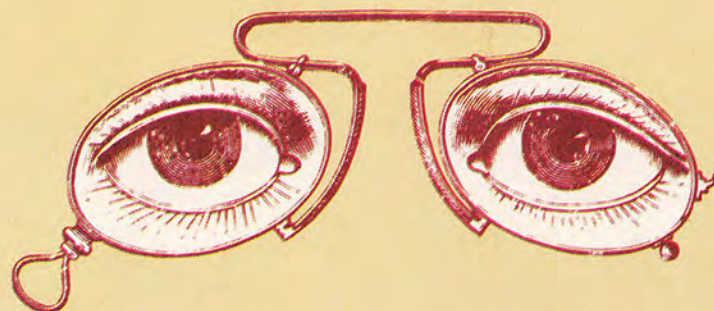
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

WHO PUT THE "MEN" IN MENOPAUSE?

BY ROBERT SHANNON

There comes a time in each man's life when he begins to view the world differently. *Fun* is seen as the exclusive turf of the young. *Life* seems to have deteriorated from full-tilt boogie to shuffling two-step. *Career* is simply a way to kill time en route to the grave. The kids have better sex, the wife has a better job, the Arabs have more money. This Anglo angst of discovered mortality is currently called things like "midlife crisis," "aging trauma," and the latest favorite, "male menopause." Any M.D. will tell you that there is no such clinical condition as male menopause. But any M.D. with a shot glass of brains will also admit that any condition you believe exists *does* exist, at least where you're concerned. And we increasingly believe it exists, because we're increasingly *told* that it exists, by articles in the news-magazines, exposés in the culture media, and any film starring Woody Allen (*Manhattan*, *Stardust Memories*, *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*), Burt Reynolds (*Starting Over*, *Paternity*, *Best Friends*), or Dudley Moore (*10*, *Arthur*, *Six Weeks*). Why the sudden proliferation of middle-age male dismay across the land? There are plenty of explanations. Some popular ones:

(1) Males' peak sexual years have always ranged from ages seventeen to twenty-two. (It's no accident that the antiheroes of these neurotic films are about forty-two. In the aging marathon, you evidently hit the "wall" twenty years after you hit stride—if you're in shape.) But the vast baby boom generation is just now approaching this wall! Some claim that the only thing new or noteworthy about this manifestation is the sheer numbers involved.

(2) Women peak sexually just at the age that men enter their hormonal energy crisis—the thirty-five-to-forty years. But where the ladies once made allowances, they now make demands; and this pressure to perform produces an inadequacy fog so thick you could write your interlocutor on it.

(3) Goosed to new heights of introspection by the self-awareness vogue, we are more consumed and confronted by the trauma of deterioration than ever before in history.

So, is *Americanus masculinus* truly afflicted by some grievous new hangdog complex, or are males just unprecedentedly aware of their own

limitations? Are we merely greater in numbers? Or does our midlife malaise spring from real and concrete causes, and from our simple, age-related recognition of a few unavoidable *facts*?

Such as, that we will never be rich; be younger than we are now; be famous; realize our original dreams; really look forward to the future again; feel immortal anymore.

Things happen. Dilated pupils give way inexorably to bifocals, until one day you wake up and the kids have left home, the wife has run off with the paper boy, and you're putting on the Grecian Formula with a ladle.


These are Real Life changes, which force us to confront questions we've been postponing for years while preoccupied with playing role games, allegiance games, identity games, and relating games. Suddenly we perceive that life has finished beginning and begun finishing. We no longer have time for games. Rather, we embark on great quests for the truth—about life, reality, existence, ourselves. Who are we? What are we doing? And what does it matter?

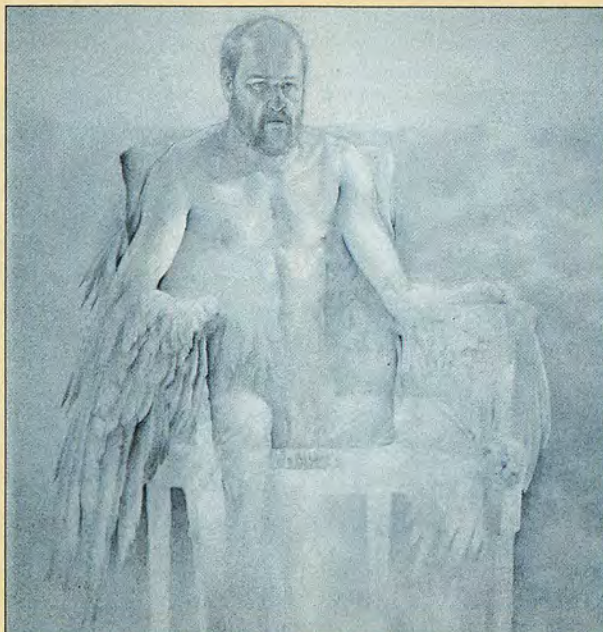
And then there's sex. As if this concept weren't thorny enough already, we are further leavened by Hollywood's degrading, propagandistic version of our situation. On film, Woody Allen plows monosyllabic nymphets; Dudley Moore gets drunk; Burt Reynolds just "rooms" with Goldie Hawn.

One theme is constant—men growing old disgracefully.

These stars propagate low-rent male fantasies that scarcely resemble actual life—media wet dreams and quick fixes of reassuring mythology. Older men picked up by eager young tarts. The newly single, scoring with laughable ease. Pure 10s falling for graying 2.5s. The crawling back of our offending mates, and our blasé rejection of them. Etc.

Ignore this crap. Whatever middle age actually brings—crisis, maturity, neurosis, enrichment—we're all destined to shake hands with it eventually. If we're lucky. But to accept the sick premise of the flailing-male flicks—to let Hollywood set us up with unrealistic role models and wildest-dream expectations—is to guarantee that it will be pathetic, futile, and disappointing.

If you have to follow a script, at least write it yourself. 



JOSEPH SMITH



SCENES

UNITED FRONT

I don't know what kind of a theater season they had in London this year, but here on Broadway the Brits had a phenomenal year—and it's not over yet. Early in April the Royal Shakespeare Company will put a capper on this banner season when it opens in New York with *All's Well That Ends Well*. The production will be staged by Trevor Nunn, artistic director of the company and the genius-in-residence on such recent theatrical milestones as *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Cats*.

Set in the Edwardian period of glittering false promises, just before the sobering onslaught of World War I, the RSC production attempts to add an additional layer of poignancy to the bittersweet Shakespearean love story of impetuous youth who almost let happiness slip by while they play cruel, childish games. In the much-lauded London production, Nunn established a Chekhovian atmosphere of autumnal colors and melancholic moods, which one critic declared perfect for expressing "exactly the difficult subtleties that have eluded past productions of this somber comedy."

The show's producers have already decided that the top ticket here will be \$50. Which makes *Cats*, at \$45, a real bargain.

Unlike *All's Well*, which Nunn expects to hoist more or less intact from the banks of the Thames to our shores, *Cats* underwent a considerable sea change by the time it landed on its paws in New York earlier this season. For that move, Nunn gutted the theater to make room for spectacular scenic effects that included, among other things, the ascension of a cat character to cat heaven—straight through the roof of the theater.

Major choreographic work, too, was done on the reconstituted *Cats*, which began the first of its presumably nine-lived phases of existence as a loosely constructed collection of songs and dances set by composer Andrew Lloyd Webber to the whimsical verses of T. S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. Choreographer Gillian Lynne stretched her original concepts to accommodate American dancers' more flexible style.

Many critics turned up their tails at that one, though, claiming that the dancing stopped this side of the moon, while the dancers were

clearly ready to make the full leap. But for all that hissy talk, *Cats* has turned out to be the sensation of the season, a genuine spectacle of theatrical magic, the likes of which Broadway audiences haven't seen since—oh, since last season's biggest bundle from Britain, *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Once *Good* followed *Cats* into town, there were RSC members bumping into each other all over Broadway. C. P. Taylor's controversial drama about the making of a Nazi, however, was not totally convincing at illustrating the insidious process of moral corruption through which any ordinary person might lose his soul. But the drama certainly raised the question in harrowing theatrical terms. Using a bare stage stabbed by harsh interrogational lights, the RSC production created a chilling expressionistic platform for Alan Howard's soul-baring as a professor of literature whose weak resolve turned him into a Nazi patsy.

Another London transfer—this one from the National Theater—introduced Kate Nelligan in the flesh to the properly smitten locals. In David Hare's well-received *Plenty*, Nelligan smolders bril-

liantly as a woman so haunted by her girlhood war experiences as a courier for the French Resistance that she is unable to adapt to—or to resist—the decadent values of postwar civilization.

Although insufficient notice has been taken of Hare's failure to define his heroine's moral position vis-à-vis the corrupt modern world she abhors, the production has been justly praised for Nelligan's fierce portrayal of intellectual anguish and despair, and for Edward Herrmann's powerful supporting performance in the role of her husband. Despite its flaws, *Plenty* has a fine savagery.

With the 1982-83 theater season still months from its official close, there seems to be no abatement in British-based material bound for Broadway. One modest charmer turned out to be *84 Charing Cross Road*, a long-run hit in the London West End in a production directed by its author, James Roose-Evans. For Broadway a Yankee version was staged of Helene Hanff's play about an American bookworm who conducts a long, sweet airmail relationship with the employees at an antiquarian bookshop in London.

Several pretty—and pretty brave—actresses bared their all in the Broadway version of *Steaming*, whose original production is still running strong in London after two years. Playwright Nell Dunn concedes that a certain amount of male voyeurism might have contributed to the show, in which six female patrons of a public steam bath swim naked in an onstage pool. But the heart of the play concerns the bonds of communication among women of different social and economic classes.

Whatever American audiences may think of the individual merits of this year's shows from London, let it be said that this year the English really showed us all they've got. —Marilyn Stasio

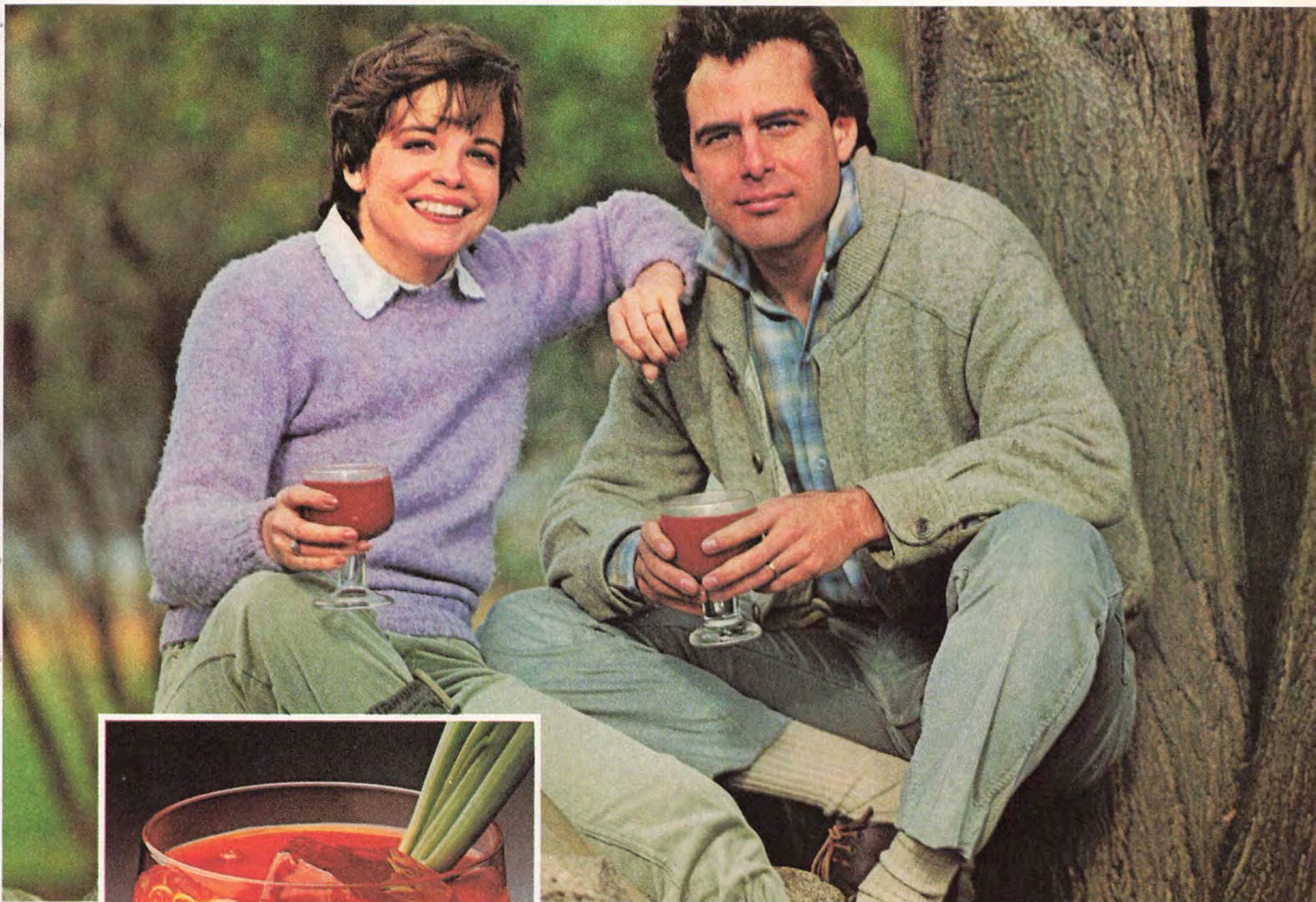


Cats on Broadway: a genuine spectacle of theatrical magic.



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TELEVISION

PURLOINED LIVES

Unauthorized books about public figures constitute an important and accepted part of the publishing trade. The film industry, on the other hand, has been much more skeptical of the First Amendment's safety, simply because the dollar stakes, and therefore the risks, are higher in the movie than in the book business. Except for rare situations involving no danger of prosecution—Albert De Salvo, for instance, not being able to file a suit against *The Boston Strangler*—moviemakers change names and feign fiction when treating personages who have not given them biographical permission. Thus, William Randolph Hearst became *Citizen Kane* in 1941, Marilyn Monroe became *The Goddess* in 1958, and Aristotle Onassis, even though dead, became *The Greek Tycoon* in 1978.

Television, a medium not known for its daring, has lately abandoned the better-safe-than-sorry philosophy of Hollywood. "Helter Skelter," the dramatization of Vincent Bugliosi's account of the Manson murders, broadcast by CBS in April 1976, achieved the highest rating of any made-for-TV

movie in the history of the genre. The success of "Helter Skelter" indicated that America's popular taste in films (as in books) was veering from fiction toward nonfiction of a sensational sort, and that the network best satisfying that taste would reap the greatest profits. Newspaper headlines, and the quickly written memoirs of those who made them, were ransacked in the rush to bring us "The Ordeal of Patty Hearst," "Blind Ambition," and other timely, fact-based soap operas. Things went smoothly, albeit trashily, until 1980.

After the success of his 1979 production of "Elvis," Dick Clark decided to make "The Birth of the Beatles," the first unauthorized made-for-TV movie about public figures who were neither corpses nor convicted felons. "The Birth of the Beatles" ran into legal problems, but those problems were not decisive enough to inhibit others from following Mr. Clark's example. Conventional TV movies continue to be made, based on the sanctioned stories of the gallingly alive—"Sophia," in which the Neapolitan star played herself; "Stand By Your Man," which showed that a hairdresser from Mississippi could grow up to be rich and famous and

still find cause to complain; "Will," in which Robert Conrad portrayed the littlest war god, G. Gordon Liddy; and "The Patricia Neal Story," made for reasons known only to Jesus, CBS, and the makers of Anacin. But the most memorable (in the way, of course, that dinner at Denny's is memorable) TV movies of late are those that have depicted living persons not only without their permission but often against their wishes.

I have not discussed the matter with her, but I presume that Jackie was quite as pleased with the esteemed actor James Franciscus's portrayal of Husband No. 1 in ABC's "Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy" as she was with Anthony Quinn's portrayal of Husband No. 2 in *The Greek Tycoon*. There has been no comment from the monarchical love nest concerning either ABC's "Charles and Diana" or CBS's "The Royal Romance of Charles and Diana." We do know, however, that the NBC broadcast last fall of "Little Gloria . . . Happy at Last" so upset Miss Vanderbilt that she went into hiding.

As the poaching of celebrity lives grows more rampant, and its techniques more ruthless (barely had the gaveling ceased when

NBC rushed to buy the court transcripts on which it based "The Trial of Jean Harris"), the legal entanglements become more knotted. The producer David Merrick purchased the rights to Thomas Thompson's book *Blood and Money*, then made a deal with CBS to turn it into a made-for-TV movie. This did not stop NBC from making a film, "Murder in Texas," based on the same facts as "Blood and Money." NBC was sued, but a judge decided in its favor, and David Merrick then ended up being sued by CBS. Last October, Elizabeth Taylor filed a suit to prevent ABC from showing a made-for-TV movie based on her life; but the fact of the matter is that no celebrity has yet won a right-to-publicity case, and that anyone in the public eye is easy game for the hounds of docudrama. When the wife of the cocaine-smuggling entrepreneur John De Lorean announced last year that several movie companies had made offers for the film rights to her husband's story, Ned Tannen, the president of Universal Pictures, explained that such rights might be of little value, since "by the time a film is released, someone will have done a television rip-off show on it."

Where will it all end? How long must we wait for "John Loves Jodie" and "Drinking and Driving: The Ted Kennedy Story"? Surely then "The Loves of Cardinal Cody," "The Cuckolding of Trudeau," "The Devil and Rex Humbard," and "I Groomed Liberace's Poodles" will not be far behind.

Fame, it is said, has always had its drawbacks. But turning on the television and seeing the trials and triumphs of one's life being acted out by someone vaguely recognizable from "The Love Boat" is perhaps a humiliation that not even the TY-D-BOL man or the chief executive should be made to suffer.—Nick Tosches O—



ABC's made-for-TV movie, "Charles and Diana": no comment from the monarchical love nest.



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FILMS

FAST STARTS

They have things in common. They're both first features. They've both been made by recent film-school students. They're both about independent young small-town women bent on making their way in the city and the big time. But in most respects, Robert Mandel's *Independence Day* and Susan Seidelman's *Smithereens* could stand as mutually exclusive object lessons in how to make a movie. On the other hand, the people behind each movie know what they are doing, and they do it well.

First-feature status aside, *Independence Day* looks professional down to the smallest decision about location and casting. In a sense it is exactly how a thoughtful Hollywood might view—usually has viewed—the problem of starting out on your own, complete with a catalogue of friends and relatives, dreams and desires, anxieties and encouragements, to accompany you on your way. So, Mary Ann Taylor of Mercury, N. M. (Kathleen Quinlan), has more than her burning ambition, her portfolio of pictures, and her jaunty, thin black cigar to punch her toward photography school in L.A. She

also has the support of a good, brave mother (Frances Sternhagen), dying of cancer, and the worry of a good, modest dad who cares. She has a good, brave, modest boyfriend, Jack (David Keith), who'd rather get married in Mercury, where he can race stock cars. And increasingly she has *his* family, his brother-in-law and wife beater, and his suffering sister (Dianne Wiest), who proves to have her own ways of taking matters into her hands.

Wren (Susan Berman), heroine of *Smithereens*, has nothing of the kind. According to the film's press release, hers is "the poignant story of a hapless teenage adventurer from New Jersey struggling to survive in lower Manhattan on hope and the smell of second-hand glamour, as she tries to break into the New Wave rock scene." That says it perfectly, so long as you recognize the multiple ironies behind "poignant story" and "hapless teenage adventurer from New Jersey" and accept that Wren, torn between the generosity of a good man and the cynical selfishness of a bad one, will always choose the bad, that she has no personal qualities to recommend her, and that she never-


theless exercises a quite extraordinary rotten charm.

In contrast to the real—though by no means excessive—production values of *Independence Day*, *Smithereens* came in for a mere \$100,000, having been shot in 16mm and blown up to an attractively grainy 35mm. The grains, however, are nothing like as attractive as Susan Seidelman's almost heroically controlled intelligence as a director. What makes her movie bearable is also what makes it good: a levelheaded, essentially sympathetic objectivity toward Wren, that skinny, weirdly beautiful young monster scurrying through the city in her checkered mini-dress, black net stockings, and bright red basketball shoes.

Robert Mandel manages some intelligent distancing for his part as well. But of course he must be partisan for his heroine, and he must deal with all the sob-story subplots of *Independence Day*. Both movies have holes in their narratives big enough to drive a truck through. At the end, *Independence Day* suffers the improbability of a romantically happy ending. *Smithereens*, after depriving Wren of everything, takes the easier option of not really having an ending.

What saves the overloaded fiction of *Independence Day* has less to do with its major theme of women's struggles—against cancer, husbands, or just having to live in New Mexico—than with the deencies of its individual observations (for example, of the relation between Mary Ann and her short-order-cook father, or of the late afternoon through which she waits for the bus that will take her to Los Angeles) and with some deeply moving performances. Despite her props—her cigars, her camera, her raffish beret—Kathleen Quinlan manages the least mannered, least self-aggrandizing characterization of her career. Opposite her, David Keith's under-spoken, good-natured hot-rod addict doesn't seem such an unequal match. Dianne Wiest, as his battered sister, creates a character of great integrity largely by never calling for the pity she is due.

The amoral enterprise, naiveté, determination, and cunning that Susan Berman invests in Wren literally justifies the movie. The look of disdainful annoyance in her eyes every time a sucker doesn't fall for one of her scams (pretty often), the pressure of having nothing to do but being always in a hurry, the readiness to sacrifice the esteem of her only real friend, the resiliency with which she out-faces each new indignity—all this in one scrawny kid, who wouldn't make excuses for herself even if she thought she had the time, seems rather a miracle.

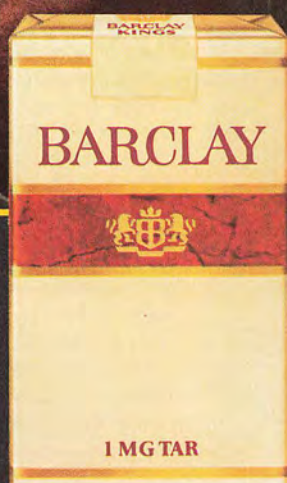
Smithereens leads you to despair and then leaves you feeling elated. Great masters have done that with human misery—Kenji Mizoguchi, for example, or Jean Renoir. Susan Seidelman isn't in their company yet. But she's learned some company manners, brought them up to our times, and applied them to a first step in what ought to be a fascinating career.—Roger Greenspun 



Kathleen Quinlan and David Keith in *Independence Day*: the improbability of a happy ending.

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WORDS

HATE BOOKS, TOO

A few years ago, scientists discovered that people weaned on paperback best-sellers had the ability to retain more than one thought at a time. They concluded that, through the relatively new practice of EconComical Deception—the placing of inexpensive joke books around bookstore cash registers—people could be relied on to supplement their lightweight reading diets with one or another of these non-nutritive anthologies. This ushered in an era of junk-food journalism whose main course happens to be the Non-Book. After all, real people don't read books.

Perhaps the newest wave of non-books touches on the universal fabric of mankind—namely, hate. Misanthropes of all ages will revel in the outpouring of material devoted to antipathy and the art of loathing. For starters, there's Bernie Karlin's *I Love-Hate New York* (Evans), which pares the Big Apple down to its rotten core. It highlights all of the city's celebrated attractions, including muggers, cockroaches, bag ladies, and assorted corruptions. Or do graduate work with *I Loathe New York* (Collier), by Scott Carouge and Jackie Merri Meyer, a compendium of Manhattan's choicest atrocities. It covers the Yankees, exhibitionism, ghetto blasters, mob rub-outs, and just about anything else necessary to facilitate your move to the suburbs.

Like cities but want to specialize in hatred? You might try *The Official I Hate Love Book* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Skip Morrow, a psycho-illogical anthology of cartoons for the Jung at heart. *The Ultimate Fat Book* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Jim Erskine, pokes fun at blimps and gluttons. But whatever you do, don't miss Emily Prager's riotous send-up of the mindless art of computer compulsion, *The Official I-Hate-Video*

Games Handbook (Pocket). Prager's parody of video games (Spacey Invaders, Punk Man, Erogeous Zones) beats joystick desperadoes at their own game and offers some advice to parents for deprogramming their children who suffer from videolexia.

There's also a wide selection of non-handbooks catering to most deviant segments of our society. Take, for instance, *The Official J.A.P. Handbook* (Plume), by Anna Sequoia, and its companion edition, *The Jewish American Princess Handbook* (Willoughby and Turnbull), both valuable source books for practitioners of the social highjump. Each book covers such sensitive issues as buying wholesale, trust funds, part-time jobs, nose jobs, and, of course, designer labels, but fails to address the age-old question: Do Jewish girls swallow? *The Official M.B.A. Handbook* (Simon & Schuster), by Jim Fisk and Robert Barron, counsels one in all the requisite pretensions of an M.B.A. graduate without his ever having to set foot in business school. Which means that for the paltry cover price, you save about twenty grand in tuition.

The only practical non-handbook around seems to be *How to Make Love to Your Money* (Dela-corte), by Mark Segall and Margaret Tobin. Their approach to Reaganomics (the economy and Ronnie's inability to get it up) is fiscal promiscuity, a program that promotes everything from financial fantasies to savings bondage. But let's face it, coming into money is a bit kinky, even for those of us who've always lusted after the almighty dollar.

Unfortunately, we're still



The Better Living cap for two.



Dance Instruction Shoes: "absolute necessities for contemporary survival."

plagued by an overabundance of animal non-books, most of which hasten the process of putting your pet up for adoption. *The Cat's Etiquette Book* (Cornerstone), by Philip Lief, is nothing more than a humorless reminder that your tennis racquet needs restringing. The same thing goes for *The Cat's Pajamas* (Harper/Colophon), by Leonore Fleischer, which purports to be the final word in feline trivia; let's hope it lives up to its promise. Only *Celebrity Cats* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Larry Wright's amusing caricatures of "pets of the great and near-great," survives with any degree of dignity or distinction. With books like these, no wonder these creatures bite the hands that feed them.

Hands, in fact, and a good pair of them, are needed to operate Jacques Toulouse's *Take It Off* (Harmony), a non-book whose duo of beefcake models shed their clothes as you flip through the pages. The trouble is, the men look like such wimps that it's more fun starting from the last page in order to dress them again. A better buy is *Ladies Night* (Perigee), which chronicles a gallery of male strippers caught in the act. At least there's some humor in the crowd shots of women stuffing handfuls of bills into the men's G-strings.

Philip Garner's *The Better Living Catalog* (Delilah) is one of the most unusual and clever non-books on the market today. The author, well known for his battery of oddball inventions, presents here what he calls "62 absolute necessities for contemporary survival." These mock-ups, which include Shower in a Can, a belt that holds six cans of beer, and the Talkman (a tube into which you can talk or sing without being overheard), are not only outrageously funny, but they make sense—which, in a non-book manner of speaking, adds up to nonsense.—Bob Spitz O

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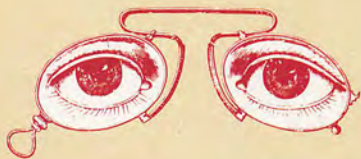
The Scotch with a

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following of leaders.

CUTT SARK®





SOUNDS

SWING BACK

"It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing," Duke Ellington was often heard to remark. But beginning in the 1960s, a significant number of young musicians seemed hell-bent on ignoring this most basic jazz dictum. Not that swing or its absence is always easy to pinpoint and define. As an abstract quality, a rhythmic buoyancy, swing often seems to be as much in the ear of the listener as in the music itself. There isn't even an agreed-on definition—how about "forward-propelling directionality," a description the musicologist Gunther Schuller once proposed with a straight face?

Swing is an elusive quality, all right, except for one thing: when it's there, your body notices it. Feet tap, fingers drum on tabletops, hips sway. Swing is exhilarating. The combination of ideas, feeling, and this wonderfully physical uplift was always what made jazz special, and it's surely no accident that the years of swing's fall from grace, the sixties and seventies, were the years when young jazz musicians lost a substantial portion of the audience the music had once enjoyed.

But there is good news: swing is back, not just in the clubs and concert halls, where musicians who matured before the sixties are holding forth, but wherever young musicians gather. *The Young Lions of Jazz* (Elektra/Musician), a double album recorded at last summer's Kool Jazz Festival in Manhattan, provides an overview of this development. Musician Records gathered a spectacular group of some of the brightest jazz players and composers and gave each one a chance to rehearse an original tune. The music was varied, with influences from African and Asian music, European classical music, and various stages in jazz history. But there was one common denominator: swing.

Recent albums by three young tenor saxophonists offer telling evidence that swing is in fashion again. Five years ago, when they were just beginning to lead their own bands, **David Murray**, **Chico Freeman**, and **Frank Lowe** were unreconstructed avant-gardists, pushing choked screams through their saxes, presiding over swirling free-form improvisations that projected enormous energy but didn't swing in any conventional sense. But listen to them now.

Murray, still in his mid-twenties,



Murray: that inexorable lift.

has been leading a brassy, shouting, emphatically swinging octet on the jazz club and concert circuit. His new music is in the tradition of Ellington, Mingus, and Monk—sometimes angular or craggy, occasionally abstract, but with that inexorable lift we call swing. It's captured in all its lusty glory on *Home* (Black Saint/Polygram). Chico Freeman's *Tradition in Transition* (Elektra/Musician) features Wallace Roney, one of several formidable young trumpeters who have recently emerged with barrels blazing, in quartet and quintet settings that recall the work of the late Eric Dolphy. It was Dolphy who proposed, back in the early sixties, that the freedom of the emerging avant-garde and the joys of swinging didn't have to be antithetical. For a bluesier, more down-to-earth take on the new swing, try Frank Lowe's *Exotic Heartbreak* (Soul Note/Polygram), the result of what the saxophonist calls "my studies of some middle-1960s Blue Note records." The Blue Note label's stable of artists included Art Blakey, Jackie McLean, and Jimmy Smith, who all injected a lot of soul and grit—what musicians used to call

"funk"—into their swinging music. Lowe and his accomplices do this tradition proud.

Henry Threadgill, best known as the saxophonist and composer with the new-jazz trio Air, also leads an avant-swing band. He calls it the Henry Threadgill Sextet, but there are seven musicians. No matter. On *When Was That?* (About Time), Threadgill and friends, including the swaggering ex-carnival trumpeter **Olu Dara**, don't just swing; they strut and rock and stroll, sounding like a New Orleans brass band sashaying through a funhouse mirror. It's no accident that Threadgill, Dara, and several other musicians in the sextet also work with David Murray's octet. These musicians belong to a mutually supportive group of young Manhattanites who have explored the mysteries of atonality and free form, taken the best those areas had to offer, and grounded them in the swing tradition.

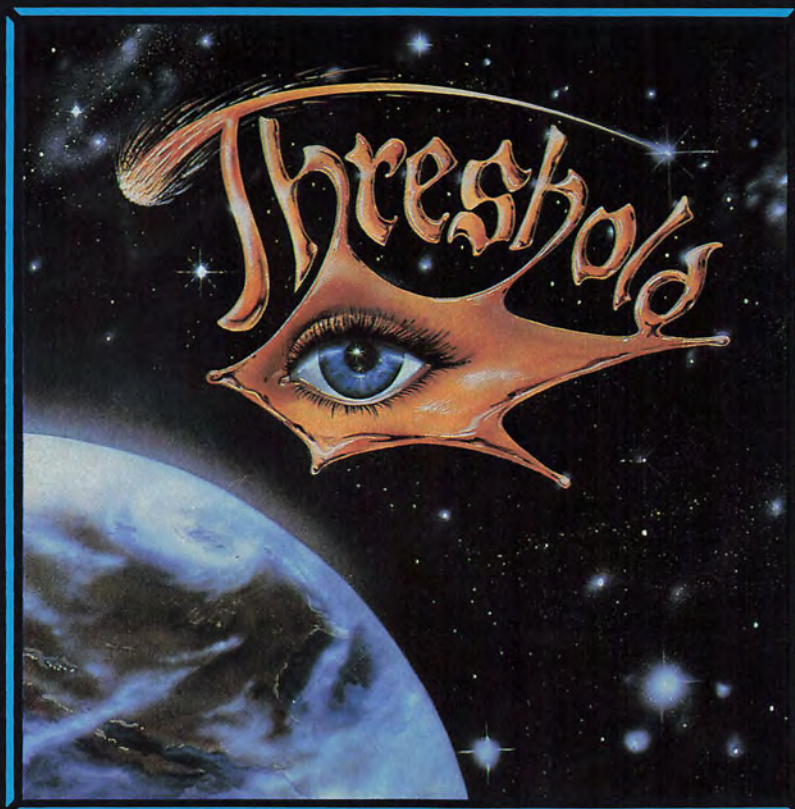
"Freedom swings" is becoming something of a new rallying cry, but it should be noted that the very first free-jazz musician, saxophonist **Ornette Coleman**, was also a ferocious swinger. Columbia Records recently dug into its vaults for an album's worth of previously unreleased Coleman classics, *Broken Shadows*. It features **Don Cherry**, **Ed Blackwell**, and other musicians who have graduated from the very exclusive Coleman finishing school, is steeped in the blues, and swings from bar one. Cherry, who now plays keyboard and ethnic instruments in addition to his trumpet, and Blackwell, perhaps the modern master drummer, have made a lovely duet album, *El Corazon* (ECM), that suggests the almost limitless possibilities of the latest wrinkle in jazz. They play African melodies, a Monk tune, an Arabian mutation, and various originals, and it all swings.—Robert Palmer



Don Cherry: jazz that swings from bar one.

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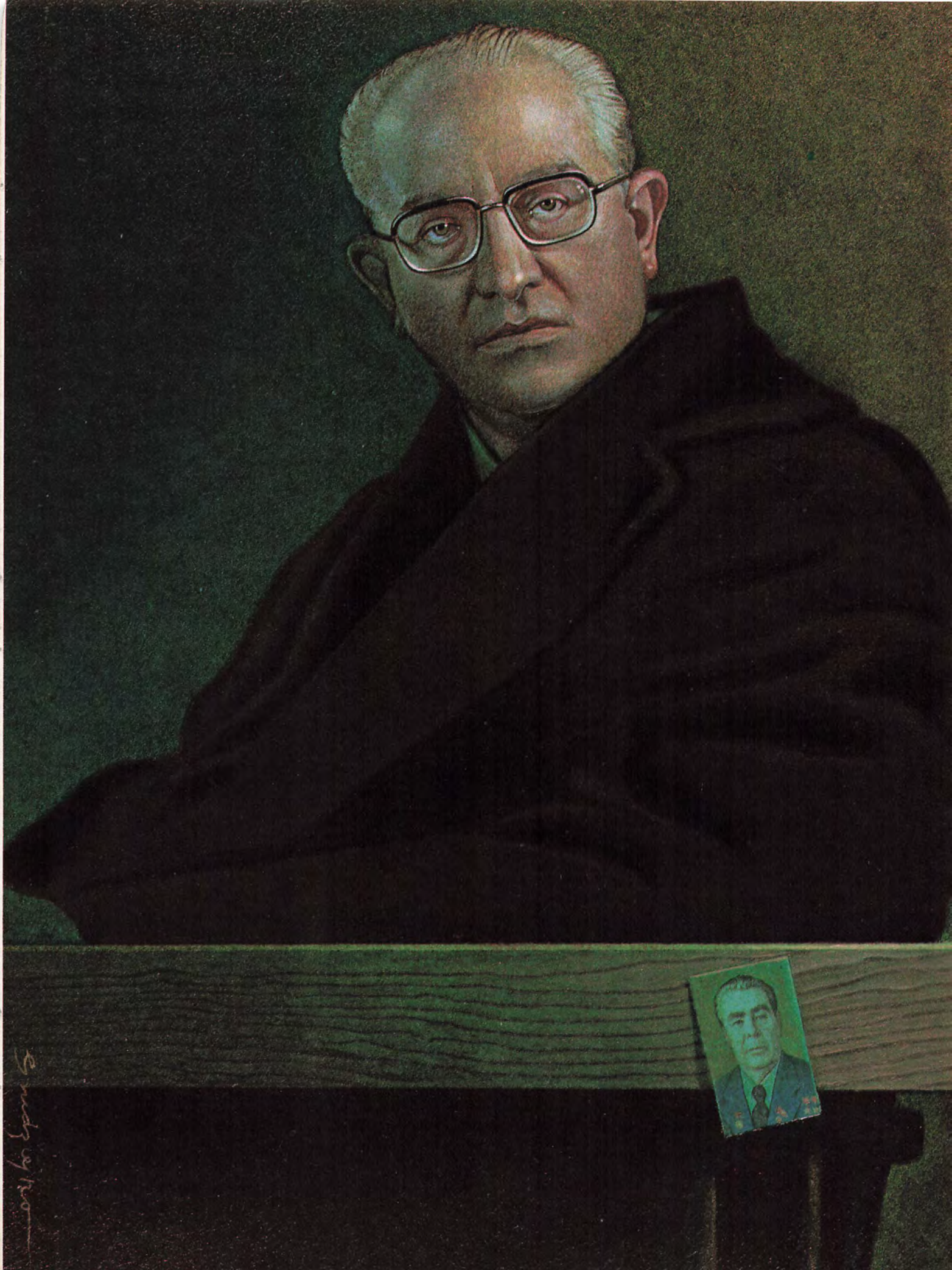
YURI ANDROPOV

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND VLADIMIR SAKHAROV

For fifteen years, the man who now has ultimate power in the Kremlin ran the world's most infamous secret police force—even while his own ideas and life-style were monuments to the Western influences he was trying to eradicate. This inside report, which explains how Andropov transformed the KGB with the help of a legendary British double agent, shows that he now has the potential to change the world.

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO



Sunday 19/10

Nothing too much out of the ordinary happens on the streets of Moscow, so Muscovites were somewhat surprised one bright, sunny August day in 1970 when they noticed something very curious going on.

It happened in front of the grotesque building that towers over Smolenskaya Square, a truly ugly monument to Stalinist architecture that houses the Soviet Union's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From under the arcade of the Smolenskaya subway station and along Arbat Street, groups of men appeared in custom-made British suits, expensive Western-made sports jackets, and similar bourgeois attire. They strode solemnly toward the great building on Smolenskaya, trailed by the faint scent of *Soir de Paris*, Chanel, and other expensive *odeurs*, and passed through the heavy brass-framed doors of the ministry building, showing a red pass to the guards.

For the "Ivans" and "Mishkas" (Russian slang for the ordinary Soviet citizens) watching nearby, this regal procession was a distinct oddity, an almost surrealistic contrast to what ordinarily transpires on the streets of Moscow. For the average Muscovite, for whom British tailoring and other such bourgeois pleasures were unheard of, it was a day to savor the August warmth, queueing in the ubiquitous lines to buy a cooling glass of yellowish drink called "kvas" (an indescribable brew that is something of a cross between urine and beer), sold from a scraggly barrel on wheels.

Curiosity is a trait not encouraged among ordinary Soviet citizens, so none of them wondered aloud why that group of men so expensively dressed were spending their summer afternoon trooping into the ministry. For Soviet citizens, there was to be no answer; no newspaper account, no television broadcast, no radio news program telling the details of what happened at the ministry that afternoon. Some may have guessed that what was happening seemed, on the surface at least, to be simply a private funeral for a recently deceased high official of some sort.

But there was much more going on that afternoon than met the eye, for in that gathering of the Soviet Union's chosen elite—high party officials, ranking intelligence officers, and foreign ministry executives—stood the man who, twelve years after that day, was destined to be the next ruler of the Soviet Union.

His name was Yuri Andropov. He stood confidently in the dimness of the huge marble hall inside the ministry, whose interior resembles an ancient Greek temple. He chatted quietly with his comrades-in-grief, waiting for his turn to assume the honor-guard stand at the lavish, brightly lit casket in the center of the hall. To those outside the closed world of the Soviet elite, Andropov was then a total mystery. Only one picture of him had been published in the West—an official photograph that showed a pudgy, dour-looking man

58 PENTHOUSE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HAROLD R. (KIM) PHILBY:

Ranked as the most successful intelligence "mole" in history, was a high-ranking officer of British intelligence while a secret agent of the KGB. Defected to Moscow in 1963, and became an important adviser to Andropov at the KGB.

OTTO KUUSINEN:

Finnish-born Communist whom Stalin tried, unsuccessfully, to install as leader of Finland in 1940. Later, was sponsor of Yuri Andropov's early career in the Soviet bureaucracy.

SERGEI VINOGRADOV:

Until his death in 1970, key leader in the Soviet intelligence and foreign policy apparatus. Recruited Kim Philby, later boosted Andropov's career.

ALEKSANDR PANYUSHKIN:

Close personal friend and important benefactor of Andropov. Former ambassador to the United States, was once Philby's case officer and later served in important Kremlin assignments until his death in 1975.

GEORGI ARBATOV:

Head of the Kremlin's Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada, a Soviet think tank, advises Soviet leadership on how to deal with this country. Key adviser to Andropov.

whose deadly expression seemed to match the reputation of the organization he then headed—the dreaded KGB, Russia's secret police-intelligence agency.

To his fellow members in the ruling elite, however, Andropov was a different man than his official portrait suggested. To them, he was a witty conversationalist, an intellectual, a raconteur, a sophisticated operator with a good command of English (rare among Soviet leaders), and a devotee of Western culture. Dressed in an expensive Western-style suit, he appeared for all the world that day like a prosperous American businessman, smoothly drumming up new business.

But Yuri Andropov, then fifty-six years old, was about as far from being a Western businessman as you can get. He was in fact at that point considered one of the brightest stars in the Soviet leadership firmament, a man whose brilliant record on behalf of the Soviet state, although unknown outside the Kremlin, had marked him as a man to be watched, a man

marked for great power. And a man to be feared: his position as head of the KGB was further enhanced by another position he held at the time, membership on the ruling Politburo. Moreover, there was the matter of his close friendship with Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, no small political capital in a society where connections count for a lot. Indeed, as a number of perceptive members of the elite must have guessed at the time, Yuri Andropov was only a heartbeat away from succeeding Brezhnev as first among equals in the Soviet Union. Which is to say, the Boss.

Given his penchant for humor, it is possible that Andropov may have derived some pleasure at the sight of American Kremlinologists, who ignored him for so long and then tended to discount his chances for supreme leadership once Brezhnev died. The Kremlinologists, whose ignorance of what makes the Soviet Union tick is appalling, never spotted Andropov's steady rise to power, and once he achieved that status, refused to believe it. And because of their ignorance, they failed to spot all the important clues indicating that Andropov's rise to power has been an inevitability for years.

The significance of Andropov was missed because Kremlinologists insist on judging Soviet events and personalities through the prism of their own Western political experiences. They sift the clues of public writings and speeches, trying to divine the unmistakable trends. But there were hardly any for Andropov, who has worked quietly for almost all his life behind the scenes.

Nevertheless, enough is known to furnish important clues, provided you know where to look. The search is important, for it is wise to take a good look at this man who will have a great deal to say about our futures. Who is he? How did he rise to power? What does it mean?

We have frozen that moment in time on that hot summer day in Moscow twelve years ago, for no other event seems to crystallize the forces and influences that have shaped Yuri Andropov.

First, consider the subject of the private funeral service—Sergei Alexandrovich Vinogradov, who, although not well known in the West, actually was one of the most powerful men in the Soviet Union. Deputy foreign minister, member of the KGB collegium, lieutenant general of the KGB, liaison with the Central Committee's International Department, Soviet ambassador to Turkey, ambassador to Egypt, confidant of Gamal Nasser, Sergei Vinogradov since his first intelligence assignment to Austria in 1932 had served in key diplomatic and intelligence posts at home and abroad. By the time of his death, he was considered by Kremlin insiders a member of the most powerful troika in Soviet foreign policy.

One of the other two members of that troika was Yuri Andropov. It is here that the all-consuming importance of the way the Soviet system really operates comes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



A TOUCH OF INNOCENCE

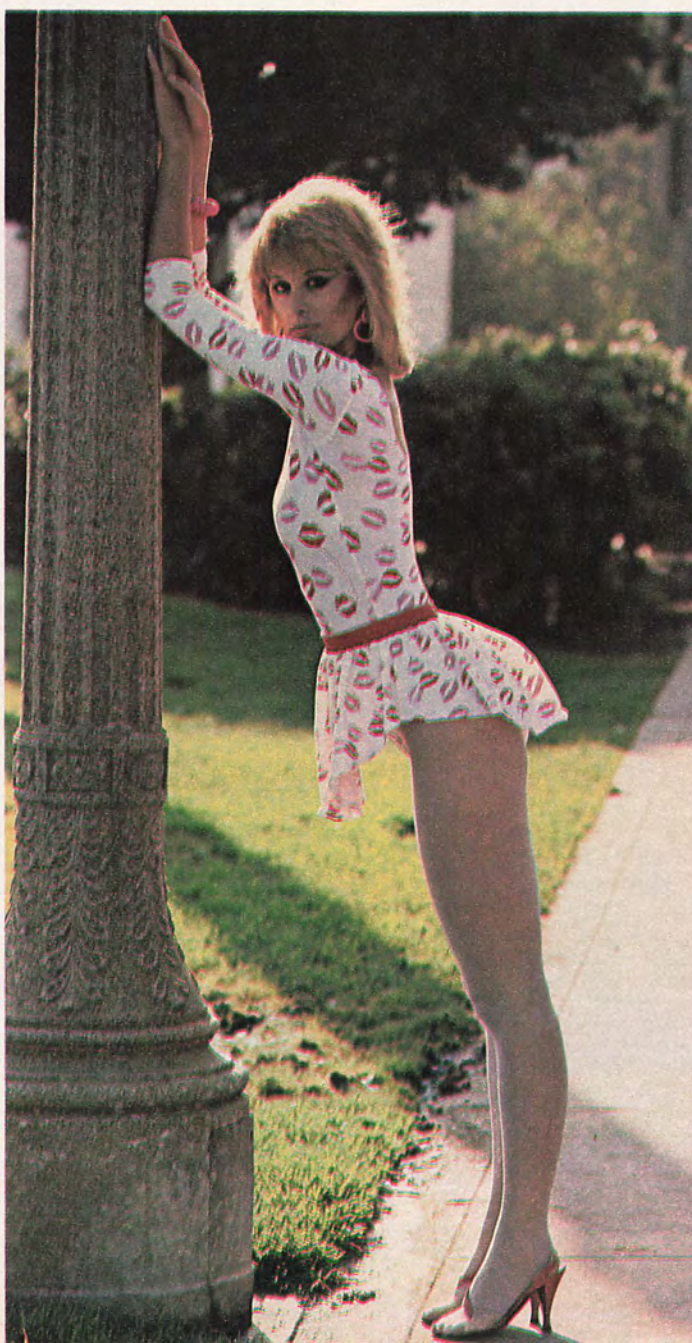
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER AND STEVE SARICH III

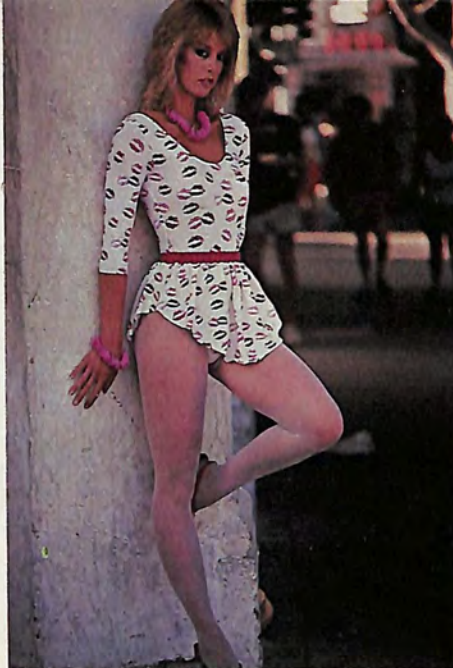
Green-eyed Suzie Farrell describes herself succinctly: spoiled, but never rotten. Raised in plush Orange County, Calif., she's always been comfortably nestled in the lap of luxury. At sweet sixteen she got her own silver Jaguar. At seventeen, a gold American Express card. At eighteen, well...let's say she lost her minor status in a major league way. "He was older, and famous. I was innocent, and suggestible. A perfect match!"





"I'm an only child, born to my parents late in life, so I've always been pampered and protected. Maybe it's silly," shrugs our 34-22-34-inch Pet, "but I need lots of cuddling and touching. Even though I'm nearly twenty-two, I need to be tucked in at night..."





Any special older men she'd like to recruit for that task? "Oh, Clint Eastwood could tell me a bedtime story or two, and Bob Guccione's my newest fantasy figure." She adds, with a blush, "Well, I guess it's not a secret anymore!"



A model and aspiring actress, she has another major fantasy involving a part on a television soap, preferably "The Young and the Restless." "That's sort of the way I am anyway," she smiles, putting pretty idle hands to good use. "I can't sit still for a minute!" If Suzie were sitting in *our* lap, we'd gladly sit still for hours. O—















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per cigarette, FTC Report Dec'81

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Boosting taste to equal leading cigarettes
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There's nothing halfway about it.



MERIT



AURAL SEX

BY AMY PAGNOZZI

Long-distance
“operators” are using the latest in telephone
technology to give men
a lot more than old-fashioned pillow talk . . .
In fact, their slogan could
well be “Reach out and touch yourself.”

PAINTING BY NICOLA SIMBARI

Don's secretary had finally gone out to lunch, and he stretched out in his leather armchair, took out a charge card, and dialed the number. In rapid-fire but distinct bursts, he read out each digit of his MasterCard, but when he asked for Carol—Carol of the long, soft hair and a voice that would round his mind like lazy satin bed-sheets—he sounded milky and warm.

Don had never met Carol. He never would. But as she said, "Hello, darling, I've been waiting for you," his hand slid obediently down to his groin. He fumbled with his zip as he felt her voice, her very being, willing him away from himself, away from the office, into some secret place of sex. Now, as the voice caressed him in its husky sensuality, described their lovemaking in lovely detail, he was suffused with a passion objectively pure yet full of the lusty earthiness he'd known only in his dreams. The voice carried him deeper and deeper, into the very entrails of desire. His eyes glistened, the muscles round his lips twitched involuntarily as he released a flood of inchoate love words to the impassive telephone. If only the world could see him now! But the world couldn't. There was only Don and Carol, tied together with telephone line.

Now she was cuddling him, teasing him, pressing him up and up... then, suddenly, it was over, bar panting. Don smiled, lit a cigarette automatically. Just as automatically he said, "I love you, Carol," even as her voice brought him gently back to earth. And for that moment in the cold office, he meant it... until the humor of the situation returned to him. It always did. He grinned into the phone and at himself in the mirror, chuckled, and said, "You know something, kid? You sure give good phone."

Good phone. It is to sex what dial-a-prayer is to church: brief, a bit thin, perhaps, but better than nothing. Sometimes, *much* better. Like when Carol's on the other end of the line.

In scruffy yellow flip-flops and a shortie bathrobe, she pads around the blue velvet cocoon of her Gramercy Park apartment, shielded from all but the softest of light. Big, cushy satin and velvet pillows have been tossed around the room with bounteous abandon, and, together with the tufted headboard on her round, king-sized bed, give it the look of an upscale bordello.

"People come in here and tell me they'd love to take a nap," she says, curling up in a love seat. Her flesh moulds into the cushions sensuously. She's a big woman—not fat, but zoftig.

"I like body comforts. I'm comfortable with hedonism," she says with pride as she surveys this room that reeks of sex, throbs in the certainty of its purpose. Carol spends a great deal of time in it.

Growing up in the Kings Highway section of Brooklyn, she says she began calling up men she wanted to date at the tender age of sixteen or seventeen. Nothing really explicit; just some sexy talk and heavy breathing, enough to pique their in-

terest. "It was *really* effective," says Carol. "It always got them extremely turned-on." Carol's forty now, and claims: "I have yet to find a man who does not become extremely aroused by it."

Somewhere pretty early along the line, she married someone at the other end, a rich man—she doesn't have to work now, even though they're divorced—and handsome, too. But, unfortunately, he was alcoholic. To this day she can't stand making love to a drunk—even over the phone. "If a man tells me, 'I've had a lot to drink, babe, bear with me,' it means he's going to be a long time coming. It's not going to be a long *hot* time, though, because I'm gonna have to compete with the booze for his attention."

After her marriage was over, Carol picked up the phone again—but not for fun and profit until recently, after seeing an ad in the *Village Voice* that read, "Call Laurie. Me and my sexy friends want to fulfill your every desire, explore all your

One girl has a customer with a turkey fantasy.

"He likes to be roasted and toasted," she giggles.

"I put him on a spit over a fire. He comes while I'm basting him."

fantasies..." Emblazoned above it was a picture of a leggy lady lying spread out on a bed, one hand curled coyly over the inside of her thigh, the other on a telephone. "I said, 'Hey, I've been doing this for years for free!'" Carol laughed. "Do you mean people get money for this?" She dialed the number, and found they did—lots. She took the job posthaste.

"I was surprised to find out I had a lot to learn. I was making sexy phone calls, sure—but not elaborate fantasies. The other girls were doing things I'd never heard of before. Well, not often at least," she giggled. "Bestiality, domination, infantilism—all of this was new to me. It's changed my life. I've discovered I'm a creative person."

Both those assertions are true. Before Carol began phone fantasies, she was in advertising. "I'd like to say I was responsible for those 'Wet Your Whistle' lipstick ads or something sexy, but I was in the administrative end—organization, management. It's only since I started this that I've discovered how absolutely creative I am. I can meet any fantasy and run with it. It flows out of me—it's almost like getting a part in a play. If I'm starting to grope and I

listen, I find the man always takes me where he wants to go. I get lots of requests. It's like a reward. They're roses to me, every one of them."

Carol pops a white chocolate into her mouth, and gobbles it hurriedly. Her face opens into a wide, pumpkin smile. Give her a bun, put some slipcovers on the sat-in settees, and she might be somebody's mother.

"Oh, gosh, I guess some of my own mother probably *has* rubbed off on me," she gushes. "You know, she's the original Mrs. Portnoy. I can't tell her what I'm doing—but not because she'd disapprove. She'd be worried I wasn't getting enough fresh air."

One can imagine a daughter like Carol might be cause for concern. Most of her interests do lie indoors—she's a telescope finely tuned to a single perspective. Flowers, fabrics, perfume, lighting—you name it and Carol can apply it to sex. Chairs are "shaped to please a man," chocolates "make love to her tummy," clothes are worn to arouse—and to be gotten out of quickly.

Even her frequent real-life companion, a slave, is devoted to her pleasure. He bought her those black, mariboued mules lying by the bed. At first she got him to teach her how to handle mistress calls, but he made her feel so good.

"You know, sometimes I get the feeling—I really do—that Carol enjoys the calls as much as I do. I guess I'm being silly," Don blushes. He's a little embarrassed, a little uncomfortable, after all, about "whacking off while someone listens," as he puts it. After all, he bristles, he doesn't really *have* to do it.

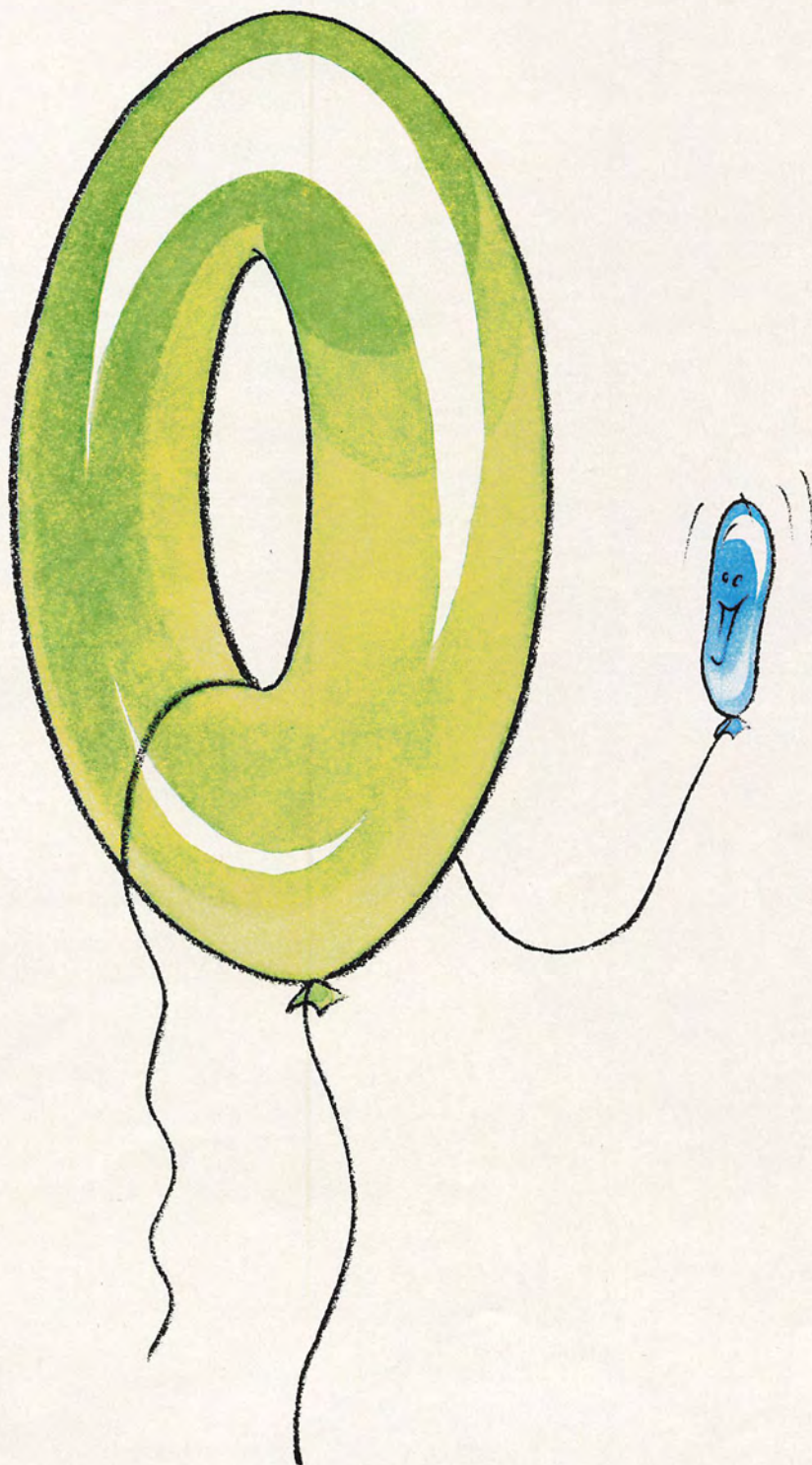
"I'm no breather gone legit," he says defensively. "I never made an obscene phone call in my life until I saw those ads." Probably not. A good-looking, high-powered man making his kind of salary? Even with a wife and two kids at home, he could probably do okay for himself. So why, then?

Well, as Don explains it, they're different. They're for when you want to reach out and touch someone without *actually* reaching out and touching someone. "I know when I'm talking to Carol I'm not really having sex. I know she might be fat and bowlegged, even." He looks down at his fingernails. The possibility makes him so dejected it's a temptation to set him straight.

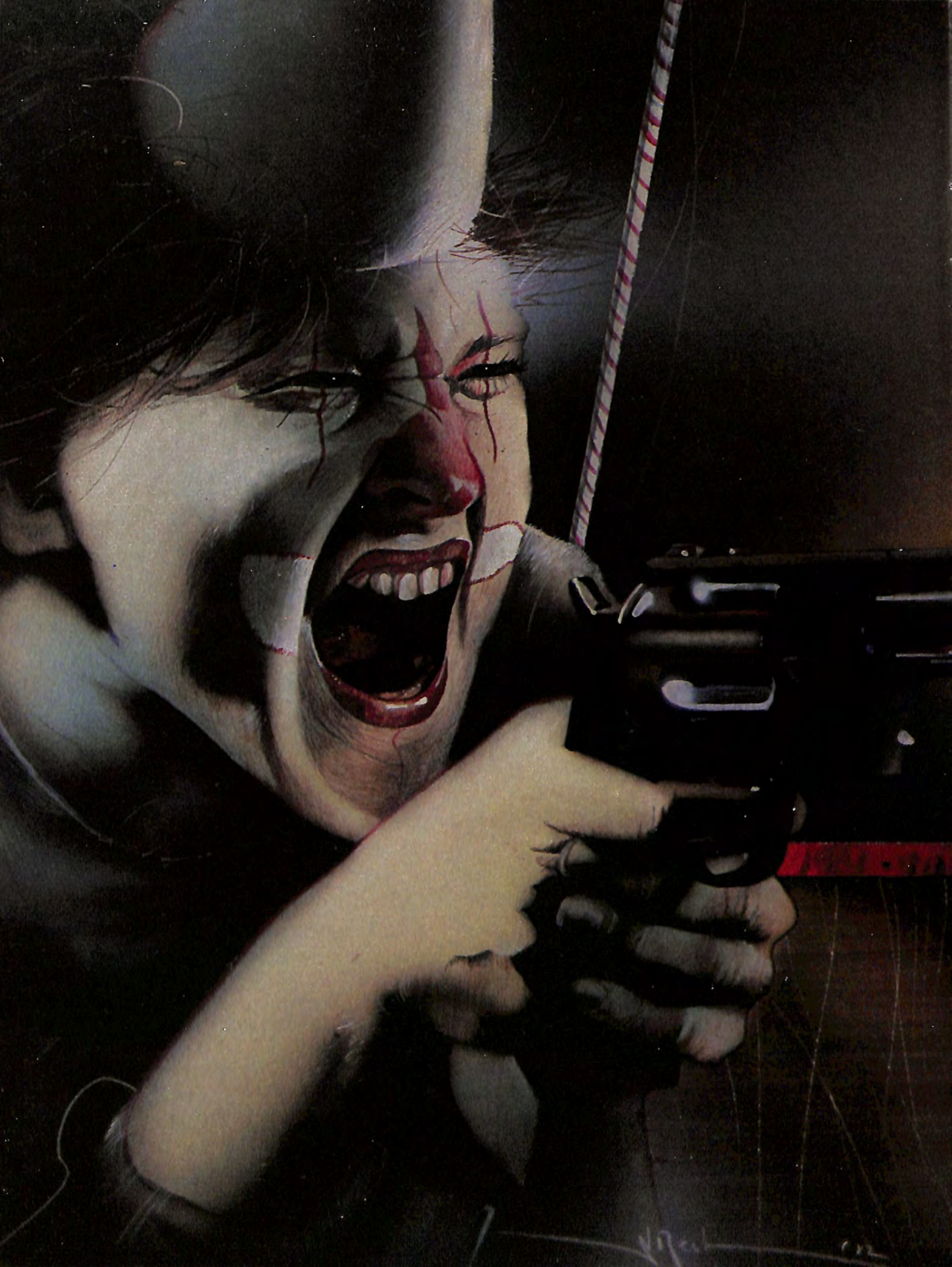
"My wife doesn't know I do it. She probably wouldn't go for it much," he continues. "It's not that I can't tell her about my fantasies. It's just that with Carol, it lacks the responsibilities that exist in my marriage. Sure, I could tell my wife I'd like to have a threesome. But I'm not sure I'd really like to have one in real life. I'm not sure what kind of stuff that would open up. What if she wanted to do it again—with a man the next time?" He scoffs, and squares his shoulders. "No. That probably wouldn't happen. ... It satisfies me,


Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"... and how was it for you?"





An important new study shows how
our criminal justice system has made us a nation of
victims—and what we can do about it.

AMERICA AFRAID

BY RESEARCH & FORECASTS, INC., AND ARDY FRIEDBERG

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." "Equality before the law." "Satisfaction." "A fair shake," "a square deal," "a fifty-fifty chance." In modern society, justice is supposed to be the rendering of a person's due in the light of right, truth, and the dictates of reason. But whether the definition of justice is legal or personal, we all demand it swiftly and surely. And though the Lord claims vengeance is his, we all seem to want a piece of legal, if not personal, vengeance served up with our helping of justice.

But "swift" and "sure" are not words that can normally be used when referring to the justice system in America. Civil court dockets are so full it takes up to three years and longer to have a suit aired inside a courtroom. There are more lawyers in the halls of justice than there are clients. The paperwork they generate is enormous, and so are the fees. "I'm going to sue" has become a more common phrase in the language than "What's for dinner?" The civil court system is in woeful shape, but people with civil grievances are resigned to waiting for justice, with the cautious assurance that it will eventually be done. At a minimum, they have confidence that their day in court is coming.

Similarly, when it comes to crime we all want justice served, but we want our satisfaction to be immediate. First, we want quick ac-

tion by the police. Then, when the criminal is caught, we want swift and sure court action. We want the jury system to work as it was designed, and when the verdict is guilty, we want the criminal put in prison on the spot and not allowed to roam the streets pending an endless series of appeals. We also want the prison system to do its job of rehabilitation so that the ex-convict becomes a normal, contributing member of society.

But the criminal justice system is in the same woeful condition as the civil system: ineffective, inefficient, bureaucratic, all jammed up.

The criminal system may be even worse than the civil system. Paul Montoya, chief of detectives in Denver, says, "We don't have a criminal justice system. We have a name, but no correlated or unified program. People wait, months, years, for adjudication. This is a lawyer's world . . . the whole judicial system revolves around what lawyers want to do." Montoya, a thirty-year police veteran, feels victims and witnesses lose interest because the system works so slowly. He says, "I don't know why we can't arrest a guy and have the trial the next day . . . if the evidence is clear, there are witnesses and the man is caught in

From the forthcoming book *America Afraid*, to be published by
New American Library. © 1983 by Figgie International.

PAINTING BY STEPHAN BECK

the act" of committing the crime.

Dr. Marvin Dunn, a university professor in Miami, says, "The criminal justice system is bankrupt. It only gives the appearance of responding to crime in the community." And Howard Rasmussen, director of the Greater Miami Citizens Crime Commission, says, "The criminal justice system is inundated. It doesn't have the resources. It doesn't do us any good to hire more police if we can't prosecute the people they arrest. It doesn't do any good to prosecute if we don't have the correctional facilities and programs to handle those who are convicted."

"Orlando, Fla.: Eighteen-year-old Jerry Davis, who prosecutors describe as 'only a kid,' has already climbed crime's ladder to the last rung and will probably spend the next 10 years behind bars.

"Court records show Davis' criminal activity began in 1977 when, at age 13, he was arrested for shoplifting and put on probation. For the next five years, the Maitland teenager graduated to other crimes—burglary, drunken driving and aggravated assault. Each time the court system or Health and Rehabilitation Services officials placed him on probation.

"Last June, a month after his probation for aggravated assault and drunken driving ended, police said Davis and two other youths stabbed and killed a man in Eatonville for the \$1.25 he had in his pockets.

"Now, almost five years after he was first arrested for shoplifting, prosecutors say Davis will spend at least the next 10 years in a prison cell before he becomes eligible for parole.

"... Circuit Judge George Diamantis sentenced the youth to life in prison. Diamantis said he gave the sentence because of Davis' extensive juvenile criminal background and because he is 'a danger to the community.'

"... The teenager, who once had told a judge he wouldn't swear to tell the truth because 'my mother taught me not to,' had no family in the courtroom for the sentencing.

"... When you see him, you have to say, 'My God. He's a kid,' said Assistant State Attorney Ray Sharpe, who prosecuted Davis. 'But the kid was an adult as far as crime is concerned a long time ago. The juvenile court has to catch their attention. The result down there is that they feel they can get away with it if all they get is a slap on the wrist. If you don't scare hell out of them, you can expect to see them back here again and again.'"

The case of Jerry Davis clearly illustrates most of the problems of the criminal justice system. From his early arrests by the police and his appearances in juvenile court through the adult arrest, trial, and sentencing process, his case is classic. As a juvenile, Davis received the kind of attention given most juveniles. His probation served no positive purpose. When arrested for murder, he spent nine months

awaiting trial, and when sentenced he received the full weight of the law, probably because his previous years of exposure to the system had been ineffective. We don't know if time spent in the Florida State Prison will have a positive effect on the rest of Davis's life, but experience indicates that it is more likely to be negative. And that represents the full circle of criminal justice, from the cop on the beat to incarceration and the rehabilitation process (or lack of it) in prison.

The American criminal justice system is designed to protect the rights of the innocent, and that is one significant way in which a democracy differs from a dictatorship. Due process of the law is one of the keystones of our society. Yet many people now feel as Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes did when he said, in far simpler days: "At the present time ... there is more danger that criminals will escape justice than that they will be subjected to tyranny." One person who agrees is

6

The basic injustice is to law-abiding people who are sick to death of seeing victims lying in the streets and perpetrators laughing at the police and the courts through loopholes in the law.

9

Executive Judge George Deneweth of Macomb County, Mich., who says, "People feel there are too many rights for the criminal and not enough for society." Today, lawyers plead for justice for their clients whatever the crime. The appeal process can drag on for many years even in the most clear-cut cases, and when it looks like the case will finally go to trial, the plea bargaining process begins. When all parties are worn down, the charges often bear no resemblance to the crime. Unlike the civil court system, the victims—the cheerleader raped in the woods, the grocer robbed and shot down as he stocks the produce, the nun slashed in the convent, the doctor bludgeoned for the key to his drug cabinet, the casual bystander wounded by a shotgun blast during a gangland rub-out, the baby beaten and burned by the baby-sitter, all the targets of "The Son of Sam," and the countless others—also seek justice but without the assurance that it is forthcoming, quickly, slowly, or at all. Some examples:

- Early one summer morning, around 2:00 A.M., Jack Henry Abbott plunged a knife into the heart of Richard Adan, an aspiring actor and playwright. Adan died on

the Manhattan sidewalk where he was attacked. Abbott, a lifelong convict and the author of a best-selling book written while in prison, was convicted of manslaughter by a jury sympathetic to Abbott's years in prison. He will serve six to ten years for his crime. Adan's relatives wept and then raged at the decision. Justice?

- In 1974, Roger Davis was sentenced by a jury in Virginia to forty years in prison for possession and sale of a half-pound of marijuana. The Supreme Court of the United States later held that the sentence was not cruel or unusual punishment. Justice?

- A Baton Rouge man, Glen Bordelon, forty-four, was accused of being involved in an insurance scheme that netted him more than \$200,000, according to authorities. He pleaded no contest to two counts of lying to a grand jury and received two five-year suspended sentences. He was also ordered to pay \$1,000 for each of the perjury counts after a plea bargain. Justice?

- Sixty-nine-year-old Woodrow Wilson Collums, a retired dairyman from Poteet, Tex., pleaded guilty to killing his terminally ill older brother in an act of mercy. He had fired five bullets into his brother as the sick man lay in his nursing home bed. Collums was placed on ten years' probation with orders from the judge to work ten hours a week in a senior citizens center. Collums' record will be cleared after his probation. Justice?

- Carlos Flores, eighteen, Vincent DiNicola, twenty-four, and Richard Rivera, eighteen, were convicted of killing off-duty policeman Robert Walsh during a holdup at a cocktail lounge in Queens, N.Y. Walsh was shot after identifying himself as a policeman and drawing his service revolver in an attempt to prevent the robbery. The victim's widow said, "Every day, seeing them turn around and laugh at me in the courtroom, made me wish I could have seen their faces when the verdict was read." The three were sentenced to twenty-five years to life but can be released on parole much earlier. Justice?

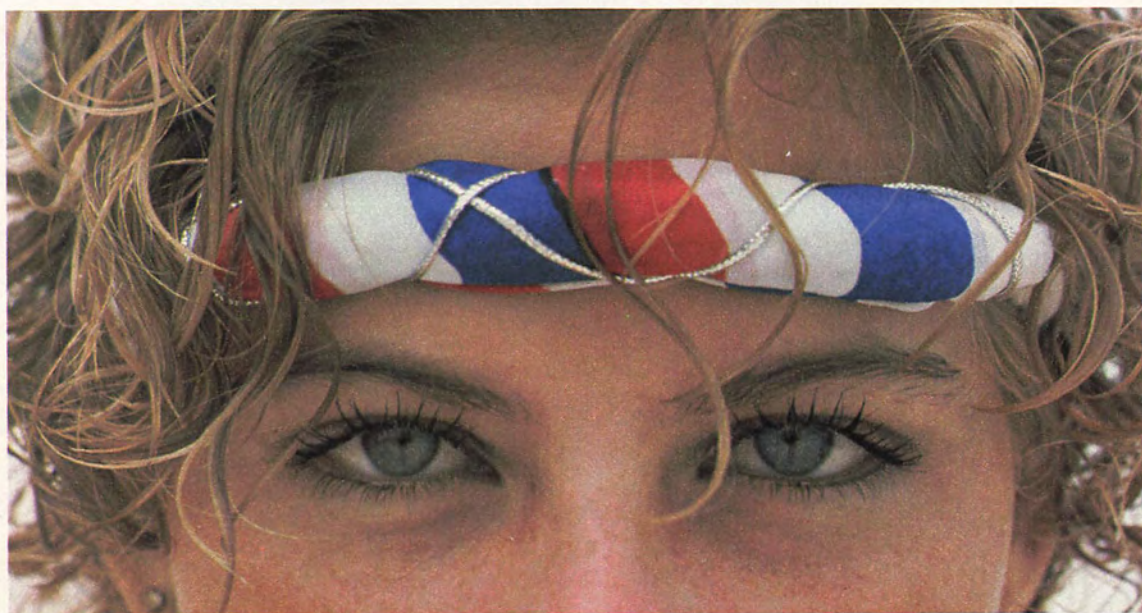
There are people who would say that justice was meted out in each of these instances, and maybe it was. That is one of the problems with the American system of criminal justice. There are no national standards and, worst of all, there is little confidence in the system the way it currently functions. These seeming inconsistencies in the rendering of justice have eroded the public attitude toward the criminal justice system as a whole to the point where eight out of ten people* feel the American judicial apparatus, from the courtroom to Sing Sing, is not effective. *(Unless otherwise identified, all figures given in this article are from *The Figgie Report on Fear of Crime*. This survey sample of 1,047 people was conducted by Research & Forecasts, Inc.)

More than half the people think the sentencing of convicted criminals, in its present form, is not a deterrent to crime, and that we neither help those who commit

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

*“I believe the man you love
should be the
center of your world. I
always feel my
place is with my lover, and
I feel so out of
place without him. Being
in the Bahamas
to pose for Penthouse was
so flattering, so
exciting—yet I felt rather
empty without a
boyfriend to share it with...”*

GRETA





Watching Pet of the Month Greta Andersen check under the hood of her car, who could ever run out of gas? Finding the thought as amusing as we do enticing, she erupts in a spontaneous, bubbling laugh that carbonates our day at the beach. A nineteen-year-old native of Copenhagen, Denmark, sand and sea is this midnight sunshine girl's natural element.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOREAU

CHARMS OF THE BOURGEOISIE



AACHU



For lazy afternoons spent burying her cares in the sand, our breezy March Pet prefers the company of women. Obliging, a few fetching friends join the fun. But at night, she claims, it's men that catch and hold her attention.







"In general," says she, "Danes are more relaxed about sex than most Americans are. For us, it's a joy to celebrate, not a secret. However, when you're really in love you tend to be very faithful..." Maybe, but at least we've got her number...







She doesn't quite understand, until her comely friend explains, causing an outbreak of laughter that proves to be highly contagious. Appropriate, really, since our knockout Florence Nightingale is studying to be a nurse.







Laughter, she thinks, is the very best medicine, with love a very close second. "I believe the man you love should be the center of your world. I always feel my place is with my lover, and I feel so out of place without him."





"Being in the Bahamas to pose for *Penthouse* was so flattering, so exciting; everything and everyone was so wonderful. Yet I felt rather empty without a boyfriend to share it with..." For our part, we thought the sifting sands of time have rarely been passed in better company.

"Frankly, I am the quiet, traditional kind of girl you Americans might call bourgeois. I live in a sleepy little fishing village called Århus, where life is very slow and simple. Someday I want to have my own home, with a husband and several sweet children..."







"Of course," adds our 36-24-35-inch Danish delight, "I am still very young and will grow and change in many ways. Maybe someday I'll have more adventure in my spirit. We'll have to wait and see."
Greta, we'll provide all the waiting room you need.







MISS GRETA ANDERSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The heat . . . it's the first thing that you notice. I hadn't even gotten off the plane and sweat was already rolling down my back. I thought of all the Vietnam veterans who had carried sixty-pound packs on their backs, fighting their way through the steaming jungles. They are gone now, but they have left something behind. Children. Children who look very much like them. The United States politely calls these children "Amerasians." The Vietnamese call them *bui doi*, or the dust of life.

In October of 1982 I joined a group of Americans who flew into Hanoi to retrieve twenty-four Amerasian children. This was one of the very first such missions permitted by the Vietnamese.

Once a week, Air France has a flight that leaves Bangkok for Ho Chi Minh City. On the plane, customs applications are handed out. In English are the words *Republic of South Vietnam: Independence, Democracy, Peace, Neutrality*. There are also the typical questions, such as point of departure and destination, and the not-so-typical questions, such as "Are you carrying any arms, ammunition, or explosives?"

Ho Chi Minh City is a long way from anywhere. But the United States is even farther away for the Amerasian children of U.S. servicemen. There is a slow, bureaucratic process that a veteran must go through before he can hope to be reunited with his child. The first place a veteran should present his case to is the Orderly Departure Program (ODP), which is part of the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok. The ODP works hand in hand with the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR), which stands between the United States and Vietnamese governments.

At the outset the veteran should write a letter to his child telling him to contact the UNHCR in Vietnam with any information regarding his father that he might have (father's name, military unit, or serial number). A Senate bill (S.1698) directs the veteran to provide "evidence" to the ODP, "including but not limited to birth and baptismal certificates, local civil records, photographs of, and letters or proof of financial support from an American citizen, and the testimony of witnesses to the extent it is relevant . . .," all of which will support his paternity claim.

Donald Colin, director of the ODP office, says that they receive a couple of hundred letters a week and that about 75 percent are new cases. The paperwork is staggering and

slows things up considerably. Furthermore, there is no solid estimate of how many Amerasian children are still in Vietnam. Tom Doubleday of ODP says that they have 4,000 cases but has heard that there may be as many as 20,000 Amerasians in Vietnam.

The United States Catholic Conference, according to Greg Kane of the Vietnam Veterans of America, "actually controls all of the files, does all the screening, and accumulates the documents that are necessary for the refugees to come out of Vietnam. After a file is prepared, it is presented to Don Colin [ODP] and his subordinates for a decision whether or not the case warrants an American entry visa. And if it does, the names go on the American list. The Vietnamese also have their list, and if the names coincide, then there is a third list. Those are the people who are expected to come out."

For eight years, Ernest Crosby, a thirty-seven-year-old Vietnam veteran from San Francisco, had been writing letters to every imaginable source. He had previously lived with Nguyen Thi (now Mrs. Crosby) for three years. He had known his daughter for only a year. While he was on vacation in Bangkok, Crosby stopped by the ODP office. As it turned out, the names of his fiancée, his daughter, and stepdaughter were on that week's departure list. He was ecstatic. He was going to go to Ho Chi Minh City to bring his family home.

Everyone has a different story. Tom Doubleday at ODP says, "We get letters that say, 'I lived with Mr. Bill, and I have his child.' What can you do in a case like that? Of course there will always be children who don't want to leave. Maybe they live in a small village where everyone knows everyone, and they have assimilated."

Gary Tanous, who was recently reunited with his daughter, had made several trips to Bangkok to speed up the process. He says, "I have to be grateful to Vietnam for this." Doubleday is a bit more cynical. "I guess not far from the thinking of the Vietnamese was the fact that it was General Assembly time," he said, "and if they were going to do a good deed, then this was the time to do it. But it certainly took a lot of effort on their part to go out and find these kids. After they have found them, they have to take them to be interviewed by the UNHCR, and then they are taken for their medical examination. Obviously,

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“
The veterans are gone
now, but they have left something behind.
Children. The United
States calls them "Amerasians." The
Vietnamese call them
bui doi, or the dust of life.
”

Here comes

BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience
that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



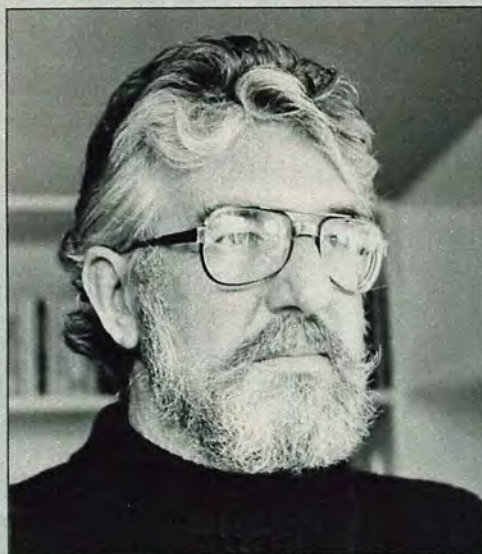
You never had it this fresh!

7 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Sandra Scott Jensen

BY CARL JENSEN

The author is coordinator of Communications Studies at Sonoma State University in California. A former journalist, publicist, and advertising executive, he originated and directs Project Censored—an annual national media-research project.

PANDERING TO THE PUBLIC

Have you ever wondered why, after you return from a vacation and pick up a newspaper, it seems you didn't miss a thing? Year after year, the news appears to stay the same and only the names, dates, and locations change.

This journalistic phenomenon draws on a forever churning cauldron of what I call "junk food news." The typical junk food news diet consists of sensationalized, personalized, and homogenized inconsequential trivia, which comes in the following varieties:

- *Name-Brand News*—the Claus Von Bülow trial, the deaths of Natalie Wood and Elvis Presley, the Jean Harris-Herman Tarnower affair, Elizabeth Taylor's latest relationship, and anything at all about Charles and Diana.
- *Yo-Yo News*—the stock market is up or down, the unemployment rate is up or down, the inflation rate is up or down, the crime rate is up or down, the interest rate is up or down, and gold, silver, and pork bellies are up or down.
- *Crazed News*—the newest diet craze, fashion craze, dance craze, sports craze, drug craze, video game craze, and, of course, the latest crazed killer.
- *Play-It-Again News*—the fire across town, the freeway pile-up, the hijacked airliner, the latest earthquake, the downtown bank robbery, and another revolution in Central America.
- *Seasonal News*—the drought in the Southwest, the floods in the Northeast, the tornadoes in the Midwest, the fires in the West, and the ever popular political news every two years when the politicians earnestly pledge to solve all your problems. Every four years we have the presidential candidates, who make headlines with the bold new plans to reduce taxes, lower prices, solve unemployment, defend us from foreign invaders, and balance the budget.

The problem is not the quantity of news but the quality. We seem to be suffering from news inflation; there is more of it than ever before, but it isn't worth very much.

News should be nutritious for society; we need more steak and less sizzle from the press. It should warn us about those things that make our society ill, whether economically, politically, or physically. And there is such news out there. For example, there is an ongoing but little-publicized controversy about the potential hazards of microwave radiation. More than five years ago, Paul Brodeur, in a series of *New Yorker* articles and a book, *Zapping of America*, tried to sound a warning signal about the harmful effects of microwave radiation. The issue was not, however, put on the national agenda by the nation's major news media. Then, in 1981, a significant event occurred. The New York State Worker's Compensation Board ruled that a telephone company supervisor had been killed by prolonged exposure to microwave radiation. It was the first official finding that long-term exposure to microwaves could cause death. That information appeared to provide the basis for a significant news story. Experts suggest that our nation is daily engulfed by

◊When the New York Times devotes nearly twice the space to the pregnancy of a panda in London than it does to the death of a U.S. citizen from microwave radiation, it's time to question the judgment of our media managers.◉

microwave pollution that might endanger our health and lives.

Despite the potential impact of that story, the *New York Times*, America's "newspaper of record," announced the finding in just three column inches of space. For comparative purposes, we should note that later that year the *Times* devoted five column inches to a story headlined LONDON ZOO SAYS PANDA IS PREGNANT. In fact, throughout 1981, the *Times* ran twenty separate items about pandas, which took up more than a hundred column inches, while it referred back to the microwave death just once.

Personally, I have nothing against pandas. They surely are cute animals. I am, however, intrigued by their awesome ability to attract the attention of our leading news media. I suspect that all of this may be one of Nixon's final jokes on America's news media. For those who may have forgotten, pandas first burst onto our news scene in a major way ten years ago, when Dick and Pat gave two musk oxen to China. In response, Chou En-lai gave the Nixons two giant pandas—Hsing-hsing and Lingling. If anyone is curious, they'll find detailed daily coverage of the pandas' fascinating trip from China to Washington, D.C., reported in the *New York Times* from April 13 through April 18, 1972. I often wonder how much coverage our musk oxen get in the Chinese media.

When the nation's most prestigious newspaper devotes nearly twice as much space to the pregnancy of a panda in the London Zoo than it does to the death of a U.S. citizen from microwave radiation, it is time to question the news judgment of our media managers. Why is there so little space for hard-hitting investigative journalism that might expose corruption and lead to needed social, political, and economic reform? Surely we haven't solved all the problems.

The failure of our press to cover critical and sometimes controversial issues consistently is not, as some charge, a conspiracy on the part of the media elite in America. News is too diverse, fast-breaking, and unpredictable to be controlled by some sinister Eastern Establishment cabal, as suggested by Spiro Agnew, that well-known media scholar. Rather, there are a variety of factors operating that, when combined, lead to the failure of the news media to inform the public fully.

The most traditional explanations are timeliness (it didn't happen today), proximity (it didn't happen in New York or Washington), prominence (no one important is involved), and complexity (the public wouldn't understand it—often an excuse for the reporter's lack of knowledge). Advertiser pressure has persuaded some editors to ignore important stories. The increasing threat of costly libel suits, which may represent one of the greatest challenges to the First Amendment, has caused other editors to reject a controversial story. Sometimes it is simply not cost-efficient to pursue a story—it is easier and cheaper to cover the predictable presidential press conference than to explore and expose what impact David Rockefel-

ler's Trilateral Commission and Council on Foreign Relations have on America's domestic and foreign policies. Other times a story is ignored because it wasn't "blessed" by a leading news organization, like the *Times*. It is safer for editors and reporters to practice what is called "pack" or "herd" journalism than to explore new ground. They know their news judgment isn't going to be challenged when they rehash fashionable "follow-the-leader" stories.

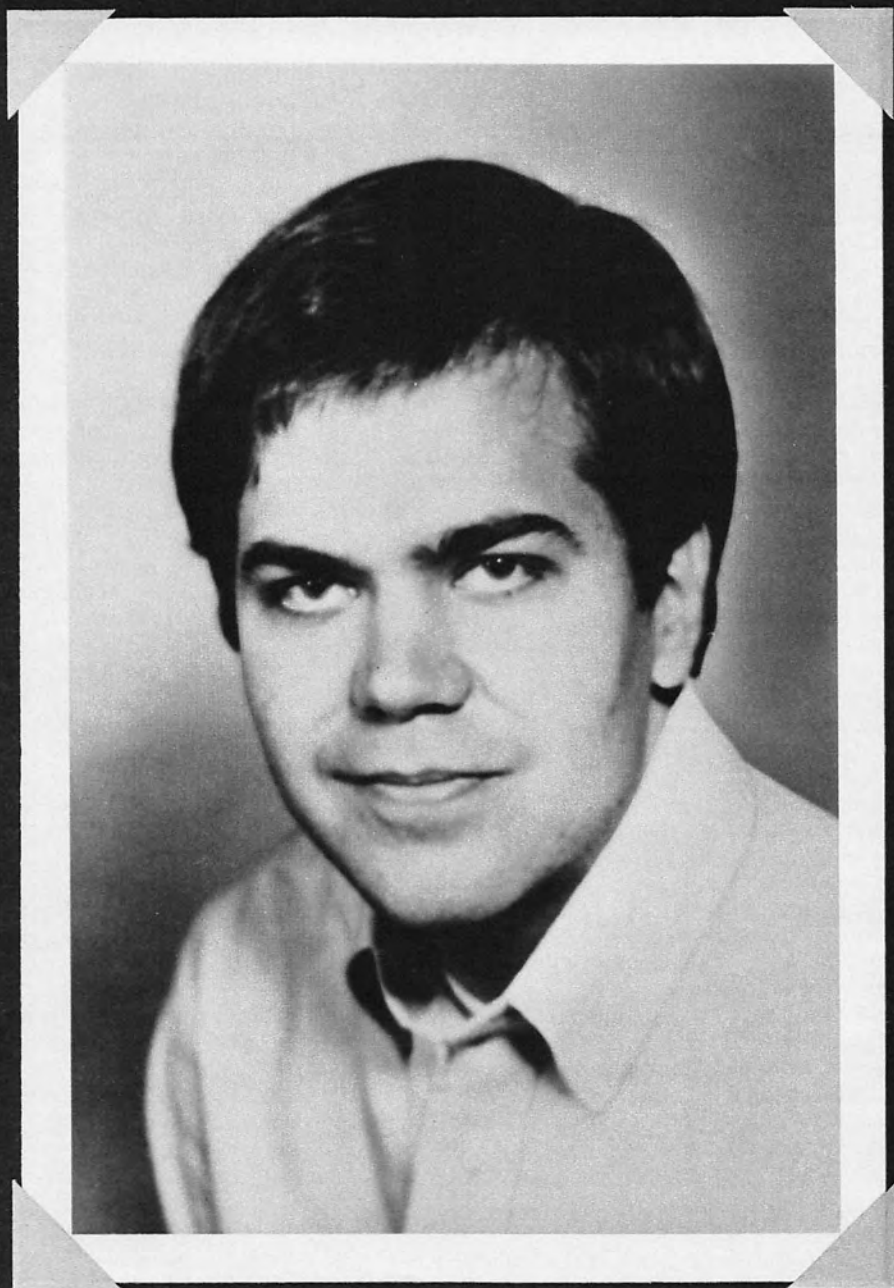
There also is a major misconception on the part of some journalists as to what the public wants in terms of news. NBC's John Chancellor, one of America's most trusted television journalists, once conceded that the news media do give the public editorial junk food but said that that's what the public wants. This cynical attitude is the basis for the increasing use of the "marketing approach" in journalism, an approach better left to Madison Avenue entrepreneurs. The "give the public what it wants" concept is demeaning to journalism. News should be determined not by popularity polls but rather by professional journalists with a discerning news sense and a strong belief in the public's right and need to know.

Not all news people have a low regard for their audience. Robert Maynard, editor and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune/Eastbay Today* and former *Washington Post* ombudsman, recently noted that while readers want papers with guts and evidence of thought, some editors and publishers find it easier, cheaper, or, apparently, more fashionable not to cover the hard stories.

The press is the only corporate enterprise in America specifically protected by the First Amendment. Because of this, the news media have a responsibility to inform the public that should transcend other corporate obligations. Journalism's destiny will be best fulfilled in its role as the watchdog of society and not as the lapdog of special interests or profit-making imperatives.

There is still time to get off the junk food news diet before we become hopelessly addicted to it. To do this we all have to participate. The corporate media owners should start to earn their unique First Amendment privileges; editors should rethink their news judgment; journalists should persevere in going after the hard stories; journalism schools should emphasize ethics and critical analysis and turn out more muckrakers and fewer stenographers; the judicial system should defend the First Amendment with more vigor; and, of course, the public should show it is more concerned with the dangers of microwave radiation than with the mating habits of pandas.

The effort will be worth it. America today is not the nation it once was. We need a free and aggressive press more now than ever before. Few have said it better than Joseph Pulitzer, who once warned, "We are a democracy, and there is only one way to get a democracy on its feet . . . and that is by keeping the public informed about what is going on." ◉



Taken fall 82' St. Elizabeth's Hospital

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

●I've become a strong advocate of strict gun control. If someone like me can buy six Saturday night specials with ease, there is something drastically wrong with our gun laws. I'm considering giving my support to the National Coalition to Ban Handguns.●

JOHN W. HINCKLEY, JR.

On March 30, 1981, John Warnock Hinckley, Jr., stepped out from the gray shadowlands where he had been living for so long to act out a violent fantasy. Recklessly firing bullets from one of two cheap Saturday night specials he had purchased from a Dallas pawnshop into the crowd of a presidential party, he was going to prove his love in blood, rather than in the hundreds of lines of poetry he had written in a vain attempt to win the heart of teenage actress Jodie Foster. Four people were wounded in the attack, including the president of the United States. One, Press Secretary James Brady, has suffered permanent damage from his bullet wounds. John Hinckley had joined the growing line of failed and accomplished assassins who have been with us since the 1960s.

John Hinckley would have had little more importance than Sirhan Sirhan or Arthur Bremer had it not been for the outcome of his attempt to kill President Reagan. On June 21, 1982, a Washington, D.C., jury announced to a stunned courtroom that the twenty-seven-year-old Hinckley was not guilty on thirteen counts, including attempted murder, "by reason of insanity." Feelings in the country ranged from shock to outrage. Even Hinckley was "surprised, shocked, and flabbergasted." Perhaps one of Hinckley's attorneys saw some black humor in the verdict when he commented, on leaving the court, "Another day, another dollar."

After the verdict Hinckley was sent to the maximum-security John Howard Pavilion of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., for evaluation and treatment to determine when he would be able to return to society. Meanwhile, the public outrage over that possibility prompted thousands of irate letters to Hinckley's judge, demanding that he remain institutionalized for the rest of his life. Also, legislators and jurists began to take a fresh look into the insanity plea. But while the polemics and debates continue, we can put them in perspective by taking an in-depth look at the man who is at the center of the controversy.

John Hinckley came into the world on May 29, 1955. Born in a small Oklahoma town to Jack and JoAnn Hinckley (who, interestingly, is known by her nickname, "Jodie"), John was raised from the time he was three and a half years old, along with his older brother Scott and sister Diane, in the affluent Dallas suburb of University Park. When he was eleven years old, the family moved to the more exclusive area of Highland Park. As far as comfort and material needs were concerned, the young Hinckley lacked little. His father, Jack, first as a petroleum engineer and later as head of his own company, the Vanderbilt Energy Corporation, had always earned a great deal of money. From outward appearances, Hinckley's family life was stable, an upper-middle-class American existence.

While there were hints in Hinckley's childhood of a troubled personality, nothing on the surface indicated that he would one day shoot down the president of the United States. To St. Elizabeth's psychiatrists, Hinckley recalled that by the time he was six or seven years old he felt that he was different from the other children and adults around him. He believed that he had a "special destiny." He was shy and often withdrawn, and his mother recalls that although Hinckley would play with other youngsters, he would rarely go to their homes. It has been suggested that he never had one close friend.

But by the time Hinckley entered junior high school, he had become involved in student activities. In the seventh and ninth grades he was popular enough to be elected president of his class. While not an athlete, he managed the school's basketball team. In his last two years of high school he joined several organizations, including a civic affairs society and the Rodeo Club. Hinckley took part in organizing and attending high school dances, picnics, and trips to local rodeos. But despite this participation in high school social life, he never had a girl friend.

Something to do with Nothing

Snowflake July wough
What did you precipitate
As told to Edgar Allan guilty
Not by reasons comprehensible
I'm not saying loves die
through the looking glasses
choke portable people upside
the headstrong lady breast
I do declare wishes albeit
pickled in August mildew
near the prume of nothingness
recorded sideways catch me
laughing slowly for witnesses
painted into the blue sketch
of windows looking through eyes
crossed by dozens confounded
impressively due to subliminal
shit dropped on bamboo villages
heinous enough to touch liberty
twice forgotten instead they ate
wishbones baked with pillowcase
shine getting to the brainwave
cluster bomb on shock normal
events follow in front steer
me down to levels not scrubbed
completely true promises we heard
ridicule the boy just standing
on borrowed lives waiting once
for a previous teen exercise her
left wing narcissistic mate

John Hinckley

Hinckley, who told us that he "is a poet first and a would-be assassin last," sent us this original poem to print, as well as the photograph on page 102, which was taken late last year.

The girls he liked were "unapproachable," at least to Hinckley, and he never asked them out on dates.

Hinckley loved rock music and he was a great fan of the Beatles from the age of nine. He purchased a guitar and would spend a great deal of his time in his room playing it. He continues to do so at St. Elizabeth's.

Sometime after his high school graduation in 1973, John Hinckley began to show signs of a changing and troubled personality, which manifested itself by 1976 in a desperate and lonely existence. In September 1973 Hinckley entered Texas Tech University in Lubbock as a business administration major. After a few semesters he switched his major to liberal arts, and for a brief time he made the dean's list. However, it was a sporadic college existence, dropping in and out of school for seven years and never earning a degree. Also, unlike the period in high school, Hinckley had no social life whatsoever at college. He did not make friends, and even after the shooting of Reagan, few former classmates could remember anything about him. He had become a loner, a drifter.

By 1976 Hinckley had begun to crack visibly. He imagined that he was dying of throat cancer, and complained about various other physical ailments. He began to fight with his parents, who felt that the twenty-year-old Hinckley should start supporting himself. To appear more conventional to his parents, he invented an imaginary girl friend, "Lynne Collins." Finally he began to fantasize about traveling to Hollywood and becoming a famous and successful music writer.

He did in fact go to Hollywood, but he found neither fame nor glamour, living there in cheap rooming houses in the junkie-, pimp-, and prostitute-ridden Selma Avenue district of Los Angeles. He lived alone and, frequently, whether out of financial or emotional desperation, would make trips back home.

While living in Hollywood, Hinckley saw the movie that would take on a reality in his own mind and would prove to be the catalyst of his future behavior. Viewing *Taxi Driver*, Hinckley became obsessed with the film's two leading characters. Robert De Niro portrays Travis Bickle, a loner and drifter who murderously stalks a presidential candidate. Curiously, Bickle was modeled after the real-life assassin Arthur Bremer. The other character—one that is still an obsession with John Hinckley—is the teenage prostitute played by Jodie Foster. With twisted logic, Hinckley became convinced that he was going to rescue the real-life Jodie from a corrupt and decadent world in the way that Bickle in the film tries to rescue the prostitute. The young girl and Jodie Foster became one in Hinckley's mind, and he fell in love with that fantasy. Later, after the shooting, Hinckley would tell psychiatrists just how much the movie *Taxi Driver* had dominated his life: "March 30th was an exor-

cism.... The roller-coaster ride was over.... The movie in my mind was through."

The drifting and aimlessness continued. It was to take its toll physically. In 1979 Hinckley gained more than ninety pounds, most of it from the junk food he subsisted on. That year he returned to Texas Tech for the final time. He was becoming more and more depressed all the time, and one day in Lubbock he made his first purchase of a gun, with the intention of shooting himself. Before he left college in 1980, Hinckley had contacted a local physician about his depression. He was prescribed Valium.

When he returned to his parents' home in Colorado in 1980, the family knew the situation was getting out of hand. He had become attached to political fringe groups a year earlier, joining the neo-Nazi National Socialist Party. But he was too excessive even for the National Socialists; he was thrown out of the group because he was considered too violent. Hinckley's parents recognized their son's isolation and alienation and sent him to a Denver psychiatrist, Dr. John Hopper. Throughout this time Hinckley never gave up his obsession with Jodie Foster, although he barely mentioned her to Dr. Hopper. And by 1980 she had become the only reason for his existence.

That year Hinckley learned that Jodie Foster would be attending Yale University. He decided to mount a crusade to rescue the young actress from a life that he was convinced would corrupt her. He lied to his parents and told them that he was going to enter Yale's writing school. But when he got there, he could not summon up the nerve to contact Jodie in person. He had one brief conversation with her on the telephone, and then, depressed and unfulfilled, he returned home.

From September 1980, when he returned home, until the March 30, 1981, shooting of President Reagan, Hinckley was in the lowest levels of depression and wildest levels of fantasy. In October he tried to kill himself. Failing to accomplish that, he stalked the campaigning President Carter in Dayton and Nashville. At the Nashville airport Hinckley had his first encounter with the law. Attempting to board a plane to New York where Third Party

candidate John Anderson was campaigning, he was arrested with pistols and ammunition, but after posting \$50 bail, Hinckley was released from jail. A few days later he was in Dallas, where he purchased two more .22 caliber pistols from a pawn shop, and by the end of November he had returned to Denver.

About now, the wildest fantasy of all was taking shape in John Hinckley's mind. Everything centered on Jodie Foster. He would go to New Haven, abduct her, and then die with her in order to be reunited in the afterlife he believed in. And in variations on this fantasy, he considered killing her classmates and, finally, assassinating the president to prove his love.

Hinckley's plans were delayed, however, in an extremely ironic fashion on December 8, 1980, when John Lennon was killed in New York. Hinckley was in Washington stalking Reagan when he learned of Lennon's death, and left to take part in the vigil for the felled Beatle. Later, he returned home to Denver once again, where he sat depressed in a chair for hours, staring at the wall. By early 1981 his mental state was so poor that his parents and Dr. Hopper considered committing him to a psychiatric hospital. Instead, however, they attempted to arrange for Hinckley to find a job and leave home. But while they were attempting to help him, Hinckley's fantasies to win the heart of Jodie Foster grew. Now he planned to kill himself in front of her or maybe even invade the White House. Whatever the variations, murder always seemed to be tied to proving his love for Jodie Foster.

On March 6, 1981, John Hinckley appears to have had a psychotic breakdown. He made a telephone call, hysterically and incoherently, to his parents from New York. He was out of cash and needed money to go home. Alarmed, his father got a friend in New York to get Hinckley an airline ticket to Denver. However, when his father met John at the airport, he refused to allow him to come home. He got the young man a room at the Evergreen Motel. On March 26 Hinckley asked his mother to give him \$100 to go to Los Angeles. Exhausted and confused by her son's behavior, she drove him to the airport and gave him the money.

Once in Los Angeles, after a stop in Salt

Lake City, the aimless John Hinckley decided to make another trip to New Haven. On March 30, after four days of travel, he arrived in Washington, D.C. In a Washington newspaper he noted that President Reagan would be attending a meeting at the Hilton Hotel. Leaving a note in his motel room for Jodie Foster, John Hinckley left to enact his "historic deed."

Since his residency at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, John Hinckley has told psychiatrists that his identification with Travis Bickle is over; but his obsession with Jodie Foster has never ended. He thinks of little else. Asked by his doctors what he thinks about in the middle of the night, Hinckley responded: "Jodie, Jodie, Jodie." In psychiatric interviews he becomes rhapsodic about her: "There's not even a close second to her... she is intelligent, precocious, and famous." However, his obsession and fantasies about her are more ambivalent than they were before the shooting. He reportedly has expressed a desire to murder her, and whereas before he committed his crime he thought of her in asexual terms, he recently has fantasized rape. He equates, at times, his relationship with Jodie Foster in historic and literary terms: "I am Napoleon and she is Josephine. I am Romeo and she is Juliet."

To understand further the man who is at the center of one of today's most dramatic and far-reaching legal controversies (see "The Myth of Courtroom Psychiatry," August 1982 *Penthouse*), we asked contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein to interview John Hinckley. Although current policy at St. Elizabeth's Hospital is to deny the media any interviews, either in person or on the telephone, Hinckley wrote that he was anxious to do "a comprehensive interview" by mail for *Penthouse*. Over several weeks, Hinckley and Sonnenschein conducted an extraordinary correspondence involving many follow-up questions and explanations, to satisfy Hinckley's desire that the public learn about the man behind the media myth. Hinckley's letters were written on several sheets of yellow paper from a legal-sized pad—they were very neat and well organized, and he responded clearly and succinctly to almost all of Sonnenschein's questions.

Penthouse: Were you surprised when the jury found you "not guilty by reason of insanity"?

Hinckley: I was surprised, shocked, and flabbergasted.

Penthouse: How do you respond to those who were outraged by the verdict?

Hinckley: I ask them how much time they spent in the courtroom during my trial. The outraged people never heard the evidence.

Penthouse: Do you think that there are situations where individuals are able to abuse the sanity or insanity defense?

Hinckley: I imagine so, but it's so damn hard to win with the insanity defense that

the abuse of it is minimal.

Penthouse: Why did you shoot the president of the United States?

Hinckley: You should know the answer to this one by now. I shot Reagan to prove my love for Jodie Foster and try to impress her with my historical deed.

Penthouse: Do you have any feelings of remorse or regret about the injuries sustained by Mr. Reagan and Mr. Brady?

Hinckley: I feel tremendous remorse for all of the victims of March 30, 1981. I really do.

Penthouse: Was the shooting in any way related to any political feelings on your part? Do you or did you see yourself as a

kind of political revolutionary?

Hinckley: Not directly, although I don't like either Republicans or Democrats. Perhaps I'm a political revolutionary in that I was shooting at a symbol, meaning the presidency.

Penthouse: If the president had been killed by your shots, do you think that anything would have changed for the better or worse for yourself and the country?

Hinckley: Not one damn thing.

Penthouse: Much has been written about the role of Jodie Foster in your behavior resulting in the shooting. Exactly what does Jodie Foster mean to you, both then and now?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

CARNIVAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY FREITAS

Compared to its Olympian predecessor in Rio, Mardi Gras is like a Sunday school bash sponsored by the Moral Majority. Each year on the week before Lent, this glittering, international playground becomes a combat zone for all the marauding fauna and incubi, nerds and nasties, of the Brazilian psyche. And yet, there's an agreeable method to all this madness. Carnival provides a safety valve, a necessary release for all the pent-up rage, envy, lust, and characteristic tomfoolery with which the wretchedly poor *cariocas* appear to fuel themselves in the months between.





Recreating African tribal rituals, the black Brazilians are enthusiastic performers. Whether dressed as clowns or decked out in the finest hand-beaded regalia, they're here to be gaped at and admired by the teeming crowds.





Throughout each year, the performers spend considerable time at the many escolas de samba perfecting songs and dances for the next parade, hoping to win prizes and recognition for themselves and their schools. The fantasias range from opulence (right) to scanty, bottom-baring tangas (thonged bikinis).





For in sassy, sun-warmed Brazil, where the blood always runs hot, it's the *bunda*, not the breasts, that burns so brightly at the center of their sexual solar system. The prevailing religion for the common man may be Catholic, but it's the cult of the body that the rich actually worship. Youth and beauty are all that seem to really matter, and the plastic surgeon is revered like a secular pope...



At carnival time, everybody's secret exhibitionistic urges come prancing to the fore, swathed in everything from Batman capes to ostrich plumes and shouting: "Please handle the merchandise!" Their identity obscured by masks and costumes, the high and the flighty feel free to indulge every secret desire—including the admonition "Lick thy neighbor!"



Though spouses and lovers are supposedly free agents during carnival, violence and sex go hand in hand with their revelry. Each year, primarily because of jealousy, riots and murders are the rule. Angry wives may throw lye instead of fits, and husbands who can't cut the mustard have been known to cut a few throats instead. Of the "carnival-related" deaths each year, a sizable number are "murders of passion."



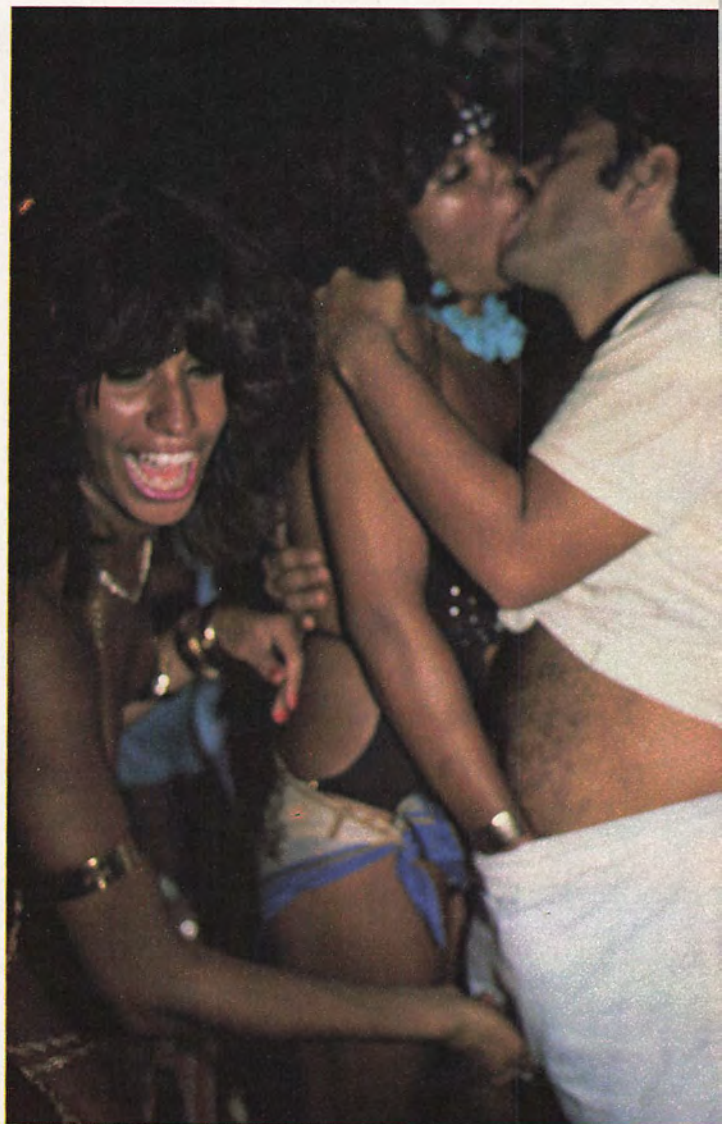


As the reveler with the bulbous breast implants demonstrates, there may be some confusion as to the exact relationship between the sexes.





The wild goings-on among the gay contingent make the straights look positively uptight. At the seedy Theatre St. Joseph's, gays hold their own *Baile das Bonecas* (Ball of the Dolls), where "If it moves, grab it," seems to be the only rule that holds.



The festival grinds irresistibly on, night and day—and so do the revelers. Staying awake is a community issue made easier by megaton doses of booze, drugs, and speed. After a week of such excess, Lent provides the necessary, however unwelcomed, relief.





At the exclusive Club Monte Libano, young socialites show off their charms for appreciative fat cats, while the city's leading ladies are off on their own brand of slumming, such as dabbling in sweaty laborer-relations to regain the common touch.



When Garfield Stone was nine
years old, his father
became his mortal enemy.

Now, with the eyes of
the nation tuned to Las Vegas,
Stone has found the
perfect place to wreak his
ultimate revenge.

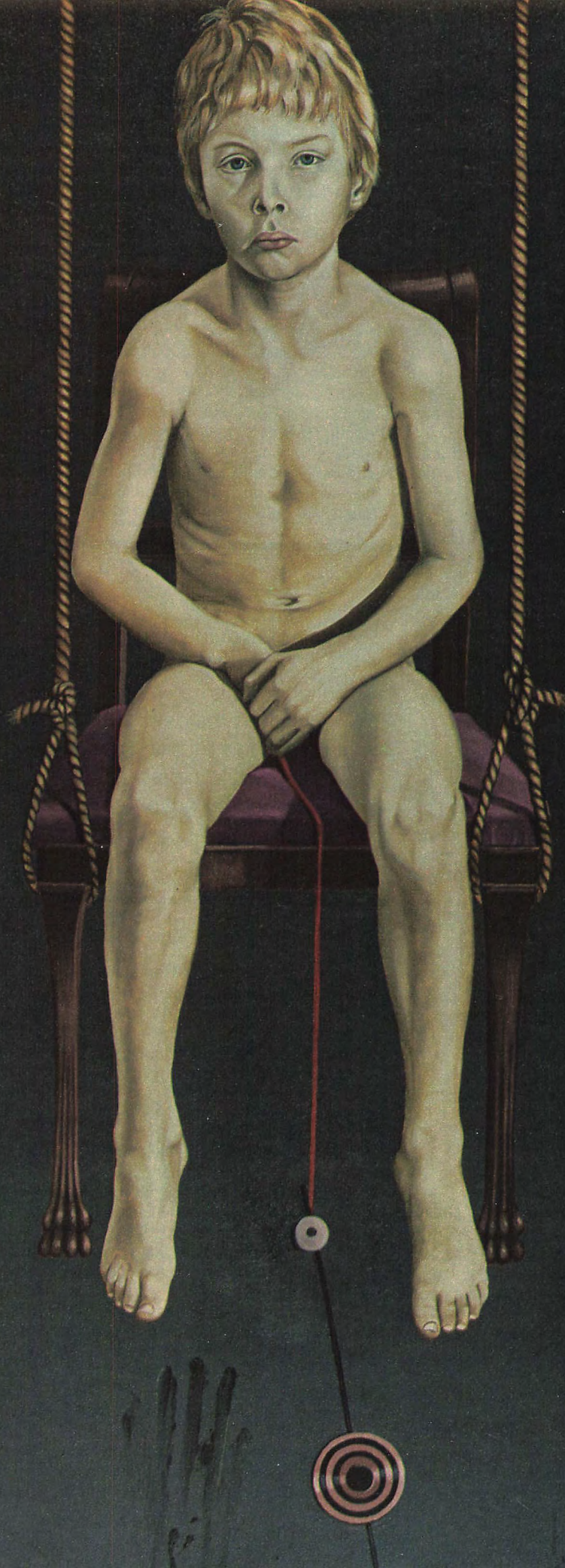
THE VEGAS LEGACY

FICTION BY OVID DEMARIS

At 140 miles an hour, the red Ferrari had the shrill whine of a jet fighter Garfield Stone had once heard at an air show. At one time its V-12 engine would have cruised smoothly at 160 miles an hour, but its day had passed and metal fatigue had set in. The red Ferrari was twenty-two years old, a classic whose intestinal parts had not moved in nearly a decade. It was a family heirloom, a priceless objet d'art that Garfield's father, movie star Rocky Stone, had lovingly restored to its original splendor with his own precious hands. He had purchased the Ferrari the week he'd completed his first starring role. It was his good luck charm and in some ways his first and only love. He lavished more attention on this mechanical toy than he ever gave his wife and son, or any other human being.

All the windows were closed to avoid drag, and his body was drenched in perspiration. His glasses were fogging up and he kept sliding them down his nose to let them clear up. For those few seconds he was a blind man inside a red bullet

PAINTING BY
BERT-JOHNNY NILSSON



looking for a target to impact.

"Why the fuck didn't the cocksucker air-condition this motherfucker?" he cried angrily, again pushing the glasses down his nose.

The Ferrari was reaching the top of a steep grade when Garfield replaced his glasses and a huge semi materialized 100 feet ahead. For a split second Garfield wanted to smash the Ferrari into the back of the trailer and could actually hear the sickening sound of exploding metal, but in the next moment he spun the wheel and the Ferrari shot out into the open lane, missing the trailer by inches. He went fish-tailing wildly past it, the tires shrieking as he gunned the engine for more traction. A moment later he had it under control and the truck had disappeared in his rearview mirror.

He lowered the window an inch and was hit by a blast of hot air. At least now he could breathe. The inside of the Ferrari was like a sauna.

Then it happened. It sounded like a bomb. The hood and several metal parts shot up into the air, followed by boiling oil and water, which quickly covered the windshield. Still he managed to stop the car safely on the side of the road. Then he leaned back in the seat and laughed until tears were streaming down his cheeks. His father's jewel had exploded under the crushing weight of a sledgehammer. Nobody would ever put this Humpty-Dumpty together again—not with the original parts they wouldn't.

Without his noticing it, the truck he'd nearly collided with had stopped behind him and the driver, a tall, heavyset man in his mid-thirties, had walked to the Ferrari and was staring incredulously at what was left of the engine.

"Are you okay, kid?" he said, bending over to peer inside the car.

Garfield nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. What are you doing here?"

The truck driver was shaking his head. "Must have been doing 150 when you passed me. Want me to call for help on my C.B.?"

"No!" Garfield shouted. "Leave the fucker right where she is. How far are we from Vegas?"

"Seventy miles or so."

"You going there?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I could use a ride."

The truck driver laughed. "One minute you're doing 150 in a Ferrari and the next you're hitchhiking. Well, that's the ups and downs of life, kid."

"Yeah, how would you know, you dumb truck jockey?"

The truck driver looked closely at Garfield and saw a boy not more than seventeen who was nothing but skin and bones. His brown shoulder-length hair looked like it hadn't been combed in a year. There were deep hollows in his cheeks and dark circles under large brown eyes that had a wild, furtive glint behind thick lenses.

"Kid, shut up and get in the truck before

I change my mind."

"Forget it, shithead. Who needs you?"

The driver put his hands on his hips and further examined Garfield. "My name's Gus. What's yours?"

"None of your fucking business."

A car went by doing about ninety and sent a *whoosh* of hot air that brought tears to Garfield's eyes.

"Hey, come on, get in, will you," Gus said. "You won't last two hours out here. You got any idea what this desert sun can do to you?"

Garfield walked around the Ferrari and a grin twisted his thin lips. "All right, let's move it," he said. "I ain't got all day."

Gus shrugged, climbed in, and watched the kid pull himself up on the passenger side. It seemed to take every ounce of his strength. He was sweating profusely and he gasped with pleasure when the cool air inside the air-conditioned cab hit him.

Garfield sat quietly as Gus shifted through the various gears and transmis-

His body would become
Kemo Sabe's
bullet. With it he would
kill the president
of the United States. His
feat would never
be topped by anyone.

sions until finally the rig was cruising at seventy.

"This is pretty neat," Garfield said.

"Like sitting in the catbird seat."

"Not bad," Gus said. "It's a living."

"You got kids?"

"Yeah, eight—four boys, four girls."

"You spend any time with them?"

"All I can when I'm home."

"Where's that?"

"Kokomo, Indiana."

"Home's bullshit, you know that?"

Gus shrugged. "Not all homes."

Garfield looked out his window at the gray sagebrush and yellowish sand. "My name's Alfie," he said, deciding to use an alias. "I live in Beverly Hills. I don't have a home. Just a place to support my father's image."

"What does your father do for a living?"

Garfield laughed. "He flexes his fucking muscles. To him I'm a fucking physical disgrace. The cocksucker hates my fucking guts for it, too. Like it was my fucking fault. I can't help it if his fucking semen's defective. But it never stopped him from fucking, that's for sure. He fucks anything that moves—except my mother, of course, who's been fucking her mouth

with junk food and looks like a sumo wrestler. His fucking prick must be made of genuine cowhide. I'd like to skin it and use it for a baseball cover. I'll bet you could throw a mean screwball with it."

Gus was shaking his head like he couldn't believe his ears. "Good God, that's your father and mother you're talking about. Don't you have any respect—"

"Shut up!" Garfield screamed, his hand reaching for the door handle. "You start preaching and I'm jumping out of this fucking rig, you understand?" His huge eyes seemed to vibrate behind the magnifying lenses.

The palms of Gus's hands were soaking wet and he could feel the perspiration trickle down his back and chest. This kid was a psycho. He wished he'd left him back there with his Ferrari. Somebody else would have picked him up. He felt like stopping the truck and kicking the kid's ass out, but he was afraid that if he started slowing down the kid would spook and jump out. Anybody who drove a car the way that kid did was capable of anything.

"Okay, Alfie, no more lectures. I'll just drive, and if you feel like talking, be my guest."

Gus looked straight ahead, his foot growing a little impatient on the accelerator, pushing the needle to eighty. But what if a cop stopped him? No telling what the kid would do or say. His foot became less impatient and the needle dropped back down to seventy.

"Hey, Gus, you ever play Russian roulette?"

Gus shook his head and kept his eyes on the road.

"Man, that's cool. I started playing it when I was fifteen. I knew where my old man kept his thirty-eight and when he was away I'd sneak it in my bedroom. I'd put a bullet in one of the chambers and spin it maybe a dozen times before I'd put it in my mouth and pull the trigger." He laughed. "The first time I really shit my pants. I can't describe the feeling. Every nerve in my body was jumping. But the more I played it the more I wished it would blow my brains out. Then I did it with two bullets, cutting the odds in half, or whatever. Did it three times in five minutes one night. But then a lot of other kids got into it and some made it, but they couldn't even get their fucking names up front in the funny papers. It was always the son or daughter of actor or actress so-and-so died today, blah, blah, blah. You had to read way down into the story to find out if they really had a name of their own. So I gave up that bullshit."

"Well, that's good to hear," Gus said, not knowing what else to say to this strange boy.

"Why? It's no skin off your ass. Hey, you're a big man. Shit, you must weigh 240 and what are you—six three, maybe four? Look at me—five eleven and 116 pounds last time I weighed."

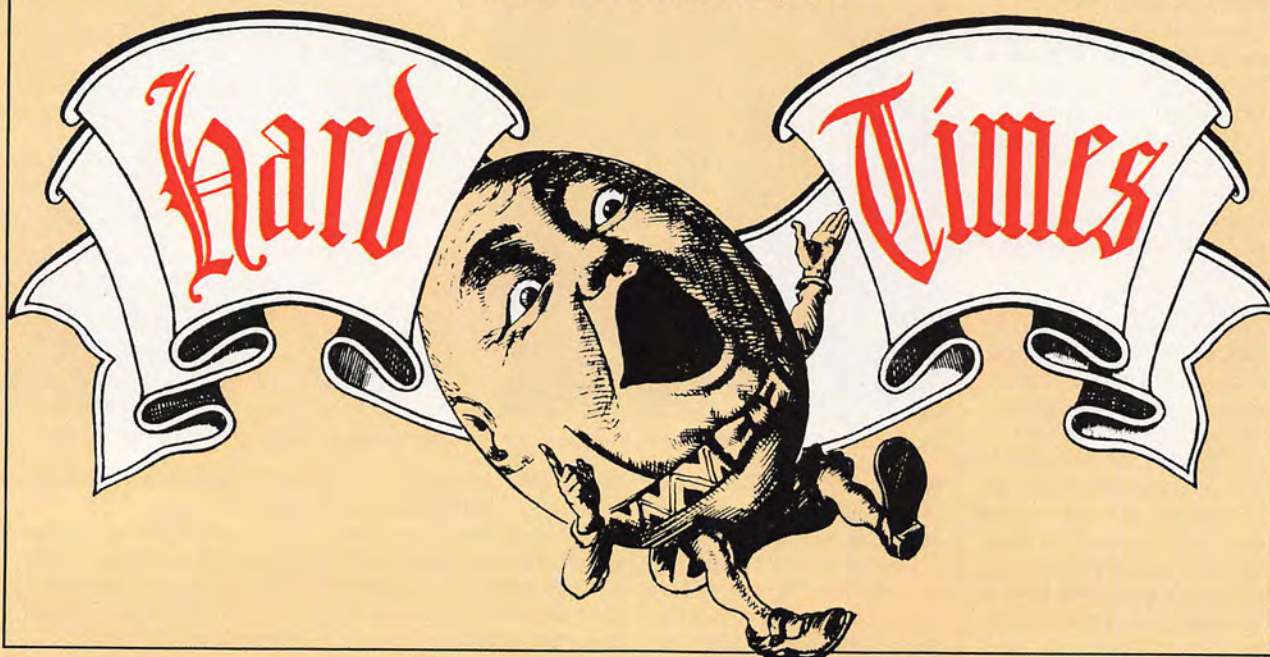
"You ought to eat more," Gus said.

"Why? So I could have a fat belly like you? I don't like food. They sent me to a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

EXTRA

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

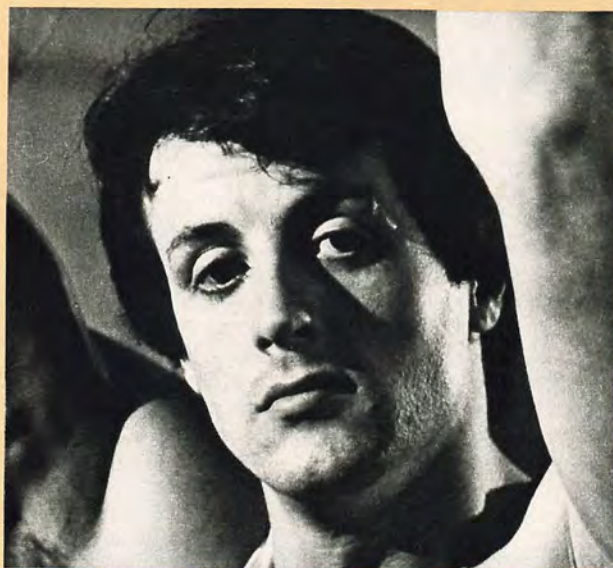
EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 2, NO. 2

ROCKY RULED BY BIZARRE CULT



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"Rocky" superstar Sylvester Stallone's life is being guided by the Church of New World Unity, a cult headed by a 55-year-old, 250-pound woman minister and her 31-year-old husband, a part-time songwriter. Since 1979 Stallone has been a member of the church, which is located in the basement of a building in North Hollywood, Calif.

The church's leaders are

Bernice and Allan Osman (above), who founded it in 1972. They both call themselves "Reverend Doctor,"

and Osman says his wife is a psychic.

Osman spouted the following gibberish in attempting to explain what his church believes in: "We believe in God but we're not Christians. We believe God is an all-knowing metaphysical force for good.

We also believe that most peoples' problems stem from their repeating bad habits that have been imbedded in their subconscious minds from previous lifetimes." (*Enquirer*) So that's why Stallone keeps making the same movie over and over!—Editor

SPECIAL DELIVERY!

Postal officials were shocked when mailman Brian Murray told them the reason why he was burning letters instead of delivering them.

The pooped postman was trying to avoid the love-starved ladies on his mail route whose out-of-hand demands had worn him to a frazzle.

Incredibly, the love-hungry widows and wives of the tiny hamlet of Waverly, Scotland, had turned Brian's pleasant delivery job into a nightmarish ordeal of sex, sex, sex.

"The truth of the matter is the women in this town are completely sex-starved and took advantage of my manhood," explained the 24-year-old letter carrier, who became so weak from his love bouts, he couldn't carry his mail pouch.

Brian learned the real meaning of "special delivery" just days after he had been transferred to his new route in Waverly, a village of about 300 persons.

A young widow of about 30 invited him in after he had delivered a box. Eyeing the 6-foot-4, red-haired letter carrier, the woman handed him tea and a piece of bread with butter and jam.

Brian took a sip and then looked up to a stunning sight. The woman had slipped off her dress and was looking at him with lust in her eyes.

"There's no doubt about it," he told the postal board. "She seduced me. I wouldn't have minded it at all except she spread the word around to other women in the village. Before many weeks had passed, I had spent more time in bed with these passionate females than I did delivering the mail.

"I quickly learned that it was quite impossible to make love to a dozen or more women each day," he said. "I lost weight and became less and less interested in my work."

Brian soon realized that his health was in danger from his



JANE DOLINGER

The ladies of Waverly have more free time now that Brian Murray (above) has been transferred.

passionate deliveries. So he tried to limit his deliveries to just letters and packages.

But the lustful women on his route liked the way things were. Pretty soon, the strapping mailman could hardly lift his pouch. "I tried to stop it, but they threatened me. They said they'd report me to my superiors as a seducer and I'd

lose my job," he said.

He began destroying catalogs to avoid carrying all that weight. Then, he began burning up letters so he wouldn't have to make deliveries at home where the lady expected more than letters.

Brian's solution might have worked, but a village boy caught him burning mail in the

town's incinerator and told the police.

Postal officials were stunned by the bizarre story. To avoid a scandal, they transferred Brian to Edinburgh rather than fire him.

And to replace the postman, officials sent a lady carrier to take over his route. (*Weekly World News*)

JUDGE RULES \$1 MIL SEX SUIT IS JAVA JIVE

A federal judge in Manhattan yesterday rejected a \$1 million suit by a woman who charged that a spilled cup of coffee ruined her sex life—not to mention a vacation to Spain. She was awarded \$3,000 for "physical discomfort."

Randi Sachar, 39, a city investigator, said she lost her boyfriend and became so depressed she was unable to eat or have a social life after an Iberian Airlines stewardess

spilled coffee on her lap during a flight to Spain on Aug. 3, 1979.

Sachar testified that the burn forced her to stay out of the sun during her vacation, "turned off" her boyfriend and caused severe burns to her inner thigh and groin. She and the ex-boyfriend testified they often had sex twice a day before the accident, but that sex was painful for Sachar and virtually impossible during the vacation. The relation-

ship reportedly ended three months later.

Sachar testified that she became depressed and had uncontrollable crying spells after the breakup. She testified that she saw psychiatrists for nearly two years and had no social life until recently.

But Federal Court Judge Pierre Laval said he doubted the accident caused all that.

He noted that the woman's own doctor "found no physical or organic causes for continued pain and concluded that it must be of psychogenic origin" and that medical testimony showed that severe burns would have left scars.

"I conclude that the burn was relatively slight...and was substantially cured by the end of the three-week trip," Laval said. (*New York Daily News*—submitted by Eric Goldstein)

Pervasive Use of Cocaine Is Reported in Hollywood

Headline from a front-page story in the *New York Times*.
You call that news??—Editor.

Little Girl With A Big Name That Goes On And On And On

A tiny Montana girl with a whopping 622 letter name is the winner of the *Enquirer's* longest name in America contest!

The \$200 winner—who beat 912 other contestants to win—is 3-year-old Snowowlwolveschelegelstienhausenbergerdorffvoralternwarengewissenhaftschaferswesen-schafewarenwohlgepflegendsorgfaltigkeitbeschutzenvonangreif-

endurchahrraubgierigfeindewelchevoralternzwolftausendjahresvoralteerscheinen-

Women's Lib Heroine Of The Month

Bored housewife Linda May Burnett helped slaughter a horrified family of five in cold blood, and now the sadistic woman wants to die herself—because she feels life on death row is too cruel.

"I don't think it's fair for a court to hand down death and then make the inmate wait out

an appeal," complained the fiendish mother of three. The heartless homemaker said she took part in the massacre because she was bored.

"It beat staying home and washing dishes, making beds, and listening to my husband raise hell." (*Weekly World News*)

BITE 'EM COWBOY!



It takes tough tactics to control a bucking bronco, and this cowpoke at a California rodeo demonstrated his no-nonsense method—biting the horse's lip while holding its ear. The practice is frowned on by rodeo officials because of its cruelty, but some cowboys still use it while trying to saddle an unbroken stallion for an event called a "wild horse race." (*National Enquirer*)



TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE/© NATIONAL ENQUIRER

vanderersterdemen-schderrauschiffgebrauchlichtalsseinsprungvonkraftgestartseinlangefahrtinzwischensternartigfraumaufdersuchenachdiesternwelchegehabtbewohnbarplanetenkreise-drehensichundwohinder-neurassevonverstandigmenschlichkeitkonntefortpflannenundsicherfreuenanlebenslanglichfreudeundrehemitnichtefurchtvorangreifen-vonandererintelligentgeschopfsvonhinzwischensternartigraum Ellen Georgianna Sor-Lokken.

But she's known as "Snow Owl" or "Oli" around her family's ranch outside Missoula, Mont.

Her father, Scott Raoul Sor-Lokken, 45, gave Snow Owl her incredibly long name because he wanted to throw a monkey wrench into the government bureaucracy.

"I can't wait until some government agency says, 'No, we have to have the full legal name,'" he said. "I'll say, 'Fine, make room in your

computer because you're going to need it!'"

The little girl's first name was strung together from a baby name book and more than a dozen German sources. Her second and third names, Ellen and Georgianna, come from her grandmother and great-grandmother.

Admits Snow Owl's daddy, who has nine other children with such names as Kekoa, Kedi, Zooey, and London, "Washington State, where Snow Owl was born, said we couldn't use her name on the birth certificate because it was too long. I got a form letter. I sent it back. I said, 'That's her name and that's it!'"

The state of Washington finally relented and put her whole name on the birth certificate. Washington's Bureau of Vital Statistics verified her name to the *Enquirer*.

"The first time Snow Owl has to write her whole name down, she might not be too happy with me," said her dad. "But I figure maybe she'll think it's unique after a while." (*National Enquirer*)

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, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PENTHOUSE GI



Four-wheel-drive Quattro (top) courtesy of Porsche/Audi; Honda ATC 185S and 110 three-wheelers by Honda Motorcycles; Mach Racing Skis by Skis Lacroix, USA, Division Baldwin Sports, Inc.; Trident ski boots by Nordica; Clothing, sunglasses and goggles by Gaechter-Haber, Bolle America, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND SKI



CHALLENGE THE
BEST AMATEUR SKIERS IN AMERICA
FOR AN AVALANCHE
OF PRIZES AND A CHANCE TO WIN
A 1983 AUDI QUATTRO!

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Test your skill in the most exciting racing
event of the season—the Penthouse
Grand Ski!

Compete in any one of this year's Chal-
lenge Rounds, finish 1st, 2nd, or 3rd, and
you might win a pair of Lacroix skis, Nordica
boots, or a complete ski wardrobe compli-
ments of Gaechter-Haber!

And there'll be wild card winners, too, so
regardless of where you finish you might still
ski off with a new pair of Bollé sunglasses,
goggles, or an official Penthouse Ski Bag!

But the best is yet to come...the men's and
women's winner at each event will be
flown on an expense paid trip to Vail, Colo-
rado, to compete for the Grand Prize of
either a new Honda ATC 185S or ATC 110
three-wheeler, and the Penthouse Grand
Ski Championship!

But be prepared...each and every
entrant to this event qualifies for a
chance to drive off in a gleaming
new 1983 Audi Quattro in the
Penthouse Grand Ski Sweepstakes!

Competition in this modified giant slalom is
open to amateur skiers 21 years of age or
older, at any one of the following sites. The
Penthouse Grand Ski...Go for it!

1983 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

January 16, Sugarloaf, ME, Lucky Strike
January 22, Indianhead, MI, Lucky Strike
January 29, Hunter Mtn., NY, Honda
February 6, Aspen Highlands, CO, Honda
February 6, Elk Mtn., PA, Lucky Strike
February 10, Steamboat, CO, Panasonic
February 13, Winter Park, CO, Chivas Regal
February 27, Snow Valley, CA, Casio
March 5, Squaw Valley, CA, Chivas Regal
March 19, Stowe, VT, Lucky Strike

March 25, Vail, CO, Grand Ski Finals

PENTHOUSE PETS WILL BE THERE !!!

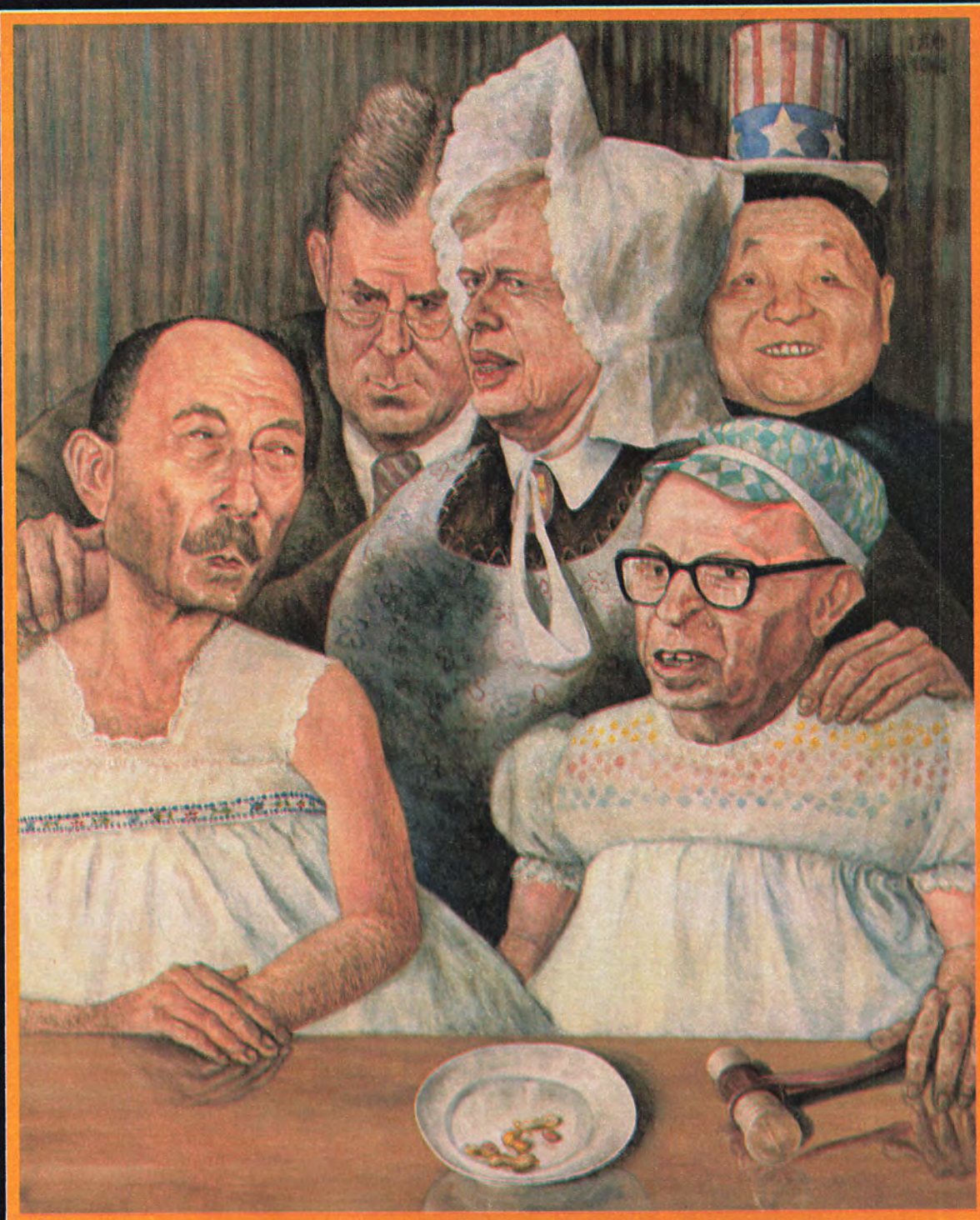
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HOFMEKLER

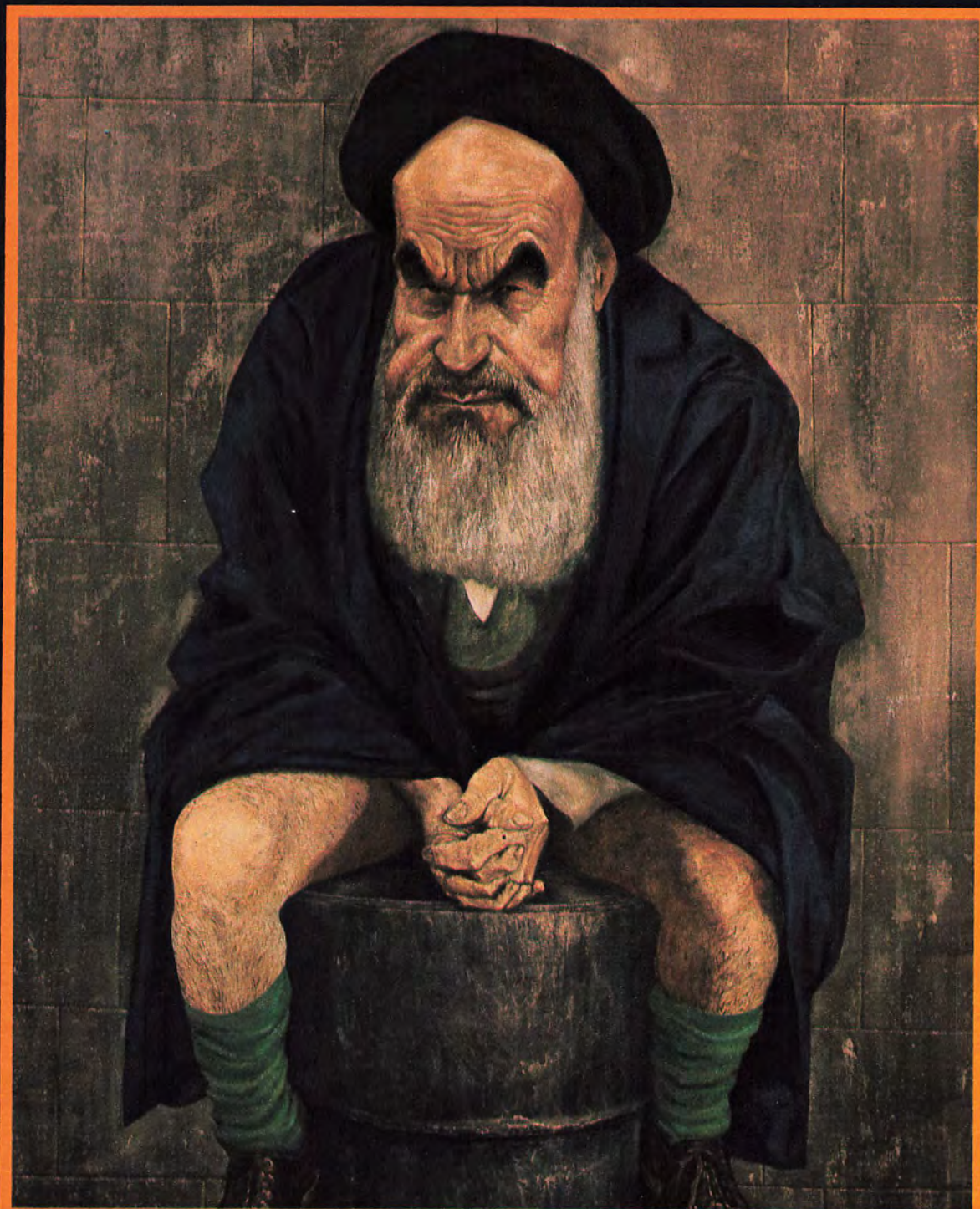
Ori Hofmekler, a brilliant, young Israeli artist, virtually unknown in the United States, is barely thirty years old. Yet his trenchant wit, laserlike perceptions, and incandescent talent have already won him universal recognition abroad as one of the world's very best and brashest socio-political satirists. This month, a collection of his recent portraits, entitled *Hofmekler's People*, is being published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Also this month, in keeping with our policy of finding and securing world-class talent, *Penthouse* is delighted to welcome this latter-day Honoré Daumier and his provocative, etched-in-acid paintings in what will become the first of a regular, exclusive, and long-term series.



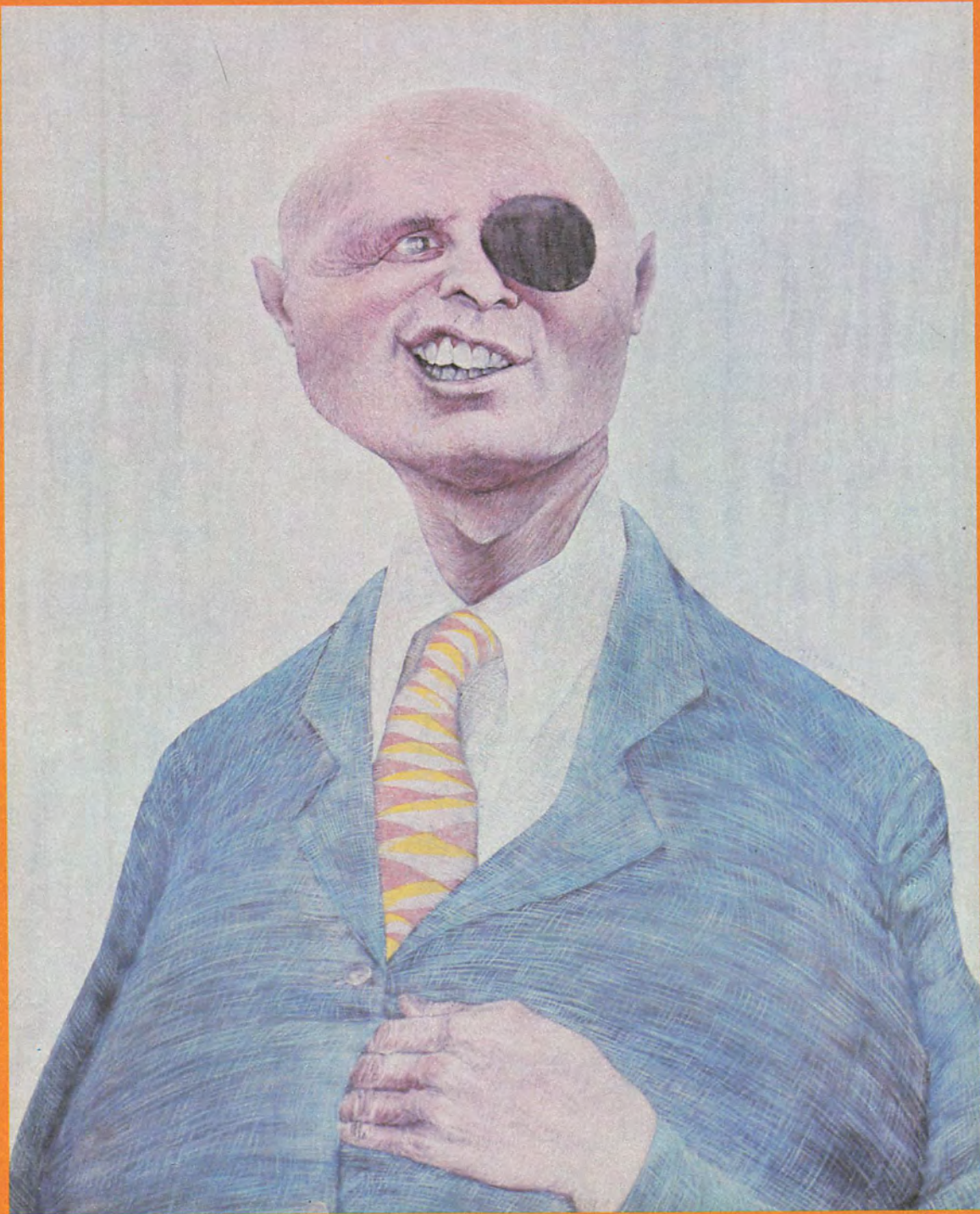
Being born in Tel Aviv, Israel, Hofmekler was raised in a highly politically charged environment. His gift for figurative drawing was evident by the age of five, and by the time he reached high school his parents, teachers, and other authority figures were being subjected to the biting scrutiny of his pen. At the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, the young artist studied philosophy as well as art. In his world view, they are inextricably bound together, each acting upon and influencing the other. "Unlike most political cartoonists, who express ideas by using political figures, I try to do the opposite—use political figures to express an idea without depending on words or captions. I want the image to speak for itself..."







After completing a course of study at the Bazalel Academy of Arts, Hofmekler began selling his work to galleries in Tel Aviv and London. Soon, though, his fascination with the absurdities and banalities of world affairs led him to concentrate more and more on political satire. Finding such topical portraits less suitable for the timeless qualities of galleries and museums than for the immediacy and newsworthiness of the popular press, he began enjoying long-term commissions with Europe's and the Middle East's most prestigious periodicals. This exposure will soon be enhanced by an upcoming *Penthouse*-sponsored exhibition to be shown throughout Europe and North America. Though his popularity abroad is immense, it's safe to say that the British royal family, lampooned here as the makeshift cast of *Dallas*, and the Ayatollah Khomeini, presented above on the outs in an outhouse, may not be his biggest fans...



In the past, he explains, religion played a far more decisive role in world affairs. Art was important and influential because it depicted religious figures and ideas. Today, however, most modern art is merely decorative. "At the same time," he adds, "it is not Madonnas and bishops but movie stars and politicians that people now believe in. So the theatrical portrait, done with ironic sophistication, is the art form with the greatest impact on society. I think it's the best medium for expressing my own ideas." Hofmekler, who lives with his wife and young son in Tel Aviv, is accordingly making the popular, show business idol the subject of his second book, now in progress. No doubt Ronald Reagan et al will anxiously await the results... O—







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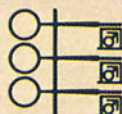
PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Eighteen questions to see if Uncle Sam really wants you.



PSYCHOGRAPH

Ever think you'd like to become one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? Or maybe commander of a nice little aircraft carrier? Or how about an armored division that you can call your own?

Take this psychograph and you may get an idea of whether or not you've got the right stuff for making it in the military.

You don't get to the top ranks in the armed forces by luck. Nor, since wars are relatively few and far between (thank goodness), do you usually crack the upper echelons of the military by demonstrating conspicuous heroism on the field of battle. You need a distinct combination of skills and personality traits to climb the ladder to military success.

The armed forces have often been compared to large corporations, and it is frequently thought that the "organization man" who succeeds in industry would encounter few obstacles if he had chosen a military career. But this isn't necessarily so. The guy who runs a shoe factory in Chicago isn't automatically the best choice to direct a war in the South Pacific.

The Pentagon—an enthusiastic sponsor of all sorts of studies—has spent considerable sums trying to pin down precisely what goes into making a good commanding officer. After all, you don't want to promote assholes if you can help it.

One of the most exhaustive and authoritative studies in this field was carried out by the renowned Wesleyan University psychologist David G. Winter. His findings are reported in the 1978 book *Navy Leadership and Management Competencies: Convergence Among Tests, Interviews and Performance Ratings*. This is hardly light reading, but if you've ever thought about trying to scale the military pyramid, it's enlightening and instructive.

Winter found, for instance, that distinctly different skills are required at different levels of command. The best lieutenant in the world won't necessarily make a good general. This helps explain why guys who are fuck-ups at one level often rise to—and succeed at—much higher levels of responsibility. Winter specifically compared relatively low-level navy petty officers with successful upper-level commanders. The best petty officers, he found, generally show strong advisory and counseling skills. They really get close to the men under them. The best commanding officers, on the other hand, tend to be comparatively weak in these skills. And if you think about it, that only makes sense. When you head a small group of men, as a petty officer

does, it's essential that you know their individual strengths, foibles, and problems on an intimate basis. But a commander, faced with handling enormous numbers of men and vast amounts of materiel during a war, might lose his sanity (and his judgment) if he too strongly personalized his relations with front-line troops. After all, his job requires him to send perhaps hundreds of thousands of them into situations from which they may never return alive.

To see how you'd stand up to the responsibilities of a top military command, answer the following questions as forthrightly and thoughtfully as possible.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
 - (a) The best way to lead is by example. The people under you will behave as you do.
 - (b) The best way to lead is to show you're the boss right from the start. Empathy and good example may work in some cases, but the most important thing for your subordinates to know is that you're in charge and that you'll kick ass if they don't produce.
 - (c) The best way to lead is to show your subordinates that you want to be helpful and that you understand their problems.
2. Do you dress in a distinctive, personal style?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) no
3. How important are status symbols to you?
 - (a) Very. I like to have the latest, most expensive things whenever I can afford them.
 - (b) They are somewhat important to me, but they don't dominate my life. Status symbols alone don't confer status. Once you've achieved power, the status symbols—big car, nice house, etc.—come along as part of the package.
 - (c) Status symbols have very little importance for me.
4. In your sexual relations with women, you:
 - (a) prefer to play the role of the dominant partner
 - (b) prefer to play the role of the passive partner
 - (c) have no regular preference, sometimes preferring to dominate, other times preferring to be passive
5. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
 - (a) Once I get a job done, I like to forget about it and go on to other things.
 - (b) I'm a worrier. I can't stop thinking about problems, even when I'm virtually certain that I've successfully solved them. I just can't get them off my mind.
6. Let's say you want a raise and you *really* deserve it. Based on past experience, how would you most likely go about getting it?
 - (a) I'd probably barge right into my boss's office and demand it. When I feel I really deserve something, I go right for it.
 - (b) I probably wouldn't say anything at all. I'd wait around, hoping they'd give me the raise because I deserved it. At the same time, I'd probably be getting more and more angry because my contribution wasn't being rewarded. In the end I might blow up and do something rash, like threaten to quit over a seemingly minor matter.
 - (c) I'd try to wait around for a time when all the signs were good (i.e., after I'd successfully completed an important project, when the company reported improved earnings, etc.). I'd probably brownnose my boss some (kissing ass never hurts), and, when everything seemed in order, I'd ask for the raise.
7. How do you feel about manipulating other people without their being aware of it?
 - (a) I don't like it. Relations with other people should be open and honest.
 - (b) I don't like it, but I'll do it if I really have to.
 - (c) It's not a question of ethics. Manipulating people is merely one of many legitimate ways of getting things done.
8. Would you say you're an independent, individualistic person?
 - (a) yes, very much
 - (b) yes, quite
 - (c) somewhat
 - (d) no, not very
 - (e) no, not at all

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PSYCHOGRAPH

9. When you have several things that all need doing, do you have trouble setting priorities and working on the most important thing first?
 - (a) yes, very much
 - (b) I have some trouble
 - (c) no
10. How do you feel about this statement? "When I have several things of equal importance that all need to be done at once, it's usually possible to find areas of overlap and points of commonality that enable me to work on the various things simultaneously."
 - (a) I tend to agree.
 - (b) I tend to disagree. It's best to concentrate on one thing and follow it through before you go on to the next problem.
11. Look at your room, your office, your desk. Things are:
 - (a) very carefully ordered
 - (b) quite orderly
 - (c) not too orderly
 - (d) a mess
12. Are you often late for appointments?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) once in a great while
 - (d) hardly ever
13. Would you like to run a business of your own?
 - (a) Yes, very much.
 - (b) Perhaps. It might be interesting.
 - (c) Not really.
14. If you could only have friends or power, which would you choose?
 - (a) friends
 - (b) power
15. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
 - (a) I hate meetings and brainstorming sessions. If I have to make a decision or solve a problem, I'd rather do it by myself.
 - (b) The best way to make decisions is by consensus. That's why things like meetings and brainstorming sessions are important.
16. How do you feel about bureaucracies?
 - (a) I detest them. If I ever had to work in a large bureaucratic environment, I'd probably be really unhappy.
 - (b) Bureaucracies are a fact of modern life. If you know the rules that govern a bureaucracy (and know how to manipulate them), you can actually get a lot done.
17. If you had to choose, you would prefer:
 - (a) a job with high prestige and fame but no real power
 - (b) a job with high power but no real public recognition or prestige
18. How do you feel about this statement? "In many cases, the most effective way to get what you want is by using influence and pulling strings."
 - (a) agree strongly
 - (b) agree quite a bit
 - (c) agree somewhat
 - (d) I agree, but I prefer not to operate that way in my own life.
 - (e) Basically I disagree. Competence and talent are the best ways to achieve your goal.

SCORING

All possible answers have been given point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 90; the lowest, 18.

1. a-3, b-5, c-1
2. a-1, b-2, c-5
3. a-1, b-5, c-3
4. a-5, b-1, c-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-1, b-1, c-5
7. a-1, b-2, c-5
8. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5, e-4
9. a-1, b-2, c-5
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
12. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
13. a-1, b-2, c-5
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1, e-1

If you scored 67 to 90 points:

You have the type of mind that leads to success in the military. If you get caught in the middle of a real live shooting war, you may or may not prove to be a brilliant commander, but that's beside the point. The fact is that you have the personality characteristics and skills that can catapult a

man to the top decision-making levels of the armed forces. You're not likely to succeed in endeavors that call for lots of individuality and personal initiative. You don't really like to stand out from the crowd. You want to be just far enough out front to look like a leader but not so far as to be branded an "individualist" or "nonconformist."


You would probably work well in a large bureaucracy (which is basically what the military is). Some people find bureaucracies cold and heartless, but to you they're cozy places that allow you to avoid taking too much responsibility on yourself. Yet, when you really want to get something done, you know better than most people how to bend bureaucratic procedures to fit your needs. You know all the bureaucracy's back alleys and shortcuts.

42 to 66 points:

If you were to choose a military career, you could have a moderate degree of success, but you might have a harder time reaching the upper echelons than would men who scored in the category above. You share some characteristics with those men, but you either don't have enough of those traits or don't exhibit them to a strong enough degree. You are probably a little too individualistic to navigate the military hierarchy successfully. Of course, you could be the exception that proves the rule—be another George Patton, who makes it to the top while still retaining a sense of flair. But more likely you'd stagnate in the middle or lower levels of the officer corps.

18 to 41 points:

You'd probably get kicked out of the service before you got through basic training. Either that or you'd spend a hell of a lot of time peeling potatoes or swabbing decks. So you probably shouldn't apply to West Point (just in case you were thinking of it). You may not have the sense of organization or the power drive that is generally needed for military success. You're probably too much of a maverick to deal well with the military bureaucracy.

Of course, guys like you sometimes have "interesting" military careers. These are the men who in the heat of battle sometimes make crazy but brilliant decisions and become heroes. And sometimes guys with these characteristics show real flair for running lucrative black-market kickback schemes under the noses of the top brass. . . . But that's not quite what we had in mind when we talked about "military success." 



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So you think the latest liqueur sensation is just for the weaker sex. Guess again, fella. And let some choice specimens of virility tell why they love the sweet stuff.

REAL MEN DRINK CREAM

BY ANITA SUMMER

Beginning the rage there was Bailey's Original Irish Cream, a luscious liqueur that arrived in America via England and promptly seduced drink fans everywhere. Why? Because of its scrumptuous taste, naturally. And because Bailey's was a preblended drink—part fresh dairy cream plus flavoring, part spirits—and required no mixing of ingredients, no fancy measured recipes. You simply opened the bottle and poured, either slightly chilled or over ice.

So successful was Bailey's that it spawned an entire new category of drink based on cream: cream liqueurs. Most came from Ireland, a few from France, Italy, and the United States. With their relatively low alcohol content (typically 34 proof) and enticing tastes, like Cremaretto (amaretto and chocolate cream) or Demi-Tasse Coffee (coffee cream plus cognac), creams have become the after-dinner flavor sensation. Perfect, too, for a late-night treat or a bit of afternoon entertaining.

But would any real man, you ask, drink a drink that's

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

spelled "liqueur" instead of "liquor"? Would any self-respecting macho specimen quaff an alcoholic beverage whose butterfat content rivals a malted milk? Shame on you: of course he would! And just to prove our point, we hunted up some of the most virile members of the male species and asked them what they thought of guys who drink cream. We think you'll agree: any man with confidence, any man with style, could be drinking creams till the cows come home.

JACK LA LAMNE (fitness expert): I've seen some of the most macho guys around demolishing chocolate cake as though it were going out of style. Does that make them less of a guy? Taste buds have nothing to do with masculinity. A man who orders hard liquor, and shrinks away in a corner of a room, is far more effeminate than a guy who soaks up a grasshopper with panache and aplomb.

JAMES COCO (actor): I love cream drinks. I don't like any other kind. However, you do have to remember the calories. At least I do. The whole world knows I'm on a diet, I've written a diet book, and it would be pretty stupid of me not to practice what I preach. What I *would* do is make sure my date ordered a cream liqueur or cocktail, then I'd order Scotch on the rocks, leave mine untouched, and drink most of hers! I think it's wonderful to see men who don't have my girth ordering liquid goodies.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE (actor): I find it peculiar even to imply that anyone's choice of anything, such as cream liqueurs, has a positive or negative connotation. I never think of masculinity on a scale of one to ten, nor do I think it has any importance.

GEORGE ALLEN (former football coach, Washington Redskins; chairman, President's Council on Physical Fitness): Since I'm a malted-milk fan, and not much of a drinker into the bargain, I belong to the brigade of creamy-drink imbibers. What anyone else drinks is of no consequence whatsoever to me. I'd think less of a man who can't hold hard liquor, yet insists on trying to, than a man who savors a gooey drink. Discipline is the number-one characteristic of success; moderation should be one's guide. As to ordering cream drinks in the company of women, I can't think of one single reason why I—or any other man—should not. After all, I guzzle big glasses of milk, as well as ice cream and pie and cake in the presence of the female sex, and they don't swoon from shock. So why should they look askance at a cream liqueur?

DON RICKLES (comedian): Bob Newhart drinks cream liqueurs, and he assures me he's a masculine man. Tommy Lasorda drinks cream liqueurs, and I've personally heard some of his players yell to him, "Hey, man!", so he must be okay, too. As

CRÈME DE LA CREAM

<i>Brand name</i>	<i>Producer/Importer</i>
American Crème	Heublein, Inc.

Bailey's Original Irish Cream	The Paddington Corp.
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Carolans Irish Cream Liqueur	Renfield Importers, Ltd.
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Cremaretto	Mediterranean Importing Co.
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Demi-Tasse Coffee Cream	The Paddington Corp.
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Dunphy's Cream	Fleischmann Distilling Co.
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Emmet's Ireland's Cream Liqueur	"21" Brands, Inc.
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Leroux Irish Cream Liqueur	General Wine & Spirits
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Myer's Rum Cream	Seagram's Distillers
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O'Darby Irish Cream Liqueur	Bacardi Imports, Inc.
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Venetian Cream Liqueur	W. A. Taylor & Co.
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Waterford Authentic Irish Cream Liqueur	The Buckingham Corp.
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for me, I want to hang out with those guys, so I guess I'll also have to start drinking cream liqueurs, whatever they are . . .

F. LEE BAILEY (attorney): I happen to be a fan of Bailey's (no relative) Irish Cream. I cannot think of a single reason why men should not drink cream liqueurs, other than that it might make them fat. However, I seldom order them when I am not with a woman—because women like them—and I am apt to cave in against my will.

HUGH O'BRIAN (actor): Masculinity is something guys either have or haven't got. It makes no difference what one drinks. Take it from me, women aren't taken in by what's in their date's glass—it's the way he holds the glass when he drinks the contents. Would I order a cream drink if I were with a woman? Sure, but before I ordered the drink, I'd order a room.

BOB BARKER (host of TV's "The Price Is Right"): I honestly can't think of any reason why a man should not enjoy cream drinks as much as a woman does, unless he is a male chauvinist pig. As for me, I think any cream liqueur would go down much better if I had a *Penthouse* Pet alongside me.

PRESTON ROBERT TISCH (president, Loews Corporation): From an industry point of view, I've noticed an increase in the demand for sweet and cream liqueurs from hardened drinkers. Also, more and more young people coming into the market seem to prefer the creamy variety. I frankly don't think it sheds any light, or gloom, on a man's personality if he'd rather have a sweet drink than a stiff one. Half the time I have a liqueur after dinner. Cream drinks for men are accepted without question these days. They're on a par with ordering a martini or manhattan before dinner.


HAROLD ROBBINS (author): To each his own. Far be it for me to criticize anything anyone says or does. If cream liqueurs give men pleasure, as they do, then men should go ahead and enjoy. It's less manly to worry about what other people think than about what you like to drink.

RICHARD HARRIS (actor): Soaking up cream liqueurs might enhance a guy's virility. Put him in the right mood for what he intends to do afterward.

JOHN HILLERMAN (co-star on CBS's "Magnum, P.I."): If I had to choose two adjectives to describe cream liqueurs, I'd opt for "elegance" and "sophistication." And since I would like to think that those two adjectives could be applied to me, I would have no hesitation whatsoever in requesting and enjoying a cream drink while socializing with a lady. It's ridiculous even to suggest that any gentleman who echoes my sentiments is any less of a guy. Unless, of course, he happens to be wearing a dress.

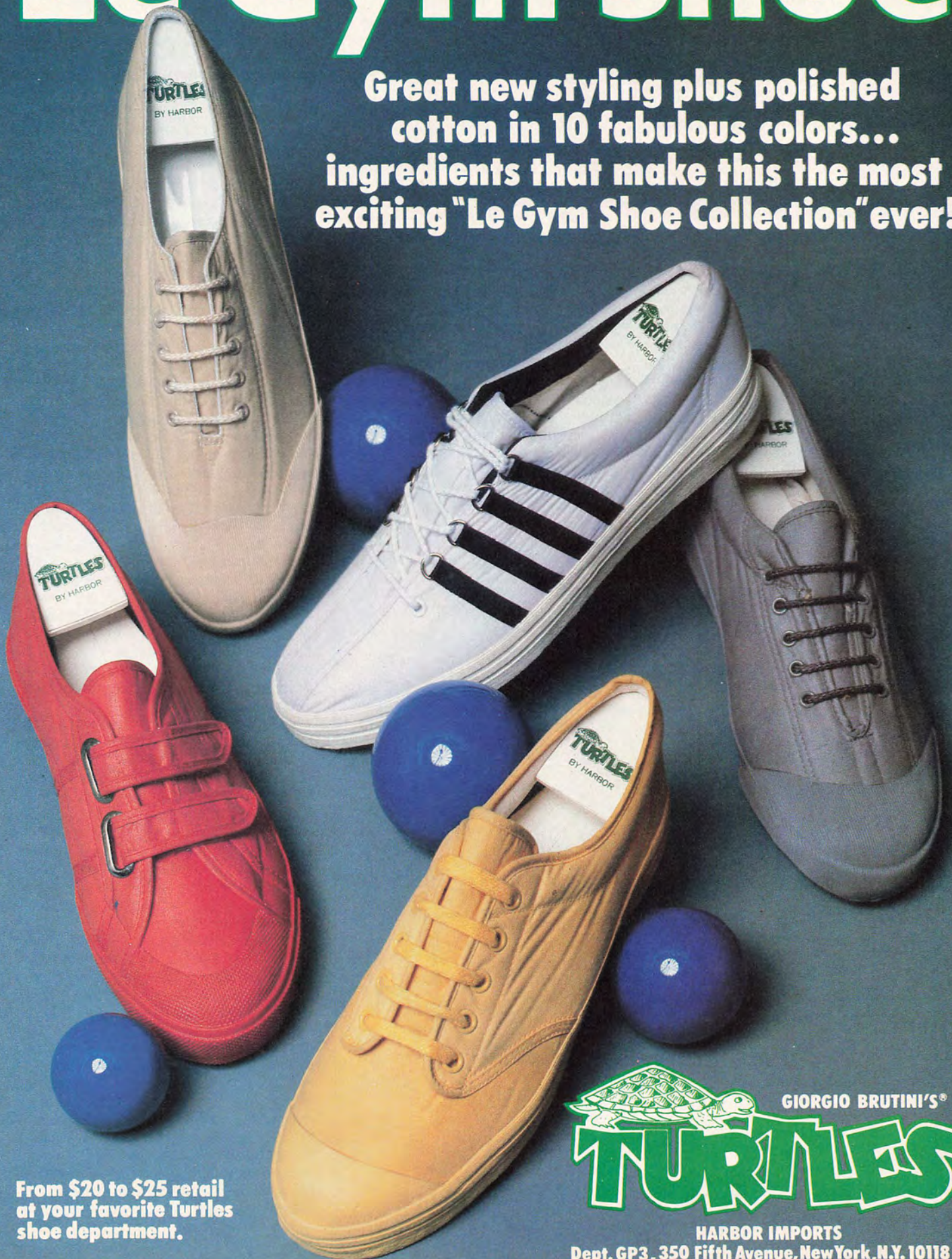
GEOFFREY HOLDER (actor-choreographer): The first drink ever, for men and women, was milk . . .

JOHN WESLEY SHIPP (star of CBS's "The Guiding Light"): If I'm in the mood for a cream liqueur, I cannot see any reason in the world why I should not order one—or two. Let's face it: who wants to judge a man by what he orders? I wouldn't have second thoughts about ordering what some might call an effeminate drink if I were with a lady. Because if that lady would judge me on what I fancied, I would not want to spend time with her, and that would be the last time she'd see or hear me place any order in her company.

JOHN D'ACQUISTO (pitcher for the Oakland A's): Once upon a time there were drinks for men and drinks for women. It was traditional for men to go for the dark-colored kinds (beer, Scotch, red wine), while women settled for the light stuff (white wine, bourbon, vodka). Now, with the so-called unisex movement, we can all finally enjoy the whole lot. I'm all in favor. Cream drinks enhance a meal, a party, the cocktail hour. They tickle one's taste buds. They're terrific. 

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ANDROPOV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

into play. The Soviet power elite is in fact an old boychik network, with a complicated series of friendships and sponsor-protégé relationships that determine who gets ahead (and who doesn't). The Vinogradov-Andropov relationship was a classic example; with a powerful friend like Vinogradov, Andropov moved inexorably through the ranks of the Soviet bureaucracy.

Which brings us to the third member of the powerful troika, a man who was standing near Andropov that day in the ministry. He was Aleksandr Panyushkin, another powerful Kremlin insider very nearly a cipher to the outside world. Formerly ambassador to the United States and in 1970 chief of the foreign cadres department of the Communist Party's Central Committee, Panyushkin that day, along with Andropov, stood at the very pinnacle of the Soviet establishment. (Panyushkin was to die five years after Vinogradov's funeral.)

And so the power relationship can be set quite clearly at the very moment of the Vinogradov funeral in 1970: there was Panyushkin, a close friend and colleague of Vinogradov, whose protégé was Andropov, who in turn was a close friend of Panyushkin, who was also a close friend of Vinogradov... and on and on. What it meant in practical terms was that before

Vinogradov's death, the three men of this troika collectively held more operational power in their hands than virtually the entire Politburo, because it was through these three men that such things as all appointments for ambassadorships and the KGB were made, meaning they occupied the very nerve system of the Soviet government.

But there was a fourth man in this troika, a man who has played a key role not only in the rise to power of Andropov but also in the success of the other two men. His name: Harold R. (Kim) Philby, the famed British mole for Soviet intelligence who defected to Moscow in 1963. For those paying close attention to power relationships among the Soviet elite, the day of Vinogradov's funeral was significant, for standing quietly beside one of the marble columns in the great hall of the foreign ministry was Philby. His presence said a great deal about the growing power of Yuri Andropov.

At first glance, this seems odd. For all anybody in the West knew, Philby after his defection had gone into some form of quiet retirement in Moscow, living comfortably, no doubt, on a pension provided by a grateful Soviet government. (It would be difficult to measure the Soviet Union's gratitude: during a twenty-year career in British intelligence, Philby, a committed but secret Communist, gave the Soviet Union virtually every secret that crossed his desk, including all that he knew when

he served as liaison between British intelligence and the CIA. He remains the prototypical and most successful intelligence mole in all history.)

The fact that Philby was even there was a remarkable event. First, Westerners normally are not invited to such private occasions for the elite. For another, it seems strange that a retired KGB intelligence agent would appear at such a function.

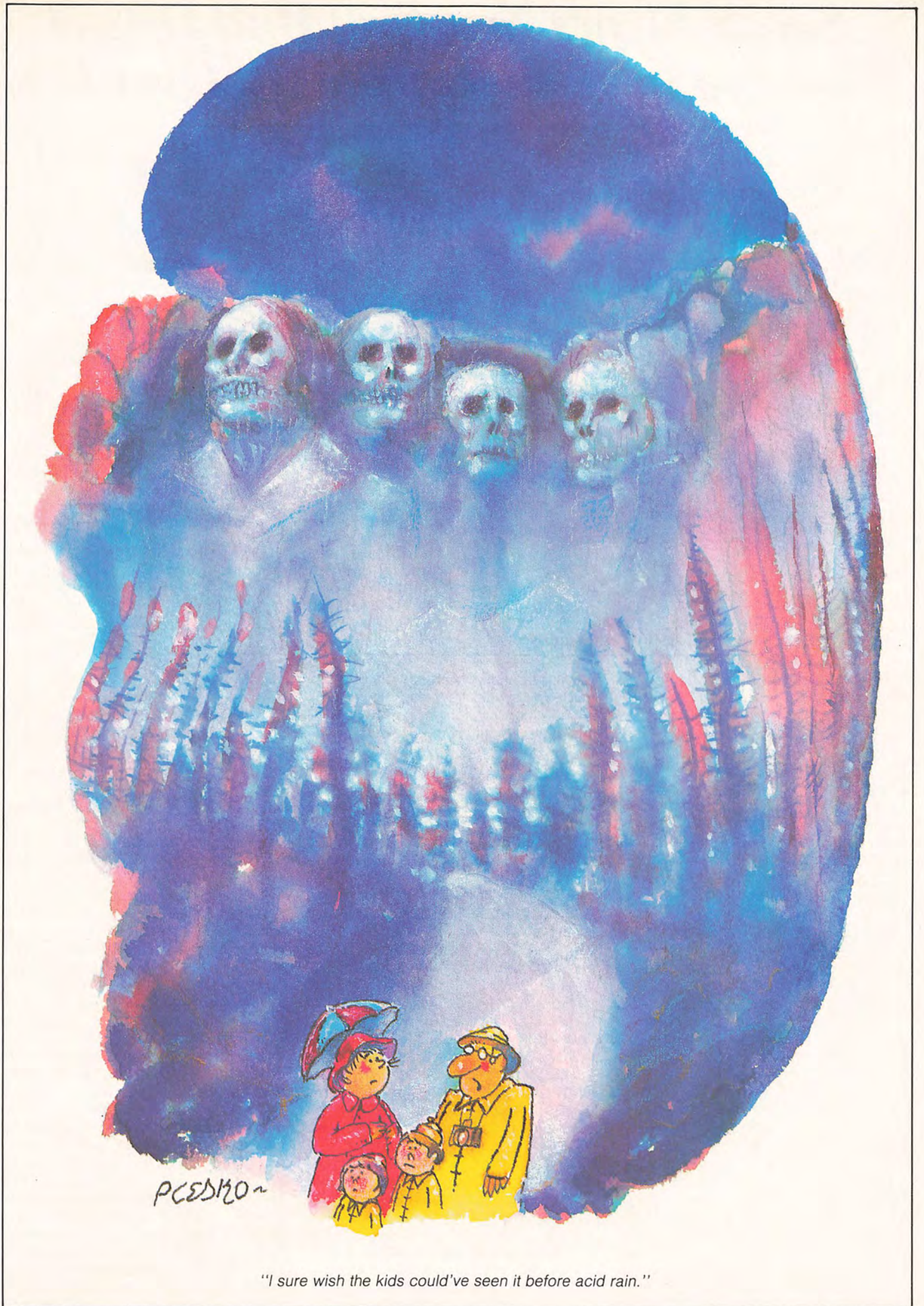
Except that, contrary to what was believed in the West, Philby was no retired intelligence agent. In fact, from the moment he arrived in Moscow, he had become an important member of the KGB's inner circle, and eventually wound up as the central figure in the buildup of that agency into what is often considered the world's most formidable intelligence organization. In the process, Philby played a vital role in the rise to power of not only Yuri Andropov but Andropov's fellow troika members as well.

This remarkable development, unknown in the West, began in 1933, when Philby, then a British rebel fascinated with the Soviet system and its dynamics, came under the spell of a young and brilliant Soviet intelligence agent looking for recruitment targets. The Russian was named Sergei Vinogradov, and he became a close personal friend of Philby—"soul friends," as the Russians call it. They met again in 1947. By then, Philby had become a KGB agent, providing Moscow with an unparalleled source of intelligence, and the second extensive encounter with his friend Vinogradov, this time in Turkey, had developed into an agent-handler relationship. Vinogradov, a specialist on Middle East affairs, valued Philby's advice on what the Russians should do in the Arabian peninsula (Philby's father had been a renowned Arabist).

Later, when Philby was stationed in the United States, he developed an equally close relationship with his control in this country—Aleksandr Panyushkin. The Russian was more than a case officer and friend to Philby; he also eagerly sought Philby's advice on how to deal with Americans. Philby's advice, stemming from a shrewd and sophisticated knowledge of how the American system really works, formed a vital part in later KGB operations against this country.

Following Philby's defection to the Soviet Union, he renewed his close friendship with Vinogradov (by then a powerful member of the Soviet elite) and became a consultant to the KGB. The job title fails to convey the Englishman's importance, for it was Philby who played a significant role in transforming the KGB into its modern image. Prior to Philby's arrival, the KGB, not surprisingly, had the reputation of a collection of clumsy thugs. The reputation included the KGB's overseas and domestic operations. Domestically, the KGB—successor to the notorious NKVD and MGB of Stalin's time—was loathed and feared by the Russian people, many of whom remembered the arrests, deporta-





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By MIKE HENSON

NORWALK, CT—A small company in Connecticut is selling what might be the most hook-free, slice-free ball in golf. Independent tests prove its perfect balance is light years ahead of the best balls on the market. Its center of gravity is 97.5% perfect, compared to 58% for Top Flight, 28% for Titleist and worse for Hogan and Maxfli. This huge advantage on balance makes the ball less likely to spin off course, and surely accounts for the best proof a company could ask for: hole-in-one letters from all over the U.S. As you can imagine, these men and women think the ball is the best thing that has happened since they began playing.

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They also guarantee Guidestar's patented construction makes it the most durable ball in the world, and to prove it we'll send a buyer *three new ones free* if he ever cuts one. All he has to do is return the damaged ball with 50¢ for postage.

Guidestar also has an option for golfers with less than perfect vision: Hi-Vision™ yellow. A yellow ball is far easier to spot on the fairway, in tall grass, rough and shallow water. As tennis players learned long ago, it is easier to track in the air and helps you hit an object more squarely by increasing eye/hand coordination. Golfers who have used yellow golf balls report a much faster game, fewer lost balls, even better shots.

If you want to save money on lost and damaged balls and (who knows) watch breathlessly on par 3's as Guidestar's perfect balance carries your tee shot toward the cup!—then try this new, patented ball. White or Hi-Vision™ yellow you can't lose—a refund is guaranteed if you don't cut strokes.

To order Guidestar send your name and address to the National Golf Center (Dept. G-133), 18 Lois Street, Norwalk, CT 06851. Include \$19.95 (plus \$1.75 shipping) for one dozen; \$18 each for two dozen or more. Six dozen cost only \$99. No shipping on orders of two or more dozen. If you want Hi-Vision™ yellow, be sure to say so, otherwise they will send you white.

To charge it give them your card's name, account number and expiration date. No P.O. Boxes, please; all shipments are UPS. CT and NY residents add applicable sales tax.

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*Mike Henson is a New York-based freelance writer and the author of *Secrets of the Short Game*.*

tions, and deaths of millions during Stalin's time. Internationally, the KGB—which is uniquely responsible for both domestic security and overseas intelligence operations—also had problems, especially after the death of Stalin, when Soviet leadership, concerned that the secret police would again acquire the power of a state within a state, clipped the KGB's wings. So secret police chief Laventri Beria was executed, and the KGB underwent a downgrading. In the process, the agency, wracked by purges and open distrust by Nikita Khrushchev, found that its intelligence product began to suffer. In truth, the KGB was slipping badly.

The three men most responsible for Philby's role in transforming the KGB were Vinogradov, Panyushkin, and Andropov. It is important to understand how heroic a figure Philby became in KGB mythology. He was very nearly regarded as godlike, the epitome of everything a modern KGB intelligence officer should be: cunning, very dedicated, highly intelligent, and polished. It was the latter quality that Philby was most responsible for; KGB officers soon began to wear expensive Western-style clothes, display polished manners, appear extremely sophisticated, and conduct themselves as representatives of the Soviet Union, the best Moscow could offer.

Which was precisely the point. In effect, Philby began to transform the KGB into an imitation of the intelligence organization

that he—and many Russian officials—regarded as the ideal: the cool, correct British intelligence agent in his Saville Row suit, out there defending the empire (and seeking to expand it, whenever possible). And while Philby's theories were transforming the KGB, they were also having their effect on the troika of men most responsible for the success of Philby in the first place: Panyushkin, Vinogradov, and Andropov. All three men became westernized by their experience with Philby; it was a process that was not only cultural but something deeper as well, an attraction for certain Western cultural and ideological values. This is not to say that Andropov and his most intimate circle of advisers were suddenly converted to the Republican party by their contacts with Philby, but it does suggest that Andropov, especially, underwent something of a westernization process that transformed a talented *apparatchik* into a sophisticated pragmatist fully aware of the strengths—and weaknesses—of a system that is officially represented as his regime's implacable enemy. This transformation, in fact, may have the most significant consequences, not only for the future of the Soviet Union, but for the relationship between the two superpowers.

As far back as 1962—some years before he became head of the KGB—Andropov bet heavily on the potential of a thaw in U.S.-Soviet relations. One important indication of his farsightedness occurred in

1962. At that time, Andropov's son, Igor, was seventeen and had just been admitted to the Institute on International Relations, the Soviet Union's most prestigious diplomatic and intelligence training school. The school, whose entrance requirements are very stiff—only the elite of the elite qualify—is based on country specialization, an important reform in the training of Soviet cadres that was instituted by the post-Stalin generation of Andropov-like pragmatists to increase the sophistication and skill of Soviet diplomatic and intelligence representatives abroad. The school features specialized groups immersing themselves totally in the language, politics, culture, and economics of specific areas, such as France, Latin America, and the Middle East.

At the time, the American group at the institute was the smallest, and toughest to enter. Igor Andropov was admitted to the group, not because of his superior academic credentials—he had expressed a preference for the Latin American or Middle East group, whose graduates at that time had greater career potential—but because his father insisted on it. The reason, simply, was that Yuri Andropov had foreseen the emergence of détente and expanding relations with the United States ten years before they actually happened.

This incident, like others, demonstrates Andropov's unusual ability to anticipate the future and make decisions accordingly. His son, Igor, by the way, graduated

from the institute in 1968 and immediately went to work for a close friend of Andropov, a man named Georgi Arbatov, head of the Soviet Union's Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada. This assignment in itself provided an important clue to Andropov's thinking, as we shall see later.

By this time, Andropov had come a long way since the day when, as the son of a poor railroad worker, he began the slow climb up the ladder of Soviet hierarchy. Born in 1914, Andropov worked as a telegraph operator and film projectionist, then attended college. His initial party job, in the Komsomol (Young Communist League, the Soviet Communist Party's youth arm), brought him into contact with the first of several influential men who shaped his career: Otto Kuusinen, a Finnish-born Communist. Kuusinen was an interesting figure in Soviet politics and it is worth examining some of his history and noting its effect on his young protégé, Yuri Andropov.

Kuusinen was Communist Party boss in the Karelo-Finnish republic, the area just east of present-day Finland. This area has always been of some strategic importance to the Soviet Union, since it straddles Russian ports to the north and Leningrad to the south. Kuusinen was the man Stalin tried, unsuccessfully, to install as Communist leader of Finland during the war with Finland in 1940.

But Kuusinen's importance in Soviet history goes beyond that event; he was actually a significant reformist figure within the Soviet hierarchy. In 1934, he had argued with Stalin, insisting that there must be a "popular front" against Hitler, a strategy only belatedly (and successfully) adopted by Moscow. After the war, under the pseudonym N. Baltiisky, he wrote articles favorable to European socialists, and even elliptically suggested in one article that Poland ought to be an independent state allied to the Soviet Union. These were heretical positions to Stalinist orthodoxy, but after the death of Stalin, Kuusinen emerged from the official shadows to become an important adviser to the Kremlin. By 1957, thanks to favorable notice by Khrushchev, Kuusinen was named a secretary in the all-powerful Central Committee and a full member of the Presidium.

These were impressive coattails, and Kuusinen's favorite protégé, Andropov—already regarded as a shrewd up-and-comer—rode them. Indeed, Andropov punched all the right tickets: he was not only a protégé of a man important in the leadership, but had also spent the war years in a key military post, organizing guerrillas behind German lines. (A good record during what the Russians prefer to call the Great Patriotic War is a critical prerequisite for anyone aspiring to high leadership in the Soviet Union.)

The importance of Kuusinen was that he represented the chief force for reformist, nondogmatic thinking in the Kremlin after the death of Stalin. One of his most signifi-

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

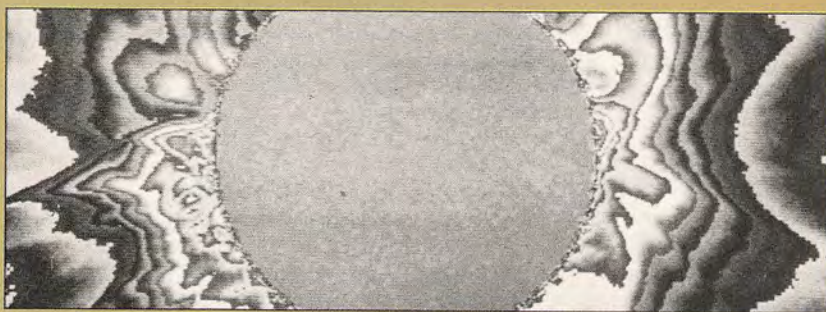
ON SALE FEBRUARY 17



INTERVIEW



FICTION



SUN SEEKERS

INTERVIEW—Richard Leakey has a nose for bones. Like his famous parents, Louis and Mary, he seems to know just where the treasure is buried. In the last few months he has dug up the fossil remains of creatures 8–14 million years old. These finds could illuminate the mystery of man's origin and put an end to the controversy about when *Homo* got up on his two feet and walked away from the rest of the apes. Read about fossils and feuds in *Omni*.

BIOCHEMICAL PERSONALITIES—The signs are found in vials of blood or spinal fluid and in readings of electrical emanations from the brain. Scientists sift through the chemical-electrical evidence in pursuit of human personality and the sources of behavior. The findings are tantalizing. Differences in biology, these scientists have learned, can separate the James Bonds from the Walter Mittys. Juvenile delinquency—and high creativity—may result from an underaroused nervous system. The researchers have even discovered what may be a biochemical marker identifying people likely to kill themselves.

COMETS OF LIFE—Four billion years ago comets rained down on the earth, bringing with them tons of space debris and, according to an ever-widening circle of scientific believers, the stuff of life itself. British astrophysicist and scientific thinker Fred Hoyle has already shocked the establishment with his claims that comets "infected" our once-barren planet with primitive life forms. Now others are claiming that the biosphere that allowed them to thrive was a result of this cometary rain. Read in *Omni* why we are all basically comet stuff.

SUN SEEKERS—On mountaintop observatories in the western United States a group of astronomers gaze 93 million miles out into space at our nearest star, the sun. *Omni* offers a unique gallery of photos, showing both the massive equipment used to study this volatile subject and some of the dazzling images produced by these astronomers' scientific obsession with this local giant.

FICTION—This month's *Omni* features an excerpt from Anthony Burgess's new novel, *The End of the World News*. Burgess is renowned for his fiction, widely popular as a result of the 1962 publication of *A Clockwork Orange*. Michael Bishop and Lee Ellis have written a story about the coming end of the world, approaching the theme very differently than Burgess. Bishop won the Nebula award in 1982 for his superb novelette *The Quickening*.

cant acts was to appoint a group of "consultants" to advise him on policy. Kuusinen's choices were revealing: to head the group, he picked Fedor Burlatsky, then only thirty years old. Burlatsky, one of the leadership's leading intellectuals, was also one of its most prominent gadflies. He had been strongly in favor of democratization in Soviet life and also sought to loosen the shackles of Stalinism from the Soviet media. Burlatsky's push to soften the rigid Soviet ideological straitjacket, especially during the years 1954 to 1957, coincided with Andropov's rapid rise in the Soviet elite, mostly in the foreign policy establishment.

The key event during that rise was Andropov's appointment as ambassador to Hungary, beginning in 1953. Considering events of the time, notably restiveness in the Soviet Union's eastern satellites, the ambassadorship to Hungary represented one of the Kremlin's most sensitive foreign policy posts. Andropov's role during the 1956 suppression by Soviet troops of the Hungarian uprising is not known with precision, but there is no doubt he had an important say in the decision-making process that finally moved Moscow to crack down. However, it is also true that Andropov undoubtedly remained the Kremlin's top expert on Hungary when he returned to Moscow in 1957 to take the important post of head of the Socialist Countries Department of the Central Com-

mittee. And in that position, Andropov no doubt had a great deal to say about the wide-ranging reforms, mostly economic, that were later carried out in Hungary and which have now made Hungary something of an anomaly among the Eastern European satellites: a relatively prosperous and stable state whose mix of state and private economies represents anathema to Marxist doctrinaires.

But the point is that it works. The Soviet Union has a stable ally on its western border, seemingly free of the political convulsions that wrack Poland to the north, and that surely was the clinching argument in the debate over how to handle the nations of the eastern bloc, an argument that has preoccupied the Politburo for years.

The Hungarian episode offers one vital clue to Andropov's thinking. Another is the kind of people with whom he has allied, or with whom he has worked. Interestingly, all seem to fit into the general category of modern Soviet pragmatism, especially in foreign affairs.

For example, after the death of Andropov's first important mentor, Kuusinen, the group of consultants who worked for him was divided into two parts. One group went to the International Department of the Central Committee, and the second went to Andropov's Socialist Countries Department. The head of that particular group, Burlatsky, was replaced by another man picked by Andropov:

Georgi Arbatov. The choice is interesting, because since 1954 Arbatov had been openly advocating détente with the United States. Andropov could not have been unaware of Arbatov's political predispositions when he was selected to be the chief adviser on what were (and still are) the most critical foreign policy issues facing the Soviet Union. Moreover, the group of advisers chosen by Andropov also included Alexander Bovin (now an *Izvestia* columnist), and Oleg Bogomolov, head of an institute that studies the sensitive question of Eastern European economic reforms. Both men were known as reformist intellectuals. (When Andropov took over the KGB in 1967, Arbatov became director of the Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada, a Soviet think tank that analyzes American policies and advises the Central Committee on Moscow-Washington relations. It is believed to have strong KGB connections.)

None of these people, however, could have established Andropov's star so strongly in the Soviet leadership firmament, especially after the death of Kuusinen. The real breakthrough came when Andropov wound up under the wing of an even more important connection in Moscow, Panyushkin. It is difficult to find an American equivalent to a man like Panyushkin, with the possible exception of such American government jacks-of-all-trades as Clark Clifford or James Schle-

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singer. Panyushkin was everything—he worked on the Central Committee, the KGB, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as ambassador to the United States, and had a long list of other jobs, not to mention his being handler of Kim Philby.

Panyushkin's decision to make the middle-aged Andropov his personal protégé may seem a curious choice, but it was composed of two factors. One was Panyushkin's desire to associate with sophisticated men of the world, the kind of people he was used to dealing with in the capitals of the West. These sort of people were in precious supply in post-Stalinist Russia, for the deadening effects of the Stalin years took a long time to wear off. Andropov, the product of Soviet diplomatic training, was, and is, smooth, intelligent, and sophisticated. He is also cultured, and the combination seemed to appeal to Panyushkin.

Their close personal relationship included a shared love for gypsy music. It is difficult to explain the phenomenon of gypsy music and its attraction for Russians, for there is no real American equivalent. Both Panyushkin and Andropov had a passion for this music, which runs deep in the Russian psyche. It is a passionate, throbbing, unbearably sad music that tears apart the soul; a typical version might be about a mother whose son left her and now she is on her deathbed, crying for her son, pleading achingly to see him for the last


time. It is the sort of uniquely Russian soul music that Russians like to sit around and listen to while they get drunk on vodka, weeping as they listen to the songs of unrequited love and terribly sad deaths.

Interestingly, the greatest artist in that genre, Peter Leshchenko, was officially a "non-person" in the Soviet Union because he had emigrated to the West following the revolution of 1917. Nevertheless, the records of this great Russian balladeer were eagerly snatched up by Soviet officials working or visiting abroad. In the early 1950s, such recordings were among the most valued possessions anyone in the Soviet leadership could have. People like Andropov and Panyushkin owned Leshchenko records, of course, but the typical Russian citizen didn't dare have such things lying around (even if he could somehow get one), for owning a recording of a performance by a "non-person" could mean severe trouble with the authorities.

With the sponsorship of Panyushkin and given the high marks he earned for his work in Hungary, Andropov clearly was a man to watch. That was confirmed when Panyushkin, whose powers included decisions on the most important high-level appointments, chose Andropov as diplomatic trouble-shooter, with a special mission to deal on the Central Committee's behalf with Yugoslavia during the early 1960s. Andropov's mission amount-

ed to shuttle diplomacy; armed with the rank of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, he dealt with the troublesome Tito in trying to restore shattered Yugoslavian-Soviet relations. Andropov's marked skills in public relations and diplomacy were on display, and Tito wound up liking Andropov, ending a long period of Soviet-Yugoslavian enmity.

Andropov's success in calming troubled waters earned him high marks, particularly from the man who was writing the efficiency reports on men of Andropov's rank—Panyushkin himself. Besides admiration for Andropov's skill, Panyushkin's affection for Andropov extended in another direction: they shared a common interest in foreign cultures and an admiration for certain Western values. The importance of this sort of professional-personal link in the Soviet elite cannot be exaggerated, for it is the power that fuels the entire leadership. For that reason, it is important to watch those links for clues to determining who has reached (or is about to reach) the top rungs. In Andropov's case, there was one unmistakable event signifying that he had "arrived." In 1960, he moved into the same apartment building occupied by Panyushkin and other luminaries of the Soviet elite, including Leonid Brezhnev. The striking thing about Andropov's apartment is that there is hardly a single Russian-manufactured item in it. Virtually everything is Western-made. It bears a



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

strong resemblance to the digs of a typical Western businessman. It represents a very strange contradiction: the living quarters of one of the Soviet Union's top leaders appears lifted whole from a Manhattan apartment building, almost as though its owner lives in two different worlds.

The contradiction is even more striking considering Andropov's next major step up in the Soviet hierarchy following his diplomatic service—taking over the KGB. The KGB, whose work force of 500,000 people includes a vast network of agents, combines both internal security and overseas intelligence functions in one agency. To the average Russian, its domestic duties are the most obvious, since the KGB employs thousands of part-time informers (contemptuously called *stukachi*, or "squealers," by most Russians), who monitor internal dissent. The system is backed up by a huge mail and telephone surveillance operation. All of this is designed to enforce the KGB's mission of ensuring strict conformance to government orthodoxy. The mission includes defense against so-called corrupt Western influences, which run the gamut from music to clothes to political ideas. Ironically, Andropov's own ideas and life-style stand as something of a monument to the very influence the KGB is supposed to eradicate.

The contradiction might be lost on Andropov, who, like all other members of the Soviet hierarchy, operates on the principle

that there are two standards in the Soviet Union—one for the leadership, the other for everybody else. This double standard was the least of the leadership's problems in the 1960s, for the fact is that the KGB had fallen on some very hard times in the years after Stalin's death. It was extensively purged of Beria influences following the rise to power of Khrushchev, who in 1958 got rid of KGB head Ivan Serov and replaced him with Aleksandr N. Shelepin, then head of the Young Communist League. The appointment, involving a nonprofessional to head a professional organization, was the first in a series designed to stamp party control over the secret police empire and ensure that it would never again become a power structure to rival the party, as was the case under Beria.

In the process, however, the KGB began to be torn apart, and by 1965 it was clear that something would have to be done. The KGB needed direction, an infusion of new ideas, and, most importantly, talented leadership. In short, it needed a new director, and a good one. The job fell to Yuri Andropov, and it was in that job that the son of a railroad worker made his mark, establishing himself as the preeminent equal among equals.

What did Andropov do? As noted earlier, he and his mentor Panyushkin had established a close relationship with Kim Philby, the British mole. In 1963, immediately upon his arrival in Moscow, Philby

was taken in hand by a group of Central Committee luminaries, including Andropov. The group first set up Philby as deputy director of a newly formed news agency called APN, basically a propaganda outfit. Philby's job was to devise new and more effective ways to deal with the United States and Western Europe in propaganda. Two years later, Andropov was formally named to the job of getting the KGB straightened out, and one of his first moves was to bring in Philby as one of his chief advisers. Simply, Andropov used Philby to tell him how the KGB should look and operate, especially in Western Europe and the United States, its two key target areas.

Andropov took Philby's ideas and wound up transforming an organization with a frightful reputation into an omnipotent, omniscient, smoothly oiled machine, at least in terms of its public image among Russians. Andropov knocked the rough edges off the KGB, and in less than three years built up its reputation to something like the image enjoyed by the American FBI in the years before Watergate.

One important innovation in this transformation was Andropov's masterful use of the Soviet media to put a gloss on the KGB's image. Beginning in the late 1960s, Soviet movies and television began to feature spy stories—all involving the men of the KGB, of course. In a series of docudramas, called "Shield and Sword," Soviet television presented the dramatic stories of such famed Soviet agents as Dr. Richard Sorge (who worked in Japan before Pearl Harbor and discovered that the Japanese had decided not to attack the Soviet Union) and Col. Rudolf Abel (a top Soviet agent in the United States who was caught, but later exchanged for U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers). Philby himself published a book of memoirs under KGB supervision.

The public relations campaign was a startling development, for any public discussion in the Soviet Union about the activities of its intelligence organs had long been considered unthinkable. (Equally startling was the issuance by the Soviet Union of a postage stamp honoring Sorge.) The campaign to legitimize the KGB was a brilliant success: spy dramas were the most popular events in Soviet movies and television, but there was an important political message being conveyed at the same time. The message, simply, was that the KGB was in the forefront of the hard battle against imperialism, that it had emerged from the dark Stalinist days and had now become the leading force in the fight against the crafty "imperialist forces" (for which read the United States and its Western allies). But however cunning the enemy was, the KGB was even more cunning; they were (and still are) portrayed as highly sophisticated boxers, able to outwit the enemy because not only were they mentally superior, but, more importantly, they were ideologically and politically loyal to the Soviet state.



Actually, Andropov first began to become seriously involved with KGB matters in 1965, two years before his official appointment. He was among a group of high-ranking people of the Central Committee, including Brezhnev himself, who were taking a long look at the performance of not only the KGB but the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and military intelligence (known as GRU) as well. They did not like what they saw: things were in some disarray, especially in China, which had become a sworn enemy of Moscow, and Africa, where Egypt had turned into a disaster for the Soviets. In effect, the leaders discovered that they would have to overhaul the whole system, especially the KGB, to confront the new realities of the world.

Unnoticed outside the small circle of the Soviet elite, major changes began to take place. The most important was that the Soviet Institute of International Relations, the training school for the cream of the new Soviet elite, began to be transformed into a cadre school for the KGB, with the majority of its students earmarked for intelligence work. This was a significant step, for the school was set up to give the best and brightest of the Soviet Union entrée into the rarefied world of Soviet diplomacy. Prior to this change, it was not considered a smart career move for the chosen elite to work for the KGB. There had been too many upheavals at the KGB, and in that atmosphere of uncertainty, the KGB was hardly an attractive future.

Andropov's reforms changed all that, to the point where the KGB became a highly desired career goal. Obviously, the old days were over: the upheavals stopped, and where training in espionage tradecraft had once been paramount, now the emphasis was on education, sophistication, and in-depth knowledge of various countries. Andropov was, in effect, making over the KGB in his own image.

For those in the KGB, Andropov appeared to be a welcome breath of fresh air. First, there was the dramatic improvement in training: where once a KGB man had been judged strictly on his ability as an agent—how well he could handle a microdot, for example—now he was being polished to be a sophisticated representative of the Soviet state, in many ways more a public relations man than an agent. Domestically, there was also a big change, especially in the way the average Russian came into contact with the KGB. To be sure, there was still the ubiquitous informer system, but the KGB domestic operations became more of a nuisance than a menace. (The exceptions, of course, were the dissidents, who have felt the weight of a strong KGB crackdown. For them, the KGB is an implacable foe.)

The Russian people were only vaguely aware of the power of Andropov. Many Russians somehow got the idea, perhaps fostered by Andropov, that he was a party man, even one of the intelligentsia, who happened to head up the KGB. The gener-

al perception of him was not as a secret policeman, but a sophisticated, intelligent man, a nice man who is among the savviest of the Soviet elite; good old Comrade Andropov. Within the KGB itself, Andropov has become quite respected. One reason is that he has made it certain that KGB people are treated much better than anybody else—comparisons with American economics are difficult, but a good standard is to remember that a KGB officer makes about three times what a Russian brain surgeon would earn, and perhaps five times an engineer's salary. And then there are the perks—KGB people can get free apartments, cars, priority for tickets to sporting and cultural events, and so on.


By 1977, when the KGB hierarchy gathered to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet state security, Andropov could congratulate himself on having achieved everything his party's mandate had expected him to do: he had completely transformed the KGB into not only the world's largest intelligence organization, but, in the opinion of many, possibly the world's best. The upheavals had been halted, the Soviet Union had come near the pinnacle of power and influence in the world, and the future, if not free of potential problems, at least looked promising.

The same cannot be said today. Andropov will need all his skills to try to straighten out the mess he has inherited. The Soviet economy is tottering, plagued by mismanagement, corruption, and waste. In foreign policy, Moscow is now living with the consequences of Brezhnev's adventurism in Afghanistan and Africa, not to mention Cuba, Poland, and China.

The American people, whose future depends to a great extent on who Andropov is and what he is all about, are now presented with the difficulty of dealing with a man who seems to have operated invisibly all these years. It is ironic that we understand so little about him, because he already knows a lot about America.

His Moscow apartment, with its American stereo equipment, its extensive jazz collection (Glenn Miller seems to be the most popular artist), and its many Western books, is a testament to the paradox of the new Soviet leader.

Our so-called professional Kremlinologists say that these things are not so important . . . that it's not significant for us to realize that while Yuri Andropov is thinking about the issues of war and peace, he might also be listening to the jazz rhythms of "Moonlight Serenade."

But, as usual, these professionals are wrong . . . and their lack of understanding may have tragic results. They—and all of us—must realize, very quickly, that the rise of this seemingly paradoxical figure, a man who straddles both of our cultures, an admirer of the society whose politics he purports to loathe, means that the world has already changed in ways more drastically than we know. 

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crimes nor control criminal activity under the present system. The unevenness of sentencing is a major factor in public confidence according to Richmond, Va., attorney Michael Morchower. "Some black kid with an eighth-grade education will go in and steal seventy-five dollars from a merchant and point a twenty-two at him, and he'll get fifteen years. Some slick lawyer steals from his clients and he gets probation. There's something not fair about that." When a convicted murderer sues the Indianapolis police department for \$150,000 for negligent investigating, something is wrong. When a family court judge in Providence, R.I., comments that incest victims "really enjoy it," and when two cops are accused of masterminding burglaries in New York City, there is every indication that something is wrong, if not with the structure of the system, then with the people in charge of the system. These situations have not escaped the attention of the American people.

But regardless of the occasional injustices in the justice system itself, the basic injustice is to law-abiding people who are sick to death of seeing victims lying in the streets and perpetrators laughing at the police and the courts through loopholes in the law. Prosecutor L. Brooks Patterson of Oakland County, Mich., says, "The reasons for the fear are many, and one of them is that there is no punishment for individuals who are caught. I am advocating bringing back into focus, and into balance, the rights of the victims." Judge Deneweth says, "We have to get back to the idea that a guy who commits a crime is going to pay for it. . . . The public is demanding that they be put away."

What is abundantly clear from *The Figgie Report on Fear of Crime* is that the realities of the situation have made the public more punitive than apathetic when the questions are crime, punishment, and rehabilitation. Almost nine out of ten people agree that mandatory prison sentences should be imposed on people convicted of violent crimes, and 86 percent feel violent criminals should receive long sentences. Sixty-six percent favor the death penalty for murderers (though 34 percent think the death penalty does nothing to discourage murder), and a remarkable 45 percent support the idea of sterilization of habitual criminals and the insane.

The public feeling on the issues of longer prison sentences, mandatory sentences, and the death penalty are reactionary when compared with those of some people in the criminal justice field. Stanley H. Fuld, a supreme court judge in New York State for twenty-eight years, says, "I don't think punishment is a deterrent. People don't think they are going to be caught. They don't worry about it." And on capital punishment Fuld says, "That

will get rid of one offender. I don't think it will have an impact on others." Gov. Bruce Babbitt of Arizona says, "The important thing is how quickly punishment is received, not how long a criminal is incarcerated." Judge Robert Merhige of Richmond, Va., opposes mandatory sentencing. He says that he considers the defendant's background, including prior arrests, and he tries to assess why the crime was committed and weigh the effect of the crime on the victim and the community. Others, like Lt. Clyde Futrell of the sheriff's department in Richmond, Va., side with public opinion. "Mandatory sentencing is the number-one item," Futrell says. A mandatory sentence would mean that each person convicted of a crime would receive the same sentence. In Virginia, for example, a conviction for using a firearm in the commission of a felony carries a one-year prison term for the first offense and three years for a subsequent conviction. Uniform sentencing requires

Some black kid will steal seventy-five dollars from a merchant and he'll get fifteen years. Some slick lawyer steals from his clients and he gets probation.

the establishment of crime categories that have a base sentence, perhaps ten years, that a judge or jury could change "up" or "down" if special criteria are met.

Cuyahoga (Cleveland) County prosecutor John Corrigan says, "Judges want to clear their docket at any cost. They reduce their dockets by taking lesser pleas and handing out probation and fines instead of jail time." But Corrigan also said meaningful punishment is necessary to keep lawbreakers off the streets. And David Fegler, Milwaukee's chief prosecutor, says, "In the back of the mind of every kid who's knocking off houses is the idea that his lawyer will get the right judge and I can get it postponed and this and that, and I'll end up on probation anyhow. I think if you knew that if you committed a burglary you'd be going to jail for a year, if you knew it was definite, it would be a deterrent."

This public support of harshly punitive measures of punishment transcends concrete and formless fear—almost equal numbers of the fearful and the nonfearful favor the death penalty and long prison sentences, but neither group feels that long prison sentences discourage crime.

Federal Judge Carl Muecke of Arizona agrees: "You have the first offender and you have hardened criminals. Many times the first offender should not have a prison sentence." And Joseph Siler, deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County, says, "I don't believe in long sentences if you can construct other alternatives." But the prosecutor in Wayne County, Mich., William Cahalan, says, "We need mandatory minimum sentences for specific crimes, such as a minimum term of ten years for rape. . . ."

Even as prisoners wait in their cells on the death rows of half a dozen state prisons, the death penalty remains a subject of much controversy in this country. The rising tide of crime and fear of crime has spawned a fresh move by many states to reinstitute the death penalty. But despite the support of the vast majority of the public, there is far from universal agreement on the subject. There are some interesting facets to the death penalty question. Seventy-six percent of Americans over sixty favor the imposition of the death penalty, compared with 57 percent of those in the eighteen-to-twenty-nine age group. Married people (74 percent) and the previously married (73 percent) strongly favor the penalty, but only 63 percent of single people agree. White people and men are greatly in favor of death sentences, while blacks and women, while favoring the penalty, support it to a lesser degree. The differences are essentially minor, however, with the dominant message being support of the death penalty. Would the death penalty have an impact on the crime rate or the murder rate? Joseph Siler says, "I'm not a proponent of capital punishment, on the grounds that it is not worth the effort that we go to as a society to extract it." And Douglas Cunningham, executive director of the California Office of Criminal Justice, says, "We have the death penalty here but it has little effect on the crime rate."

The country's state and federal prison systems, society's main means of punishment for criminal behavior, are not held in high esteem by the general public, and prisons are not looked on as performing the function the public feels they were designed for—deterrence and rehabilitation. More than half of the *Figgie Report* survey sample (52 percent) felt that prison sentences do not discourage crime. It's not hard to understand this majority opinion when there is daily evidence indicating that the "revolving door" policy in the justice system makes a prison term a mere inconvenience for the experienced criminal. There is also a feeling that our prisons are more schools for the advanced study of crime than good citizenship. It is not difficult to find cases of habitual criminals who have been locked up a dozen times or more; and you need look no further than the daily newspaper to find the most recent story of the released prisoner who goes on a crime rampage after being declared "rehabilitated."

Some sections of society do feel that prison discourages crime, but not a convincing majority. Older people (55 percent), married people (53 percent), and men (54 percent) think the prison system does discourage crime. The young (39 percent), previously married people (40 percent), and single people (41 percent) are much less convinced of the efficacy of incarceration. People living in rural areas and Southerners are more likely to believe prisons are an effective deterrent to crime.

What is important in these statistics is that the majority of Americans are highly dubious of the prison system's ability to discourage criminal behavior.

In the recent past—the days of peace marches, street demonstrations, campus uprisings, and “hippies”—the police were often viewed as insensitive and hostile, and the cries of “police brutality” were often heard when an arrest was made whether on the college campus, in the ghetto, or in front of the Washington Monument. While nearly everyone was willing to admit that the job of the policeman was rough, many people also felt that the average cop was a rude bully who was all too quick to use gratuitous violence and to act as judge, jury, and, sometimes, executioner in the performance of the job. Only the political right wing “supported the local police,” and that campaign was one many police departments could have done without.

A Harris Poll taken in 1968 revealed that the public harbored a negative attitude toward the policeman on the beat, law enforcement administrators, and the FBI. Today, the public attitude has taken a dramatic turn. Nearly nine out of ten people (89 percent) have a positive feeling about the local police, saying they feel the police are respectful and do not use too much force. Only 15 percent of the people believe the police just enjoy pushing people around and giving them a hard time; about three fourths of those surveyed said that the local police treat people of all races equally and that they do not spend their time going after people for the little things while ignoring the major crimes all around them; 95 percent of the people think the police are about as honest or more honest than most people. What this amounts to is that, overall, 84 percent of the population approve of, and have confidence in, the local police.

There are some chinks in this wall of support, however, some groups of people who demonstrate particularly low levels of confidence in the police. Those who have been crime victims are less likely to have confidence than people who haven't been victims, people under fifty are less confident than those over fifty, and blacks are slightly less enthusiastic about the police than whites. People who have not been victims but know a victim of a burglary or armed robbery have lower confidence than people with no such experience. Because the police are the personification of protection at the local level, the aware-



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ness and concern of people about crime in the community naturally focuses on the police and the job they perform or fail to perform.

Alec and Kate Shannon, who narrowly escaped a knife-wielding mugger, called the police as soon as they got home and secured their doors and windows. "The response of the desk sergeant was discouraging," Kate says. "He seemed completely uninterested but said he'd send a car as soon as he had one to send. We were surprised when they showed up in less than five minutes. But we were even more surprised when three men trooped in, one with his shotgun at the ready. They had apparently been told that a robbery was in progress. In the end, I was impressed and frightened by the response. I'm not sure if it was a positive or negative experience."

Fran Carson owns a small liquor store in southwest Houston. She has been robbed several times in the last few years and hasn't received much help from the police. "The first time I was held up was three years ago," she says. "I called the cops right away and they came out and got all the information. Nothing more ever came of it. The second time, two guys came late one night. One of them had a gun and they emptied the cash register. I reported it but didn't even get a callback. I had to go to the station on my own the next morning to make a report. Then, nothing. This last time I didn't even bother to report it, because it was so discouraging and because the robbers took so little I couldn't even make an insurance claim."

If there is a robbery at a gun shop, the police respond in force and at once; but if a person has a bicycle stolen from the street, there is little interest. Crime reports are often given little attention by police departments that are understaffed and overworked, and this is one reason why the public fails to report a high percentage of criminal incidents of all kinds. An estimated 60 percent of all personal larceny cases without contact between victim and thief are not reported, less than 50 percent of all assaults are reported, less than 30 percent of household larcenies, and a little more than half of all robberies and rapes are reported. Even household burglaries are reported less than 60 percent of the time.

These striking statistics are either a measure of the lack of public confidence in the ability of the police to solve crimes or a more realistic appraisal of what is possible given the resources available. The U.S. Department of Justice report on crime victimization in 1979 shows that nearly 10 percent of the unreported crimes went unreported because people felt the police do not want to be bothered. Of course, there are other reasons as well. The report says, "Many crimes were not reported to the police because the victims believed the offenses were unimportant or nothing could be done." The distribution of reasons for not reporting crimes was

not affected by race, but families earning more than \$10,000 were less likely than lower-income families to make crime reports.

Perception of the status of the neighborhood is also an indicator of confidence in the police. In neighborhoods perceived as disintegrating, the public's attitude toward the police is less positive. People who feel unsafe in their communities have higher levels of fear, and many of them also express less confidence in the ability of the police to control crime. Conversely, in neighborhoods with a high level of cohesion, people express confidence in the police.

Big city or rural area, good neighborhood or bad, young or old, black or white, Americans are eager for more police protection and are willing to pay increased taxes to guarantee that protection. Fifty-one percent of the people favor increased local taxes designated specifically for law enforcement. This flies in the face of the

Sixty-six percent of all Americans favor the death penalty for murderers, and a remarkable 45 percent support the idea of sterilization of habitual criminals and the insane.

moves in many areas to decrease the size of government budgets, disapprove school appropriations, and support "tax revolts" like California's Proposition 13.

Fear is one motivating factor. Sixty percent of those with high levels of "concrete" fear support higher taxes, and 59 percent of people with high levels of "formless" fear concur. So do people living in deteriorating neighborhoods or areas where it is felt crime is increasing. People who read about violent crime daily in the newspapers also favor tax increases for protection.

People in the justice system, however, aren't so sure that the mere increase in numbers of law enforcement personnel represents an answer. In the 1970s, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration poured hundreds of millions of dollars into advanced training techniques for police, special communications and tactical equipment, and studies to prove the efficacy of these approaches. The residual impact of that effort is hard to find outside the more flamboyant examples of S.W.A.T. units, hostage negotiation specialists, and decoy squads, which can be as dangerous to the police officers as the

suspected criminals. Margaret Hance, mayor of Phoenix, says, "It's necessary [more police] in an expanding population situation. However, I don't think we can solve the crime problems with a policeman on every corner." The governor of Arizona, Bruce Babbitt, says, "Increasing the number of police isn't a matter of just spending money. You need quality." And Judge Muecke says, "The statistics I see suggest that just as much crime occurs when we have a lot of police as when we don't have a lot of police. I don't know that policemen actually prevent crime. They are usually not present when the crime is being committed." Walter DeFrancis, superintendent of the Washington Rehabilitation Center, says, "The proper training, proper screening of police recruits, and then giving them good, sophisticated equipment, is a priority." And Carol Bellamy, president of the New York City Council, sums up the situation: "I think we have to better utilize crime-fighting personnel. We have too many chiefs and not enough Indians. We have to get some new blood into the police department, and that's more important than numbers."

In the 1970s, Congress and the state legislatures looked at the phrase *law and order* and saw right-wing racists in KKK hoods as an eminent threat to the Bill of Rights. Today, the climate has changed, and the talk in state capitals, where most of the issues must be resolved, is considerably tougher on both sides of the political aisle. Unfortunately, it is not easy to translate rising crime rates and the fear that goes with them into effective or constitutional legislation. The issues involve more than money, though money is necessary to modernize the justice system. It is more than the reinstitution of the death penalty, though there is a move in the direction of stronger punitive measures. Legislatures are now grappling with the problem.

This new legislative interest is welcomed by many, including Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter Pitchess. "We've had violent crime for some time," he said. "It's been escalating since 1970. Now the legislature has suddenly blossomed into the greatest law and order agency we've ever had. People who opposed every pro-law enforcement bill are now stumbling over each other to introduce new legislation favoring law enforcement." And Evelle Younger, former California attorney general, says, "They've discovered crime in Sacramento [the state capital]. The word is out."

Among the issues currently under discussion are mandatory sentencing for certain crimes and the practice of plea bargaining (allowing guilty pleas to lesser charges to facilitate faster disposition of cases). Judge Carl Muecke: "First, there is a move to deemphasize incarceration; then, there are attempts to get tough and throw away the key. Obviously there are people who commit crimes over and over again who should be given stiff sentences.

But this [mandatory sentencing] doesn't take into account the complexities of the problem." There is a feeling that mandatory sentences are good for the prisoner as well as for the public. The practice is said to eliminate some of the frustration and speculation among prisoners about why two people got different terms for essentially the same crime. But Carol Holtman, a public defender in Seattle, says, "It's more important to do the right thing for the individual than to equalize treatment." And Professor Leon Radzinowicz says, "The response to an offense should depend on the circumstances and personality of the offender, not on the crime alone." Richmond lawyer Michael Morohower feels the sentencing system is "arbitrary and subjective and jury sentences are impossible to figure out," but he adds that judges and juries need discretion, and because of this conflict most legislatures have not supported measures providing for mandatory or minimum sentences.

On the question of plea bargaining, Judge Muecke says the practice is sometimes onerous "if you have someone charged with murder and you let them off as if they had spit on the sidewalk." Cleveland prosecutor John Corrigan: "This [plea bargaining] is turning more people back to the street, where they become involved in more crimes, get caught, and repeat their role in the judicial system." Judge John Patton of Cleveland agrees: "Crime has taken control of our justice system. We are so inundated with criminal cases we are forced to negotiate with criminals which should never be the case."

Other court-related solutions are reduction in the time it takes to select juries, speedy trials, eliminating automatic appeal procedures, and closing loopholes in law. In Colorado, for example, legislation is pending that would mandate criminal trials within ninety days instead of the current six months, and require next-day trials in clear-cut cases with ready witnesses. Judge George Deneweth says, "Getting rid of the automatic appeal [in Michigan] makes punishment more certain. When a criminal knows he's going to be punished, he'll take a second look before he commits a crime." Technicalities and loopholes in the law are a major problem, says Miami police chief Kenneth Harms. "There are too many loopholes, too many legal games, too many delays, too many technicalities. Unless we insist that those we arrest have to pay a price for criminal behavior, then I cannot predict a decline in crime. Right now they escape sanctions with a frequency that leaves them feeling that crime pays and carries no penalty." Another Michigan judge, Richard Dunn, says, "How many criminals are roaming the street because of a technicality? It's not because they didn't get a fair trial."

The prison system and the parole procedure are two other areas that offer op-

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portunities for reform. The prison system, according to former Phoenix Mayor John Driggs, now a banker, is "the weakest link, and crime-prone people can't be contained." Judge Deneweth says, "All they're [the prisons] doing is warehousing people. The prison system has to teach them to read and write and vocational skills so they can get a job when they get out." Two St. Louis leaders, public defender Joseph Downey and prosecuting attorney George Westfall, have similar opinions, though they are on opposite sides in the courtroom. Downey says, "Prisons are the worst part of the justice system." Westfall adds, "There has been an increasing number of judges, prosecutors, and public defenders, but not a corresponding increase in prison facilities. More prisons are needed for those who need to be warehoused and programs for those who can be rehabilitated."

Community leaders in America's major metropolitan areas are relatively clear on what the problems are and the need to correct them. Community leaders are looking for a sensible and workable method of controlling guns. They are developing ways to speed action through the courts, close loopholes in the law, keep criminals in jail, and help release those unfairly imprisoned. Most of all they are looking to protect the population from a crime wave that threatens to destroy the country in the near future.

An overwhelming percentage of these leaders would subscribe to most of Leon Radzinowicz's list of essentials for a decent system of criminal justice: (1) a criminal code that clearly defines crimes and penalties; (2) a police force with precisely defined powers and subject to independent review of complaints; (3) open prosecution, trial, and sentencing; (4) the right of the suspect to remain silent, not be forced to confess, and have access to legal representation; (5) an independent judiciary; (6) possible appeal of conviction and sentence; and (7) independent inspection of penal institutions.

It would be hard to say that the facts and opinions expressed here give much hope for an early end to the current wave of crime that is upon the nation. Yet there is hope, and most community leaders and criminal-justice officials do have an optimistic outlook over the long term. Few say that the end is near for American society. That opinion is based mostly on people and not on law enforcement. There is a firmly held conviction that the average citizen is tired of this oppression and will soon rise up in righteous wrath and decide to do something about the problem. His hope, and ours, is in the developing swell of public concern, a new climate and determination that will prevent the tiny criminal minority from controlling the rest of society. It is in that climate of public opinion that we can all take hope. 

CRIME IN OUR CITIES

Rank	City	Crimes/100,000
1	Boston	14,146
2	Dallas	12,342
3	Denver	12,295
4	Detroit	11,892
5	Kansas City	11,381
6	Seattle	11,292
7	Washington	10,650
8	Phoenix	10,638
9	Cleveland	10,582
10	San Francisco	10,250
11	New York	10,265
12	Los Angeles	10,250
13	Baltimore	9,858
14	Columbus	9,840
15	San Jose	8,564

*The Crime Total for Any
Twenty-Three-Minute Period
in the U.S.*

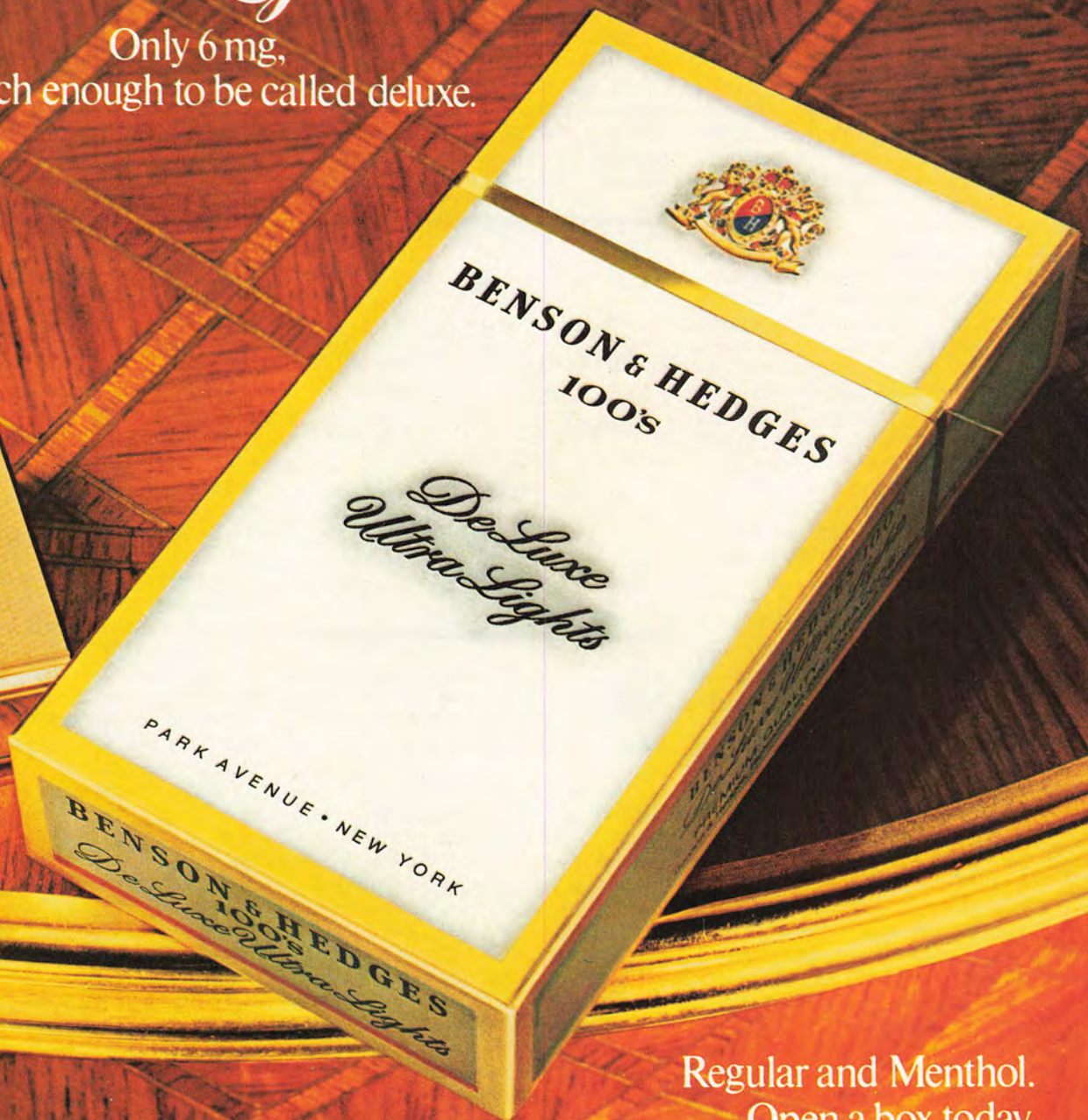
Violent Crime	Total
Murder	1
Forcible Rape	4
Robbery	24
Aggravated Assault	28
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Burglary	172
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talking to Carol. I guess I've become sort of attached to her. If I have a bad day in business, she'll listen. If I'm keyed up, she'll make me come without draining me emotionally. It's safe. And for \$35 a pop—if I have to give up a few packs of cigarettes or an extra beer to do it, it's worth it."

Snap, crackle, and pop. So that's what it's all about. All those sociological predictions about the age of the new celibacy—when the Me Generation, beset with fear of V.D., herpes, and sexual cancer, would turn to itself—have nearly come true. It's turned to an audience.

Viva, the proprietress of New York's Sexy Phone Fantasies (and not to be confused with the actress of the same name), was one of the first to catch on. After three years in the business, she takes the "build a better bagel" approach to dirty phone calls.

"I knew it had been tried first in California on a very, very low level," she says, picking over dinner. "I listened to the calls, and they were working on a sort of hooker-john mentality: 'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six . . . it's time to come. *Please come.*' Let me tell you, these girls were geared up for the finale. I said to myself: 'Hey, these guys are paying a lot of money.' I knew that I could make it work here, but it would have to be sensual rather than strictly sexual. I wanted to get feelings involved, psychodrama. I knew if I could get women who would be creative in the sense of making a scenario, painting a picture, it would go."

It went like hotcakes. With a small amount of capital—mostly for advertising in such magazines as *Screw*—Viva got an office and a few phones and established a business that employs dozens of women, including her mother. "As bookkeeper, of course," Viva laughs. "No matter what you tell her, the bottom line is men are jerking off to your voice on the phone. But Mom's adjusting. The money helps." Viva has made a lot of it. Her cashmere sweater, duplex apartment, and the Audi she tools around town in testifies to that. What she lacks is a boyfriend. "I'd love it. I just haven't met anybody who could spin my head around. They can't seem to handle the money, plus me as a person. I think they find me too strong."

The word is apt. Viva has had a string of businesses around the world in professions as various as interior decorator and dominatrix. She finally put down her whip because "it made me too nervous. I was always afraid one of them might have gotten wise down in my dungeon, and I might get hurt. I'm not invulnerable."

That's hard to say. Physically, Viva is a contradiction in terms: spiky, closely cropped black hair frames her liquid brown eyes, and her Boticelli body is locked up in tight jeans and high-heeled

black boots. The word *striking* fits her like a glove. Despite her expensive looks, her voice still smacks a bit of Flushing.

"In the beginning, we worked round the clock. The hardest thing was staying awake in between phone calls. Now we're so busy I don't get to take them anymore, I just handle management and publicity. Except for the times when I listen in," says Viva.

She's proud of her employees. "A change in breathing pattern, or a pause, and they know just how to zoom in or pull back. It's almost choreographed," she boasts. Good casting undeniably plays a large role in this. Viva knows how to recognize a sensual bent—and how to exploit it. Carol works for her. So does Noni. She calls them "naturals."

You can hear it for yourself. Noni's voice makes Brenda Vaccaro sound like Attila the Hun: all soft and scratchy little noises that flirt up and down the lower registers, clinging to each honeyed word until

“There’s supposed to be
some kind of sexual revolution
going on. But you’d
never know it from the guys
who call here
wanting what their wives
won’t give them.”

it's not a word at all but the most beautifully musical note. She could make a fortune lip-syncing, she knows, but she doesn't need the money and it wouldn't be the same.

"This is so much more immediate," she remarks. At thirty-five, Noni's got a background in computers and motherhood, in that order, and she felt she wanted something more exciting. Just as Carol would make an ideal courtesan, Noni would be a great shrink. Instinctually, she's always right on target, and it's a gift that leaves her extremely vulnerable to the men who call. She's the sounding board for their neuroses, a kind of buffer zone between their desire and their soul. She puts her psyche on the line. Particularly for one caller, an embittered polio victim.

Noni puts herself in the wheelchair. She plays a sort of role-reversal game that begins with a cup of coffee and ends in total humiliation. "I'm the helpless one. He puts a little too much sugar in and I have to drink the coffee that way. He wants to know details of what it feels like to wear braces and be crippled and to have to depend on others for everything. Only he means depend on him. I need him desper-

ately; I'm totally at his mercy, and can't budge an inch for my own pleasure." The caller is not a kindly lover. He's cruel to Noni, and berates her for a full forty-five minutes. "I can put up with it," she maintains. "He has to, every day."

There's something sympathetic in Noni that seems to attract the disabled, be it morally or physically. Most of them are better adjusted, however, and she finds her experiences with them satisfying. A number of her regulars are paraplegics and quadriplegics from the Vietnam War, for whom it is a fantasy just to be whole again. Others won't even ride with their dreams that far; they just need to pretend she's lying in their arms. "I'm not saying it doesn't upset me, but it makes me feel really good to be able to do something for them," she says. She tries to do something for all of them. If they're fat, Noni puts them on a diet. If they're in some sort of sexual closet, she tries to drag them out.

Noni's not the only one doing her job who does more than her job—lots of phone fantasy people tell similar, if less dramatic stories. Maybe the old cliché about the soft-hearted hooker is alive and well via Ma Bell.

Gina from Las Vegas frequently talks with a man named Dwayne. At first they'd just shoot the bull about his wife, her family, where they'd like to take their vacations. But after a while he told her of a painful experience that occurred when he was only seventeen.

"He was young and cocky and thought he was a real little hotshot hitchhiking cross-country," says Gina. "But he took a ride from a couple of older southern chicks who took him home for drinks and slipped him a mickey." When Dwayne woke up, there was a shotgun at his head. All the hair on his body had been shaved off, and he was wearing women's clothing. "They chained him and whipped him, and made him eat out of a dish on the floor. They shat and pissed all over him," Gina said mournfully.

The first time Dwayne tried to escape, he got caught and had his head bashed in with a shotgun butt. The second time he got away, but was too ashamed to press charges. Gina says the first time he told her that story he cried. The second time he came. "He wasn't putting me on; it really happened," she insisted. "He hated the whole experience, but he's fixated on it and it's the only thing that gets him off. It wipes me out every time we run through it."

A "call girl" job consists of more than just pillow talk—it's a cathartic experience, or, as Viva puts it, "it brings up a lot of shit." She says she gets a lot of burnout cases—women who find it simply takes too much out of them and take a breather, or quit altogether. "I believe in prevention, not that kind of garbage," says Gypsy, manager of Candy's Phone Fantasies in Maryland. "I won't hire girls who want to play therapist, or girls who are lonely. We're not here to fuel a desperate need."

Gypsy is a salty-tongued, hippieish forty-five-year-old who looks much younger and sculpts erotic art pieces "incorporating vegetables." Before she got into Candy's last year, she sold antiques and waterbeds. Now, she's making a lot more money—"and we're going to keep making it, because we're the most organized service in the country," she boasts.

Organized? Compared with Candy's, the Ladies Garment Workers Union runs a sweatshop. They've got medical, dental, and auto insurance, and even a company psychologist. Pay is up to approximately \$750 a week for full-time workers, and whatever they can hustle over that in mail-order panty sales. There's an incentive program to woo repeat customers, two different manuals (one for fantasies and one for sales), and a free help hotline to connect "anybody who sounds uptight" to the appropriate social agency. Candy's also provides each girl with her own "special effects" arsenal: a bowl of water and some rocks for toilet fantasies, a vibrator, and a spatula to simulate whip-cracking.

Hearts of gold abound here, too. Among their favorite customers is a sixty-five-year-old on Social Security (he gets a special rate) who likes to make believe he's making love to his eighty-seven-year-old mother. Another is a mascot of sorts: "He says, 'Hard dick, hard dick, hard dick . . .'" and jerks off while we put him on hold. He doesn't have a credit card, but at

least he pays for the call. We try to be nice," says Gypsy.

While Gypsy runs the fantasy division, Vanessa runs sales. "Everything is kosher here," Vanessa says jauntily. "We're one of the few places that takes Amex. We do market research, and we've got a default department to keep people from ripping us off."

Rip-offs are rampant, according to most fantasy folk. An insider at Laurie's Vegas Hotline reveals she gets "maybe one out of ten calls that are good." Jocko, who handles the business end at New York's Sexy Phone Fantasies, says he's trying to tailor his service to attract classier customers. "We only want the better people out there. We don't need troublemakers." Some services are beginning to fight back by doing credit checks while the customer's on the line, and taking rip-off artists to court when possible. Others just write it off as overhead.

As far as market research is concerned, it's mostly just calling around to the competition to see what they're doing, and the services appear to have more in common than they like to believe. "We give more time, more concern, better rates, better phone," is an oft-heard refrain, but the similarities among phone fantasy operations are striking.

You pay for the phone call, and the fantasy costs about \$35 above that. Conference calls for threesomes, foursomes,

and moresomes are extra. Although most places will say, "Take as long as you want," it's the rare caller who stays on for more than forty-five minutes; the average is just under fifteen. And the level of courtesy overall seems remarkably high.

Right now, these are primarily women's businesses, although it's probably only a matter of time before men begin providing similar services for women. And in many ways it's a good business for women—the danger quotient for a "call girl" is almost nil. Calls come in on an unlisted phone she's installed on a separate jack in her home, after they've been cleared by a central office. When she doesn't feel like working, she's the one who pulls out. There are no phone pimps, although some places have a male receptionist to discourage youngsters. In fact, there's nothing at all illegal about fantasy phone calls. "Just talking dirty in and of itself is no crime," says Inspector William Fortune at the New York Police Department's Public Morals division. So far, he has not received any complaints from the several local companies. "Who's going to complain?" he queried. "The fact these services exist means there's a demand for them."

The phone company minds its own business; all this long-distance reaching out is a cash bonanza. There are no complaints from Uncle Sam either; when people use charge cards, it gets taxed.

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Surprisingly, certain difficulties have arisen from the banks who process the charge accounts. "The small ones can't handle you, and the big ones don't need your business. If you want to make it in this business, you need enough cash to stick it out for a long haul," says Jocko. He and others talked of "this gal who started a service in New Jersey and thought she was doing terrific, only to find out after six months her bank rejected every single one of her credit card receipts because she forgot to write down each customer's zip code."

Asked for their view of the situation, Manufacturer's Hanover didn't have one. "We don't really talk about our clients at all in public. It is a bank policy," said a spokesman.

The Chase Manhattan Bank was more vocal, if less articulate. "Chase does not accept as a merchant people involved in that kind of business," said the Chase rep.

"What kind of business?"

"Chase in general has a reluctance to choose customers who are involved in that kind of business."

"Could you be more specific?"

"Not just on the merchant's side, but throughout the bank. We do not have customers in that kind of business. Whether it's legal or not does not affect our general policy on the matter."

The banks are not the only people making moral judgments, however. A number of mental health experts had heard surprisingly little of phone fantasies, and what they did hear, they didn't like.

Said radio and TV personality Dr. Ruth Westheimer: "My goodness, is that what they're doing? Well, you know, I always have a prejudice against anything that lets people put off finding a partner. But perhaps it's useful in special situations. I look forward to hearing more about it."

Psychoanalyst Dr. Ruth Douglas-Mann, who has a call-in show on cable TV called "Solutions and Singles," seemed almost to resent the competition: "I'm a telephone person and I love it. These people should be telling these fantasies to a psychotherapist who knows how to respond. These fantasy people have never been analyzed, so how can they help anybody else?" She agreed with Dr. Westheimer, and said that even in special situations, using a service for physical or emotional companionship might cause a person to postpone finding a "real woman." "This way they'll reach for the telephone instead," said Douglas-Mann.

She also expressed concern the phone itself would become the focus for sexuality, and her reservations about fantasies in general, saying most of them are born out of "desperation, incest, or perversion." "If a person has a fantasy, let him write a dirty book," she said. "All these paraphilias people have are disabling. Suppose he likes thigh-high black boots. Does that mean if the woman loses her shoes he can't make love?"

Dr. Douglas-Mann isn't alone in her opinion—even among people in the phone fantasy business. An astrologist who works for a midwestern service, who

for obvious reasons can't be named, says, "Honey, some of these guys are sickies. They're so stupid they hold their dicks and shake the phone." She told of one man who would appear to have made the rounds and been rejected by all the services, a surgeon who "only gets off by doing gross things to little girls. Vomiting on them, mutilation—our women just couldn't handle it."

But most of the so-called sickie calls are more humorous than they are disturbing. Like Gypsy's trucker who hates fat-bellied women. "He wants to watch me sock them in the belly with my fist. He screams, 'Hit her harder, hit her harder!'—then he comes." Another regular at Candy's is a Washington lobbyist who dreams of "fucking a pony at the racetrack in Kentucky, while prim ladies dressed in Victorian clothes watch him through opera glasses from the Turf Club."

Lucy, a cheerleader type who lives on Long Island and works for a Manhattan outfit, has a customer with a turkey fantasy. "He likes to be roasted and toasted," she giggles. "I put him on a spit over a fire. He comes while I'm basting him." For variety, sometimes he likes to be a pig, and she "stuffs an apple in his mouth and cloves in his behind." Another client is a shampoo nut, "whose whole body is like a giant cock, and his head is the head of the cock." Then there's the rich man who comes while she yodels—that's what his lascivious Swiss nurse used to do when she bathed him as a child.

"One thing I've learned since I started



"Miss Oppenheim, the newest member of our staff, is a nuclear warhead specialist."

this," says Lucy. "We're all complicated. If you think other people aren't, you're just flattering yourself."

By most accounts, men are using fantasy phones as a private arena to try on new and not quite broken-in sexual attitudes. "You get a lot of boys from Des Moines who'd have to go out hunting for months before they'd find someone who'll go down on them," says Alice from L.A. "They think California girls are hot. There's supposed to be some kind of sexual revolution going on, but you'd never know it from the guys who call here wanting what their wives won't give them."

The services reported a surprising number of men—many married to weeping violets who couldn't kill a roach—wanting to be dominated, as well as intelligent young bachelors requesting the "unhip" and "antifeminist" fantasy of "being with a woman with big tits." "They would never admit it turns them on in real life," Jocko assures us.

There also appears to be a large pool of heterosexual transvestites hiding in their wives' closets, who "put on stockings the way some men smoke a joint," says Alice. But, Jocko warns, the kinkier they are, the more careful he has to be. "You've got to make sure they're the right age," he says worriedly. "The last thing I want is for some sixteen-year-old kid to come down to breakfast wearing a garter belt because he spoke with one of our women."

Many straight men seem to need a female witness to feel comfortable about a gay fantasy. Gypsy says she's done so many calls where transvestites were requested, she's turned herself on. "I'm trying to find one to date," she confesses.

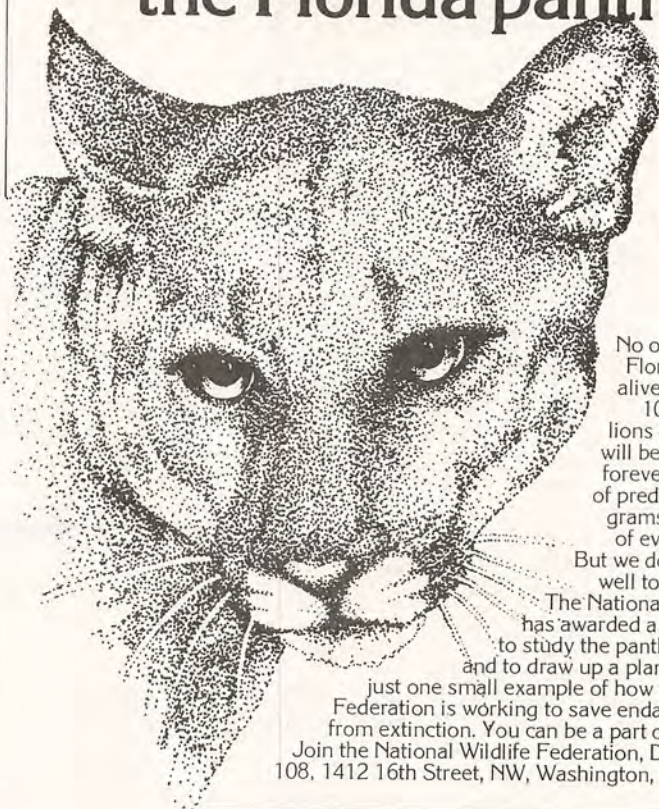
Infantilism is what does it for Carol. "It's definitely fulfilling a need in me—the mother instinct. I like to diaper them and powder the tush. And I like sucking their toes. The contrast of that macho voice becoming a tiny, tiny baby is incredible," she says, especially since most of the men who have this fantasy are "heavy-duty, aggressive, power-conscious people."

Whether fantasies solve real-life problems or merely put off real-life solutions remains to be seen. According to Dr. Douglas-Mann, executives with too much pressure on them ought to seek out ways to lessen their loads—not return to the womb.

"This is just another example of nonrelating. Sex by telephone, by Western Union, by computer—it's all the same. Some of these people are shy and guilt-ridden, who, if they got help, would be perfectly capable of functioning," she says. "As far as I'm concerned, sex a la Ma Bell is settling for crumbs instead of cake."

Maybe. Or maybe, as Noni believes, one man's crumbs are another man's galette. "What does all this mean to Joe next door?" she asks. "He washes the car. He's also the head of a corporation. He wants to have his ass smacked, and his wife doesn't understand it. But we do—and now Joe's all right." O+

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

Hinckley: She meant everything to me then, and a lot to me now.

Penthouse: What did you think of the article written by Jodie Foster late last year?

Hinckley: She is an excellent writer and that's about the only positive thing I can say about the article. Jodie wants everyone to believe that she alone has been through traumatic times and now it's time for us to feel sorry for her. I've been through a thousand times more shit than Jodie in the past two years. Compared to me, Jodie has a charmed life of ease, regardless of any threats she may receive. In this article Jodie comes off sounding like she is an authority on love and the rest of us are fools. She said my biggest crime was confusing love and obsession. I can only respond by saying that my love for Jodie was very sweet and sacred in the beginning, everything that love is supposed to be. It later grew into a love-hate obsession that got out of control. I never confused the two. I didn't like the obsession and wished to kill it with the shooting of Reagan, but it didn't work.

Penthouse: A recent article in a rock magazine sought to identify you with Travis Bickle in the movie *Taxi Driver*. Do you identify with him?

Hinckley: I identified with him a great deal when I was stalking Carter and Reagan. Travis was my role model. These days, I am John Hinckley, not Travis Bickle.

Penthouse: In regard to movies, do you think that the Jodie Foster of films is the same person in real life? Is it possible to separate the two?

Hinckley: They are two different people, and I can now separate the two. The real-life Jodie isn't quite as tough as the person she portrays on film.

Penthouse: If you were to be released tomorrow from St. Elizabeth's, what would you do with your life? Would it be possible to put all of the past behind you?

Hinckley: I want to be the first would-be assassin who goes on to live a productive life. Yes, I can put the shooting behind me. I see myself writing poems and songs and speaking out on certain issues that are important to me.

Penthouse: What was your life like before the shooting?

Hinckley: It was boring, monotonous, lonely, dangerous, and not worth living.

Penthouse: Can you tell us about your childhood and family life?

Hinckley: I was a happy child with a good family, but I always had the feeling that I was different from everybody else and that one day I would be very famous. I didn't want to grow up to be an average citizen, and from about the age of eight I wanted to be a Beatle or a dictator—someone who was very important.

Penthouse: When people talk about violence in America, they often point to you as an example of it. How do you feel about

that and about violence in this country?

Hinckley: We live in a violent society and I was part of it. There are too many guns and bombs. Our violent art, including movies and television, is only a reflection of our decadent culture. I truly believe that society has been a threat to me, not the other way around.

Penthouse: Considering the ease that you had in securing a gun, do you believe that there should be better gun control in the United States?

Hinckley: Yes, I've become a strong advocate of strict gun control. If someone like me can buy six Saturday night specials with ease, there is something drastically wrong with our gun laws. I'm considering giving my support to the National Coalition to Ban Handguns.

Penthouse: What are some of the other problems in this country that trouble you?

Hinckley: The Moral Majority troubles me, as do our mass media, which are out of control. I can't get too bothered by infla-

We live in a violent
society and I was part of it. . . .
I truly believe that
society has been a threat to me,
not the other way around.

tion and unemployment, because they don't affect me here in the hospital. I can't relate to a lot of the news I see and read these days, such as crime in the streets and war in the Middle East, because I'm insulated from the world.

Penthouse: You have written about our decadent, violent culture. Do you think it is worse than past cultures?

Hinckley: Probably not. Our decadence has come to the surface and everyone can now see it. This has always been a violent world. It's just one damn war after another.

Penthouse: Are there any present cultures you admire?

Hinckley: Not one. There isn't a spot on earth or a single culture that I really admire. American culture is probably the best available but it could use a whole lot of improving.

Penthouse: If you were a philosopher reaching out to the American people, how would you advise them to correct the flaws in this culture?

Hinckley: America doesn't have much real culture at all. That's the problem. No one gives a shit about poetry or opera. Look at the current best-seller book list. Health

books and Garfield the Cat dominate the list. Americans don't read good novels or poetry. Instead they watch situation comedies on television and read the *National Enquirer*. This is the real American culture. My advice to people is to turn off the television and talk with each other. Go to the library and discover Henry James or Walt Whitman.

Penthouse: What is your idea of an ideal culture?

Hinckley: An ideal culture in a society is one that appreciates the arts. The leaders would be poets, philosophers, and other thinking people. There would be no censorship, no guns, no evangelists, no bureaucrats, no millionaires, and no poverty-stricken people. I could go on and on but it's a waste of time. My ideal society will never be a reality.

Penthouse: Why do you have such high regard for poets, artists, and musicians?

Hinckley: Because they have imagination and a touch of genius. They are closer to God than anyone else.

Penthouse: Who are your favorite writers and poets?

Hinckley: I like Baudelaire, Poe, Rimbaud, Jack London, Stephen King, Charles Bukowski, Thomas Wolfe, Oscar Wilde, and myself.

Penthouse: What are your interests in music?

Hinckley: I've always been a rock 'n' roll fanatic. I was raised on the stuff. At the same time, I can also appreciate opera and Beethoven and Schubert.

Penthouse: Can you name some of your favorite musicians and their material?

Hinckley: The Beatles have to be at the top of the list. Everything they did was magical. I like some of the new-wave groups like the Talking Heads, the Clash, the Pretenders, the B-52s, and the oldies like the Who and the Rolling Stones. Should I feel guilty because I also like the Go-Gos?

Penthouse: You have been very critical of the media. Can you give us some examples of the media's worst abuses that affected you personally?

Hinckley: *Time* magazine did a hatchet job on me in October '81 after I answered questions for them, asking nothing in return but fairness, which they failed to show. The *National Enquirer* ran a poem of mine and had a gruesome article accompanying it. More generally, it seems that journalists like to play amateur psychiatrist when they write an article about me, and, of course, they seldom know what the hell they're talking about.

Penthouse: How would you have reported the assassination attempt?

Hinckley: The reporting of the shooting itself was fine, so I wouldn't have changed it. But in the past two years every article about me has been negative to the extent of being unfair. Only *Newsweek* magazine has been good to me.

Penthouse: Do you have any political loyalties?

Hinckley: My political philosophy hasn't been invented yet. I don't see one political

system in the world that I like. America has good ideals but the people in power always screw everything up. We have the potential to be such a beautiful society and nation, but our leaders are so mediocre and without a shred of imagination. I say power to the poets and musicians and artists.

Penthouse: If Ronald Reagan had not been the president, would you have made the attempt to kill him?

Hinckley: No.

Penthouse: Have family and friends stood behind you since you were arrested?

Hinckley: My family has stood behind me 100 percent throughout the ordeal. I think many of my past acquaintances don't quite know what to make of me, so they keep their distance.

Penthouse: Do you have any complaints about your treatment since you have been in custody?

Hinckley: I have a few complaints. My living conditions while awaiting trial were horrendous. I was in a five-foot-by-seven-foot cell, under a round-the-clock suicide watch for a year. The U.S. marshals did a very poor job with me, and I was glad to part company with them. Here at St. Elizabeth's I'm not allowed to have visitors or make local phone calls, and all of my mail is opened and read before I see it. The media is banned from interviewing me in prison. These policies are unfair and illegal, and I'll do my best to change them.

Penthouse: Is there any truth about your recently making death threats to Jodie Foster?

Hinckley: This is a subject I can't discuss here.

Penthouse: What exactly are your feelings about Jodie Foster?

Hinckley: My feelings are mixed and that's all I'm going to say.

Penthouse: What feelings do you think Jodie Foster has for you?

Hinckley: She can't help but have strong feelings towards me, and, once again, I can't say more.

Penthouse: Now that you have been exposed to a world of psychiatrists and psychologists, in general, what is your impression of them?

Hinckley: In the past I haven't had much luck with them. They keep trying to figure me out and think they understand me, but I know better. The doctors and therapist I see now are good, but I must admit I get tired of having so many shrinks in my life. It's a terrible curse to have your life filled with doctors and lawyers and that's been my fate for the past couple of years.

Penthouse: Reading what they have said about you, do you believe they know you?

Hinckley: They know me, but not completely. The trial doctors found out a great deal about me, but every one of them was off the mark on certain things. The St. Elizabeth's doctors know me because they all see me every day, but, in some ways, I'm

sure that I'm still a mystery to them.

Penthouse: In particular, one psychiatrist said that Jodie Foster was some kind of mother surrogate. Is there any truth to that?

Hinckley: How am I supposed to answer this question? The doctor said Jodie is my "idealized mother figure" and that, according to Freud, I see Jodie as a substitute mother to me. The more I comment on this, the sillier it will become. I can't give you a definite yes or no, because the whole thing is beyond me.

Penthouse: Another psychiatrist said that a sequence of rape, murder, and suicide is a fantasy of yours as being the "perfect love." Do you agree?

Hinckley: Sorry, but no comment.

Penthouse: Is Jodie Foster the only female you have loved? If there are or were others, please discuss them.

Hinckley: No. I had a strong crush on a girl in grade school and again in high school. But it wasn't the obsessional kind of love I had for Jodie.

Penthouse: Are you receiving letters from people in this country that express sympathy and support for your situation?

Hinckley: Yes, quite regularly. There seems to be a number of people around the country who keep writing me over and over. I try to answer them.

Penthouse: You have become a cult figure to some people. How do you feel about this?

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Hinckley: I don't mind the title, although it's not my ambition to be another Charles Manson. I am John Hinckley, not Charles Manson or the Maharishi or Sun Myung Moon.

Penthouse: Do you have any message for your followers?

Hinckley: There is very little reward in being a cult figure and I don't wish to give a particular message, because it might be misinterpreted.

Penthouse: Do you fear someone might hurt Jodie Foster on your behalf?

Hinckley: Yes, it's very possible.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy or resent the attention that you are getting?

Hinckley: I'd be a liar if I said I resented it. Because of my notoriety I do have certain restrictions placed on me here at St. Elizabeth's, and I certainly don't like this aspect of my fame.

Penthouse: Does it trouble you that you have little privacy?

Hinckley: Yes, a million times yes. But it could be worse and has been worse. While awaiting trial, the marshals liked to watch me shower and shit.

Penthouse: Tell us about your treatment by the authorities at St. Elizabeth's.

Hinckley: I see my therapist three times a week for an hour and I also have a couple of group sessions. I received two drugs called imipramine and Trilafon.

Penthouse: What is a typical day like at St. Elizabeth's?

Hinckley: I see a therapist, answer mail, play my guitar, listen to music, play pool, watch television, eat lousy food, and take delicious medication.

Penthouse: How do the other residents regard you?

Hinckley: The other patients treat me okay. Some of them ask for my autograph, some of them ignore me, and others just stare at me.

Penthouse: Have you been threatened or physically abused by either the authorities or other patients?

Hinckley: No.

Penthouse: You have been adjudged "insane" by a jury. Are you insane?

Hinckley: I think not, although I was mentally ill when I shot Reagan and the others. "Insane" is a scary word and I never use it or think of myself as insane. I was found "legally insane" but they're just words.

Penthouse: Most males have a fantasy of "the" woman. What is yours?

Hinckley: Here we go with some real *Penthouse* questions. By the way, hello Xaviera. Okay, my fantasy of "the" woman is strictly personal, for some reason, and I'd rather not draw diagrams here.

Penthouse: What have your relationships with women been like?

Hinckley: Fair to very poor, although I'm getting better all the time.

Penthouse: All males have fantasies about women, for example, forcible sex. Can you relate your feelings?

Hinckley: Come on now. Unless this is a "name withheld by request" interview, I will refrain from commenting on my sexual fantasies.

Penthouse: In light of your verdict, when do you believe you will be released?

Hinckley: I can't give you a date. When the doctors find me no longer dangerous to myself or Jodie, they will recommend to the judge I should be released. It's a tricky situation, because I have to prove my harmlessness to a lot of people.

Penthouse: Do you believe that you should be released today?

Hinckley: No.

Penthouse: Are there certain misconceptions about you in the media?

Hinckley: Yes. I hope I'm not as cunning and manipulative as I'm made out to be.

Penthouse: Has your family stood behind you during this ordeal?

Hinckley: All the way.


Penthouse: Do you feel that the questions we have asked you have been fair?

Hinckley: Yes.

Penthouse: What haven't we asked you that you would like the public to know?

Hinckley: I would like the public to know that I am a poet first and a would-be assassin last.

Penthouse: Is there anything else we should have asked you?

Hinckley: How about "What's your favorite color?" The answer would have to be plaid. 



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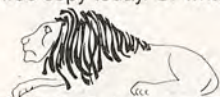
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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

many ways. If the Moral Majority sociopolitical philosophy were to become the dominant philosophy in this nation, we would all be the losers.

I am in complete agreement that we need to combat this type of mentality. The religious Moral Majority and their political allies in the House and Senate present a threat to Christian and non-Christian alike. Anytime some group of people decides that its morality is divinely given just so that it can become the moral philosophy of all, by legislation or force if necessary, society is endangered. Jesus taught that it is a mistake to confuse morality and theology to the point where they became synonymous. One's morality should be a product of one's theology. Moral Majority, however, seems to have begun with their idea of the ideal morality and tried to give it theological support—the cart before the horse, in a manner of speaking. They seem to have overlooked the fact that Jesus accepted people as they were, although he certainly did not approve of the life-styles of everyone he met. To substitute morality for theology and to give the impression that the whole of Christian life is a matter of one's personal morality seems to me to be a denial of many of the things that Jesus believed in, taught, and

demonstrated in his life.

The way we respond to the Moral Majority, however, should not lead us into the same errors that they make. A head-to-head confrontation with them will do little except fan the flames of division on both sides. We must remember that they are sincere people, trying to change life for the better. We all want to do that. Our differences lie in what we believe should be done to make the changes. What better (or more ironic) way to combat their ideas than to treat them as Christ treated people—accepting them without approving of what they stand for. I suggest that ignoring them is the surest way to defuse the "bombs" that they keep throwing around. How about it? Can you out-Christian the "Christians" in your attitudes toward them?—Rev. G. Dale Fuller, Valdosta, Ga.

WOMEN NEED LESSONS TOO

I was just now perusing the August 1982 issue, in which five people wrote in to "Feedback" about "The Man's Exam on Female Troubles," by Emily Prager, which was published in the April 1982 issue. The respondents were all negative toward the article. Ms. Prager, in her reply, falls back on the "facts" and quotes *The Hite Report*, by Shere Hite, whom I have also seen published frequently in your magazine.

The point I would like to make is that all of these people are discussing the female

sexual response. Almost all the books, articles, and letters you see on the subject of sex are about the female sexual response. You see another manifestation of this obsession in the phenomenon of the highly lucrative sexual-aids market.

While I am not advocating a return to the puritanical sexual practices of the past and am most grateful to *Penthouse* for these highly informative articles, I would like to see more of a balance. It seems that men today have really learned their lessons. If any man truly wants to learn how to give pleasure to his female lover, he can easily find that information. What can a woman do if she wants to do the same? A magazine such as yours, which has been so helpful in dispelling myths and dispensing invaluable information, should not overlook this important facet of sexuality.—Bill Drummond, Seoul, Korea

CONCERN FOR MIA'S

I just finished reading the interview with Lt. Col. James "Bo" Gritz by Ben Bradlee, Jr., and the book excerpt "Mission MIA" by J. C. Pollock in the March 1982 issue of *Penthouse*. I am appalled! My husband is in the USAF. I don't know that I could handle the nightmare of his being a prisoner of war. Those men and their families need our support. They have to know that someone cares. I do! These are our American men. They fought for us. Many gave their lives for us. Those who are still alive

and imprisoned in that hell must be helped. Can you tell me what I can do to show my support? I feel very strongly that we need to show that there are Americans back home who care. Thank you.—*Jean M. Moore, Rancho Cordova, Calif.*

Lieutenant Colonel Gritz suggests that those interested in aiding the cause of retrieving our prisoners of war in Vietnam contact: Congressman Robert K. Dornan, Chairman, POW/MIA Task Force, 332 Cannon House Office, Washington, D.C. 20515.—The Editors

VIETNAM VETERANS

After reading the June 1982 "Vietnam Veterans Adviser," I was hoping *Penthouse* would be able to help the Vietnam veterans who are faced with a new battle.

In October the Omnibus Reconciliation Act went into effect, and in December, House Joint Resolution 370 was passed into law. What they amount to is the elimination of higher education for veterans. While 370 eliminates federal aid for tuition, the Omnibus Reconciliation Act eliminates or reduces the veteran's ability to borrow money from the G.S.L. (Guaranteed Student Loan). Both of these programs are utilized by almost all veterans. Now many of us may have to quit school, with only one year or so until graduation, to try to find a job and save enough money to finish.

Here at Pennsylvania State University we have a fairly active Veterans Club, and we have gone to bat on this issue. We have convinced the representatives from Pennsylvania of how serious this is, and Congressman Edgar (Dem.-Pa.) has sponsored House Bill 6190 to restore these benefits. Six other representatives from Pennsylvania have cosponsored the bill and all the others have agreed to vote yes. Our trips to Washington and thousands of telephone calls to other colleges, veterans organizations, and politicians will probably end in vain, though, because of limited funds.

The president of Penn State formed a Task Force to fight the education cuts imposed by the new administration. Although I did sit in on the Task Force, their concern was with the "average student," and they actually tried to discourage Vietnam vets from fighting this issue because, in their words, "it could hurt our efforts to get money back for other students and research." Of the money being lost at Penn State, it has been estimated that veterans will account for 25 percent, although we constitute only 3 percent of the student body.

Although these laws have been passed, veterans will not notice the loss until the school year starts, in September 1983. This could have devastating effects on vets who plan on attending school next year and don't know that they aren't entitled to the benefits they received last year.

We have worked very hard on this issue and spent all the money we have (and then

some), but now we're stuck. Your magazine has done the veterans a great deal of good through the "Adviser," and if you could help publicize this issue now, we would be most grateful.—*Dennis J. Lang, Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa.*

MOANS & GROANS

The following letters are reproduced verbatim, including spelling and grammatical errors.

I am glad that you are showing the naked truth about the human female sexual organs, since most men I know get turned off fast when they see human female sexual organs. They would just as soon look at pictures of the sexual organs of cows, pigs, horses, or any other animals. As more and more men read your magazine and catch on to what you are showing, you will soon go out of business. This will be a great victory for the females nationwide who have a different idea of what their sexual organs are than you do.—*"A female," Madison, Wis.*

I'd like to make some comments concerning your photos of women. I'm getting tired of seeing such an emphasis put on crotch shots and women fingering themselves in mock excitement. It's a sad state of affairs when so much photo area must be put toward one area of the female anatomy, which really isn't that nice to look at.

There is so much beauty to the entire female form, yet you guys stick to the same basic format and predictable poses. Do you feel that's the only area that turns men on? Concentration on only one part, of anything, creates a distorted view. Your models' attempts to look sensual and relaxed look just how they were photographed—posed. Sensualness in a woman comes from sensitivity, candidness, and naturalness, not from being overly made up and fingering herself.

You do have some very pretty women in your magazine, but from the first page I know I'm going to see basically the same shots. Maybe you should have women photograph your models; at least they know how to make a woman look like a woman and not like a whore or nymph.—*Taylor Holmes, Lawai, Hawaii*

I am appalled and disgusted with the lesbian pictures in your August 1982 issue. I guess all kinds of people make up this old world and there is a magazine for everyone. The perverts have to have something to read too. *Penthouse* will go down in my book as being right there with the *National Lampoon*. Very disgusting. I hope you will take this as constructive criticism and not as an insult. Thank you for listening.—*Ms. Delaney, Rome, Ga.*

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INTERVIEW WITH A SATYR

"There was a time in my mid-twenties when I saw three or four women every day. I always used to feel sorry for the third and fourth women because I couldn't really give them as good a time.

"Sex with my second wife was great. She was probably the best lover I ever had. She was a different woman each time: a little girl in pigtails, a vamp with heavy makeup, an Italian countess who didn't speak English, a hippie.

"My manicurist came to my office recently. She's been married fourteen years and has never fooled around. But I kissed her good-bye in a more than normal manner and she said if I continued it would be a problem. So I continued and she got out of her clothes in about three seconds.

"I can tell by the way a woman walks whether she wants to have sex.

"If I can reach a climax once, I can reach a climax three times within a short period of time without any difficulty.

"Anticipation is everything. You have to make the woman ask you to please, please, please put it in. Finally you give it to them and when you do they are more appreciative."

Jake R., a thirty-eight-year-old California millionaire, claims to have bedded more than 2,000 women. In a long interview with Philip Nobile he talks candidly about the sweet life of a satyr, a phenomenon long recognized but rarely examined.

SEX SURROGATE CONFIDENTIAL

Posing as a man suffering from sexual dysfunction, Rafael Rodriguez found the New York sex-therapy industry riddled with charlatanism. Even worse, it inflicted on him the dysfunction he only pretended to have.

THE ARTS OF ORAL LOVE

A two-part special: what every man should know about cunnilingus and every woman about fellatio.

VEGAS LEGACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

shrink and he said I was suffering from anorexia nervosa."

Garfield pointed to another semi coming toward them. "Hey, big man, let's see how brave you are. Go across the divider and let's play chicken with that rig."

"That's not brave, it's crazy," Gus said. "And so's playing Russian roulette."

"You think I'm crazy? Is that it? Well, just keep reading the funny papers, big man, and you'll see. What I've got waiting for Lost Wages will blow your mind. I'm going to steal the show from everybody. Wait till you see what I'm going to do. They'll be talking about me for years—not my fucking old man, but me. Me, me, me."

Gus kept his eyes straight ahead. From the way the kid was dressed, with the tight-fitting jeans and sports shirt, it was obvious he wasn't armed. So if he was planning on some stunt, it would probably be harmless. What he wanted was attention. Grab some headlines.

"You don't believe me, do you?"

"Alfie, I don't know what you're talking about. It's obvious you've got a grudge against your father, but what has it got to do with Las Vegas?"

"Forget it, turkey. Just keep reading the funny papers—you'll find out quick enough. I've got it all worked out. I'm really going to steal the show, wake up the horny old Republicans, up here for their National Convention. Can you believe it? Jesus! Well, okay, folks, buy your tickets hurry, hurry, come see the one and only Alfie, the great daring weirdo, make his historic debut into the history books."

He paused and removed his glasses. "You know, my old man's got the eyes of an eagle," Garfield said. "That mother-fucker can actually see around corners."

"And you don't see too good yourself," Gus said.

He laughed shrilly. "Without these fucking ugly specs I need a cane. But I won't need them for long. Some guy once said, 'When you shoot at a king, be sure you kill him.' What I say is, Be sure you kill yourself, too. Then you're not dragged through all that bullshit."

By now they had reached the airport and were caught in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the Strip.

"Hey, man, dig that white limo with the black windows," Garfield said, pointing to two cars ahead of them.

"Where do you want to get off?" Gus asked, keeping his voice calm, not wanting to reveal how anxious he was to be rid of the kid.

"Wherever that limo goes, that's where I'm going," he said, clapping his hands together. "It's a good omen. The Lone Ranger rides again. Get it? The good guy with the black mask. Ah, fuck it."

They rode in silence until the white limousine swung up the driveway of the Monarch II.

"Right here," Garfield cried, clutching at the door handle. "Couldn't be more perfect."

"Thanks for the company," Gus said, but the boy was already running up the curved driveway. Gus sighed in relief and drove toward the first freeway on the ramp.

Garfield Stone paused by the fountain and looked up at the Monarch II's soaring thirty-six stories and wondered which the floor the president and his party would occupy.

Then Garfield noticed the doorman in the old-fashioned admiral uniform. He had a voice like a bullhorn as he ordered cabs away from the VIP entrance where limousines were lining up like VW buses at a rock concert.

Garfield laughed. Big shots around here were a dime a dozen this week. But there were a lot of creeps, too. As he approached the doorman, he noticed that he wore a silver nameplate on his chest with the inscription ALFIE. An incredible coincidence. If the doorman noticed Garfield staring at him, he gave no sign of it.

The lobby was bedlam. A number of delegations were snake-dancing and blowing horns to call attention to their posters proclaiming their choice of candidate. Hundreds of young girls, dressed in the colors of their candidates, seemed to be everywhere, giggling and pinning badges on anyone within reach. TV cameras were catching it all, their heavy cables like huge prehistoric umbilicals strewn along the floor.

A pretty girl in a short red-white-and-blue-striped dress with a straw skimmer tilted at a rakish angle on her blond head grabbed Garfield by the arm and quickly pinned an Abbott button on his shirt. She had laughing blue eyes and very white teeth and her tongue looked as pink and soft as a rose petal.

"Now, don't you take it off or let anyone else pin you," she said, "or I'll never talk to you again."

Garfield looked her straight in the eye and carefully removed the button. "Do you do this to everybody?"

"Oh, you—what are you, a Foote man?"

"No, not really," he said, holding the button before her face.

Garfield slowly unbuttoned his shirt and opened it. "See the blood running down my bony chest?"

"I didn't, did I?"

"Yes, you did, right through my little tit-tie."

She frowned. "You putting me on? Come on, you didn't even wince. That's cool. Want me to put something on it so it won't get infected?"

Garfield buttoned his shirt. "No big deal," he said, handing her the badge. "Now, do it again, but this time just the shirt."

She carefully pinned it on his shirt and looked up, smiling. "See, practice makes

perfect."

Garfield laughed. "Hey, how about a drink? I'll tell you the story of my rotten life."

"I can't go now," she said, and she genuinely looked sorry. "I've got a lot of people to pin."

"Okay, but you're going to be around here for a while?"

"All day and night, it looks like. Most of the week, too, I guess."

"I'll catch you later, then. You've got to eat sometime."

"Are you staying at this hotel?"

"I am now," he said, and hurried toward the front desk, which had people lined up five and six deep its entire length. Scores of disappointed travelers sat on every available sofa and chair, some on their suitcases, all looking forlorn and defeated, the reservation slips clutched in their fists meaningless. The Monarch II, as was its practice, had overbooked its 5,500 rooms by 15 percent, but thanks to the convention there had been no cancellations.

Garfield looked the desk clerks over carefully before getting into line. It didn't take long, because everyone in front of him was summarily dismissed by the young clerk with the slicked-down black hair and pencil-lined mustache.

"I'm Garfield Stone. I've got a reservation for a suite on the thirty-fifth floor."

The clerk's eyebrows raised slightly. "I doubt that," he said, purposely leaving out the customary "sir." "The thirty-fifth floor is reserved for the president of the United States."

Garfield's eyes seemed to vibrate behind the thick lenses. "I said the twenty-fifth. What the fuck's the matter with you—hard of hearing?"

"I think you'd better leave."

Garfield leaned across the desk. "Look here, asshole, I'm going to tell you one more time. I'm Garfield Stone and I've got a reservation in this fucking joint for a suite on the twenty-fifth floor. You got that straight, now, or do I have to pick up this fucking phone and call my Uncle Lew?"

The desk clerk had worked Las Vegas long enough to know that when anyone talked that tough he usually had the muscle to back his play. But this was probably just a creepy kid. Still, he couldn't take a chance.

The clerk's fingers flew over the computer keys of the console before him, his small dark eyes watching the screen. "I'm sorry, uh, sir, but I have no record of your reservation. Perhaps your travel agent booked you in another hotel."

"Hand me that fucking phone," Garfield shouted, his voice carrying the entire length of the front desk. "I'll call Uncle Lew, have him straighten out this fucking bullshit. I'm tired of talking to you."

"But who is Uncle Lew, sir?" The customary "sir" came out without hesitation this time.

"Lew Spark! That's who Uncle Lew is, you asshole."

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes and PAY NOTHING!



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It's true! 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women...the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!



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Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

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277

That was what the clerk was expecting and yet it startled him. He looked at Garfield, looked back at his computer panel, and began tapping the keys again. He looked up and smiled as though he were seeing Garfield for the first time and couldn't be more delighted. When he spoke the unctuous tone he reserved for superiors and special guests was rich in texture.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Stone, it's right here in the computer. Please forgive the inconvenience." He raised his hands in a helpless gesture. "Computers can be awfully frustrating at times. I have a lovely suite for you on the twenty-eighth floor, facing the front, if that is satisfactory. Just sign this register card and I'll have a bellman take you there immediately."

"Forget the bellman," Garfield said. "My bags are still in the car. I had to leave it at a garage down the Strip—a little problem with the head gasket."

"I hope it's nothing too serious."

Garfield finished filling out the card and took the key from the clerk's hand. "Nothing to it," he said. "Just a slight oil leak."

"Well, enjoy your stay, sir."

"I will—don't worry," Garfield said, leaving the desk and heading for the elevator. The moment he reached his room, he looked through the telephone directory and called a garage that specialized in foreign cars.

While waiting for someone to answer, he cleared his throat a couple of times, getting himself ready to do a much-practiced imitation of his father's voice.

"European Car Service," a man said.

"Hi, this is Rocky Stone. I need a big favor."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Stone. Be glad to help you any way I can."

"Left my Ferrari on the side of the road about seventy miles out toward L.A. Blew the damn engine. I'd appreciate it if you'd pick it up immediately before the vultures get to it."

"No problem, Mr. Stone."

Garfield Stone walked to the VIP entrance under the striped-canvas porte cochere and there was another admiral opening and closing doors of limousines. The guests were dressed in elegant evening clothes, many coming for Daisy Miller's midnight show. He remembered her coming to his house one Sunday afternoon with Lew Spark, the hotel's president, who was also head of Talent Corporation of America (TCA), the largest talent agency in the country. His father, Rocky Stone, had been one of Spark's most important clients in the early days of TCA. Garfield had been hardly more than a toddler when he'd started referring to Lew Spark as his "Uncle Lew."

He went to the fountain in the forecourt and sat on the rim of it, looking up at the front of the hotel's thirty-six stories, trying to locate his room. Then he wondered which of the windows on the thirty-fifth floor belong to the president's bedroom.

As he sat there, enjoying the sound of the cascading water, dipping his hand into its coolness, yet deep in thought, a cheer-

ful voice addressed him and he looked up, startled by the interruption.

It was the blond girl who had pinned the button on his shirt that afternoon. She was dressed in a light blue silk blouse and deep blue skirt and looked as fresh as though she had stepped out of a shower after a full night's sleep.

"Fancy running into you," she said. "How's your chest? I hope there's no infection."

"Naw, it's okay, but I feel kind of weak. After all, I lost at least a dozen drops of blood and that's more than I can spare."

"Well, you're in luck," she said. "I'm loaded. I'll buy you a raw steak, a real juicy one, rebuild your hemoglobin, or whatever. If nothing else, it might put some meat on your bones."

"Forget it, I like my bones just the way they are."

She blushed. "Sorry, I didn't mean—"

"Wait a minute. All I'm saying is that people are nuts. They're always trying to stuff junk down your throat until you look like a blob, then they send you to a fat farm. You can't win."

"I'll see you later," she said, starting to move away.

"Wait up," he called, starting after her.

"Where you going?"

"No place you'd want to go," she said.

He took her arm as they went into the lobby. "How do you know? Try me."

She bit her lower lip. "I want to see Daisy Miller. I've got most of her stereo albums. My mother used to go see her when she was my age. She's been at the top for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182



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Sweet Chastity

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

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... BACK HOME IN TRANSYLVANIA ANOTHER DESPERATE STRUGGLE IS TAKING PLACE. CASTLE DREER IS UNDER SIEGE AS CREDITORS ATTEMPT TO FORCE AN ENTRY TO REPOSSESS THE CONTENTS OF THE ANCIENT PILE

NOT THE HEPPLWHITE COMMODE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

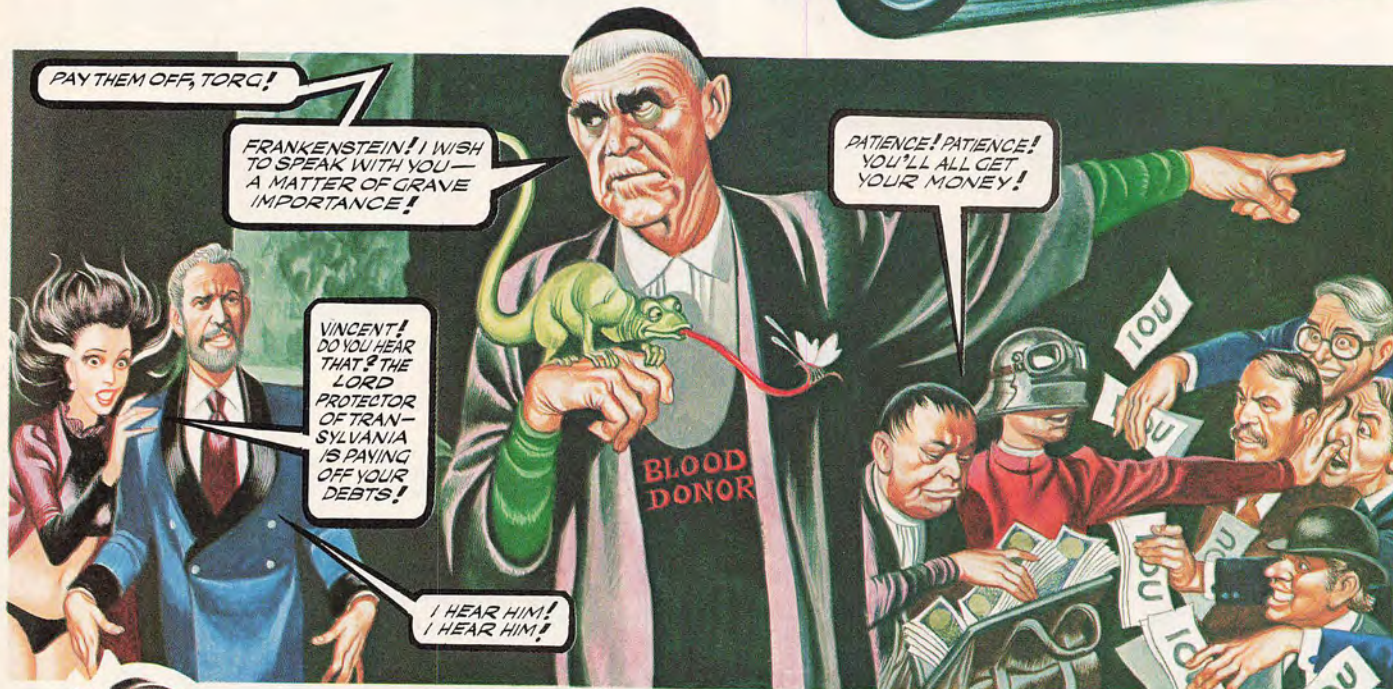
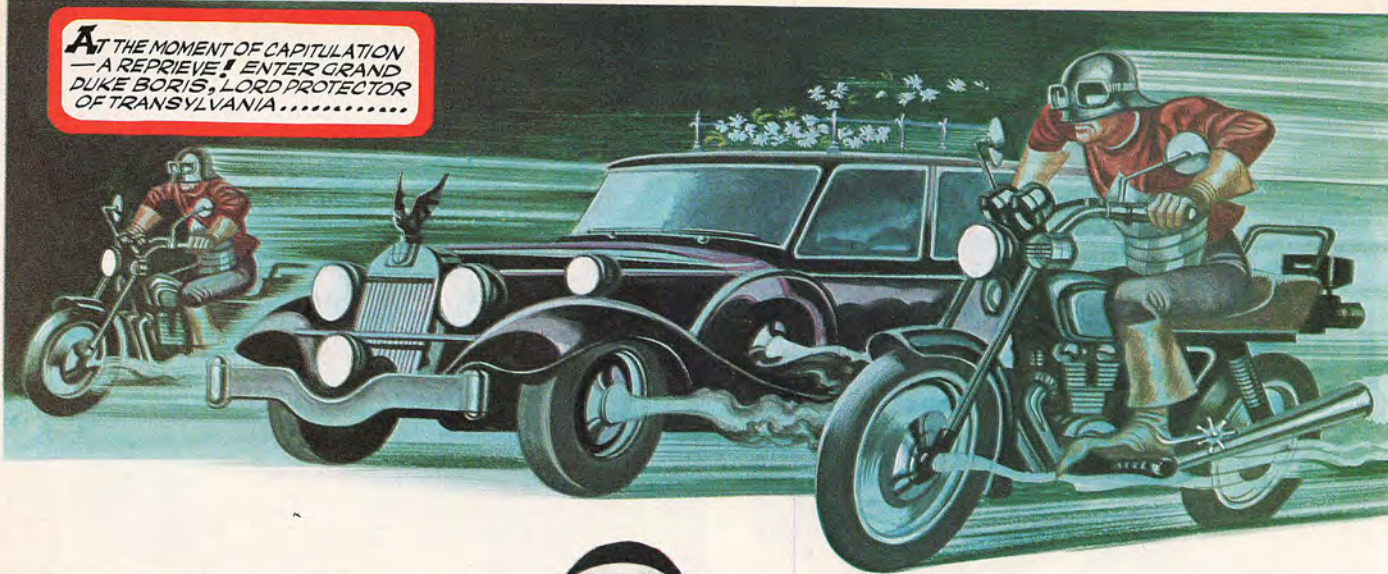


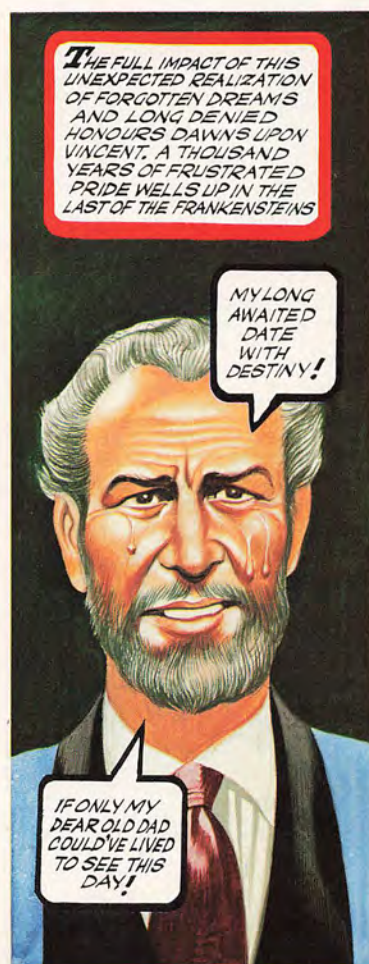
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CHASE MANHATTAN FOREVER!



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WASHINGTON, A FEW DAYS LATER



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HERE'S YOUR LIST OF APPOINTMENTS. THE FIRST ONE IS MARKED "TOP SECRET"

I THINK I'M GONNA DISCOVER SOME NEEDS I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD!



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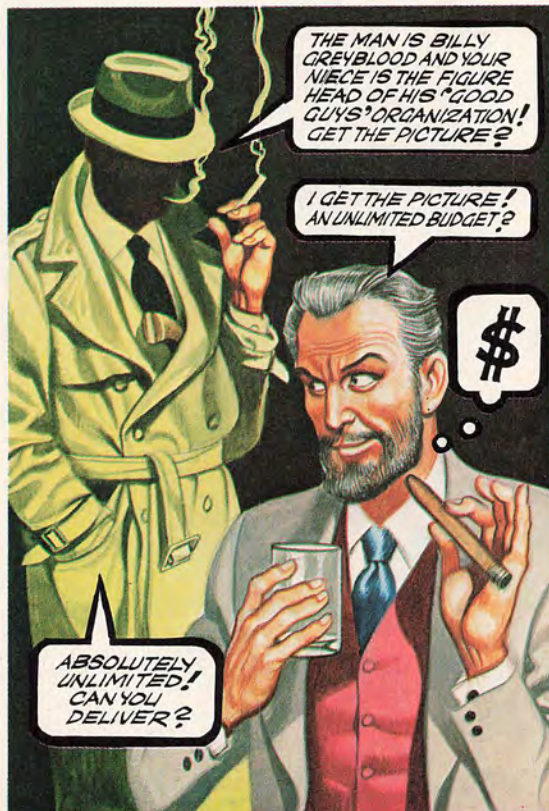
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WHILE ALL THESE CONFUSING MACHINATIONS EBB AND FLOW ALONG THE CORRIDORS OF POWER, A SMALL FIGURE HAS ELUDED THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES AND LANDED SUCCESSFULLY IN THE U.S.A. TIRED AND HUNGRY, FAILED EXPERIMENT NO 291, CLARENCE, CONTINUES HIS EPIC QUEST

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WHERE ARE YOU?

SWEET CHASTITY!

SWEET CHASTITY!

SPIKE'S
BURGER
BARN
600 MILES

GOLLY MOSES!

AN EXTRA TERRESTRIAL!

?

EXTRA WHAT?

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?

WHAT THE HELL IS THE STUPID KID TALKING ABOUT?

COME ON! I'LL HELP YOU TO GET BACK TO YOUR OWN PLANET!

I'LL GET YOU SOME FOOD!

FOOD! NOW YOU'RE MAKIN' SOME SENSE, KID!

WAIT THERE! I'LL GET YOU A COKE AN' A HERSHEY BAR!

WHAT THE HELL'S HE TALKING ABOUT NOW? I NEED SOMETHING TO EAT AN' DRINK!

WILL CHASTITY BE SAVED? AND IF SO, FROM WHAT? OR WHO? HANG IN THERE AS WE MOVE TOWARDS A MIND BLOWING CLIMAX

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a word to the wise

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VEGAS LEGACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

ages. Her singing gives me gooseflesh."

"You've got a date, or a reservation?" She shook her head. "No, but I've got the money and my fingers crossed."

"Leave it to me," Garfield said, leading her into the casino. The entrance to the Imperial Room was past endless banks of slot machines. A long line of people waited, hoping to be admitted to the show. The line snaked around several banks of slots until it finally spilled out into the lobby. Garfield walked right up to the maitre d' with the girl in tow.

"Ah, my good man, how nice seeing you again," he said, reaching to shake his hand and pressing a bill into it.

The maitre d' shook his head, his fist closing, refusing to accept the tip. "Sorry, sir, we're booked solid this evening."

"We'd appreciate a table for four, center front, please," he said, again proffering the bill, but the maitre d' kept his hand at his side. "Don't you think you should look at it?" Garfield said, turning a corner of the bill to reveal the hundred-dollar figure.

"Do you have a reservation?"

"Absolutely. The name's Garfield Stone. My father, Rocky, and mother will join us later. Listen, if Uncle Lew comes in, show him to our table, will you?"

"Do you mean Mr. Spark?"

"Right on, friend."

"Holy smoke," the girl said as they were taken to their table, which was a blue velvet booth in the third row, center. "I can't believe this. Who are you? Are you really Rocky Stone's son?"

"Shit, no," he said. "All these guys are on the take and insecure. Greed and names is the game."

"I'm impressed," the girl said. "Is your name really Garfield?"

"Yeah, and yours?"

"Kathy Raines. Oh, I can't believe I'm sitting here. Oh, my God, look who's sitting in the row in front of us. It's Senator Randolph Godwin and the twins. Aren't they beautiful? And that man with them must be Senator Godwin's father—they look so alike. Aren't they handsome? And boy, are they ever rich. I can't believe my eyes. Look, my hands are trembling. This is so exciting. Oh, wait until I tell the girls back in Omaha."

Garfield quickly removed the Abbott button, stood up, and walked to the Godwin booth. For the first time this evening he was glad he'd taken a shower and combed his long hair, which curled at the tips. He was wearing his ingratiating smile when he reached across their table and offered his hand.

"Senator, please excuse this intrusion, but I just had to come shake your hand and wish you luck at the convention," Garfield said, his eyes gleaming.

Godwin accepted the handshake. "Well, thank you, son," he said, his voice

conveying a finality to the greeting.

Garfield's eyes swept the table and noticed an amused glint in the eye of one of the twins. "I'm Garfield Stone. My father, Rocky, is a great admirer of yours. I came here looking for a chance to work for your campaign, whatever I can do."

There was a fleeting glimmer of interest in the senator's eyes. "Well, Garfield, I don't really have a campaign, but if you're truly interested in helping out, give Blair Hopkins a call tomorrow. Suite thirty-six twelve. May I introduce my daughters, Eileen and Alicia, and my father, Mr. Henry Godwin."

Garfield enthusiastically shook hands with each one. "Thanks a million, Senator Godwin. I'll call him bright and early. This is going to be great. Wait until I tell my dad. He's going to be so proud of me."

Randolph Godwin laughed. "See you later, okay?"

"Yes, sir, and thanks again."

As Garfield returned to his table, the waitress was filling their champagne glasses. Then the lights dimmed and the orchestra began playing "I Want To Be Happy." Kathy grabbed his hand and let out a shrill squeal. "Oh, I'm so excited."

"Ladies and gentlemen," a voice said from offstage, "the Imperial Room proudly presents Miss Daisy Miller."

Blair Hopkins, whose primary function as a senatorial aide was to provide Randolph Godwin with drugs and women, came out of the elevator and the skinny young man stepped up and offered his hand.

"I'm Garfield Stone," he said. "Thanks for coming right down."

Hopkins looked him over carefully. "You're really Rocky Stone's kid?"

"Yes, sir—that's my old man, all right."

"Christ, can't they afford to feed you at your house?"

Garfield's first impulse was to spit in Hopkins's face, but instead he smiled. "They say I've got a tapeworm."

"Yeah, is that so?" Hopkins said, a worried expression creasing the pinkish skin above his chubby cheeks. "Okay, let's get going. You ready to go to work? We'll put you on a phone for a while, see how you work out."

"Terrific, I'm the greatest with a phone," Garfield said, watching Hopkins use his special key to open the doors of the penthouse elevator.

"Am I going to get a key of my own?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"We'll see," Hopkins said as the doors closed and they were whooshed to the penthouse floor.

While Garfield Stone was on his way to the penthouse floor, Gus Meier was dropping quarters into a pay phone in Grand Junction, Colorado. Since he was an independent trucker, time was money, and he had driven most of the night before stopping for a short nap. But even in his sleep he couldn't get that Alfie out of his head. Al- though never specific in his threats, the kid

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had sent signals all over the place that he was going to do something sensational at the convention. And, as Gus had finally concluded, what could be more sensational than the assassination of the president of the United States?

When a deputy sheriff answered the telephone in Las Vegas, Gus quickly described his experience and expressed his suspicions that the boy might be bent on some crazy assassination scheme.

Deputy Ted Greeley kept grunting impatiently while Gus tried to recall the kid's precise language.

"Okay, okay, I've got all the pertinent facts down on paper. So you think this rich kid with a Ferrari is a political assassin?"

"I don't know," Gus said, realizing how foolish he must be sounding. "Maybe he's harmless, but it wouldn't hurt to have a little talk with him."

Greeley laughed harshly. "And how do I arrange that? You've got his name and phone number?"

The question surprised Meier. "Look, all you've got to do is find the Ferrari. It's on the side of the road, exactly seventy-three miles from the Monarch II. It's got license plates. His first name's Alfie—talked like his father's a big movie star, but he could've been bullshitting me."

"Tell you what, you come down here and help us draw a composite. The Secret Service boys might want to get into it."

"Out of the question," Gus said. "I have a load to deliver."

"Call your company, have them send another driver to pick up your truck, and you catch a flight down here."

"You don't understand. I'm an independent trucker."

"Tell you what we'll do. Have your dispatcher send a driver and you fly down here. We'll pick up the tab if you're on the level."

There was a long pause and Greeley heard the trucker sigh heavily.

"Oh, shit," he said. "I'll do it."

When Alicia Godwin returned to Henry's suite later in the afternoon, she found Garfield Stone on the terrace, leaning dangerously over the railing.

"Get back from there," she called.

He pulled himself up and turned to stare at her, his face flushed from the exertion. "Oh, you're one of the twins," he said.

"Yeah, and who are you, and what were you doing hanging over the railing like a monkey?"

"I'm Garfield Stone. I'm working for your father's campaign."

"Do you realize you're thirty-six stories up?"

"I'm not afraid of heights, are you?"

"No, but I'm not about to start doing handstands on the railing."

"I'll do one," Garfield said. "Watch."

"Get back here, you little nut,"

"Hey, watch your fucking mouth," he cried, his face contorting angrily. "Who you calling a nut, you dumb cunt?"

In a fit of rage Garfield jumped up on the

railing and teetered precariously. Alicia's hand went to her mouth to stifle the scream building inside her.

"Please," she pleaded softly, "come down off the railing. I'm sorry if I offended you. I thought you knew I was only kidding, having a little word game."

"Bullshit," he cried. "Now, which way do you want me to come down, this way or that way?"

"For God's sake, Garfield, be reasonable. You're scaring me half to death."

"Say pretty please," asked Garfield, his rage subsiding.

"Pretty please."

"Say you'll kiss my ass."

"I'll say it, but I won't do it."

"Say it."

"I'll kiss your ass if you get off that fucking railing."

He jumped off, smirking, turned around, and bent over. "Kiss it or next time I'll do a handstand."

"Go to hell," she said, turning away. "The fastest way there is over that railing. So long, brat."

He ran after her. "Hey, what's your name?"

"Alicia."

"I'm sorry, Ali, I was just getting kicks. I like to scare people. It's my thing, you know. Did you ever play Russian roulette?"

She stopped and tapped a stiff finger against his bony chest. "Garfield, the game's over. You're sending out some very weird vibes. I think I'm going to have your ass kicked out of here. You're a walking fruitcake and a menace to the peace and tranquility of this benign convention."

His face contorted again but this time tears started streaming down his hollowed cheeks. "Hey, I'm sorry, really. Don't get me kicked out. I've got important work to do—for your father."

"Where's Hoppy?"

He grabbed her hand. "Don't, please don't. I'll really kill myself if I can't work for your father's campaign. My father would be really pissed at me. Give me a break, will you? Please!"

She looked at him and saw a frightened boy, emaciated, the dark circles under his wet eyes grotesquely magnified by the thick lenses of his glasses.

"All right, Garfield, but no more crazy antics. You promise?"

"Oh, God, on my father's head. May he burn in the fires of hell for all eternity if I ever touch that railing again."

Alicia shook her head. "Oh, Jesus, you do come on strange, Garfield. Okay, I'll see you later."

In the excitement she forgot to ask him what he was doing in her grandfather's suite or how he had gained entry. She would remember it later, but it would be too late.

Garfield was lounging disconsolately on a sofa, staring vacantly at the four muted television sets, the lips of the anchormen and reporters moving silently. He couldn't

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stand that garbage. All day he'd been thinking about Alfie. Not Alfie the doorman. The real Alfie. Alfie March, the best friend he'd ever had and the only person in his entire life he'd ever loved.

Alfie's father was the famous movie cowboy Johnny March, a former All-American football star from USC, whom police had caught flagrante delicto with a sixteen-year-old male prostitute in the restroom of a Sunset Strip gay joint. The studio had hushed the incident, and though the story had spread through the movie colony with the speed of a brushfire fanned by a Santa Ana wind, it hadn't harmed his career.

If he lived to be a hundred, Garfield would never forget the last day he'd played with Alfie. Garfield had been nine that summer day and Alfie ten. There was no one at the Stone residence except the maid, and the two boys had decided to skinny-dip in the pool. They'd heard about college kids doing it and thought they'd find out what the fuss was all about.

"Look at my pecker," Alfie said, awe in his voice. "It's standing straight up like in the dirty pictures we found in your father's desk."

"Is it really hard?" Garfield asked, his own penis still hanging like a dead worm.

"Like a rock," Alfie said. "I guess it means I'm a man now."

"Jesus," Garfield said, "are you lucky."

"Here, Gar, feel it."

They were sitting by the side of the pool with their feet dangling in the water, and Garfield reached out and gently touched it.

"Jesus, it is hard."

Alfie reached down and started squeezing himself. "Boy, Gar, this feels really weird."

"What do you mean weird?"

"I don't know how to explain it. Just sort of good weird. The more I squeeze it, the more I want to keep doing it. Squeeze yours a few times—maybe it'll get hard like mine."

"Naw. I've tried it lots of times, but nothing ever happens."

"Here, let me try."

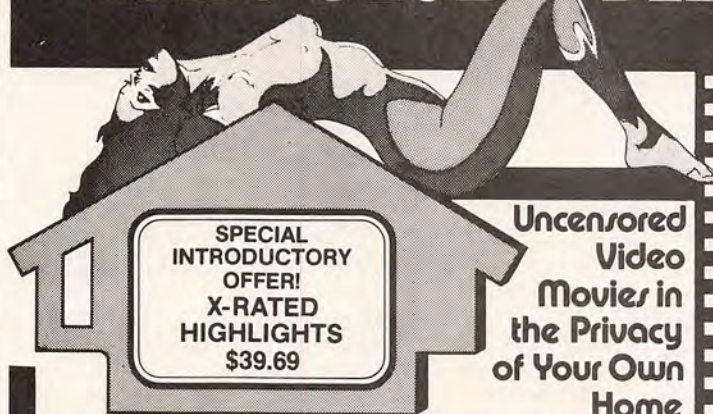
"Jesus, Alfie, you think you can make it stand up like yours?"

"I don't know. Let's see. Here, you squeeze mine while I work on yours."

The boys had been so involved in their exploration that neither one saw or heard Rocky Stone until he was standing right over them. Grabbing both boys by the scruff of the neck, he dragged them across the patio and into the house, screaming obscenities at the top of his lungs.

"Dirty, filthy, little faggots, fucking little cocksuckers. I've got a good mind to cut your pricks and balls right off." Then he'd swiped Alfie across the head. "You and your faggot father. Like father, like son. How long you been giving him handjobs, you dirty little fag? Get the fuck out of here."

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Rocky had kicked Alfie then, his large foot striking the boy at the base of the spine, knocking him down. "Now, get up and drag your ass out of here. And if I ever catch you here again, or even see you looking at Garfield, I'll beat the living shit out of you. And you can tell that to your faggot old man next time you suck his cock."

The next morning Alfie's naked body was found on the patio beneath the third story window of his bedroom, his legs soaked with blood. Moments before dropping to his death, he had tried to castrate himself with a paring knife.

Garfield, who had gone in search of Alfie shortly after sunrise, had discovered the body and gone completely berserk. Running home, he grabbed a butcher knife and burst into his father's bedroom with the full intention of slaughtering him. But his father had heard Garfield's hysterical screams, had seen his son running wildly across the back lawns toward the house, and was ready for the attack. He easily wrested the knife from Garfield's hand and then carried him, screaming and kicking, to the third-floor attic, where he locked him in a closet. Rocky's wife, who had no idea what was happening, had stood by helplessly.

Garfield was left in the closet until after Alfie's funeral, until the excitement had died down. Given one meal a day and left to wallow in his own body waste, Garfield had been strangely withdrawn when his father had finally released him from the closet and taken him to a private mental institution in Denver, where Garfield remained for nearly a year. When Garfield returned home, Rocky Stone never mentioned the incident, and the boy had understood that his freedom depended on keeping his mouth shut.

Gus Meier was dead on his feet. The whole thing was getting ridiculous. How did they expect him to find one skinny kid in the midst of thousands of milling people? People were pushing and talking and yelling and drinking and waving placards and blowing on little horns. One idiot had screamed fire into a bullhorn and nearly caused a riot. The security guards had hustled him out of there in a hurry. But now FBI and Secret Service agents were moving toward the VIP area, checking the crowd, preparing for the president's arrival from Lake Mead. He was scheduled to reach the VIP entrance around six o'clock. The entire driveway was cordoned off, lined with local uniformed police and federal agents.

Then he saw him, just a fleeting glance as the doors of a penthouse elevator closed. It was definitely the same kid, carrying a large package under his arm. But what was he doing in a penthouse elevator? Well, after all, he had been driving a Ferrari. Maybe he was just another neurotic rich kid.

Gus started elbowing his way through the crowd, looking as he went for a police-

man or security guard, even a bellman—anybody who could place a call to the special number he'd been given—while he continued following the kid. But there was no one. Only a lot of people who needed to be shoved aside. Several men swore at him until they saw his size, and then turned away, muttering to themselves.

Gus reached the bank of elevators, but found keyholes instead of buttons. He swore and banged his fist against the wall. What if the kid had a weapon in the package? The president was due to arrive at any moment. Meier was debating with himself—whether he should go to a telephone and call the number himself, or try to get up to the penthouse—when two women walked up, stopping before one of the elevators. The younger of the two placed a key in the hole and the doors opened.

"Excuse me, ladies, but I've got to go up with you," Gus said.

Alicia looked at Daisy and shrugged. "Don't you have a key? The penthouse floor is private."

"I know," he said, "but I'm working with the Secret Service and I'm following a crazy kid who just went up there."

"What crazy kid?" Alicia asked, knowing even before he opened his mouth that he was talking about Garfield.

"A weird-looking kid, Skinny. Thick glasses. There's a good chance he's armed and wants to kill the president."

"From the penthouse floor?" Daisy asked.

"Listen, I've got a number I'd like one of you ladies to call when we get up there. Tell whoever answers that I'm Gus and the kid's on the penthouse floor. They'll know what to do."

Gus held out the card with the number on it and Alicia handed it to Daisy. "You call. He's talking about Garfield Stone. I know what he looks like."

The elevator stopped and the doors opened. Gus stepped out, not knowing which way to turn.

"Come with me," Alicia said. "I think I know where he is."

"Okay," Gus said, "but he told me his name was Alfie."

They ran down the hall to Henry's suite, which Alicia knew overlooked the VIP entrance. She unlocked the door, ran across the living room to the terrace, and screamed.

Gus nearly fell over her when he saw the kid standing on top of the railing. Garfield was dressed in buckskins, moccasins on his feet. A black band with a single feather circled his head.

Garfield nearly lost his balance when he saw them. "Don't come near me," he screamed. "Stay where you are."

Alicia fought to control her panic. "Come on, Garfield. You're scaring me again."

"My friend Alfie was always the Lone Ranger and I was Tonto. We had so much fun together." There was a chilling madness in Garfield's eyes. "He was Kemo



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Sabe, my faithful friend—the only real friend I ever had."

"Where is he now, Garfield?" Alicia asked, moving a step toward him, keeping her voice calm. "Want me to call him?"

"My father killed him," he screamed hysterically, and his eyes flooded with tears, blinding him. Again he almost lost his balance. "That dirty, motherfucking monster. He killed me too. You don't know what he did to me. Nobody knows."

"But, Garfield, why this?" Alicia asked.

"Kemo Sabe," he said. "Do you realize it takes one second to say it? It's like saying, 'Thousand-one, thousand-two.' But you've got to say it with just the right tempo. I've been practicing."

He looked down and everything was blurred. He removed his glasses and angrily swiped at his eyes with his fingers. His tears angered him. What was there to cry about, he asked himself? In a moment the anguish would be over. His body would become Kemo Sabe's silver bullet. With it he would kill the president of the United States. The idea was sheer genius. His feat would never be topped by anyone. Instead of just another suicide—a one-day sensation—as he had first planned, he would become part of history, something his father would never achieve. And in the process he would finally join his faithful friend, wherever he might be in the hereafter.

Gus Meier took a step toward the railing and Garfield screamed at him. The trucker quickly stepped back. Garfield looked down and saw that the president's limousine had reached the curve in the driveway. In seconds it would disappear under the striped awning.

"If you ever see my father," he said, without taking his eyes from the limousine, "tell him to suck my dead cock."

"Garfield, please! Look, I'm begging you on my knees," Alicia cried, dropping to her knees. "Please come off that railing and let's talk about this whole thing."

"I'll get to say five Kemo Sabes."

Gus yelled. "Don't! Wait!"

But Garfield was already airborne. They heard him say "Kemo Sabe" twice and then the screams welcoming the president from below drowned him out.

Alfie, in his John Paul Jones uniform, his face beet red from the heat and excitement, was beaming proudly as he reached to open the door of the president's limousine.

"Welcome back, Mr. President," he said, swinging the door open with a flair acquired through years of experience. "to the Mon—"

He never finished the word, but Garfield Stone got to say his five Kemo Sabes before his head exploded into Alfie's, killing them both instantly. Blood and bone and brain tissue splattered against the limousine and on the president, who was leaning forward, ready to step out. Within split seconds Abbott was pulled back inside, and the Secret Service agent behind the

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wheel was gunning the engine.

On the terrace of Henry's penthouse suite, Alicia and Gus looked down in horror.

"That crazy kid," Gus said, grasping the railing with knuckles pinched white.

"I'm going to be sick," Alicia sobbed, and slowly collapsed at Meier's feet.

The television cameras of the four networks, along with cameras of local stations, still photographers, and the foreign press, were all zeroed in on the president's car when Garfield crashed into Alfie.

All four networks were shooting live and viewers all over the world saw the disintegration of the two heads in vivid colors, and in slow-motion replays that were repeated throughout the night and for days to come. Millions viewed it live as they tried to eat their dinners.

PRESIDENT ESCAPES ASSASSINATION, read a typical headline. The subheads played up the Hollywood and hero angles: ROCKY STONE'S SON LEAPS FROM BUILDING, MISSES KILLING PRESIDENT BY SPLIT SECOND. DOORMAN'S QUICK MOVE CREDITED WITH SAVING PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

In most stories Alfie's name was mentioned in the seventh or eighth paragraph, but Garfield remained Rocky Stone's son in most stories until the final paragraph, where his age was listed along with the fact that he'd once been committed to a

mental institution. Rocky and Mrs. Stone went into seclusion and were not available for comment.

Alicia was furious. She couldn't forget how Garfield had stood on the railing, crying and saying that his father had murdered his best friend. Now it had been disclosed in news stories that Rocky Stone had had his son committed following the death of a boyhood friend—the friend she assumed Garfield had meant. The more she thought about it, the more she felt like complying with Garfield's last request.

Rocky Stone was in seclusion, but she knew that Lew Spark, still a top executive at TCA and a close friend of Stone's, would have a number where he could be reached.

After getting the number, she prepared herself for the confrontation, and dialed Rocky Stone's number. He answered the phone and she immediately recognized his voice.

"I'm Alicia Godwin," she said.

There was a long pause and deep annoying breathing. "How did you get my number?"

"Lew Spark. I said I'm Alicia Godwin."

"I know, I heard you. You're the one who was with Garfield before he fell."

"He jumped," Alicia said. "But before he jumped, he had a few words to say that might interest you."

"I don't think so. That kid was bad news all his life."

"You have my sympathy."

"Look, I don't want to be rude, but I'm going to hang up now."

"Hold it! You hang up on me and I'll call the press. Your son made what you might call a deathbed confession."

"You lousy bitch. Don't you have any sense of decency? We lost our son today."

"No, Mr. Stone, you lost your son when you murdered his childhood friend and then committed your son to a private snake pit to hide your crime." It was a wild guess, but the moment she said the words she believed them.


"You're out of your mind. I'm going to call your father and tell him about this crap."

"Be my guest. But your son had one last request that I feel obligated to pass on to you."

"Go on, spit it out, get it over with."

"His last words before he went off that railing, were, 'Tell my father to suck my dead cock.'"

At first there was silence. Then she heard Stone say, "Go fuck yourself, you degenerate bitch," followed by a dial tone.

Alicia listened to the dial tone a moment, lowered the receiver slowly, and then she said out loud, "Now live with it, you monster." 

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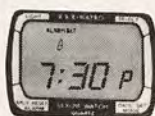
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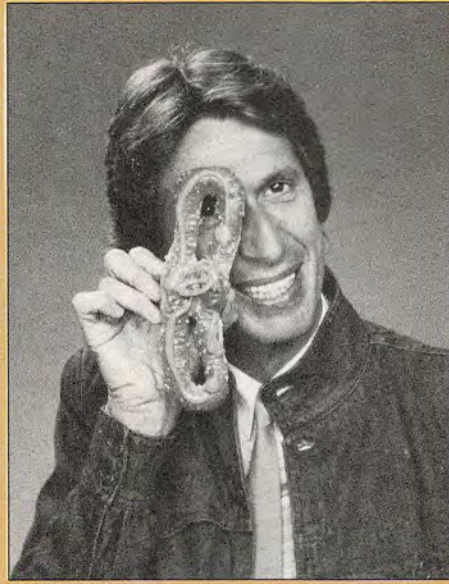
COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE



CHILD MOLESTERS AND THEIR VICTIMS



MADAME GINA WILSON




DAVID BRENNER

Child Molesters and Their Victims—Because their acts are so repulsive, we normally think of them as being different—as reclusive “dirty old men” or seedy-looking individuals lurking in the shadows of schoolyards. But, writes contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein in this shocking article, the man who secretly enjoys abusing children could also be the boy next door. “They know the family,” one expert said. “they know the little boy or girl, and it’s seductive. And they want a long-term relationship.” Sonnenschein talked to many sex offenders and their doctors as well as to police officers and spokesmen for groups of pedophiles, who are not only proud of their behavior but who actually lobby to change the laws against it.

David Brenner’s Life and Hard Times—A special excerpt from one of this year’s most hilarious books, *Soft Pretzels With Mustard and Other Revelations of a South Philadelphia Boy*, the autobiography of comedian David Brenner, which will be published by Arbor House. Among other things, Brenner writes of his near-disastrous debut in Canada, of the most unusual Boston shuttle flight in history (the plane was traveling to Washington!), and of how he became the king of practical jokes—much to the eternal chagrin of Sonny Bono.

The Japanese Mafia—They call themselves *yakuza* (a Japanese word meaning “useless person”), and, writes investigative reporter Bill Lawren, “the *yakuza* soldier sees himself as the floor mat of Japanese society.” Yet, at the same time, the “godfathers” of these deadly, vicious gangs “enjoy a high-profile, privileged life-style that must have our Mafia gumming its pasta in envy.” Little-known by the public at large, the *yakuza* have so far infiltrated Hawaii and Los Angeles, controlling white slavery, drugs, and pornography. And American lawmen dread what they know will be the next step: an ongoing alliance between the *yakuza* and the U.S. Mafia, “the first multinational syndicate in the history of organized crime.”

Madame Gina—A candid, spirited, down-to-earth interview with Gina Wilson, whose Salt Wells Villa Guest Ranch in Nevada is perhaps the best legalized whorehouse in the country. “I am a businesswoman who respects the law and follows the rules and regulations,” she told *Penthouse* interviewer Gary Hanauer. Yet it’s not every American business whose employees have to be expert in oral sex and domination fantasies, and whose clients often arrive for “meetings” dressed in women’s stockings or asking to be crucified. Gina explains how she motivates her girls, and why prostitutes make perfect wives, in a freewheeling conversation about one of the world’s oldest—and hardest—professions.

End of the World News—A planet called Lynx has mysteriously appeared in our solar system, wreaking havoc with life as we know it. In New York, the tides are reaching skyscraper-high proportions as panicky citizens desperately try to escape the floods. Anthony Burgess, best-selling author of *A Clockwork Orange*, *1985*, and *Earthly Powers*, creates a suspenseful night of terror in his latest novel, *The End of the World News*, to be published by McGraw-Hill. 

VETERANS


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

they are glad that they are doing it.”

If a Vietnam veteran does not want to be reunited with his child because of his present family life, or for some other reason, he can still help his child to come here. If he provides the Pearl S. Buck Foundation or any of the other voluntary agencies with the appropriate information, his child can enter the U.S. under the auspices of the agency and be placed for adoption. Neither the mother nor the child will be given the veteran’s address.

In any case, if you are one of these veterans and are waiting for the paperwork to be processed, it is a good idea to contact your local State Department of Social Services to find out if an investigation of your home situation is required by your state. A bank statement citing that you are capable of supporting your child is essential. A voluntary agency can provide the answers to many of your questions. The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is the only agency that works solely with Amerasian children; additionally, it has a toll-free number.

In the end, no matter how long these Amerasian children have waited to come out, leaving Vietnam can be emotionally difficult for them. Last October, amidst old war memorabilia, barracks, and mortar shelters at Ho Chi Minh City’s Tan San Nhat airport, there were more than 300 Vietnamese pressed along a white balcony. They were waving frantically and were throwing us big smiles. I thought, “Here are the people we bombed the shit out of, and they are waving to us as if we’re some kind of saviors.”


A line formed as the children and their relatives began boarding the airplane. Everyone started to cry. Even Vietnamese officials had tears in their eyes. Children covered their faces with handkerchiefs. The crying became contagious. Time stood surrealistically still. They were leaving friends and relatives that they might never see or hear from again. If there was going to be a time for second thoughts, then this was it. Yet none of them stopped.—Susan Gray 

The following organizations can provide further information on bringing Amerasian children out of Vietnam:

The Pearl S. Buck Foundation
Green Hills Farm
Perkasie, Pa. 18944
Toll-free number: 800-523-5328

Orderly Departure Program
United States Embassy in Thailand
A.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96346

United Nations High Commissioner
for Refugees
P.O. Box 2-121, Rajdamnern Road
Bangkok, 2 Thailand

A surreal desert landscape under a clear blue sky. In the foreground, a large, three-dimensional golden letter 'V' is partially buried in the sand. A man and a woman, both dressed in white robes and head coverings, stand within the circular opening of the 'V'. They are holding glasses of amber liquid and appear to be clinking them in a toast. The sand dunes in the background are smooth and undulating, with distant mountains visible on the horizon. The overall scene has a dreamlike, ethereal quality.

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Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Milds	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
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