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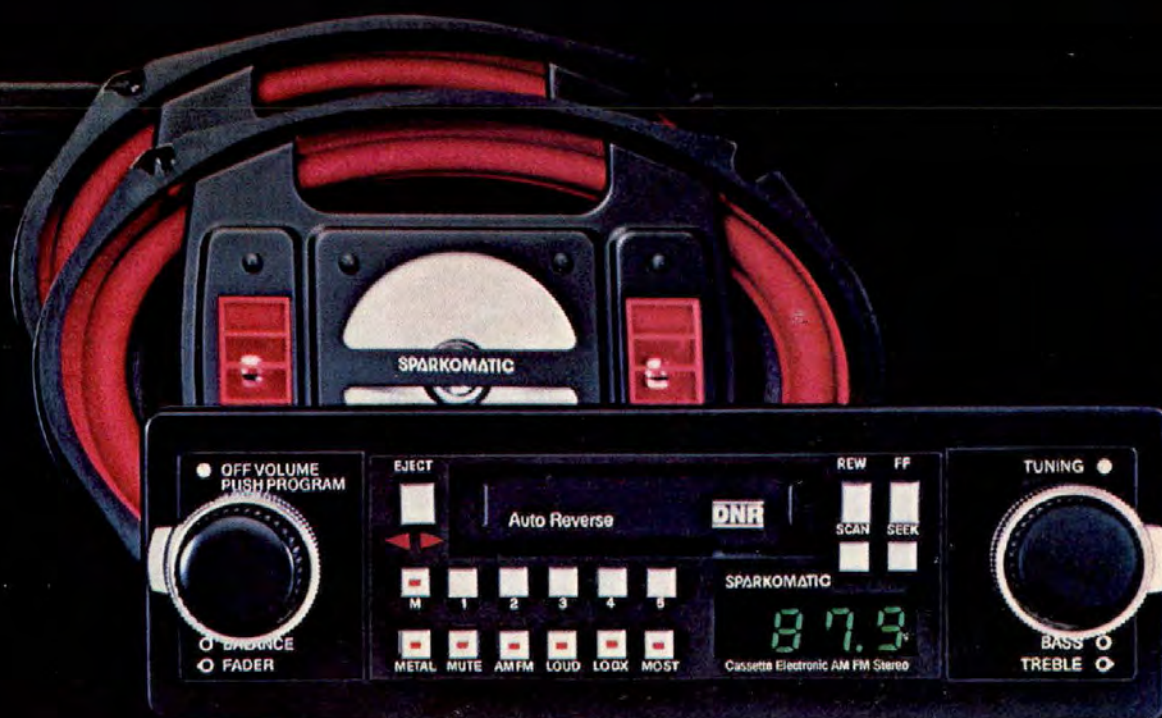
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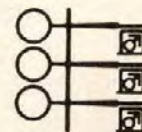
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This month's cover features Cody Carmack, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 36. And for information on how to enter the Penthouse Dream Car Sweepstakes, see page 38.

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HOUSECALL

Today's electronics revolution is, many observers believe, as historically dramatic and as socially significant as the Industrial Revolution that changed the face of the world 150 years ago. This month we're happy to welcome to our staff a new contributing editor who will report from the front lines of this new revolution. His name is **Ken Uston**, and he is, among many other things, the world's most famous blackjack player (he and his teams have won over \$5 million, to the consternation of casino owners around the world). But learning the secrets of the cards was just a beginning for Ken—he has since become one of America's foremost authorities on video games and home computers. Starting this month (page 52), Ken will share the insights that have turned his guides to video games into best-selling successes. He will evaluate new computer and video systems and give tips on how best to take advantage of the twenty-first-century technology that has miraculously become available to us today. (And you'll find other electronic marvels in this month's guide to some of the latest breakthroughs in miniaturization, providing hitherto unheard-of flexibility and convenience—and just in time for summer! Page 138.)

The invention of the "Diamond Illusion" was, in many ways, a creation as inspired as any of these tiny technologic toys. In "Diamonds Are Not Forever" (page 60), investigative journalist **Edward Jay Epstein** describes how the brilliant men who run the world's diamond cartel have managed to convince millions of people, for over a hundred years, that the glittering trinkets the cartel buys up around the world are anything more than exceedingly common pebbles. But now, Epstein reports, time is running out in the face of what has become an overwhelming glut of diamonds. Soon, he writes, "instead of investing one quarter of their net worth in an engagement ring, as average bridegrooms do at present, men will give their lovers diamonds for their sentimental value, as they would a bouquet of roses."

Until very recently, the world of the Church of Scientology has been as tightly controlled as the world diamond market. Although Scientology is one of the most successful organizations of its type (it claims a worldwide membership of 6 million people and is worth hundreds of millions of dollars), very little, if anything, has been known about it—except the gospel that its proselytizers wished to spread. Now, in an exclusive *Penthouse* interview, **L. Ron Hubbard, Jr.**, the son of the legendary founder and leader of the church, breaks his silence of over thirty years to tell contributing editor **Allan Sonnenschein** the extraordinary story of Scientology (page 110). Convinced that his father is either dead or held captive by those who used to serve him, Hubbard, who is suing the church for control of his father's estate, tells Sonnenschein why he's had to change residences, occupations, and even his name to escape what he alleges to be the retribution of an organization seemingly dedicated to

human perfection. Because of the seriousness of the allegations, *Penthouse* asked the Rev. Herber Jentzsch, the president of the church, to respond to some of these charges (page 174). We are, furthermore, launching our own, independent investigation, which we will report on later this year.

Cultural light-years removed from Scientology are the devoted followers of the Rastafarian religion, who worship the dead Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie and who smoke marijuana as a ceremonial rite. Their great and lasting legacy is reggae—the softly beautiful, haunting, and compelling Jamaican transfiguration of rock music. The biggest reggae star of all time was the late Bob Marley, and in "Catch a Fire" (page 78), former *Rolling Stone* writer **Timothy White** describes the bloody conflict between vicious Jamaican political thugs that culminated in a complex and bloody assassination attempt on Marley's life. White's article is an exclusive excerpt from the first major biography of the King of Reggae, *Catch a Fire*, which will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Continuing our series of articles on male prostitution, reporter **Bill Lawren** interviews Frank G., a former accountant with a master's degree in business administration, who now makes his living by being a professional "Third Man" (page 114)—making love with hundreds of couples, both men and women, in an almost dizzying variety of routines and situations. "A lot of guys," Frank told Lawren, "are just sexually lazy. They don't want to take the time to turn a woman on. They say, 'You want to get off? I'll take you over to see Frank.'" Frank's expertise earns him up to \$500 a night, and although his girl friend is understandably upset that he can be called away on "business" sometimes twice a day, he just as understandably has no immediate plans for retirement.

This month's fiction is an exclusive preview of *Long Voyage Back* (page 130), an exciting futuristic thriller by **Luke Rhinehart** that will be published by Delacorte Press, and which is almost surely destined to become a science-fiction classic. In our excerpt, the ultimate modern nightmare of nuclear war becomes a deadly reality to a handful of passengers on board a pleasure cruiser in the Chesapeake Bay.

Other exciting features this month include the newest in summer fashion as modeled by **Ed Marinaro**, the star of the hit television series "Hill Street Blues" (page 154); **Anthony Haden-Guest's** profile of the fantasy food emporiums that have become the most glamorous manifestations of the soaring popularity of gourmet delicacies (page 148); **Frank Donegan's** Psychographic Quiz, which reveals what your own gourmet tastes and predilections say about your personality (page 143); and a special sixteen-page "Dream Car" portfolio in the centerfold (or see page 38) featuring the Porsche 928S, with information on how you may actually win one of these fantasy-mobiles for yourself.

Of course, *everyone* wins the chance to bask in the ardent summer warmth of our June Dream Girls, whose loveliness is much more than a consolation prize to anyone who misses out on the car. For these beauties, no matter what the reward, being Number One is no contest! O—

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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(U.S. edition)

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JUNE

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.

PHONE HOME

I read the article "Aural Sex" in your March issue with great interest. When my husband goes on an extended business trip, phone sex is a great way to reach out and touch each other.

As the time draws close for his call, I lie on the bed, nude, next to the phone. My nipples are erect and I have to force myself not to stroke myself to orgasm. Then the phone rings. We do everything to each other right over the phone. He starts by "fucking" me in the ass, then my cunt, and finally my mouth. Sometimes, as I "suck" him I put a hot dog in my mouth to add an extra amount of aural stimulation. As I feel myself starting to go off, I squeal into the phone, "I'm coming . . . Listen to me come . . ." and I hold the phone next to my pussy and sing out my orgasmic contractions.

When he feels his orgasm coming on, he tells me to take him into my mouth. He then places a plastic bag over the receiver and shoots his sperm all over the mouthpiece. I can easily hear his heavy, gushing spurts.

We enjoy phone sex so much that we have installed another line in our house and call each other from different rooms as a change from regular foreplay!—*Name and address withheld*

WHY BUY THE COW?

Sometimes, when reading many of the letters that are printed in "Forum," we tend to smirk and think that some of these situations are dreamed up. However, recently an incident that happened to me made me stop and think. I tell people's fortunes in their homes. I've been very much in demand lately.

One middle-aged female customer called me and asked me to come over and read her cards the other day. This woman, very circumspect and a widow, has never indicated that she had any sexual feelings for me. But when I got to her home, she gave me a proposition that certainly raised my eyebrows! She wanted to buy my load of sperm! It seems that she had heard that some male sperm mixed with one's favorite face cream could be used to soften and eliminate crow's-feet and wrinkles. The theory is that the pure protein in the sperm would work on aging skin to make it more supple.

This lady is very vain and money is no object. She already has bottles of very expensive lotions around, so she soon had the situation in hand. After a session of heavy petting and smooching, she gently jerked me off into a small cup and mixed in

an equal amount of her face cream. She said that if used sparingly, this would last her about thirty days. I checked back with her later (three weeks) and she informed me that the wrinkles and lines around her eyes had diminished. Well, I saw that this was true with my own eyes. Now she would like to buy my "merchandise" and I may "deliver" it any time I want to. This material must be refrigerated or it will spoil. Now, when I look back, I almost cry when I think of how much money must have washed down the drain while taking my showers!—*Name and address withheld*

A LEG MAN

I'm a twenty-year-old male and I have a thing for pantyhose, except I go one step further: I wear mine in public.

Let me explain how I go about this. During the summer months, when I go out on my escapades, my legs look as good or better than any female's around town. What I usually do is purchase my pantyhose at one of the better department stores. I buy the extra-sheer ones that match my skin color. Then I go home and shave my legs completely. When I'm through with this, I slip into a pair of panties, pantyhose, and shorts. Then, off I go for a fun-filled day.

My pantyhose are so sheer that both men and women glance at my legs. But they don't see anything out of the ordinary. I mean, they see my pantyhose, but they don't know it. It is pure magic. I have no fear of discovery.

Sometimes I run into old friends when I'm out and have not had a single one notice my pantyhose. I can go anywhere—fast-food places, department stores, even to get my hair cut—and it thrills me to no end to be able to do this.

So let me give some of the guys out there who like to do this some advice. Purchase only the sheerest pantyhose, as this kind will blend with any type of skin color. They cost a little bit more than the supermarket brands but you will notice that when you have the supermarket brands on they will usually have a little shine to them and will give your secret away. The brand I wear looks and feels like a second skin. Good luck!—*Name and address withheld*

PARTY DOLL

Last week, I had an experience that I feel I should share with your readers. I am married, twenty-six years old, and five feet six inches, with a 34C-23-34 figure and blond

How do you enjoy
Sambuca Romana
when you run out
of coffee beans?



Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.



White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.



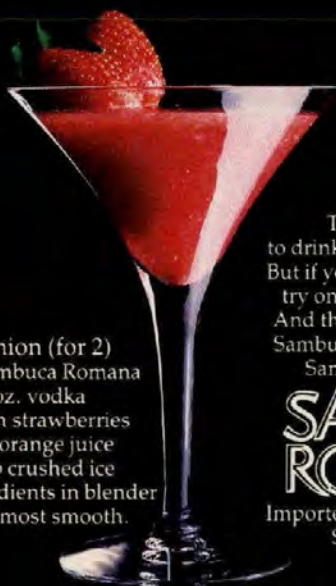
Chocolate Chip Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.



Romana Caffe
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.



Sunny Sam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.



Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way
to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca.
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perspective in a Scirocco.

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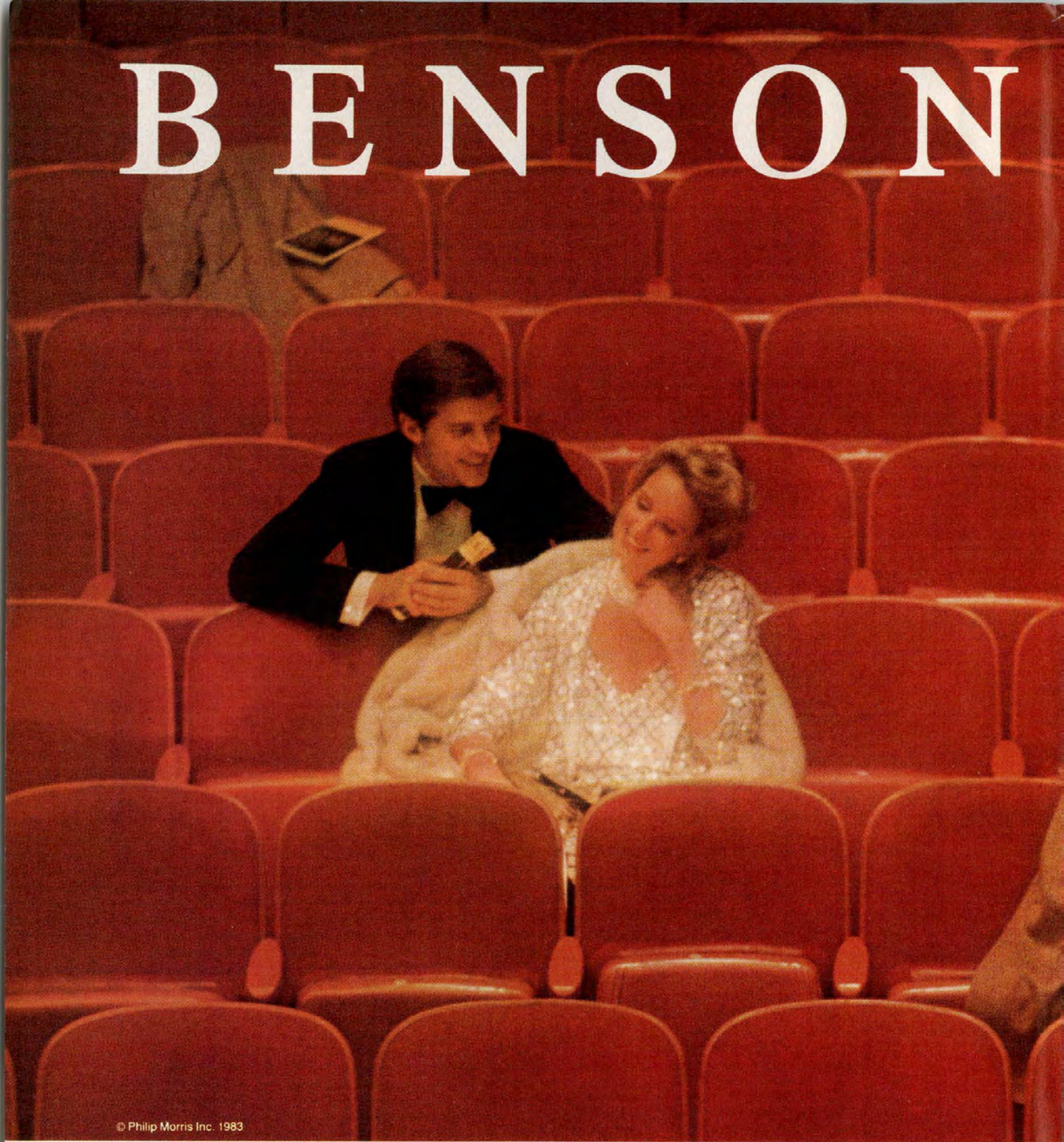
everything around you.

But that shouldn't come as a surprise. Like we said at the beginning, the Scirocco gives you a new viewpoint on driving. Seatbelts save lives.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen

BENSON

A man in a tuxedo and a woman in a shimmering dress are seated in a theater with rows of red seats. The man is holding a cigarette and looking at the woman, who is smiling. The scene is dimly lit, focusing on the couple.

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hair. My husband and I decided to have a party for a few of our friends and to make it a wild one. Let me say also that I have never had sex with anyone other than my husband, Thomas.

Saturday night came and people started arriving. We served beer and some fine smoke and one of the guests brought along some downers. I also had never tried downers before, but this night I decided to take two. After about an hour I got such a rush from the dope that I guess I blacked out.

When I finally came to, I was experiencing a wonderful orgasm. Through my half-closed eyes I looked down to find that I was completely nude and, to my surprise, was being wonderfully eaten by a friend of one of our guests. What really shocked me though was that most of the people from the party were still there, sitting around watching the show we were putting on. I didn't know what to do, so I pretended to still be asleep. Within seconds, though, I was coming again and I couldn't control my spasms or cries. Everyone then knew that I was awake and started talking to me. I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. My clothes were gone and I had nothing to hide my naked body. I finally got the courage to ask what was going on.

Then Thomas told me that I had gotten so high that I must have thought I was alone and going to bed. In the middle of

the party, it seems I stood up and began undressing and proceeded to lie down on our sofa. Ken, the guy that had been eating me, was sitting at the end of the sofa when I lay down. Then, it seems, I put one leg on the back of the sofa and the other on the floor, which gave him a beautiful view of my wide-open pussy. Everyone began to laugh and say that he should do something, including my husband. Well, it seems he fucked me first and then went down on me. That's when I woke up.

Thomas then told me that I had looked so beautiful and so horny that he didn't want to stop the action, and neither did the guests. As he was talking, I realized that not only had I been fucked and sucked by a complete stranger but also here I was, sitting completely nude, talking to my husband and several guests. Well, my pussy began to flow and my lips opened wide, and all of a sudden I was so horny that I couldn't think straight. I told Thomas that I was so very horny but also very embarrassed, and that I didn't remember any of the fucking session. He asked if I needed a dick and I said I sure wanted his. He replied that he would first like to let me fuck someone else. He gently laid me on the floor and asked the guys if they also wanted some. Before the night was over, I fucked every guy there while their wives and dates cheered us on.

Since that night I have become much more relaxed about sex and my body. I

now dress in the most revealing clothes I can get away with, and if I think a man is admiring me, I will ask him if he's interested in fucking my pussy as I slowly lift my skirt to reveal my cunt. So far I've never been turned down.

Just imagine, if we had not had that party, I would never have known the feeling of having three cocks in me at the same time, nor would all the men I've had in the last month have been able to shoot so much juice into my body. I would probably have been like most housewives, content with a twice-a-week fuck for the rest of my life.

My husband, by the way, asked me to stop fucking everyone I see (including his boss) but I said that he had helped start it and now I needed at least three or four different cocks in me a week!—Name and address withheld

SECOND TIME AROUND

Recently returning to Canada after living out west for several years, I called up an old girl friend just to say hello. She was, I thought, living with a guy but I figured a harmless drink for old time's sake would be a friendly gesture. It turned out she was very happy to hear from me and insisted we go out for dinner that night. I'd forgotten what an "up" person Eunice was and found myself looking forward to our evening.

Dinner was terrific and the conversation flowed as easily as the wine. As we had done so many times years ago, we lingered, drinking liqueurs and looking deep into each other's eyes. Her leg had found mine underneath the table and she was rubbing her instep against my calf. It seemed like we had never been apart.

Now her fingers were tracing the outline of my very hard cock. "Max, why don't you take me back to my place and fuck the shit out of me like we used to?"

I was only too glad to pay the bill and leave. Inside the car, she ran her fingers through my hair and plunged her tongue into my mouth, her lips slippery and sensual. Her dress slid up to mid-thigh and she slunk over toward me, spreading her legs to accommodate my adventurous hand inching up to her cunt.

"Not here. Let's get home," she said.

Finally, when we arrived, she dropped to her knees and released my throbbing cock.

"Beautiful cock . . . beautiful prick . . . I love your cock. Tell me you want me to suck your cock, hon. Tell me. I'm your little whore. I'm your little cocksucker. Tell me to suck your beautiful prick."

And then I remembered how much Eunice loved dirty talk. It was one thing we agreed upon totally. "Put it in your hot mouth . . . suck my cock, you little cocksucker! Blow me, you cunt!" I said.

She was moaning now and rubbing it harder across her face. My cock seemed to grow even larger. Her breathing became deliberate and deep. I grabbed her by the hair.

"Suck my cock!"



"... must regretfully tender my resignation from this board. This unfortunate action is predicated on the chairman's adamant refusal to stop playing with himself whenever I speak."



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Her red-lipsticked mouth made a perfect "O" as her head descended the entire length of my rod. Involuntarily, my hands clenched her hair and slammed her nose into my belly. We were moving faster now. Her hands scrambled around my waist, pulling off my pants. I was up against the wall. I could feel the cool textured wallpaper on my ass. It was a glorious sight watching her head bob up and down my fuck-stick. Somehow she seemed to take more of it. Her tongue was able to lick my balls on each stroke.

"Suck me! Suck me off! I'm gonna shoot hot come down your fucking little throat! Come on, suck me!"

She felt the hot love juice on its way up from my balls. Her moaning became frantic, almost a stifled scream. And then I howled as the inside of her mouth was sprayed with sperm. We collapsed together on the floor.

Much more slowly, but without wasting a lot of time, we retired to her bedroom. Eunice (what a sexy girl!) did a slow striptease for me, providing a running commentary at the same time. When she had pulled the zipper of her dress down her back, giving me a beautiful view of her soft skin and the top of the crack of her ass, she turned around and teased the black cloth over her nipples.

"Oh, baby . . . I can see you like my tits, don't you? You like to watch them get all hard . . . You like to see my nipples get all

hard, don't you? You like to watch my tits jiggle for you, don't you? That's a terrible hard-on you've got . . . I think I'm gonna have to shove that fat, hard prick up my pussy! I'm just dripping with cunt juice for you! Maybe you want to taste my hot cunt . . ."

The dress was a heap on the floor and the pantyhose was down her legs. She was wearing a pair of dark blue panties that would qualify more as a G-string. I couldn't take any more. I grabbed her and forced her down on the bed. Our mouths locked in a hot, wet kiss. She was mine.

"Eat me, hon . . . please eat me like you used to! Oh, yes! Yes! Like that! Mmmmmmmmm! Fuck! Lick me . . . suck my clit . . . yes . . . oh fuck . . . my cunt . . . yes! Oh, hon . . . you're going to make me come! I'm gonna come on your face . . . fuck . . . shit . . . aaaahhhh!" She had positioned herself over my face and was grinding her hips across my chin. A river of pussy juice was all over us.

"Oh please fuck me! I want all of the big, hard cock up my hot cunt! Fuck me hard! Be my dirty boy! Fuck the shit out of me!"

I rolled her over and pulled her ankles around my neck. She was panting like an animal, my hard prick looming in front of her pussy. Her panties were stretched beyond repair from my tugging while eating her. My hand grabbed what remained of the panties and ripped them off in one swipe. "Oooohh . . . fuck . . . put it in! Put it

in! Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh god . . . fuck me!"

Her head rolled back and she screamed as I plunged the entire length into her steaming, succulent tunnel. There were tears in her eyes. She was almost incoherent.

"Aaaaggggh . . . fuck me . . . fuck me . . . prick-head . . . prick-head . . . sweet prick-head . . . I . . . love . . . cock . . . yes . . . cock . . . fuck me . . . fuck . . . my cunt . . . cunt . . ." She was coming like a bitch possessed. Finally, we fell into a heap on the cool sheets, exhausted. I dozed, content in the knowledge that after a bit of sleep we would pick up where we left off. But what surprises life has in store sometimes!

I awoke when I heard Eunice sitting up suddenly.

"Nan! What are you doing here?"

I sat up and was startled to see a blond-haired beauty standing in the doorway to the bedroom.

Nancy was a little shorter than Eunice but more voluptuous. She wore a Japanese silk kimono that did little to quiet enormous jugs that bounced with each step. Her hair was a gorgeous honey blond and long, to below her shoulders. She was slightly overweight but carried it extremely well.

"Surprise, surprise!" she said. Then she carefully took off her kimono and draped it over a chair. She was wearing a baby-blue, baby-doll outfit that left no doubt about her body.

"We're all friends here, aren't we?" she giggled, noticing my stares. "Anyway Max, I'm Nancy, Eunice's roommate. And I'm very pleased to meet you."

She leaned over quite unnecessarily to shake hands, causing the thin baby-doll top to almost completely expose her breasts. I returned the deep sexy look into her blue eyes and enjoyed holding her soft hand.

We were soon drinking the champagne which Nancy had fetched from the refrigerator.

"What beautiful noises I heard last night! You two woke me right up!" Nancy said. As she did so, she gathered her hair behind her head and leaned back in a stretch, allowing us to look upon the bottom half of her tits. "I loved it!" she said. "I had to pull out my little friend and have a little party myself!" Nancy continued.

"Who's your little friend?" I asked, but I had an idea what the answer was.

"I'll show you!" she said and leaped up, her tits bouncing around under the sheer fabric of her baby-doll.

She returned with a giant, flesh-colored rubber cock. "This is my little friend," she cooed, staring at me.

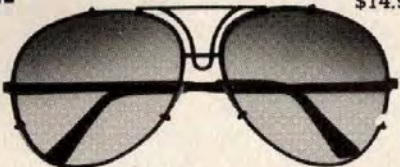
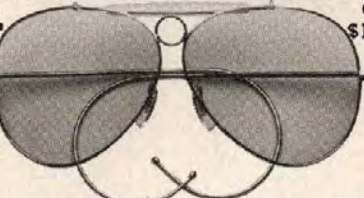
Nancy started rubbing the rubber prick around her face. Eunice and I watched without making a sound but her hand had returned to my rock-hard cock and was insistently stroking and squeezing it. Nancy seemed lost in a trance. She untied the string to her top and let it fall from her won-



"... and Johnny Stankorino on blender and gerbils."

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derful tits. She rubbed the cock over them then and let her other hand pinch her nipples, now fully hardened. Her breathing deepened and she started to murmur softly to herself.

"I can't take any more of this," said Eunice. She threw back the covers and grabbed my prick. In an instant she was slurping and sucking it as if there was no tomorrow. This left Nancy and me staring at each other. She peeled off her panties, exposing a very wet pussy, and climbed into a kneeling position on the bed. Her eyes rolled back as she plunged the rubber cock into her cunt. "Say those things you said last night," said Nancy hoarsely.

"What things? Things like how beautiful-looking your body is? How much I would like to see you fuck yourself with that hot cock in your cunt?"

"Yes! Yes! Talk dirty to me! I want to be your whore, like Eunice! I'll do anything you want! I want to be fucked hard by you! I want to be your fucking little cunt too! I want to suck your big fat cock!"

Eunice looked up at this and started caressing Nancy's tits. "All right, Nancy, I think we should *both* fuck you!" I decided to take charge of the situation. I ordered Nancy to lie on the bed while I straddled her face for a sixty-nine. She took my cock deep down her throat as I plunged my tongue into her hot cunt. Eunice took the rubber cock and lubricated it inside her own dripping pussy, then held up Nancy's

legs and started licking her ass hole, then took out the warmed-up dildo and buried it in Nancy's ass.

"Ohhh . . . ohhhh . . . shit . . . shit!" Nancy started coming. My cock had fallen out of her mouth. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh, Max! Please fuck me in the cunt with your cock at the same time! I need your big cock in my cunt! Oh, fuck me! Fuck me!"

I moved around to stuff my prick in her pussy while Eunice was driving the rubber cock in and out of Nancy's ass hole. Soon we had the three of us fucking in unison, Eunice licking my ass hole and fingering herself. She started encouraging Nancy, who was coming again and again.

"That's it, Nancy . . . fuck him good . . . you'll never find a better prick . . . fuck him . . . come all over his meat . . . move your cunt around, you fucking whore . . . fuck him hard!" Nancy was ready to pass out.

Eunice came by means of her finger about the same time as I flooded Nancy's cunt with my sperm.

We never did get outside the apartment that day, and Nancy and Eunice learned to love eating each other. It has become a ménage à trois that really seems to work!—Name and address withheld

OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

With the help of two friends, Jack and Sandra, I was able to turn my beautiful wife, Audrey, into a sex slave. Audrey grew up in a very strict and straight home. After we

were married, I found out that she only liked it in the missionary position because her parents had told her sex was only for having a baby. Audrey was almost frigid. Well, Jack and Sandra, his wife, were swingers that I had met at a party I went to out of desperation. After telling them about Audrey, the three of us decided on how we would help her come out of herself.

I made arrangements to rent a cabin in the mountains, and then made plans with Audrey to go there. Audrey didn't know about Jack and Sandra. They would be getting there later.

Audrey and I left for the cabin on Saturday morning. We drove all day and arrived late in the evening. We went right to bed and slept soundly. I got up early and told her I was going out for a run and that she could just stay in bed. She was still in her nightgown and agreed, saying that rest was what she needed. As arranged, Jack and Sandra showed up and found Audrey asleep. They slipped in and tied her wrists, just as Audrey woke up. She screamed and Jack pretended to be angry and told her to shut up.

They removed her nightgown and spread her out, tying her to the bed. Then Sandra began to toy with her bush. "Oh, you should shave this one, Honey. It would look so much better. See, like mine," and she removed her clothes. Sandra has a beautiful cunt, slick as a baby's ass. Sandra played with Audrey's nipples until they were swollen and hard. Then she climbed up on the bed and, placing a knee on each side of Audrey's head, forced her cunt down on Audrey's face. "Eat me out, suck my pussy, baby. Stick your tongue up inside and find my clit." Audrey screamed no and yelled for me. I was just outside, watching through the window. "I'll teach you to refuse me, you bitch," Sandra said. My cock was so hard I nearly creamed my jeans. Sandra and Jack then shaved Audrey's pussy. Audrey was pleading with them to leave her alone. "No, baby. No, you are mine," Sandra said.

Jack was stripped by this time and his cock was large and very hard. He went to Audrey and commanded, "Suck this, whore." Audrey looked at it and pleaded, "No! No! Please don't!" But as Jack fed his cock into Audrey's mouth she sucked and licked it until he shot his come down her throat. With tears running down her face, she swallowed it. Then Sandra mounted her and Audrey ate her out. They repeated this, with Jack fucking Audrey in the mouth and ass. Audrey was soon worn out, but they kept it up for most of the day.

I had left and went to town to do some shopping. When I returned they had Audrey collared and on a leash, kneeling down. When Jack walked over to her she took his cock and sucked it without being told. Then she begged Sandra to let her eat her again, and Sandra let her.

Our agreement was that I would leave Jack and Sandra alone with Audrey for a whole week, so I drove back to our home



"This your first blowjob?"

and began to set things up there. When it was time, I returned to the cabin. What I saw was remarkable. Audrey had been transformed into a beautiful sex slave. She could not get enough. She begged to be fucked and to suck. She knelt down in front of me and sucked my cock, then thanked me for having Jack and Sandra teach her. She then begged me, "Show me that you are truly my master." I did.

We now live in the country, and Audrey is allowed to wear clothes only when it's winter and she has to go outside. While she is in the house she is only to wear a collar. We are thinking about starting a clinic for couples in the summertime to help teach others.—Name and address withheld

BEGINNER'S LUCK

I am a thirty-one-year-old married mother of two. I have enjoyed reading your magazine for many years. I especially enjoy reading your "Forum" section, but what really turns me on are the articles with two women getting it on. That's why I'm writing this letter today.

Recently, I have been introduced to the joys of lesbian sex. I met my lover through a gay girl friend at work. Mia had asked me to talk to Anna about their troubles, which I gladly did! The more we talked, the more convinced I became that Mia wasn't right for Anna, but I was.

The first night we made love is one I'll never forget. We sat on the couch in Anna's apartment, talking. Then we began kissing. Then, as we got hotter, Anna took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom. The light was off and she lit two candles at the head of the bed. We looked deeply into each other's eyes and began to undress each other. I can't tell you how wonderful it felt to have a woman's hands on me for the first time.

Anna was hesitant about taking the initiative, so I decided to. I bent to kiss her beautiful breasts, and all the time she was telling me I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to—but oh, how I wanted to! As my lips moved from her breasts to her soft stomach, she began to moan. By this time I was so hot I could feel my juices flowing. I knew by now it was time to taste my first pussy.

I moved down and was, by now, right over the object of my desire. By now Anna was panting and told me one more time I didn't have to do it. But I knew I did! I slowly lowered my head down to her throbbing snatch and began eating at the best banquet I've ever had. She began moaning as my tongue slid up and down. I was now beginning to acquire more confidence and slid my fingers, one at a time, into her cunt. After I had gotten my whole fist in her steaming hole, I ate at her clit feverishly. It was hard to keep up with her because she continually scooted across the bed as I ate my way to paradise. With her hips thrusting wildly and a great groan from deep inside, she came with a fury like I've never seen.



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I made my way back to lie beside her and kissed her ever so passionately. As we lay there resting, I told her how much I enjoyed it. She looked into my eyes and told me, "Now it's your turn!"—*Name and address withheld*

HE WORKS SOLO

I am twenty-five and a blonde, and my measurements are 38-23-34. With measurements like these you can see that I must attract many stares from all types of men.

I've enjoyed many sexual relationships with both men and women, but what I enjoy the most is jerking men off and also watching them perform the act on themselves.

I think it all goes back to when I used to see my brother jerking his cock when we were living at home. Sometimes I'd be lying in bed at night and I would hear some moans from my brother's room. What my brother didn't realize is that I could see everything he was doing through the keyhole in the door that connected our rooms.

My brother was twenty-two at the time, and I was only nineteen. This happened many nights and what I saw my brother doing to himself in that room drove me crazy with excitement.

He used to sit at his desk chair with a pair of pantyhose on, with his big cock, which must have been about ten inches, sticking out a hole in the crotch. He used

to spread oil all over his cock and balls and pull the skin of his cock down while he stroked his rod slowly. When he was about to come, the sight was incredible. His cock head would get so big and spurts of come would fly all over himself and the floor. Seeing this many times when I was young, I think, made me love to do it to my lovers now.

What I do to my current lover is strip him naked and make him put on a pair of my pantyhose. The feel of the hose on his cock makes him as hard as hell. It's a horny sight also to see him wearing my undergarments. I have cut a hole in the crotch of several pairs of panties so he can stick straight out when he is hard. I then make him sit on my bed, and by this time he's ready to shoot his come even before I touch him. I spread some warm oil over his root to make my hand slide over his cock easily. I usually tease him a little by stopping every once in a while. One thing I must say is that you can get a man to do anything when you have him in this situation. Just about the time when he can't take the tease anymore, I start jerking him off between my big boobs like a wild woman until he shoots his load all over me. What a turn-on!

On numerous occasions my boyfriend has pulled his root for me and a close girl friend of mine while we watched. This sight is such a turn-on and I think more women should get their men to do this for

them. Just before he is ready to come, he pulls so hard on his cock it looks like he might pull it off. He gets so crazy with lust and then the come starts flying everywhere. That's the best thing to see—the come shooting out of the little hole on his cock!—*Name and address withheld*

SLEEPING BEAUTY

I don't know how I came to be here, but this morning I find myself standing at your door. My heart is pounding a mile a minute as my trembling hand slowly reaches for the door. I open the door and come quietly in. I take off my shoes and sneak around to see if anyone is home. I peek into the living room to see if the coast is clear. The bathroom is empty. My heart is in my throat and my palms sweat as I peek into the bedroom.

Luck! Only you are asleep in your bed. My heart skips a beat as I spy you sprawled in bed with a sheet barely concealing your loveliness. The way you are lying makes the vee of your crotch very pronounced while the thin sheet caresses every curve and valley of your perfect form. The top of the sheet, disappointingly, covers one of your breasts but leaves the other nearly bare. The way you have thrown your arm over your head causes your exposed breast to lift and tighten. The taut skin covering it is blushing faintly with a rosy tint.

I silently remove my clothes and stand next to the bed to feast my eyes on your exquisite figure, with my penis nodding to you. You must feel my eyes burning into you, because you stir and sigh in your sleep.

I slowly creep onto the bed, being very careful not to awaken you. As I kneel at your side, I can hardly control the urge to just grab you and turn you every which way but loose.

I lower myself to where I can tongue your waiting breast. I softly blow on it to fan the flame hidden there until the nipple contracts and crinkles with tiny creases and dimples and the pale skin around it becomes speckled with goose bumps. I finally flick out my tongue and touch your cool, rosy nipple. Under my tongue it seems to explode to full erection. You sigh in your sleep again as I use my tongue to touch the outer edge of your nipple's areola.

I carefully lift the sheet you are hiding under until I have pulled it clear off the bed onto the floor. My breath catches in my throat so often as your sexy body is slowly unveiled to my lusting eyes.

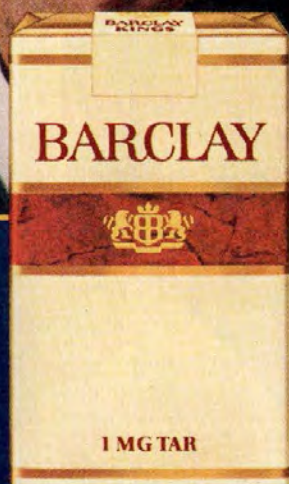
Your other breast looks almost totally different than the one I have been teasing. When the sheet finally slides from it, your arm is gently cradling it and the nipple is still unaroused. The soft swelling of your belly, with its cute navel, draws my eyes to the haven nestled between your thighs. The gentle strength of your tapering legs fills me with thoughts of being clasped between them at the moment of your orgasm.



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Using just the tip of my tongue, I trace patterns of love and lust over both your breasts until they are swollen and hard.

Then, my tongue flicks wetly at the top of your thighs. Your pussy seems to quiver in anticipation of its approaching ordeal. The first signs of wetness appear at the dainty slit in your pussy. I can feel your arm against me as I slowly work my tongue towards my ready target. A soft moan escapes you as I tenderly pick up a drop of your lubricant and taste the richness of your sex for the first time. Now I see your eyes fluttering open.

While I run my tongue the length of your beautifully slick slit, I can feel your hair brushing my thigh as you toss your head fitfully in ecstasy. Your pearly clitoris has lengthened until it emerges from high in your slit and your inner pussy lips have reddened and swelled. Your pussy is blooming like a fragrant rose. The funky aroma is intoxicating. To increase the tension and torture even more, I roll slightly towards you until my throbbing cock is firmly against your tight, stimulated nipple and press it into the wonderfully fine flesh of your milky breast.

I lick the sexual dew from your pussy lips. You place your mouth on my cock and suck it convulsively into your mouth as I drive my tongue deep inside you. I tongue-fuck you thoroughly while you tenderly hold my cock in your mouth. It is really far out the way you only hold my cock in

your mouth without sucking or otherwise stimulating it. It is as if you just need my cock in you to give you a sense of completeness and fulfillment.

I tongue your clit with tender, loving care. I use just the tip of my tongue to tease the hood all the way around the head of your clit as your thighs tremble against my ears. My tongue skims the hood back from your clit until I can run my tongue slowly from the base of its shaft to its twitching tip as your breathing deepens and comes in gasps. In the middle of your orgasm your tender clitoris retreats under the hood to get away from the intense stimulation of my tongue. I stick the tip of my tongue into the little cave formed by the hood to chase your clitoris to the crashing finale as your pussy spasms.

Later, I gently lick your pussy clean as you come down to earth.—Name and address withheld

OVERSEAS BENEFITS

Several years ago, I met and married a truly beautiful girl. I was in my early thirties and she was in her early twenties. I was a career serviceman and she had been in the service also. Sex was just great, although she had to overcome some severe hang-ups. She had a couple of quirks that I was able to use to my advantage.

She had told me before we married that when she was in college, her steady boyfriend had arranged to have his friends

fuck her. He had parked in the country with her, and while they were screwing in the backseat five of his friends "discovered" them. Then they all took turns with her. When she first told me the story she said that she had hated the experience, but she became very aroused while telling me about it. I brought it up from time to time and she finally admitted that she had really loved every minute of it. From then on, each time I would talk to her about it she would go wild and we would fuck for hours.

I knew where this was heading but really didn't know how to get into it. This was settled for me when we were transferred to a large foreign port. Then the great times began. When a large navy ship would come to port, the town would be full of sailors with nothing much to do but drink and wander around.

There were several large bars with dancing and Oriental go-go girls in town. We talked about it and decided to go to one where we were not known and took a table near the dance floor. The place soon filled up with sailors, and the table adjacent to ours had a group of four young guys from a carrier. Renee and I danced, and she made sure that they got a good look at her long, lovely legs and firm, bra-less tits. When we sat down she arranged her chair so that she was facing their table. I soon noticed that first one, then two guys were staring intently at my wife. I slipped closer to her and casually slipped my arm around her shoulders and began to caress her nipples through her blouse. Pretending not to notice how the guys were staring at my wife, I leaned closer. I could see that she had hiked her skirt up and had her spread legs out in front of her, facing their table.

I went to the men's room, and when I returned I stopped behind their table. What a sight she was. Her eyes were half-closed and she had pulled the swollen lips of her cunt apart and was slipping her finger up and over her wet and erect clitoris. As I watched, she took several deep breaths and her body shuddered momentarily. The guys made no pretense of not watching her; they were fascinated and superhot. I sat back down at our table and Renee said, "Let's go dance." On the dance floor she whispered to me that she saw one of the sailors playing with his cock under the table and that she had felt like blowing him, right then and there. She asked if I would be angry if she took them all to our house for an orgy. I told her of course not and that I would love it if I could watch and join in.

We got back to the table and she spread her legs again and asked me to pretend to go to the men's room again. When I did she beckoned to one of the guys to come over to our table. He leaned down to talk to her, and as they talked she caressed his hard cock through his pants. He left and I came back. Renee explained that a couple of them would follow us out to the car.

Renee got into the backseat between

the guys and I drove. Soon I could hear some hard breathing from the rear seat. I stopped at an intersection and glanced into the back. She had both of their dicks out and was eagerly jacking them off. They had her blouse up and one was sucking her tits as the other was fucking her cunt with his fingers. In the time it took to get to the house she had them so horny they were ready for anything.

As soon as we got into the house Renee put the two guys on the couch, pulled their pants down, and started sucking their cocks. She sucked them slowly, not quite letting them come. I helped her strip as she continued to blow them. Then I took off my clothes. Kneeling behind her, I slipped my prick into her hot, soaking pussy. She rose and fell on it as she ran her mouth up and down their shafts. They lost no time getting the rest of their clothes off. Renee stopped and had us fold out the couch into a bed, and soon we were all on it together. I was eating her pussy as she took turns on their cocks. When I moved to her tits and began to suck on them, one of the young studs couldn't hold it and came in her mouth. That's her thing, and she loves it. The other rammed a superhard cock into her eager pussy. She went wild, grunting and moaning but never letting go of the prick in her mouth. I loved it, and I could almost feel her intense pleasure myself as I stroked my prick and watched her writhing and twisting beneath his pounding cock.

After a couple of hours of taking it any way we could give it to her, she had exhausted all of us. We were sitting on the bed watching her run a big, fat dildo in and out of her swollen cunt. Renee told the guys that she wanted more, lots more. One of them said they would be OK after a little rest. She told them that what she wanted was more strange cock and would they please find some more of their shipmates to take care of her.

We quickly dressed and took off in the car. We were gone for about thirty minutes, and when we returned we had four of their friends with us.

When we walked in, Renee was lying on the floor on a plastic sheet, naked as we had left her. She had poured some oil all over her body and her fair skin glowed in the soft light. She was running a vibrator over her nipples and had the nine-inch artificial cock stroking in and out of her cunt.

The four new guys went wild. Ripping off their clothes, they joined her on the floor. She made them wait till she moved the sheet onto the sofa bed and then begged them to join her and to fuck her in every way they could as long as they could.

One guy had a much larger prick than the others. She took him after the other three had fucked her. His huge cock slipped into her like a greased pole. All she could do was moan and cry out, "Fuck my cunt, big dick, oh fuck it harder." At one time she was sucking one, jacking two off, and had the big dick in her

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cunt. She tried to take one in her ass but it wouldn't go, so she had me slip a long, slim dildo in her instead. She had all of them eating her cunt, come and all. I was eating her pussy in a way I knew she liked best while she was sucking a cock. She orgasmed over and over—she just couldn't stop. At about six in the morning she was still going strong but the guys had to return to the ship.

Renee arranged to call them on the ship in three days' time. She said that she could handle eight guys easily, and she made them promise to select the two new guys for exceptionally large tools and tremendous staying power.

In the end, she couldn't wait. In fact, she called each one of them on the ship that day and the next, and told them how she wanted to fuck some more and that I was eating her pussy and had my fist inside of her as she was talking to them. This was true, and she was so turned on that she just couldn't stop coming. The second afternoon she called them and told them she was going crazy and just couldn't wait. She arranged for us to pick them up that evening at six and bring them straight home to our house for a long night of fun.

We picked them up. There were eight of them—but that's a different story. We repeated this many times, and each time Renee became more turned on.—*Name and address withheld*

CRUISING

Like many other readers of your magazine I never thought that I would have an experience worthy of the pages of *Penthouse*, but not so long ago I did.

I am a travel agent, and I was offered free passage on a three-week cruise of the Caribbean. I am in my mid-thirties, and I considered this to be a heaven-sent opportunity to have more than my fair share of some great sex. This I set out to do, bargaining on the fact that while most of the horny women passengers shared accommodations, I was fortunate enough to have a single cabin. After getting into the shipboard routine, I began my search for some fun.

Before dinner that night I made my way to the bar. As I sat there with my drink, I saw a blond girl of about twenty come in with her mother. They sat down about a foot away from me. After looking the girl up and down hungrily, I remembered the conclusion that I had reached regarding young girls, and it was then that I really noticed her mother.

She was tall and slim. She had auburn hair and a sophisticated air and, best of all, she was equipped with my favorite feminine attribute—well-developed breasts. They left after one drink and I did not see them again that evening.

The next evening, after dressing for dinner, I again went up to the bar and sat on a stool. I had not been there long when, as if

in answer to a prayer, the mother came in and sat on a stool beside me. We introduced ourselves and engaged in the usual small talk. I bought her a drink and focused my attention on the front of her low-cut dress, deciding that this woman was worth going for.

Her name was Joy and she had come on the cruise to chaperone her daughter. From one or two remarks that she passed, I gathered that all was not as it should be at home and that her husband and her marriage had become a trifle boring.

As we talked, one of the ship's social hostesses came into the bar and said that we should be sure to come to the dance after dinner that night. Joy said that she did indeed like dancing and I arranged to meet her in the bar after dinner.

Dinner could not pass quickly enough for me that night. Joy was waiting for me as arranged, and afterward we moved to the big lounge where the dances were held. Joy nestled in my arms with her head on my shoulder and molded her body to mine. I am not the world's greatest dancer by any means but Joy did not seem to mind, and as her thighs were placed squarely against mine I know my erection must have been obvious.

After a certain amount of dancing cheek to cheek and several drinks, I decided that it was time to make a move. I walked Joy to the deck outside and took her in my arms. I put my hand inside the front of her dress and caressed her breast. I gently milked her erect nipple and Joy squirmed in obvious enjoyment and began to breathe heavily. Seizing the opportunity, I took her by the hand and led her to my cabin. When we got there I began by telling her that I thought her breasts were beautiful. "What are your measurements?" I asked her. "Thirty-seven and a half, actually," she said, "and don't forget the half." "I won't," I said. "I am going to suck them now."

With that, we moved to the bed, I unbuttoned the top of her dress completely, unhooked her bra, and moved on top of her, taking a nipple in my mouth and rubbing my now hard penis against her as I lay between her legs.

Lifting my head, Joy kissed me hungrily for a while but then, placing her hands on my hips, pushed me away from her. As I lifted myself from her body, I realized that she was unzipping my slacks. I got up to remove my clothes and as I did so Joy took off her pantyhose and white nylon panties.

Completely naked, I stood beside her and looked down at her, realizing that my wildest dream had come true. Joy looked magnificent as she lay there, her full breasts exposed to my gaze. Her dress and bra undone and falling away to her sides, her skirt up around her waist and the dark mass of hair between her open legs.

Joy sat up and, considering that we were virtually total strangers, surprised me by taking my penis in her hand and



licking and sucking its head. I was in heaven. I moved the head in and out of her mouth for a while and then removed it and pushed her onto her back again. I knelt between her legs and concentrated my attention on her breasts. I have always found that prolonged attention to them pays dividends. Joy was no exception—she adored it, and her breasts were far better than the clothed contours had suggested. They were very large and rounded and the nipples were hard and swollen with desire.

I caressed both breasts with my hands, gently kneading them and milking the nipples. Then I kissed them all over, nibbling them with my lips and teeth, flicking them with my tongue and finally sucking on them long and deeply while my fingers strayed down over her flat stomach to her thighs.

All this time Joy was responding to my touch, kissing me hard and breathing heavily while uttering little moans. My hands stroked between her legs and I inserted first one finger and then two into her vagina.

By this time Joy was very wet and my fingers slipped easily in and out of her vagina and over her swollen clitoris. I asked if she wanted me to go down on her and when she replied that her husband sometimes did just that, I moved down between her legs.

With my hands stretched upwards so that I could continue caressing those voluptuous breasts, I went to work on her. I teased the inner lips of her vagina, inserted my tongue, and licked and gently sucked her clitoris until Joy lifted my head with her hands and said that she wanted the real thing.

Now I don't pretend to have the proportions that some of your other correspondents do, but I am very well developed where it counts. Joy was very tight when the head of my penis entered her and she remarked that maybe I was too big for her. I told her that she would soon be grateful for my size, and after several gentle movements I was in up to the hilt.

I cupped one of her breasts in my hand and sucked on it hard as I began to pump slowly and deeply, bringing my penis almost all the way out with each stroke and thrusting it back in again, moving my hips in a figure-eight action.

I alternated between quick and slow movements, making Joy gasp with pleasure. She lifted her hips violently to match my thrusts until, tossing her head from side to side and raking my back with her fingernails, she let go in an intense orgasm that nearly brought us off the bed.

Now it was my turn. I like to fuck a woman hard to really let her know that she has a man between her legs. I spread her legs wide, bringing my knees up underneath her thighs, and began pumping hard and fast. My balls were slapping against her and the head of my penis was hitting her cervix at each stroke. Joy gasped, "Oh, darling!" with each thrust and lifted her

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long legs to give me greater penetration, raking my sides, bucking violently and gripping me firmly with her vaginal muscles until I shot my load deep inside her.

After an incredible orgasm each, we lay quietly together, discussing what we both enjoyed in sex. I couldn't leave those incredible breasts alone and I continued to stroke and suck them, moving from one to the other. That and the subject of our conversation soon gave me another erection and Joy asked if I would like her to kneel for me.

Like most men I enjoy the feeling of dominating a woman, and being a breast lover, I like nothing better than to see and feel them hanging down and swaying to every movement. Of course I said yes and Joy knelt on all fours with her knees apart. Reaching for my penis between her legs, she guided me into her as I fondled those voluptuous twin mounds. I grasped them hard, pulling her back onto me as I thrust into her. Joy moved forward, her head resting on the pillow and her buttocks raised high, allowing me to mount her. She thrust back at me as once again I fucked her hard until I reached the second orgasm of the night.

Joy was obviously wonderful in every way and every evening, for the rest of the cruise was spent in sucking and fucking ourselves into ecstasy. She had one unusual characteristic. She preferred not to remove all of her clothing while making

love. Only on the last night did she allow me to fuck her in a state of total nakedness.—*Name and address withheld*

TLC

While staying at a navy hospital in Japan, I experienced something I felt your readers might like to hear about. I shared a double room with a sailor named Theo. He and I became good friends during my stay there.

Late one Friday night we were watching TV. Our nurse came in and told us we had to turn the TV off. We would often joke around with her about how hard it was being in the hospital without being able to have sex. She started teasing us about how she could still go out and have a good time whenever she wanted. We told her that after being here as long as we had, it was going to take quite a woman to fill our needs. She started laughing and said neither of us was man enough to keep her happy. With that, Theo and I both said, "Try me." She turned and headed for the door and we both thought she was leaving. To our surprise she only went into the rest room.

She returned a few moments later wearing Theo's robe. She smiled and let the robe drop to the ground. Before we could say a word she was sliding the beds together to form a giant playpen. Theo and I no sooner had our PJs off than she was grabbing both of us by our hard-ons.

Working back and forth on us, she licked and sucked like a baby with a bottle. She then took Theo fully in her mouth. Seeing the timing was right, I went down on her. She was as hot as an oven. Her legs spread to give me better access. A few minutes later Theo filled her mouth with his come. That wasn't enough for her. She turned and went down on me. I, too, filled her with my juice. She lay back and gave us a chance to go to town on her. We took a tit each and began sucking. The whole time she was playing with us. As soon as we were both hard, we sandwiched her between us.

Suddenly the door opened, and standing there was the other night nurse. She was shocked. Our gal asked if she wanted to join in. But before she could answer, the three of us were taking her clothes off. The moment of truth was here. When we removed her bra, I just couldn't believe the size and firmness of her breasts. The thought of tit-fucking this beautiful woman overtook my mind. Once we were back in bed, we paired off, Theo with our nurse and "Melons" with me. I took my time with her, kissing her deeply while my hand found its way to her love box. Slowly I mounted her and brought her to several orgasms. It was then I moved up to put my tool between her tits. It took only a few minutes before I lost my second load. We were all brought back to reality when we heard our nurse being paged. We all groaned in unison.

The girls quickly got dressed and left. From that night on I no longer fear hospital stays. Let me tell you, I am looking forward to my checkup in six weeks.—*Name and address withheld*

DRESSED FOR DINNER

My husband is an avid "Forum" reader. We are both X-rated movie fans and enjoy an occasional evening out at a local topless bar. Some weeks ago we decided that we could better meet each other's sensual and sexual needs if we each wrote down ten fantasies that we would like to act out. We came up with a twenty-item fantasyland and have repeated a few on occasion, so that there are several left to explore. One of my husband's desires is for me to contribute a fantasy that we have acted out to "Penthouse Forum" to double his reading enjoyment.

One of the most enjoyable fantasies come true went like this:

We prepared a splendid candlelight dinner together and served it in our formal dining room, complete with silver, crystal, and music for the mood. Dinner attire was sexy-formal. He had on one of my favorite pairs of bikini underwear with his sexiest shirt, which exposed his wonderfully sensual chest. I was wearing his favorite *Penthouse* attire—black garter belt, black hose, black string bikini panties, low-cut black silk blouse, and black high-heel shoes.

After cocktails and my first glass of wine, I mellowed out and the room took on



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the dreaminess of a sexy Italian movie. The front of his bikinis began to rise and pulsate; my panties dampened and my whole body flushed. We hardly made it through the main course. Dessert was served upstairs in our "fuck palace" bedroom and it was la crème de la crème.

Warm orange light mellowed the room to suit my state of mind and body. Rock music pulsed in the background along with the pulsations behind those bikinis. His attention turned to my string bikini panties. His fantasy came true as I did a strip show for an audience of one. He leaned back on the edge of our platform bed to show his appreciation. I gyrated close to his face, wanting him to explore with his hands and tongue, yet teasing him as I slipped just out of reach. I came too close and his hands closed over my tits, over slippery silk, and my supple nipples immediately rose to meet his touch. I slipped away and turned around to expose what he fondly calls "the best looking ass in the world." The view brought a groan of pleasure, and his tongue and lips planted licks and kisses that sent waves all over me. Clothes began to fall piece by piece. I could hardly wait for him to nibble the black string panties off and enjoy the juicy dessert that awaited him beneath.

Finally, it was only garter belt, hose, and shoes and his wonderfully skillful tongue between my legs. The first touch of his tongue on my lips and clit sent more

waves over me. His groans were an aphrodisiac. I could no longer bear to watch the bulge of his beautiful cock, so I pushed him onto the bed and tore off his bikinis. My dessert at last. I licked and sucked his balls, rolling both around in my mouth at the same time.

I climbed on top and slowly, ever so slowly, guided his beautiful cock between my dripping legs. The sensation always overwhelms me. He kissed my tits, and I moved to meet his thrusts until we both exploded at once and fell exhausted to our backs.

We agreed that it was a meal to remember and that we would never object to leftovers. Fantasies that come true can add real spice to living. Please be my guest and come again, mon cher. I hope you can relive your fantasy when you read this letter.—Name and address withheld

ON THE ROAD

I am stationed at an army post in the Midwest, and during the holidays my wife, Alice, and I drive to California to be with her parents and mine. During our recent summer leave we were driving along in our van when we got a flat tire about 400 meters past a major interchange. While changing the tire we were approached by a young black man, about twenty-five years old, who was hitchhiking. He introduced himself as Bob and offered to help change the tire. His offer was well re-

ceived in the 100-degree heat. Afterwards, we naturally invited him to ride with us, and in no time we were engaged in such conversation that one would have thought we had known each other for years. I noticed Alice, who is normally quiet with strangers, was unusually talkative, and had swung her seat around in order to talk to Bob.

At five o'clock we stopped for dinner at a combination restaurant and motel. We ordered a bottle of wine which the three of us finished very quickly, in fact, before the meal had arrived. Now, if there is anything that makes Alice lose her inhibitions, it is several glasses of wine. Anyway, when dinner came we ordered another bottle of wine, and finished half of it before dinner ended. As we were all feeling fairly high, Alice and I agreed to stay at the motel adjacent to the restaurant. Bob asked if he could sleep in the van, as the rear seat converts into a bed, but much to my amazement Alice said he could be far more comfortable in the extra double bed in our room.

Later on, Bob and I watched television while Alice took a shower. When she came into the room she had her robe on, but when she came to the side of the bed to get under the covers she dropped the robe on the floor, revealing her gorgeous breasts under her nightie. I took a shower next and then it was Bob's turn. As we were all drinking the remaining wine, we

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were all feeling high and giddy. When Bob finished his shower, he asked if we could turn off the lights as he had no robe. But Alice said that if it didn't bother him, it wouldn't bother her and, besides, maybe she could tell by the bulge in his underwear if these stories about well-endowed black men were true. Bob assured us from behind the door that they were, and with that statement walked into the room stark naked. Alice gasped, as she stared at a soft cock, six inches in length but half again as thick as a normal one, swinging between Bob's legs as he moved to his bed. Although we were under the covers, I could see Alice's hand move slowly to her cunt and squeeze several times.

She asked Bob how big it got when erect, and he said, "Nine inches long and half again as thick." I told Alice that if she played with it she could see how big it got. Bob moved to a standing position next to the bed and Alice took his cock in her hand and began slowly jerking him off and scratching his balls with her fingernails. In no time his cock became absolutely massive. I moved my hand to her crotch and it was soaking, so I knew she was horny as hell. I slid my fingers into her cunt and she moaned softly and slowly began to move her hips. She gently pushed my head under the covers and between her legs. As she loved to be eaten, I pulled her panties aside and began tonguing her sopping cunt. Alice began moving her hips faster

and I heard the light click off. I pulled the covers off and then her panties, and noticed she was gently kissing and sucking Bob's cock. He had lifted her nightgown up and was now playing with her nipples and slowly moving his hips so that his cock would go deeper in her mouth.

After a few minutes I moved Alice to the center of the bed and, with her still on her back, mounted her. Bob swung his leg over her head and Alice resumed sucking him while he reached out and fondled her breasts. In a very short time I rolled Alice over and gave it to her doggie style as she continued to blow Bob, who was on his back. In no time I shot a tremendous load on her back and ass, but she did not stop sucking him. I wiped it off with a towel and changed places with Bob. Alice prefers the missionary position, so we soon moved to where I straddled her face and Bob mounted behind me. In no time at all Alice quit sucking me and I knew that meant she was concentrating on Bob's cock and getting fucked. I rolled off and just watched.

Alice began moaning loudly as Bob began pumping her faster and faster. Alice put her legs around his shoulders and grabbed his ass so that he could sink all the way in. She threw her head back, and I could tell she was loving every inch of his huge cock. In less than two minutes they both came together and the thrashing was unbelievable!

Bob rolled off and Alice headed for the bathroom to clean up. When she returned, she lay between us and began fondling our cocks, which stood up ready for more. For the next hour Bob and I took turns fucking her. She never seemed to get enough.

Later the next day, we dropped Bob off in a small town so that he could visit a friend. After he had departed, Alice said that our trip had already been a success, since we had both been able to complete our fantasies. She did add that as she got the better part of the action and the most attention, it would only be fair if we had a threesome with a girl friend. I can hardly wait.—Name and address withheld

WELL MATCHED

My wife and I are avid readers of the "Forum" section in your magazine. This summer we encountered a fantastic sexual experience that we thought should be shared with our other fellow readers. Since Elena and I have been going together, we have always fantasized about a threesome and how the thought of another female could make for an interesting evening.

One night, one of Elena's friends from work was having a party and we were invited. When we arrived, Nancy greeted us at the door. I noticed right away how similar Nancy and Elena are in appearance. Both have shoulder-length brown hair.

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Both are relatively short (about five foot two). And both have very shapely figures. Nancy was wearing a low-cut blouse with no bra and skintight jeans. Her large breasts (I'd guess 36C) were very much exposed whenever she made a sudden movement.

After Elena introduced me to Nancy, we went inside, grabbed a couple drinks, and sat on one of Nancy's thickly cushioned sofas. As we sat, I noticed Elena seemed bothered by something. When I asked if anything was wrong, she said, "Uh . . . Maybe I should go around with no bra like Nancy." I told her that was a great idea and that her boobs could match Nancy's any day (Elena is 34D). With that, she went into the bathroom, and when she returned her bra was no longer holding her gorgeous boobs in place. She sat down on my lap and began rubbing my quickly stiffening cock. I then started to discreetly caress her mounds, which caused her to moan quietly with pleasure.

Just then Nancy came over to talk to us. She could see that Elena was enjoying this and began to smile as she approached. "Elena," she said quietly, "could you stop what you're doing for just a moment and smoke a joint with me in the bedroom?" Elena quickly agreed and got off my lap, revealing the huge lump in my pants. "I'll be back for that later," Elena said and they both went into the bedroom. I began talking with some other couples and didn't no-

tice how quickly the time passed.

As the party dwindled, I noticed everyone was leaving, but Elena and Nancy were not around. I said good-bye to the last of the guests and headed toward the bedroom, where they were supposed to be. As I got closer to the door I could hear the gentle sighs of delight coming from the room. I opened the door slightly to see them both on the bed, hugging, kissing, and fondling each other. I watched as Nancy slowly opened the buttons on Elena's blouse. She then removed the blouse and kissed her way toward Elena's very swollen nipples. As she sucked and squeezed Elena's breasts, Elena slipped Nancy's blouse off. "Please eat my pussy. Please . . ." Nancy quickly removed Elena's jeans and then her own.

Elena's pussy was glistening with her flowing love juices and the scent of these horny females filled the air. Nancy climbed on top of Elena and they began to French-kiss and fondle each other passionately. As they kissed, Elena slid her finger between Nancy's legs and into her now sopping pussy. Nancy moaned deeply with pleasure and began to move her hips with the motion of Elena's penetrating finger.

Both women were hot now. Nancy began to lick her way over Elena's luscious tits toward her awaiting pussy. With Nancy's first pass of her tongue over Elena's clit, Elena let out a great sigh. "Suck me, suck my pussy. That's it . . . yeah . . ."

Nancy artfully licked and sucked her pussy. She then turned her body so that they were in a perfect sixty-nine position. I was seeing my wife for the first time with another woman and enjoying it. Needless to say, I was really turned on and decided I'd like some of this action.

As I quickly and quietly stripped, both women reached a tremendous orgasm. Both humped and bucked until they had covered each other's face with their juices. When I entered the room, Elena looked up and said, "What took you so long?" I said, "I was just enjoying the show. Now I'll have to take care of you ladies." With that I climbed onto the bed and licked and kissed each girl's face clean. I then began to kiss Nancy deeply. There was something about kissing another woman with my wife present that really excited me. Elena noticed that right away and began to suck my throbbing cock. I then gently caressed Nancy's hair and guided her down to my cock. She and Elena took turns sucking and licking me. I was in ecstasy when I felt I was about to reach my own orgasm. I exploded into one of the deepest, most enjoyable orgasms I've ever had.

However, these ladies wanted more. They quickly sucked my cock back to its full seven-inch erection and then positioned themselves to be fucked. They lay next to each other on the bed and I started to alternate between them. I fucked Elena first, then Nancy and then Elena. As I fucked them, they were locked in deep French kisses while rubbing their breasts. I could feel their pussies getting tighter and I knew it wouldn't be long before each would come. I began to pump them harder each time, jamming my thick cock deeper inside them. As I began to fuck Nancy, she started to quiver. "Please don't stop. I'm going to come . . . I'm coming . . . don't stop . . . I'm coming . . ." I pumped furiously as Nancy came, causing her to scream with pleasure.

When her orgasm was over, she gave me a big kiss. Now it was my wife's turn. I began to work on her by slowly sliding my cock in and out as far as it would go. Elena thoroughly enjoyed this slow, easy rhythm. I then increased the speed and power of my thrusts, moving faster and deeper as I fucked. Elena wrapped her legs around my waist as her pussy tightened. I could feel my balls tingling. I was about to come. As I pumped Elena, Nancy reached over and nibbled on her tits. This excited Elena. She started to breathe harder. Suddenly, she took a deep breath and climaxed into an orgasm, which caused me to come instantly. I filled Elena with my come and then collapsed into her arms.

All three of us fell asleep that night in each other's arms. It was a night that my wife and I will always remember.—Name and address withheld

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instructor of Spanish at a small college in Wyoming. There was a girl in one of my classes, named Sandy, who would smile at me in a special way while I lectured. She had dark eyes and dark hair, and although she dressed conservatively, I had no trouble telling that she had a very nice figure.

One day she came to my office for a conference, and after we had discussed her term paper, I ventured to say that I thought she had a nice smile. She blushed and said that she thought I had a good one too. We made a date to go to the movies that evening.

That night we joked and laughed a lot, and I told her that I liked her style. I could tell that she wasn't very experienced sexually, but she was right at the point where she was open to new kinds of experiences.

On our second date, a few days later, as we were driving home from a movie I casually mentioned that I had some friends who were giving a party that night and that it would probably be a wild one. "What kind of wild?" she asked. I noticed that she was breathing a little faster than usual. "Look," I said, "I don't want to force you into anything. This is a party with six or seven couples, and they all know each other quite well. There is likely to be some nudity, and maybe more." "What kind of more?" she asked, and laughed nervously. By now she was definitely breathing faster. "Well," I said, "there's this girl Lau-

ra who usually starts something. I've seen her come up to a stranger, give him a French kiss, and unzip his pants." "And what does she do then?" asked my innocent companion. "At that point," I said, "she likes to shimmy out of her jeans, pull down her bikini panties, and masturbate." "In front of everyone?" she asked, breathlessly. "Yes," I said. By this time I was breathing harder too. Sandy giggled. "Let's go to the party," she said.

The party was at a secluded cabin. When we got out of the car, I embraced her and gave her a tongue kiss. She was literally trembling from a combination of fear and anticipation. I put my hands up under her dress and clasped her buttocks. She was wet, and she let me fondle her pussy a few minutes. "Do you think your friends will like me?" she asked. I assured her that they would. "You are a very sexy young woman," I said.

We were met at the door by my friend Fred. I introduced him to Sandy and watched while he took her around to the other couples and introduced her. I could tell that she was happy to find that the people at the party were normal, healthy adults, and I could also tell that she was attracted to Fred's outdoorsy good looks.

After about thirty minutes of drinks and chatter, Laura made her move. We men had already given her some encouragement, I must confess. I had taken her out on the back porch for a bit of hurry-up lov-

ing myself. Laura is a small redhead, about twenty-six, with large dark-green eyes and beautiful skin. Tonight she was hot as a firecracker, and just about as explosive. She waltzed out into the middle of the group, smiled a sexy smile, and started taking off her clothes. She got down to her bra and panties very quickly. The group grew suddenly quiet, and everyone waited to see what she would do next. She decided to play coy. "Shall I take everything else off?" she said. There was a chorus of groans and giggles. By this time every man in the room was rock-hard and every girl had wet panties. I looked over at Sandy. She was French-kissing Fred and his hands were roaming over her body. They were both breathing very hard, and suddenly the attention of the group shifted from Laura to Sandy and Fred. As we watched, these total strangers made love with total abandon. He pulled her dress up over her head, removed her bra, and pulled down her panties. She opened her legs and let him finger and caress her pubic region and inner thighs. She worked his belt loose, pulled down his pants, and fondled his hard prick. Then she drew him down onto the carpet. While we watched, he mounted her, caressed her breasts, and moved his prick in and out of her swollen pussy. She moaned with delight.

What happened next was some of the hottest loving I have ever experienced. All the girls took part, and all the guys. It was a race to see who could get out of their clothes the fastest. Laura sucked me off while Gene fucked her from behind. Ed and Sue got it together in front of the fireplace. I won't describe the rest, except to say that Sandy was the center of attention. Her body literally glowed with energy. Every time she climaxed, she blushed crimson from head to foot and giggled until the tears flowed. I have never seen a woman, before or since, who took such pleasure in lovemaking as she did.—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

Pet of the Month Janet Sharpe, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 and 500 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Allan J. Wash photographed "The Good Life," which begins on page 66, with a Nikon F2 camera body, Nikon MD2 motor drive, and Nikkor 24, 85, 135, and 180 lenses. "Steve and Leanne," which appears on page 118, was photographed by John Copeland with a Nikon 35mm camera, Nikkor 43-86 zoom lens, and Norman 200B strobes.



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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.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Don't miss your opportunity to win a Porsche 928S in the Penthouse Dream Car Sweepstakes. If the entry coupon or centerfold insert has been removed, send your request for a copy, along with a postage-paid envelope, to: Beverly Greiper, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. No purchase necessary.

HENTOFF HITS HOME

I have just read "Advise & Dissent" in the January 1983 issue of *Penthouse*. A strong feeling of déjà vu hits me. Why? Just a few days ago I, too, was a victim of an overzealous cop out to protect his community from a pedestrian. I am a thirty-year-old white male. I do not fall into either the "young" or "minority" category, yet the fact that I was not in a car at 2:00 A.M. on my way home from work was cause enough to detain me.

I walk home behind two industrial buildings and through a large field, as this is the straightest course home. Yes, I was in a "back alley at 2 A.M.," and I said, "To hell with you. I've been on my feet for ten hours and I'm going home." However, the cop had the stick, the gun, the backup, and my driver's license. Case closed. Although I've never had a warrant for my arrest, they found one with the wrong name and address but the right description. I explained that it couldn't be me, but the "street court" decided I should be arrested, handcuffed, and taken downtown. Fortunately, it was not one of the nights that I didn't have a penny to my name, or I would have done some county time on someone else's warrant.

My point is, you don't have to be a minority to be subject to this kind of "officer entertainment." And all the protective laws in the books won't help when you try to walk away from a heavily armed cop at 2 A.M. in a back alley.—Robert E. Lewis, Jr., Paso Robles, Calif.

KUDOS

As a regular reader, I would like to express my thanks to everyone who makes a *Penthouse* pictorial what it is. Clearly, you have a combination of the most extremely talented and gifted people working with the most beautiful women in the world to make it the best damn magazine I've ever seen.

I am also glad to see you giving credit to all the excellent *Penthouse* photographers by publishing information used during the

shooting of pictorials. I'm sure that much time and energy are spent shooting the pictorials. It is not as easy as everyone thinks it is. My appreciation goes to the art and graphic editors, the staff photographers, as well as the photo editors. I realize that many more people are involved and that time will not allow me to list them all, but I extend my sincere admiration and respect to them all for producing *Penthouse* every month.—Luis T. Neira, Santa Ana, Calif.

Concerning your February 1983 issue: it must be the best I've ever browsed through, and I've been reading your magazine for about five years now. It's a gorgeous issue. I was most turned on by your pictorial on Danielle Martin. She's out of this world. Also, there's nothing so nice as February's Pet of the Month, Loretta Ybarra. She's one girl I wouldn't mind having a sparring session with. Thanks for the once-in-a-lifetime glimpses of these two great babes.—Bryan Mayer, Victorville, Pa.

BRUCE LEE

I've just finished Part Two of your two-part article on Bruce Lee published in the February 1983 issue. I have been a devoted follower of Bruce Lee for many years. I own all his movies on videotape and most of the books and articles written about him. I must say, though, it was Albert Goldman's article that made me react the most. At first I was angered at how this mere reporter was passing judgment on Bruce Lee, but after reading the entire article and seeing how well he had gathered his information and presented it, I began to feel despair creeping into my image of Bruce Lee. My hero, a drug-taker and potential paranoid! Thank you, Mr. Goldman and, of course, *Penthouse*, for uncovering the truth about Bruce Lee. It was a long time in coming. I must add this final note, though: no matter what is said about Lee, I will always consider myself one of his many faithful followers.—Jon Correa, Bellevue, Wash.

It's time the general public discovered what those in the martial arts have known for some time. Bruce Lee was a fine, dedicated martial artist. He was not a superman and could not defeat everyone. He was merely a human being who had conditioned himself like a lightweight boxing champion. He was also a product of a good publicity manager. It was unfortunate that his fame resulted in his demise



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and that he utilized his martial-arts ability to bully others. It must be remembered, however, that the martial arts did not do this to him. He did it to himself. Had he followed the true teachings of karate, kung fu, etc., he would be alive today. Goldman is to be congratulated on his article and for having the courage to reveal the truth.—Wally M. De Rose, Head Instructor, Martial Arts Institute, Hobart, Ind.

LETTER FROM HINCKLEY

To Allan Sonnenschein:

I am pleased with the interview published in the March 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, and also the introduction that was written. As a rule, I'm always wary of journalists and reporters because so many of them have been unfair to me, but I have found you to be honest and sincere and a man of your word. I hope you and *Penthouse* don't give up the fight to see me in person.—John Hinckley, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C.

THE JOY OF AMPUTEE SEX

The person whose letter appeared in the December 1982 "Feedback" column and who claims to be turned off by amputee letters is more handicapped than any amputee. I know.

I'm sure if you stopped printing such letters in "Forum," the amputee could go back into his shell and not have to consider "gimps" as normal people.

When I woke up in the recovery room and realized that I would never ever have my leg again, I assure you that kinky sexual encounters were the furthest thing from my mind. But it wasn't many months before I had learned the possibilities.

Probably the best thing an amputee can do is meet life head-on, enjoying everything possible. I never say "I can't" without at least having tried. More often than not, I not only succeed but thoroughly enjoy the experience—everything from skiing to hiking to, yes, even sex.

I have found fellow amputees to be, as a whole, very well-adjusted people. Many of them have survived traumatic life-or-death situations—also known as the school of hard knocks—with advanced degrees.

A friend of mine makes the point that all mankind is only temporarily able—age will get us all, eventually.

By printing amputee letters, "Forum" carries a strong, positive message to amputees. Please don't stop.—Larz F. Neilson, Wilmington, Mass.

CHECKING OUT THE ISLANDERS

While the fashion feature "Body Checks" in your February 1983 issue on the New York Islanders may simply have been intended to acquaint your male readers with the latest in fashion underwear, it served quite another purpose for me. As one of your female readers, I regarded this photo spread as a rare opportunity to admire the brawny physiques of four professional athletes—athletes usually seen only when encumbered by uniforms and playing

gear. (All right, so I went a tad past the admiring stage. In fact, I mentally pulled down Bob Nystrom's bikini so many times with my teeth that I must have completely worn out its waistband.)

The purpose of this letter, however, is not to confess my fondness for hairy-chested jocks, but rather to suggest that "beefcake" photos of this sort are an effective way to foster female interest in professional sports. After all, men may be drawn to sports by such factors as competition and strategy, but women tend to become involved only when they're attracted by the personalities of the various players in the game. Seeing these players "robotized" by bulky uniforms naturally lessens the necessary attraction.

Perhaps if more teams would encourage their men to shed their uniforms for your fashion layouts, female attendance at their games would increase. I, for example, now intend to see the Islanders the very next time they come to Minnesota to play our North Stars. Bob Nystrom, watch out!—*Alice Easton, Minneapolis, Minn.*

DAN AYKROYD INTERVIEW

As I read Allan Sonnenschein's interview with Dan Aykroyd in your January 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, I was deeply moved by the comments he made about his close relationship with the late John Belushi. It seems that Aykroyd was as shocked by his sudden death as I was.

The other night, I was watching an old repeat of "Saturday Night Live" and there was a short film starring Belushi. John is an old man, the sole survivor of the S.N.L. crew, visiting the cemetery where they are all buried. He spoke of how "they lived fast, died young, and left a good-looking corpse." When he got to Aykroyd's tombstone, he said, "Dan . . . he died in a motorcycle accident . . . he loved his Harley . . . was only a blur." I suppose this was funny at the time, but I could not laugh. There were some of the same comments that Dan had mentioned in your interview that made it all so ironic.

I say hats off to Dan Aykroyd, a man whom I have great respect for, a man who is down-to-earth and a credit to the arts.—*Michael K. Dube, Marietta, Ga.*

TWENTY-WORST HINDSIGHT

Larry Linderman's article "The Twenty Worst College Football Teams of 1982-83" in your October 1982 issue was enough to bring me to a boil!

I could see the basis for nineteen of the positions, but not for seat #9—held by the Air Force Academy!

Air Force, coming off its best year since 1971, won the Commanders in Chief Trophy and a bid to play Vanderbilt in the Hall of Fame Bowl. In addition, at the end of the season, it held fourth place in rushing, behind Georgia, Oklahoma State, and Nebraska.

I ask Mr. Linderman in all seriousness, Do you really think the Air Force Academy is such a bad team? If so, you must agree

they put on one hell of a pre-game show—how many colleges can boast a flyby?—*Amn. Joe B. Stephens III, Lowry Air Force Base, Denver, Colo.*

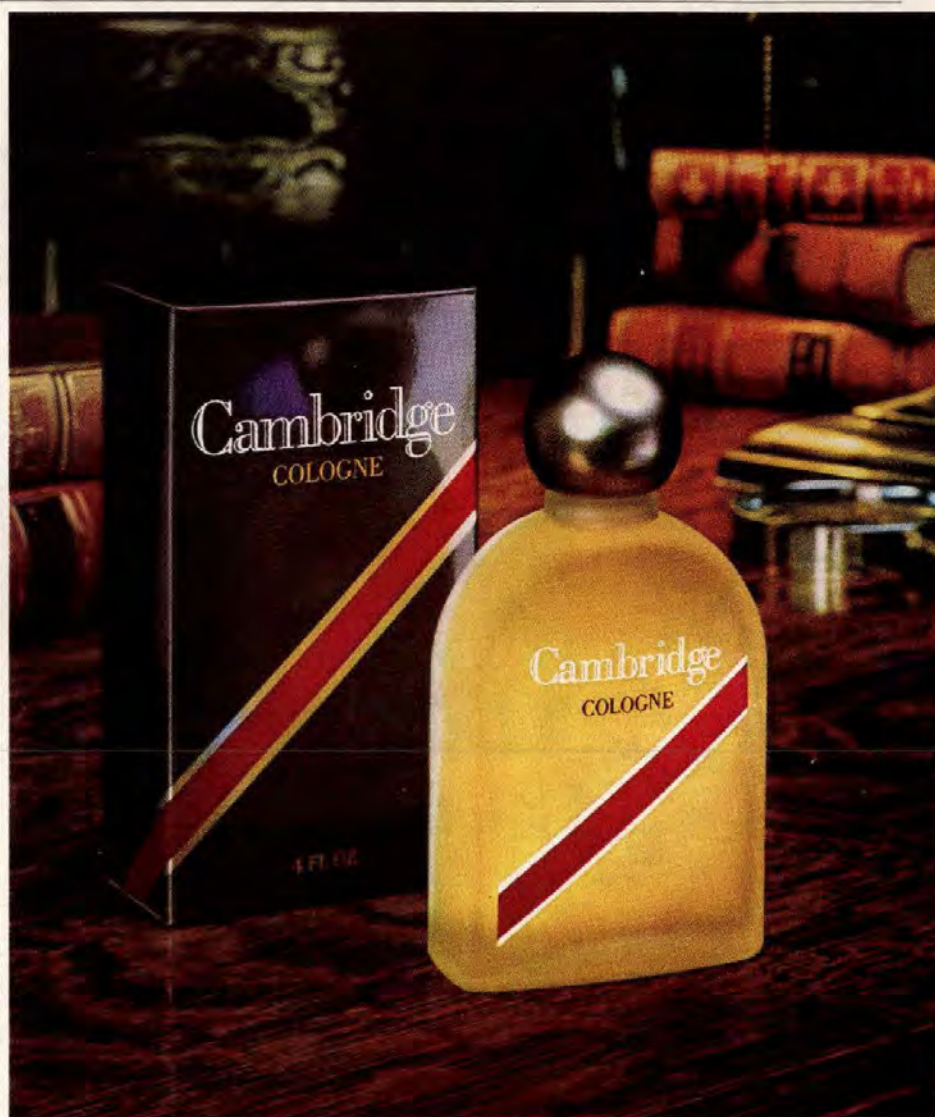
It took four months of hard work by the Air Force Academy Falcons to make author Larry Linderman choke on his words, but time was on the Falcons' side. Including the Falcons in his article should command so much respect for his football know-how that magazine sales will undoubtedly double for next October's issue. So instead of being labeled "sorry" or "losers," as Mr. Linderman predicted, the Falcons fielded their best team (8-5 record) in years. Finally, while Mr. Linderman may not believe in Air Force Academy football miracles, Brigham Young, Notre Dame, and Vanderbilt (who lost to Air Force 36-28 in this year's Hall of Fame Bowl) do. Restitution

can be made by leaving the Falcons out of this October's issue.—*Jamie L. Saives, USAF, Eglin Air Force Base, Valparaiso, Fla.*

CORRECTIONS

In the March 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, a painting by Nicola Simbari was used to illustrate the article "Aural Sex." Unfortunately, we neglected to mention that it was an original oil painting from the Crazy Horse Series by Nicola Simbari, © 1979. It is available through Tamar Arts, Ltd., 60 East Fifty-fourth Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. We would like to apologize for this omission.—*The Editors*

In the April "Housecall," the title of David Brenner's new book was given incorrectly. The correct title is *Soft Pretzels With Mustard*.—*The Editors* 



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Some nights when I'm with a man, I call up certain friends who I suspect are in bed with their lovers. It's fun when all of us end up doing the things we suggest to each other on the phone. ♪

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Several of the girls I work with and I disagree on a little problem and we would appreciate your opinion.

I'm twenty-five, divorced, have no children, and work in sales. I'm five foot four, 114 pounds, 37-25-35 (and second in a college beauty contest), love sports and good food and dancing, and don't drink or smoke. I just happen to live with a widower who was my godparent. He lives in a large home in an exclusive neighborhood. He is retired and well-off. He is also handsome, in excellent physical shape, and enjoys doing the same things I do. My family in the Midwest approves of where I live.

Bill has got to be nearly sixty, but I have never asked him, because he acts and looks as though he is only in his late forties. I had not really enjoyed any sex for more than six months, although I do have a pet dildo whenever I need to release my tensions. One day, as we drove home, I kept thinking that Bill certainly hadn't experienced the pleasure and closeness that emanate from good sex.

As I came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, I could hear Bill watching TV. I went into his room, sat on the edge of his bed, and realized, though the sheet was over him, that he slept in the nude. I asked him if he didn't miss sex. He said he still enjoyed thinking about it but that the only way he could satisfy a woman would be oral sex.

Every man I've ever known seemed to have the problem of coming in two minutes or less. It was then that I realized that his age must have something to do with his problem. Even though I had only experienced oral sex a few times, I had enjoyed it. I told him that under the right conditions and with the right person, I loved oral sex.



I turned the light out and the TV off and slipped under the sheet with him.

I leaned over and began kissing him, and I loved his responses. He was feeling my body through my robe and I was feeling his bare skin. I loved the feel of his body, so smooth, firm and muscular, and sweet-smelling. Then I felt him untie my robe, and soon his hands were exploring my body. I loved it. He was very gentle and his lips were caressing me slowly down my body. He softly touched and kissed me all the way to my ankles and back to my bosom, and then back slowly to my hips and thighs. I know that I had spread my legs in anticipation of his lovely lips and tongue. I was not disappointed. He was a perfectionist, and my ecstasy was supreme. I had

never experienced such pleasure before and he brought me to the pinnacle of happiness over and over again until I told him that I could take no more. I could taste and smell the sweet aroma of my juices from his lips.

It must have been four hours or more before I awakened. He was on his back but with one arm still under me. He was breathing softly and very rhythmically. I had never felt so good. We still had a sheet over us but I don't remember how I had managed to slip my robe off.

I was thinking about how much I had loved his making love to me. Then I knew that I wanted to give him some pleasure too. I had never sucked on any man's penis before, but the very least I could do was try to give him some satisfaction too.

I pulled just enough of the sheet aside to expose his genitals. I played with them for a little while and was somewhat surprised at how small he was. He was still breathing softly when I sat up and, leaning over, sampled his penis a little at a time. After several

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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

minutes I got up the nerve to take all of it into my mouth, and found that it really had no taste or flavor or odor. It was soft and pliable and I liked the feel of it. When it started to grow, I liked it even better, and it wasn't long after that that I felt his hands on my head and I could take only about half of it in my mouth.

I was even more pleased when he begged for me to lie down so that he could put it where it would do us both the most good. As soon as I was on my back, he was on top of me. I loved the feel of his penis going into my body. It gave me such a warm feeling all over! He took his time in long, slow strokes, and even though I thought he had drained me before, it must have been half an hour later when he began driving into me so hard that I felt as though he and I were going right through the headboards. But it was wonderful.

We both went off to sleep, and it was daylight when we awakened. I thanked him for being so wonderful and for the beautiful pleasure he had given to me. He said he had received an equal amount of pleasure, even though I still believe that I got the most. From that night on we have bedded together every night. We frequently sixty-nine, and I love the taste of his semen and now swallow every drop.

He very seldom is able to attain an erection without my first giving him oral stimulation, which only seems to excite me more. My ex-husband was good for two or three times a night, but he never lasted more than three or four minutes before coming, and I experienced very few orgasms during our sex. Bill always brings me to at least two orgasms orally, and then, after I've gotten him hard, he brings me to two and sometimes three more before he reaches his climax.

Several of the girls insist that sooner or later I'll get careless and get pregnant, but I've been careful and insist that there's no way I'll let that happen. One of them says that he has got to be too old for sex and that too much might kill him. What do you think? I still go out with other men two or three times each month but very seldom have sex with them.

This has been going on for three years. I'm contented, satisfied, and happy. I have a good job. I live well, I have a lot of fun going places with Bill, and sex with him is just beautiful. Do you think that our relationship will last and that I'm doing the right thing?—N.W.

Isn't the fact that you have been happy together for over three years proof enough that age difference does not affect a relationship? Things have obviously worked out well for you so far. It is clear that it's you he wants and not someone else. There are very few people in this world who can honestly say, "I'm contented, happy, and satisfied. I have a good job and I live well." You have it all. Count your blessings. Incidentally, I am sure you won't kill him by making love to him, but if you did, wow, what a way to go!



BACK ROW: Clarence Rolman, 81; Lawrence Burns, 66; Garland Dusenberry, 70; Charlie Walker, 71.
FRONT ROW: Bill C. Fanning, 75; Lee Gray, 66; Lamont Weaver, 67; Herb Fanning, 78.

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WIFE STRIFE

I am a twenty-four-year-old male. I have a very strong sex drive. One of my biggest fantasies is for a woman to start masturbating during foreplay while I watch. This turns me on very much. My problem is I am married, and my wife doesn't have the same feelings that I do toward sex. She is a very closed person when it comes to sex and has no fantasies about sex at all. But I love my wife and would never think of going to bed with another woman. She turns me on very much.

I just want more out of sex. How could I get my wife to understand my feelings and try to enjoy new things? Also, my wife has had a problem since we had our first child. We can make love only about two or three times every two or three weeks. When we make love she dries out and gets real sore. Is that normal? Is there something she can use to help herself? Maybe masturbation?—G.R.

A lot of women are still brought up to believe it is wrong to masturbate. Nice girls just don't do that, they believe. Why don't you try to relax her in a hot bath with a little wine or grass, whatever she enjoys, and massage her gently? Once she is real mellowed, she may take over. She's probably just very uptight and afraid to uncover lust under the surface.

As for being dry, there may be a physical problem that calls for a doctor's atten-

tion, but first, try to get her good and wet each time. Be patient in your lovemaking. You seem to be very concerned, so I think you'll have her pretty hot without too much trouble. Also, you can buy various kinds of lubricants at the drug store, or you might try a little cooking oil.

TRAVELER'S ADVISORY

I am a twenty-five-year-old graduate student in engineering and have been in this country for about two years. The society I come from is riddled with inhibitions regarding sex, and premarital sex is definitely taboo. In your column I read about couples who meet and the first time hit it off famously in bed. Can a physical relationship be mutually satisfying to both partners without a platonic or an emotional involvement?

I recently met an attractive twenty-three-year-old brunette who is staying in the same apartment complex. I invited her over to my place for a drink and after a few martinis the inevitable happened. We French-kissed. I'd never indulged in this before and I didn't particularly care for it. The next act was bed. Because of my repressed background, this was a situation I viewed with trepidation because of the fear I wouldn't be able to satisfy her. Anyway, as things started to progress I kissed her from the earlobes down to her inner thighs and then tongued her pussy. She'd been aroused to a great extent as she

parted her vaginal lips for my tongue, and her juices started flowing. By then my dick was in a semihard condition and I inserted it in her love box. She started bucking frantically. About five minutes later, I could feel myself going limp, so I asked her to get on top of me. With my fingers walking all over her bountiful posterior and her tits in my mouth, I should have been in seventh heaven, but I kept going from hard to limp. When she fellated me, it didn't work out either. I explained to her that it was entirely my fault since my inhibitions were probably getting the better of me, and that I would require more time to appreciate her personality before I would be able to satisfy her as well as myself. This explanation did not appease her. We are now just good friends. This has resulted in a masculinity crisis, which could hamper my future relationships. Is this failure due to my sensitive nature, which requires mental compatibility before physical arousal, or just due to plain impotence? Incidentally, I've never had any problem with emission while masturbating.—R.B.

I think your problem is lack of experience. You need to get down to brass tacks. Call a spade a spade, an ass an ass, and cut out this "bountiful posterior" shit. There are two types of attraction: mental and physical.

The ideal is both mental and physical attraction. What we call body chemistry can

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A&C GRENADIERS—THE TASTE LEADER

also be developed through intimacy. The more two people make love to each other, the better it tends to be. Impotence, on the other hand, is a very vague word, and is something that has three possible aspects. One, you don't get hard enough to penetrate; two, you come too soon; or three, you don't come at all. In your case, you can come all right, but you have a problem getting hard. This could be caused by the type of background you described. In this case you may need more help than you are likely to get from a girl friend. Your best hope is sex therapy.

Meanwhile, this situation should not alarm you. Almost every man at some time or another has feelings of sexual inadequacy. A lover of mine, who is one of the horniest studs I ever knew, told me of a girl he once loved from afar. He finally lured her into his bed and found himself totally impotent. When he got it, it was too much for him, or maybe it was a disappointment.

LATE-NIGHT RERUNS

My boyfriend and I have been seeing each other for about four years and have been very compatible sexually. We like to try new things and try to fulfill our fantasies. At least, we have until now. The problem: his fantasy is for me to tell him about past experiences with other men while we are making love.

One such instance began when we were lying on the bed. He was fingering my pussy and I was stroking his cock. He told me he wanted me to talk to him. Knowing what that meant, I started to tell him about a time I was at a party at this guy's house. After the party broke up, I was trying to clean up when the guy came up behind me, pressing his body against me, and put his hand on my crotch. I could feel his cock through his jeans as he suggested we go and get comfortable. Lying on the couch in the dark, he started rubbing my clit between his fingers. When he took his cock out I was braced for the first thrust. When I felt his cock slide into my pussy, I felt a terrific rush. It was as if my pussy would burst from pleasure.

While telling this to my boyfriend, I felt his cock growing hard and stiff in my hand. He put his cock in my cunt and fucked me like he couldn't get enough. His cock was so hard, he completely filled my cunt and each thrust got faster and faster until he came, pouring his come into my pussy. I've "talked" to him several times and each time his climax gets bigger.

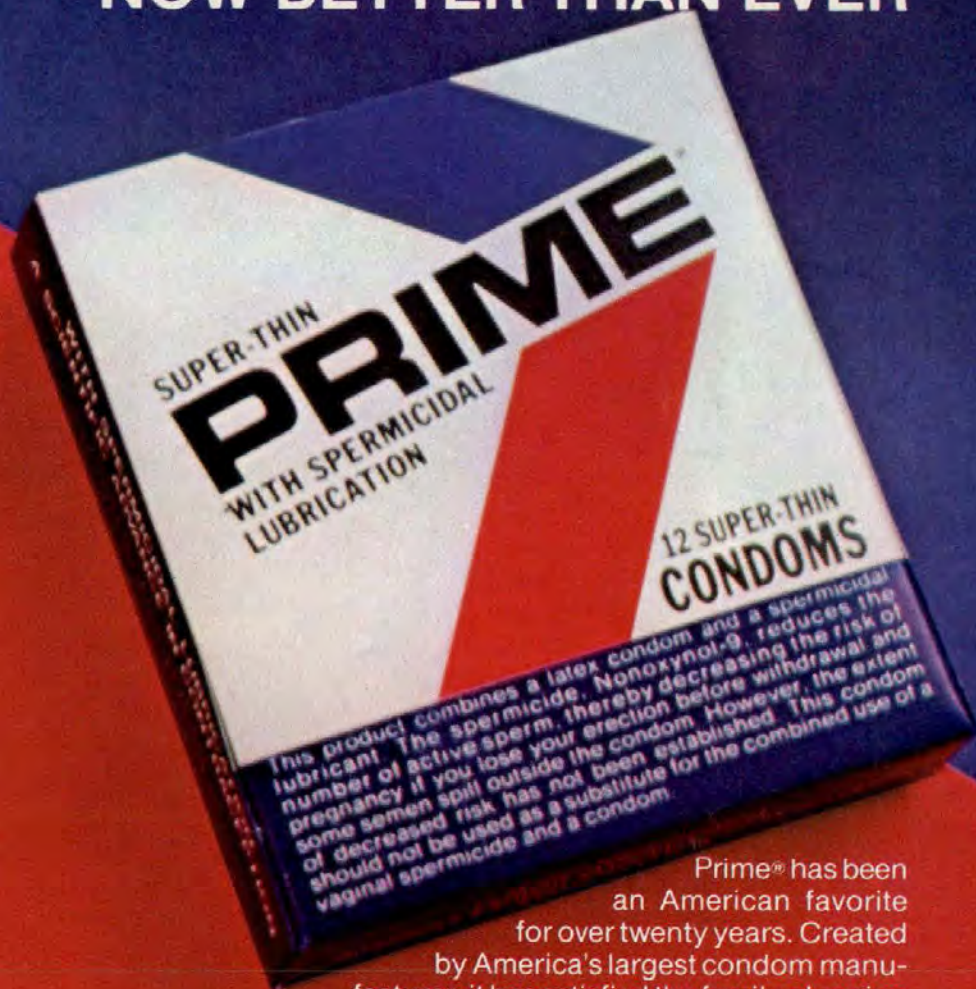
He has assured me that these talks will not hurt our relationship, and so far they haven't. That was my major objection about telling him about my past.

Xaviera, is it normal for a man to want to hear about a woman's past? As you can see, there is nothing bizarre or special about my past, just straight sex. I know I don't want to hear about his past. I really don't mind as long as it doesn't hurt us. He also says it doesn't bother him, because it all happened before I knew him and he knows he's the best lover I ever had. Do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

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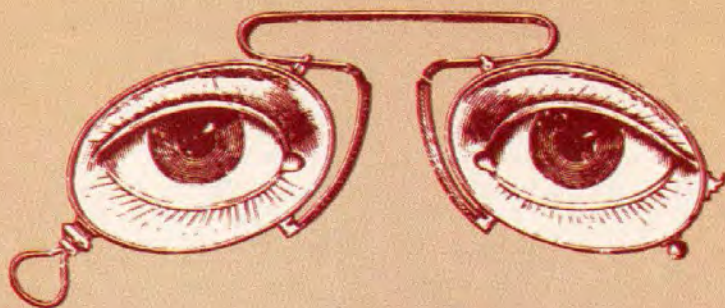
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SURVIVAL WORKBOOK

BY EMILY PRAGER

Can your son tell a member of the North American Man-Boy Love Association from a hole in the wall? Does your daughter see the correlation between her mother's new live-in boyfriend and a Phalangist guarding a Palestinian refugee? If you're dubious about the answers to these questions, then give your kids **The 1983 American Children's Survival Workbook!** Evil threats of Modern Life explained for kids ages four to fourteen. Including riddles, quizzes, and games that will improve your kid's savvy and help him survive. Would the lost boys have gone with Peter Pan if they'd known about A.I.D.S.? It's something to think about.

Chapter 1. Survive? Why Should I? Make Me! In the early 1950s, when Mommy and Daddy were little, everyone loved and protected children. Mommy and Daddy grew up with all the toys they wanted and absolutely no responsibilities. They thought life would always be this way. That's why they're so cranky today. You modern children know what it took Mommy and Daddy years of therapy to guess at: you can depend only on *yourself*. Trust *no one*. *Survive*. And one day you might grow up to be like Steven Spielberg, a man who makes millions of dollars having fun, making movies, and hanging out with E.T. on a daily basis. Forget about being president. It's for underachievers.

Chapter 2. Never Trust a Muppet! Here is a riddle about the danger of television: What is the difference between Muppets, Smurfs, Strawberry Shortcakes, and heroin? Answer: Heroin is cheaper.

Chapter 3. My Government, What's in It for Me? Here's a quiz that will tell you about democracy. Recently, there was a story in the newspaper about a Communist Chinese official who was convicted of bribery and fraud. The man stole \$36,000 from his government. In punishment, his government sentenced him to death. He was shot and killed. Question: If an American government official—say, a congressman, presidential aide, or even the president himself—were convicted of bribery and fraud, what consequences could he expect: (a) a book deal; (b) a film deal; (c) carte blanche on the lecture circuit; (d) all of the above? The correct answer is (d), and he could give his personal papers to a college library for a hefty

tax deduction. Remember: in a democracy, there is no personal suffering, including your own, that cannot be turned into money. If you are stuck with abusive parents, psycho relatives, or loveless foster care, *do not despair*. Take copious notes on what you have experienced. Xerox, and bury the Xeroxes in a secret place. As soon as you have compiled a complete dossier on those who have abused you, phone or write the executive editors of the *National Enquirer* or *Reader's Digest* (locate these publications in your supermarket and copy down the appropriate names and addresses) and offer to sell them your story. Be sure to mention that you are a child—this is your selling point—and that you wish to retain book, movie, and television rights. That's where the big money comes in.

Chapter 4. Survival in the Out-of-Doors. Earn Proficiency Badges! The following badges may be applied to a Street Survival major in the First Class rank: Attack-Dog Groomer, Dioxin Detector, Wino Care, Ghetto Traveler, Mugger Appreciation, Graffitiophile, Speed Cyclist.

Pervert Dodger: To earn this badge, do four of these activities, including the three that have an asterisk:

* 1. Using pictures of a raincoat, a high-heeled shoe, and Lewis Carroll, prepare a scrapbook or posters illustrating the difference between an exhibitionist, a fetishist, and a pedophile.

* 2. Practice evading a pervert on public transportation. Explain the importance of squeezing through subway doors, changing seats on a bus, a knee in the groin.

3. With a group of friends, explore the abandoned buildings in your neighborhood. Catalog escape routes. Discuss possible places to hide.

4. Plan a debate on the evils of the North American Man-Boy Love Association. Support your argument with mention of A.I.D.S., Etan Patz, the slogan "Parents for Incest."

* 5. Practice screaming in a public place. Can you scream loud enough to alert a shopping mall, disrupt a theater, cause chaos in a bathhouse?

6. Investigate the vocations most chosen by child molesters. Make a list, and be sure to include department-store Santas, female gym teachers, parents, priests. 



DAN MORRILL



SCENES

MORE JAWS
New York's hottest new stage star hasn't got Raquel Welch's body, Elizabeth Taylor's eyes, or Katharine Hepburn's voice. But what she's got is a great set of teeth.

The toothsome beauty is Audrey II, a man-eating plant that gobbles up most of her co-stars in *Little Shop of Horrors*, the rock 'n' roll horror show based on the 1960 Roger Corman cult flick and now playing off-Broadway at the Orpheum Theater. Looking a lot like Jaws trying to disguise itself as a Day-Glo orchid, Audrey II lives in a skid row flower shop, where she tempts and terrorizes her nebbishy friend Seymour, who attends to her peculiar dietary needs. Every time Seymour obeys her order to "Feed me! Shut up and feeeeed me!", the botanical monster doubles in size, until she threatens to take over the entire civilized world. Or, at least, New York City, if that counts as civilized.

Having swallowed up New York, Audrey II now has her petals pointed at Los Angeles, where a second company will bloom this spring. By fall, there'll be another Audrey chewing up the scenery in London. And in due time, Steven

Spielberg is supposed to be producing a movie version.

"What intrigued me most about the original Roger Corman movie was its Faust theme," says its thirty-three-year-old director-author Howard Ashman. "It was like a parable about what this little guy has to do for success, what he has to pay for it. That's what I strengthened, that theme."

In the movie (which Corman made in 1960 in less than two weeks and on a budget of under \$50,000), Seymour makes a very modest profit from feeding the monster plant. Ashman, however, gives his nerd hero a contract with William Morris, his own TV show, and the cover of *Time* magazine.

"Seymour's success ups the stakes," explains Ashman. "By making him a media celebrity it makes his temptation greater. It also helps audiences to relate to him, sympathize a little."

Sympathy for his hero was crucial to Ashman in making his stage adaptation of the movie, since he had taken the drastic step of turning Seymour into a conscious murderer. In the Corman version, all the plant food suffered accidental deaths, which made Seymour more of a waiter than a butcher. To

liven things up even more, Ashman changed Audrey II's victims from anonymous strangers to central characters, including Seymour's lady love, Audrey I, played with adorable dopiness by Ellen Greene. To heighten the ambiguous morality of the story, he even gave the lady a shady sexual history. "A lot of that Marilyn Monroe stuff—the cleavage, the lisp, the sex stuff—came from Ellen herself," Ashman reports. "She even came up with the blond wig. Blond is cute, she said. It made her feel freer, not so slutty."

The complicated character change—from prim brunette to sexy blonde—came about in order to create a new character who could be fed to the plant without disgusting the audience. "We couldn't make it too real, or too brutal," says Ashman.

When Roger Corman came down to see the show, Ashman remembers, he was "very aware of all the changes. He told me that he got very nervous toward the end," reports Ashman, "when he realized that we were killing off all the sympathetic characters. He didn't know where we were going to take it to end the thing." But when he saw the new ending—a clever and

creepy send-up of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*—Corman was all approval.

"The show is like a fairy tale because it offers a moral choice," says Ashman. "Don't feed the plant! The message is clear: success is dangerous. Be careful what you pay to the gods of materialism and to your own selfish interest. That's how monsters take over the world. Actually, it's the same moral message of most '50s horror movies, which say: it's up to you whether the monster will take over. It's your choice."

While Ashman was getting his moral message from such models as *Body Snatchers*, the show's composer, Alan Menken, was sifting through '50s rock 'n' roll for the themes of his delicious pastiche score. An unabashed tribute to Phil Spector's Wall of Sound, the music sounds like one long medley of girl-group hits. To make the connection even stronger, many of the songs are delivered by a terrific trio of girls named Chiffon, Crystal, and Ronnette.

"We went for that dense, heavily rhythmic beat that sounds like whips," says Ashman. "There's something dark and scary about that sound, and that's what we wanted." Along with the threatening beat, the show's score also dips into the content and philosophy of '50s rock 'n' roll, paying tribute to such smoldering oldies as the Shangri-las' "You Can Never Go Home Anymore," and such Death Rock classics as "Leader of the Pack" and "He's a Rebel."

"A lot of '50s rock 'n' roll lyrics carry cautionary messages," says Ashman, "just like the ones our girl group give Seymour. And in the end, he gets the message. He tries to destroy Audrey II."

The thing is, Audrey II gets Seymour in the end. But maybe that's what creating a new star is all about, too. You've got to feeeeed her.—Marilyn Stasio. 



Chiffon, Crystal, and Ronnette from the new musical *Little Shop of Horrors*: cautionary messages.



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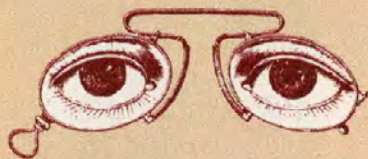


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HOME VIDEOS

AMES PEOPLE PLAY
By now most of you have probably heard about the explosion in the home computer and video game industries. Americans bought 2 million home computers in 1982, and industry analysts estimate that 6 million units will be sold this year. Over \$7 billion in quarters was slipped into the coin slots of arcade games in 1982, and sales of home video systems are at record highs. For the first time in its history, *Time* magazine selected a machine, the home computer, as its "Man" of the Year.

The new products coming out are amazing. Today we can buy computers comparable to ones that in the 1950s cost half a million dollars—or more—for about \$200! There are even full-blown computers that sell for under \$100. Over half a million Americans have Timex 1000 computers, which can now be purchased for as low as \$79.

While the price of food, autos, services, and just about everything else is going up, home computers and video game systems are getting cheaper and cheaper.

This is due to expanding computer technology, much of which is taking place in an area called Silicon Valley, an electronic center south of San Francisco.

I don't want to be overly dramatic, but it is a fact that we're living in the middle of an incredibly exciting era. Major developments are occurring in the home computer and video system fields, not quarterly or monthly, but weekly, and even more frequently. Computer manufacturers and the companies that produce what's called software (the programs that run on computers) are stumbling over themselves to share in this consumer bonanza. This fierce competition, of course, benefits us. We continually hear announcements of better products that do more things—in some cases, things we wouldn't have believed could have been accomplished—and for lower prices!

Over the coming months, I'll keep you up-to-date on what's happening in the dynamic fields of home computers and video gaming.

As recently as a year ago, there were only a handful of video game

systems, each with from thirty to forty mediocre games that could be played on them. Today, there are over half a dozen video systems, and even more home computers, on which hundreds of superior games can be played.

The first really popular system was the Atari VCS (also called the 2600). More Americans, about 10 million, own this system than any other. Originally, only Atari produced cartridges for their system. Then a couple of upstarts, Activision and Imagic, both staffed with Atari alumni, began producing games. Both companies grew phenomenally.

Today, there are—get this—more than thirty companies making games for the Atari VCS. The list includes some of the biggest entertainment companies in America, such as Walt Disney, Parker Brothers, CBS, and even Mattel and Coleco, both of which produce competitive game systems.

Since the advent of the Atari VCS, several other fine home video systems have been introduced, the best of which are Intellivision, ColecoVision, and an improved

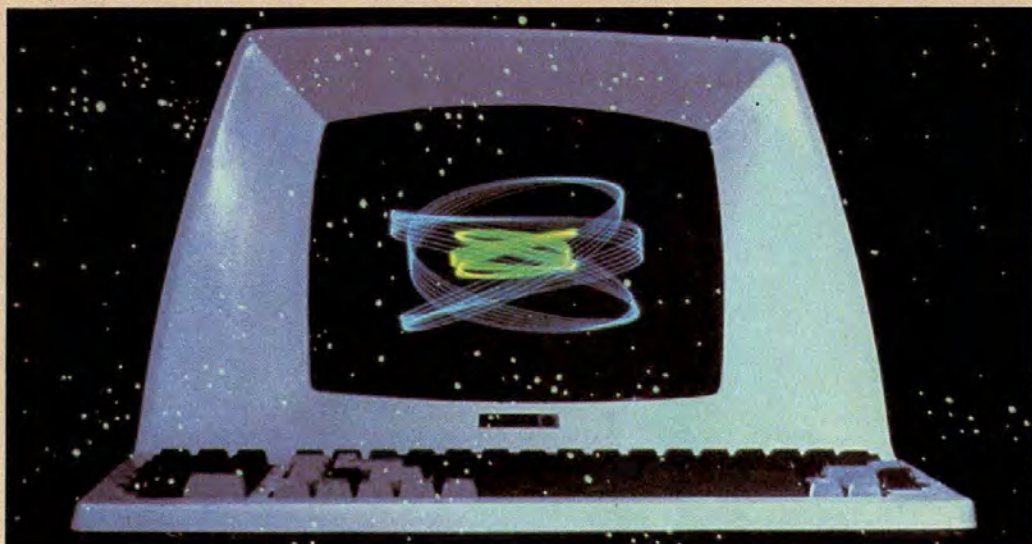
Atari system, the 5200. The original Intellivision is already obsolete; Mattel is producing a sleeker, more compact, and cheaper system, called Intellivision 2.

At first, none of the games for one system could be played on the others. Happily, standardization is starting to take place, which will benefit us, the consumer. The companies aren't doing this to be nice guys; they obviously have their "bottom lines" in mind. We may be progressing to the point where most games will be playable on most systems, just as records can be universally played on stereo sets.

Furthermore, the line between home video systems and home computers is rapidly vanishing. The three major video-game-systems manufacturers will have modules for converting their video systems to home computers. In addition, a number of other companies have inexpensive (about \$100) attachments that convert the Atari VCS into an honest-to-goodness, real, live home computer.

In the coming months, I'll give you my evaluation of the video game systems and home computers, citing their strong and weak points. I'll also give you tips on how to use computers to keep budgets, to pay bills, to get access to all kinds of information, and to do dozens of other things at home. I'll tell you which game cartridges I think are the most fun to play. We'll also discuss a subject that mystifies many people and often results in needless expense: how to find and purchase computer software that will do the jobs you want it to do.

Some analysts believe that the electronic explosion taking place is more dramatic than the Industrial Revolution. While others may not agree, there's no doubt that the world is changing before our very eyes.—Ken Uston



Industry analysts estimate that over 6 million home computers will be sold this year.



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FILMS

S PARE PARTS

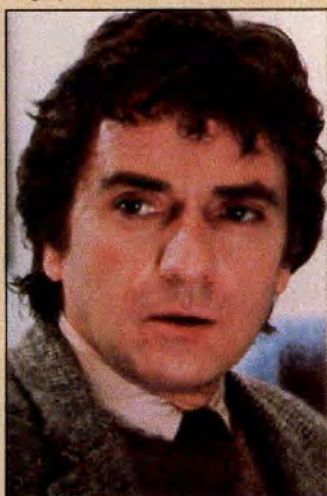
At the movies, be grateful for small favors. Small favors are often all you'll get. For example, the hopeful lift to Dudley Moore's eyebrows, or the answering invitation of Elizabeth McGovern's lovely, round face. Little things, glances and reactions, but they are the most durable pleasures of *Lovesick*, a comedy that is generally best when least.

In larger matters, *Lovesick* is somewhat inattentive, if not downright sloppy. Not having enough on his mind seems a problem with Marshall Brickman, who a few years ago gave us a good ten minutes (out of ninety-seven) in *Simon*, and who now gives us a substantial fifteen in *Lovesick*, which he both wrote and directed. There are all those confrontations between McGovern's face and Moore's eyebrows, and there are several modest routines that turn out every bit as funny as they must have been planned. I know this is more than some filmmakers will achieve in a lifetime. But for one whole movie it isn't enough.

Lovesick belongs to the category of sophisticated urban comedy. Subcategories: New York, Upper East Side, upper middle class, professional. Moore plays Saul Benjamin, a married psychoanalyst who falls instantaneously, unprofessionally, head-over-heels in love with Chloe Allen (McGovern), a patient he inherits from another analyst (Wallace Shawn) who dies of a heart attack while making love to his wife in a fatal attempt to forget Chloe Allen. *Lovesick* exploits the potentials of all this dutifully, and just a bit uninterestingly. Chloe, it so happens, also falls for Saul. Saul's wife conveniently falls for the painter her art gallery is showing. So what's the problem?

That's just it. There isn't any problem, except perhaps Saul's loss of status among his colleagues for bedding down with a

patient so soon after analysis. But luckily for Saul, the ghost of Sigmund Freud shows up (Alec Guinness—a most unfortunate characterization) to offer him long-range encouragement. *Lovesick* fails, almost from lack of serious complications. The idea of a happy comedy sounds just fine, until you have to sustain one. In practice it emerges as oddly unfeeling, without enough recognition that for most of us, not living in the world of *Lovesick*, life remains largely a mess. I like Marshall



Dudley Moore: great eyebrows.

Brickman's minor touches. And I share his appreciation for Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern. But I don't see that this exercise in benign satire, fortunate romance, and gentle good humor quite adds up to a movie.

Ettore Scola's *La Nuit de Varennes* received such lavish praise on its New York opening that it is worth throwing at least a little cold water on what is, after all, a rather academic piece of filmmaking with essentially pedantic virtues. Those virtues are often real enough, and beside such a monolithic sociopolitical monument as, say, *Gandhi*, Scola's imaginative historical reconstruction seems absolutely nimble by comparison.

The project sounds like one of those essay exams for French secondary-school students: It is 1791. The great lover Casanova, the novelist Restif de la Bretonne, the American pamphleteer Tom Paine, a lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, their servants, and a few wealthy citizens all meet in a coach following the route that King Louis XVI has taken in his abortive flight from Paris. What might be their conversation? Casanova is

by now sixty-six years old, the country cries for revolution, and on the night of June 21, Louis and his family will be captured in the little town of Varennes.

Not a bad essay topic—for a bright student who knows his eighteenth century. And not such a bad idea for a studiously bright film—despite the danger of making that coachload of travelers all too representative and the temptation to set them bouncing across a countryside too obviously filled with picturesque peasants standing sullenly against too admirable an evening sky. Scola avoids neither the danger nor the temptation. But if his characters sometimes speak as much for posterity as to one another, they nevertheless have a lot to say.

Once you get through Scola's narrative games—*La Nuit de Varennes* is the sort of historical melodrama that plays unnecessary tricks on its own time frame—the interest of the film lies mainly with its actors. They are a marvelous group, ranging from France (Jean-Louis Barrault as Restif), to the United States (Harvey Keitel as Tom Paine), to Italy (Marcello Mastroianni as Casanova), and to Germany's new cinema (Hanna Schygulla as Countess Sophie de la Borde).

It is impossible not to admire the ironic, humane bemusements of Mastroianni's magnificent old Casanova. But I admire even more the sublime Schygulla. She brings to her loyal lady-in-waiting such a gentle, beautiful worldliness, combined with such serene obtuseness as to what is really happening in the world around her, that she becomes for me the one story in the movie truly worth the telling. But to tell it properly would have taken a different movie: a tragedy, perhaps, which none of the easy ironies of history seen in hindsight could have diminished.—Roger Greenspun



Ettore Scola's *La Nuit de Varennes*: playing narrative games.

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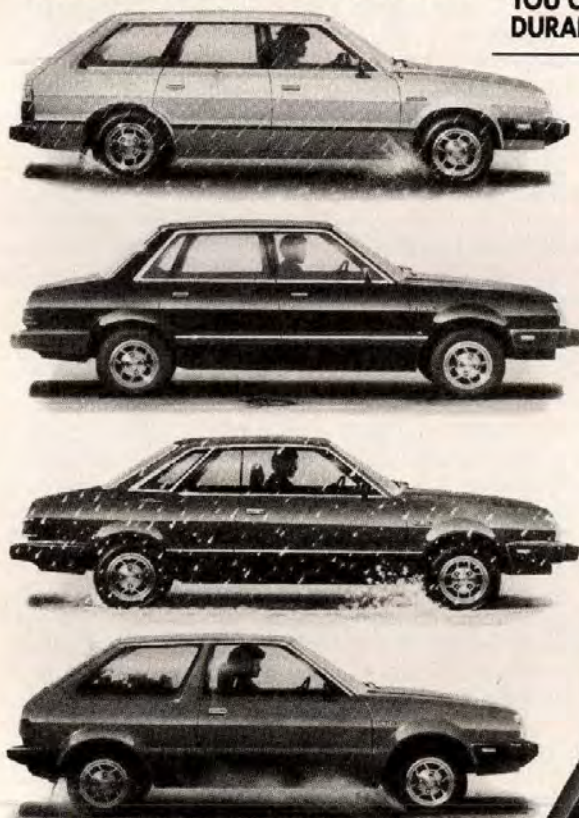
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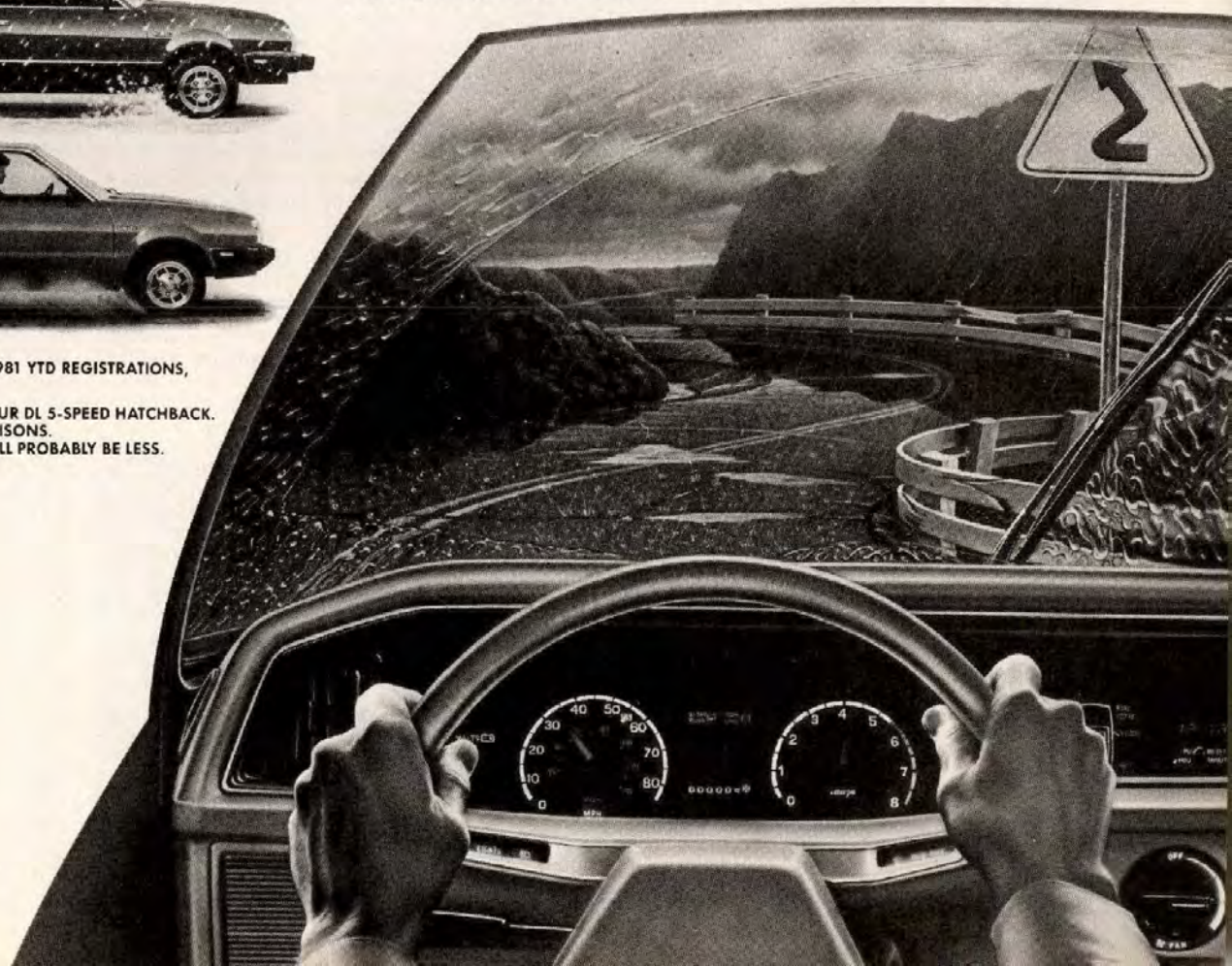
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WORDS

THE WHIMS OF WAR

Back in the days of hopefulness, when peace was still a tangible objective, the epigram "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" was plastered on every wall in the country. That was before we mastered the myth of the cold war. Now, of course, every time some lunatic revs up his war machine, the turnout is staggering, and peace, for all practical purposes, has been relegated to being a keepsake of mid-'60s pop romanticism.

Yet for all its rampant destruction, the casualties of war mirror valuable lessons none of us can pretend to overlook. More than any single stimulus, war has shaped both our history and geography and offered a moral perspective on the political and religious issues that affect our everyday lives. Constructive philosophies invariably rise out of the ashes of battle, and military leaders—even those who qualify as idiots savants—emerge as some of our more illustrious philosopher-kings. For this reason we must study analyses of wars in a way that expresses human interests and, one hopes, serves to thwart those yet to come.

In *Crossroads of Modern Warfare* (Doubleday), New York Times military analyst Drew Middleton dissects sixteen decisive battles (Battle of Britain, the Marne, etc.) that, he determines, either symbolized turning points in our history or, unleashed new, more diabolical forms of technology on mankind that forever changed the nature of war. But among the threats and random acts of aggression, the military maneuvers and assaults, and, finally, the ferocious battles themselves, all splendidly dramatized in vivid detail, one maintains the feeling that war is specifically the by-product of short-fused belligerence. Middleton emphasizes both the financial and emotional prices of conflict but concludes, covering all bases, "future generations may or may not accept the lesson."

In *Charlie Company* (Morrow), Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller chronicle a silent generation of veterans whose confusion and contingent shame reflect the tarnished legacy of American imprudence in dealing with the Vietnam War. This portrait of the celebrated infantry unit, also known as the Big Red One, is to date the most

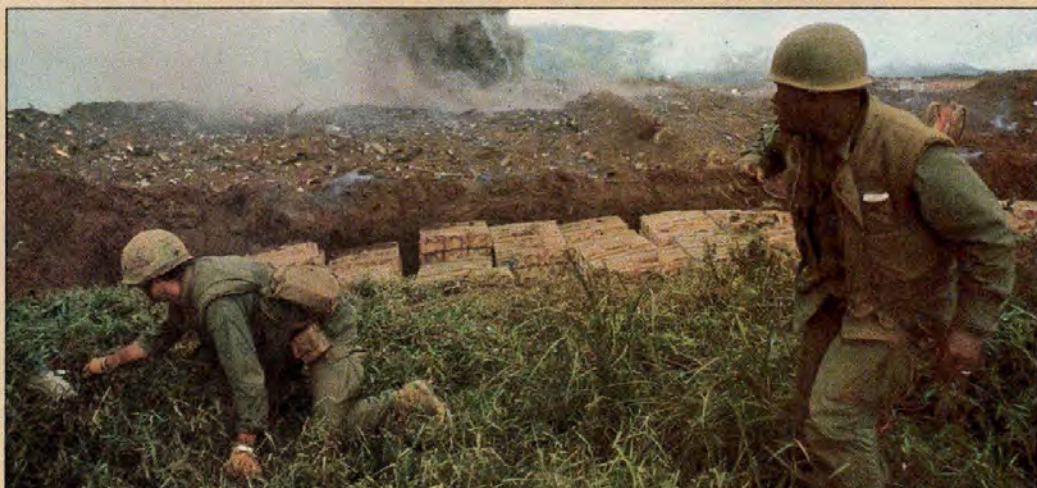
poignant eyewitness account of the war and its startling aftermath, in which most of the survivors grappled helplessly to overcome the stigma of defeat. The lesson we derive from this account is that our collective shame is a consequence not of having lost the war but rather of having lost the confidence of those who defended us from it.

An identical theme is echoed in *Home Before Morning* (Beaufort), by Lynda Van Devanter with Christopher Morgan. The author, a registered nurse, enlisted in the army in 1969 and almost immediately shipped out to Vietnam, where she spent a year working in a M*A*S*H-type hospital unit. That part of her memoir is embroidered with the type of real-life horror stories we've come to strongly identify with the war. The subtext, however, presents a disparate theme equally as tragic. Upon returning home, Van Devanter encountered a society unwilling to hear the truth—which, as she tells it, threatens our well-kept facade of security. Yet one has only to glance at the trenchant photographs in Tim Page's *Nam* (Knopf) to witness all that is numbingly frightening, hideous, heroic, and

"passionately exhilarating" about what he calls the "glamour of war." Tim Page has contributed an unprecedented pictorial anthology to the annals of modern warfare, one that no person will long be able to ignore, much less forget.

Additionally, for unadulterated terror there's Joan Didion's *Salvador* (Simon & Schuster), the author's remorseless travelogue to war-torn Central America, where "the dead and pieces of the dead turn up . . . everywhere, every day, as taken for granted as in a nightmare, or a horror movie." Didion's account of her two weeks in El Salvador is an investigative marvel. She somehow gained access to heretofore restricted government circles; observed roving death squads, political insurgents, and American diplomatic files; and witnessed endless encounters of street violence that cauterized the country with fear. Didion carefully sifts through the layers of red tape and hysteria to confront the real issues of the war in El Salvador. In doing so, she provides an illuminating indictment of people beleaguered by a crime-ridden government. It is an expert piece of journalism, for which Didion "felt no professional exhilaration at all, only personal dread."

Many books about war are certainly dreadful, taken in context, but even a few of those serve as unvarnished reminders of history that has been unduly glossed over by fiction and the movies. *A General's Life* (Simon & Schuster), by Omar N. Bradley and Clay Blair, presents a factual, albeit entertaining, reminiscence of the events surrounding World War II. This is an unabashed bird's-eye view of the watchworks of war, an objective book that reveals how General Bradley became the controversial figure he was and clarifies what he did (as opposed to what some historians claim he did).—Bob Spitz OH



What really happened in Vietnam: a collective shame and our failure as Americans to hear the truth.

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SOUNDS

UNKIN' UNDER FIRE

The winds of change are howling through the pop music business, and even superstars are feeling the chill. After a decade of indolence and sloth, the living legends of sixties rock are tearing themselves away from their mansions and cars and fashion models and putting in overtime at the studio and on stage again. Because having a big name isn't enough anymore. Some of the biggest names have been playing to half-empty houses, or canceling concerts when tickets don't sell. The kids who used to spend their allowances on albums are dropping those allowances into the slots of video games, or investing in home video, or just watching MTV. And there's an aggressive younger generation of pop performers coming up fast. And there's this depression.

But the depression is nothing new in the world of black pop; most black Americans have been living through a depression as long as they can remember. No wonder **George Clinton**, the mastermind behind Parliament and Funkadelic and black pop's funky Cecil B. De Mille, sings about vampiric computer games invading his space and going for the jugular on his latest album, *Computer Games* (Capitol). Living in a depression makes serious competition like the new video hardware very serious indeed. And Clinton is also feeling the competition from hungry new performers fresh off the streets, especially Grand Master Flash's Furious Five and Afrika Bambaataa's Soul Sonic Force, the supreme rapping teams.

Clinton, a former member of James Brown's band, became one of the giants of black pop in the 1970s, when he turned out quirky, spaced-out dance-floor anthems like "One Nation Under a Groove" and kept busy producing albums that featured a shift-

ing cast of characters—Bootsy, the Brides of Funkenstein, and of course Parliament-Funkadelic, Clinton's (and funky music's) Mother Ship. But now departing P-Funk renegades have taken the Funkadelic moniker with them, and Clinton is making records un-



JOHN BELLUSINO/RETNA

Clinton: tough competition.

der his own name. And the first, *Computer Games*, is an urgent dispatch from the front, funk'n' under fire.

Though he learned his fundamentals from Papa James Brown, Clinton is too canny to ignore the new sounds on the street. New songs like "Computer Games" and "Atomic Dog" borrow the pristine electronic rhythms that Grand Master Flash borrowed from Afrika Bambaataa, which borrowed them from Kraftwerk. And in the album's hottest dance-floor cooker, "Loopzilla," also released as a single, Clinton shows off new rhythmic tricks, particularly a subtly brilliant transformation of Brazilian carnival rhythms into heavy North American funk and back again.

Maurice White, the lead singer, arranger, and organizer of **Earth, Wind and Fire**, knows a thing or two about Brazilian rhythms. White and his band are another of black pop's most imposing icons, a kind of funky Beatles to Clinton's funky Stones. But in order to compete in

the black singles marketplace, where light, dreamy, romantic, escapist fare sells because people expect pop to help them forget, White has been churning out sticky love ballads. Now, with the economy and the competition breathing down their necks, White and EWF have come through. *Powerlight* (Columbia) is their freshest, tightest, angriest album in years. It combines more Brazilian colorings, big-band-style vocal arrangements, gospel, lovely rich harmonies derived from jazz, and a timely reminder: "You've got freedom of choice/ You got to hold on and speak with your voice."

Chic, a New York-based funk band that appeared at the height of the disco boom, was offering George Clinton and Maurice White some of their most serious competition in the late 1970s. Where Clinton's bands were always crazed and hot and Earth, Wind and Fire tended to be inspirational and hot, Chic was ironic and cool. And they're still at it. On their recent *Tongue in Chic* (Atlantic), even the fake "live" audience on the band's signature funk tune, "Chic (Everybody Say)," is used ironically—it *sounds* fake, and it's meant to. How else are we supposed to know these guys are so with-it?

But this cute irony is beginning to sound a little stale already. Chic has the tightest, sharpest, most influential rhythm sound in recent black pop; the group's "Good Times" was purloined and used as a backdrop for several early classics of street-corner rapping. But now groups like Afrika Bambaataa and Soul Sonic Force (hear their brilliant "Searching for the Perfect Beat" twelve-inch single on Tommy Boy Records) are playing even sharper and tighter. Those cold winds are blowing, and Chic and everybody else had better watch out.—Robert Palmer



CHRIS WALLER/RETNA

Earth, Wind and Fire: plus a lot of jazz, gospel, and anger.



Discover Seagram's V.O.
Unexpectedly smooth. Surprisingly light.
Mixed or straight, you'll taste
the difference.

Of course whenever you drink,
you should know when to stop. But
you should also know where to start.
That's V.O. The one you'll stay with.

Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink with a difference.

For over a hundred years, the brilliant men who run the world's diamond cartel have managed to maintain a glittering illusion: that diamonds are anything more than exceedingly common pebbles. But now time is running out.

DIAMONDS ARE NOT FOREVER

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

When I initially began my investigation of diamonds in 1978, it was an almost universally accepted truism that diamonds could only increase in price over time because of their inherent rarity. Diamonds were assumed to be "forever"—as goes the advertising slogan drummed into the public's mind. Like everyone else, I assumed that these glittering crystals were a naturally rare substance that would be forever sought after and bid up in price. This was, however, before my journey to the diamond mines in Africa. As I peered into giant open-pit mines, full of diamond-bearing ore, that were virtually bottomless, in South Africa, Lesotho and Botswana, and then drove over 200-mile-long stretches of remote beaches in Namibia that were strewn with countless diamonds washed up from ocean deposits, I realized that diamonds were far less rare in nature than in the public's well-fed imagination. Indeed, as I came to understand, the illusion of rarity was the work of a brilliant global

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PISCIONERI





cartel called De Beers Consolidated Mines, which had controlled the number of diamonds reaching the marketplace each year.

In my 1982 book *The Rise and Fall of Diamonds*, I questioned whether the cartel would be able to maintain this illusion as diamonds continued to be found all over the world. If the cartel failed, I wrote, the illusion would be forever shattered, and diamonds would become nothing more than a glittering reminder of a past folly. Recently I reevaluated the precarious situation of the cartel, examining many of the key bankers and financiers involved in the diamond business. It has become clear that the cartel has lost control of the diamond market, and the final collapse of diamonds is a matter of months, not years away.

Today, diamond prices are falling. The flawless "D" one-carat diamond—the hallmark of the industry—plummeted in price from \$80,000 in 1981 to a recently quoted one of under \$8,000. The holders of such diamonds lost about nine tenths of their investment on paper—if they didn't sell them in the midst of the collapse. Multimillion-dollar diamond sales organizations, such as International Diamond Corporation (IDC), which had pledged to redeem the diamonds they sold to investors, were forced to declare bankruptcy. One wealthy investor who had bought more than \$3 million worth of these one-carat diamonds found it impossible to sell large quantities at even a tenth of what he had paid for them. "Investment diamonds are dead. . . . There is no market for them," mournfully declared Joseph Schluskel, the owner of the *Diamond Registry* (which tracks diamond prices for the trade). Investors also found out the hard way that the slogan "A diamond is forever" may mean that it cannot be resold.

This precipitous fall in diamond prices cannot simply be assumed to be a temporary recession. A cherished myth about the eternal value of diamonds has now been shattered, and the fallout may well signal the beginning of the end of the entire diamond illusion that has been perpetuated over the past century.

The diamond illusion is maintained by a popular misunderstanding about the rarity of diamonds. In fact, diamonds are not particularly rare compared with other gemstones. In 1982, for example, total diamond production was about 100 million carats, or twenty-five tons, which is more than 100 times the figure for emeralds. Nor are diamonds uncommon. Since some two thirds of American married women have received diamond engagement rings, diamonds are no rarer in American households than dishwashers or automobiles. Indeed, if measured solely in terms of its numbers, the diamond would qualify at best as a semiprecious stone.

To be sure, diamonds were exceedingly rare gems up until the late nineteenth century. Like emeralds, rubies, and other

precious gems, diamonds were then found only by chance in riverbeds. In the 1870s, however, prospectors in South Africa made an incredible discovery: huge, almost bottomless, volcanic "pipes" filled with an ore containing diamonds. From these so-called pipe mines, which, like open-pit gravel mines, could be scooped out by steamshovels, more diamonds could be extracted in a few years than had been found previously throughout the world. As millions of carats of diamonds spewed forth from these South African mines, the world price collapsed to just over one dollar per carat, and in the 1880s mine owners abandoned their properties on the assumption that diamonds were all but finished as gemstones.

At this point, diamonds might well have lost their age-old status as gems had it not been for the genius of an extraordinary British entrepreneur named Cecil Rhodes. Realizing that the value of these glittering pebbles depended heavily on the illusion,

6

In the future, diamonds
may well become inexpensive
tokens. . . . Men will
give their lovers diamonds for
sentimental value, as
they would a bouquet of roses.

,

if not reality, of scarcity, Rhodes persuaded the mine owners that they had no choice but to combine into a single entity that would be capable of controlling the number of diamonds that reached the market. The result was De Beers Consolidated Mines, a monopoly that would dominate the diamond business for the next ninety years.

The principle behind the De Beers cartel was straightforward: under no condition would the number of diamonds released from its mines—which in 1890 was almost all the diamonds mined—exceed the demand for diamonds from consumers. Because the vast preponderance of diamonds were then sold to American brides, Rhodes fixed production from the mines at exactly the number of "licit relationships," as he described them, in America. When, in the 1920s, new mines were discovered outside of its bailiwick in South Africa, De Beers simply contracted to buy up the entire production of the mines it did not directly control. When demand for diamonds disappeared during the depression of the 1930s, De Beers simply shut down its mines and continued to stockpile the diamonds from outside

mines. At one point, it even contemplated dumping its surplus diamonds in the North Sea so that they would never flood the market. When the number of American marriages leveled off in the 1960s, De Beers desperately attempted to find new mass markets for its diamonds. Since Europeans already had diverse and long-established traditions for buying jewels, De Beers turned to postwar Japan.

As late as the mid-1960s, diamond engagement rings were practically unknown in Japan. Instead, betrothals were symbolized by a thousand-year-old Shinto tradition in which the man and woman humbly sip sake from the same wooden bowl. All this was to change in 1967, however, when De Beers launched a massive advertising campaign. Full-page color advertisements in magazines featured beautiful Japanese women, with distinctive Western facial features and European-style clothes, engaging in highly untraditional activities, such as motorcycling and yachting. Each woman prominently displayed on her finger a sparkling diamond ring as if it were her passport to the modern world. The message, though subtle, was powerful: diamonds were visible evidence of a break with traditional Japanese culture and a transition to the westernized culture. The proportion of Japanese brides receiving diamond engagement rings rose from less than 5 percent in 1967 to more than 60 percent in 1977. It took just over a decade to radically revise an ancient tradition and transform Japan into the second largest diamond market, after the United States.

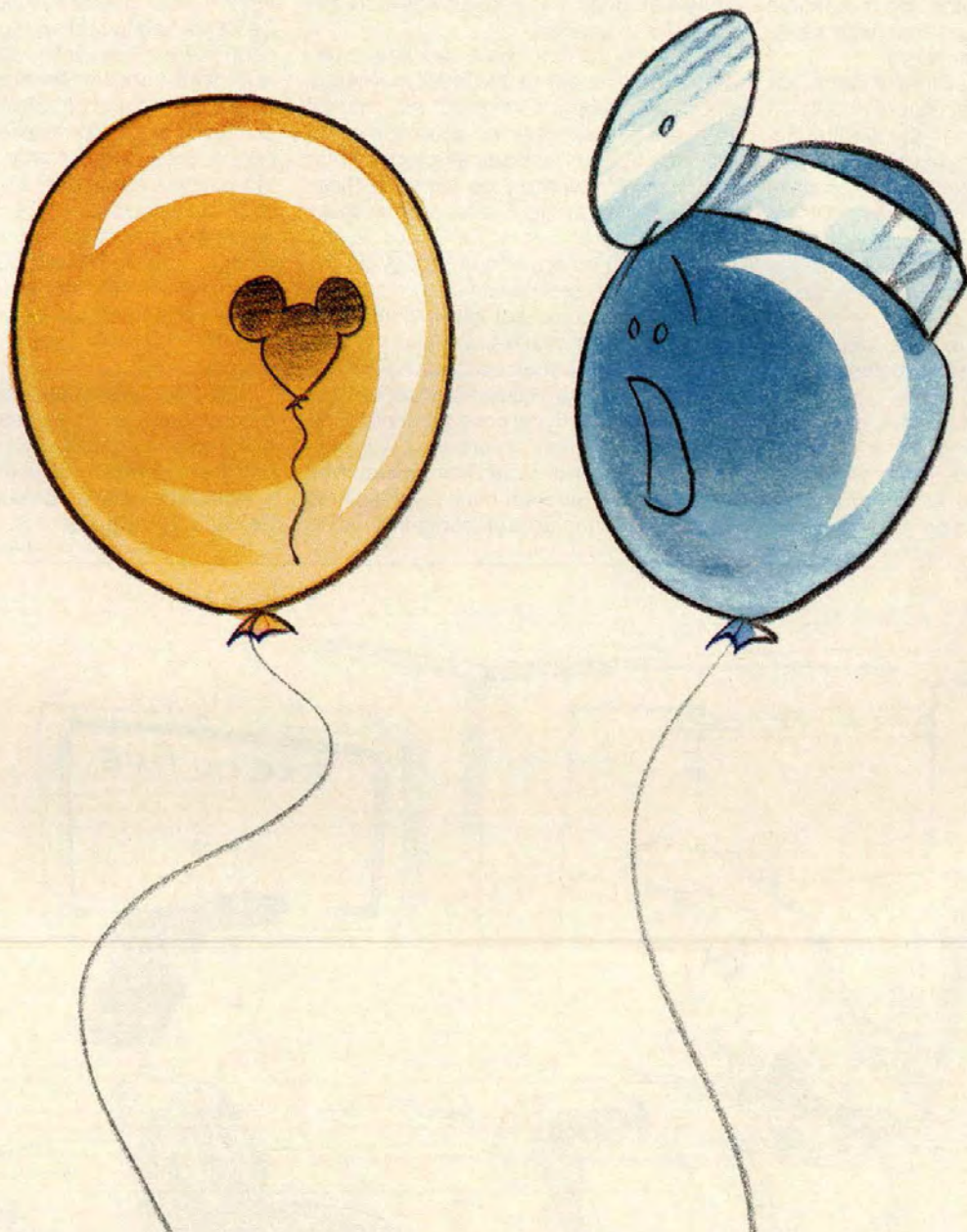
The welcome addition of millions of Japanese brides to the diamond market helped but did not solve the cartel's problem of balancing supply and demand. In the 1970s, the outpouring of diamonds from the mines continued, dangerously, to exceed the demand from customers. De Beers would have had a mounting surplus of diamonds on its hands had it not been for the emergence of a new and not entirely welcome market: speculators.

The collapse of the dollar in 1976 caused a flight from paper money into gold and precious metals, and speculators began singling out flawless diamonds as a vehicle to keeping ahead of world inflation. Speculators, of course, did not buy diamonds for their aesthetic appeal or sentimental value as tokens of love, but because diamonds could be resold at an enormous profit. The speculators market was thus at best temporary, though initially it brought booming business to De Beers. Salesmen, many of whom were simply confidence men, opened up "boiler room" banks of telephones and pitched their "investment diamonds" at unsophisticated investors (whose names they had usually obtained from stockbrokers' mailing lists).

By 1980, these salesmen were selling an estimated \$1 billion worth of diamonds over the telephone, and speculators were accounting for one third of the entire value

Ballbonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"How long were you in Disney World?"

of world diamond sales. In addition to Americans, Israeli speculators and dealers had borrowed over \$1 billion from Israeli banks—which constituted a large part of their total equity—to invest in private stockpiles of diamonds. As the diamond cartel had feared, the day of reckoning came when a few of these speculators attempted to resell their "investment" diamonds.

In 1981 the quoted prices began to fall. Suddenly, many speculators realized that their "investment"—which of course paid no interest—could fall precipitously in value. In a matter of months, the investment diamond market disappeared (with investors losing billions of dollars).

While De Beers may never have approved of this wild speculators' market, it profited handsomely from the surging demand for diamonds that proceeded from it. When it ended in 1982, at which point there were only sellers, not buyers, for "investment" diamonds, De Beers found that about one third of the demand for its diamonds had also disappeared. The equation that had been carefully maintained since 1890—supply equals demand—had now come seriously unbalanced.

In the early days of the cartel, managing the supply of diamonds was relatively easy. All the diamond mines were in a small area in South Africa and were owned by De Beers. To be sure, other dia-

mond mines were discovered in the 1920s and 1930s in the Belgian Congo (now Zaire), Angola, Ghana, and Tanzania, but since they were all under the colonial administration of Britain or its allies, De Beers was able to easily negotiate agreements to buy out their entire production of diamonds. When these African colonies received their independence, De Beers continued, either directly or through intermediaries, to buy out preemptively the mines it didn't own. It thus solved the supply side of the equation temporarily by effectively being the buyer of last resort for stray diamonds. The surplus was stored in its vaults in London.

But this delicate balance was catastrophically upset in the 1960s when a flood of diamonds entered the market from a totally unexpected source: the Soviet Union. The Russians announced that they had discovered pipe mines in Siberia, near the Arctic Circle, which could yield millions of carats. De Beers, as the buyer of last resort, offered to buy up the entire Soviet production of uncut diamonds, as it could not allow them to be dumped on the market. Despite the embargo that it was then sponsoring against South Africa, the Russians accepted the deal and began flying consignments of diamonds to London, where they were exchanged for dollars. De Beers executives expected the Siberian mines gradually to run out—and the de facto ransom it had to

pay to keep these gems off the market to diminish correspondingly. Instead, to their chagrin, they found that Siberian diamond production increased each year, as did the ransom. By 1981 nearly one quarter of De Beers diamonds came from Russia. The cost to De Beers for these Soviet diamonds exceeded \$600 million.

De Beers had only one method of redressing the imbalance: it exchanged its reserve of cash and liquid assets for tens of millions of these glittering pebbles. In 1980 De Beers had a reserve of over \$1.1 billion to preserve the diamond illusion; by 1982 all this money had been spent, and De Beers had to borrow money, at 18 percent interest, to continue paying for the shipments from the Soviet Union and elsewhere. By the end of 1982, its stockpile of diamonds in London exceeded 20 million carats, according to authoritative sources. Moreover, as the cartel sinks deeper into debt, diamonds continue to pour into its vaults at a rate of some 500,000 carats a month under De Beers's buy-out arrangements with Russia and African nations. At this rate, De Beers will be over \$1 billion in debt by mid-1983. Time is obviously running out.

If De Beers were concerned with merely a commodity, such as copper, wheat, or even gold, it could permit its price to fall until the natural forces of the marketplace restored the balance between supply and demand. But De Beers is in the business

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



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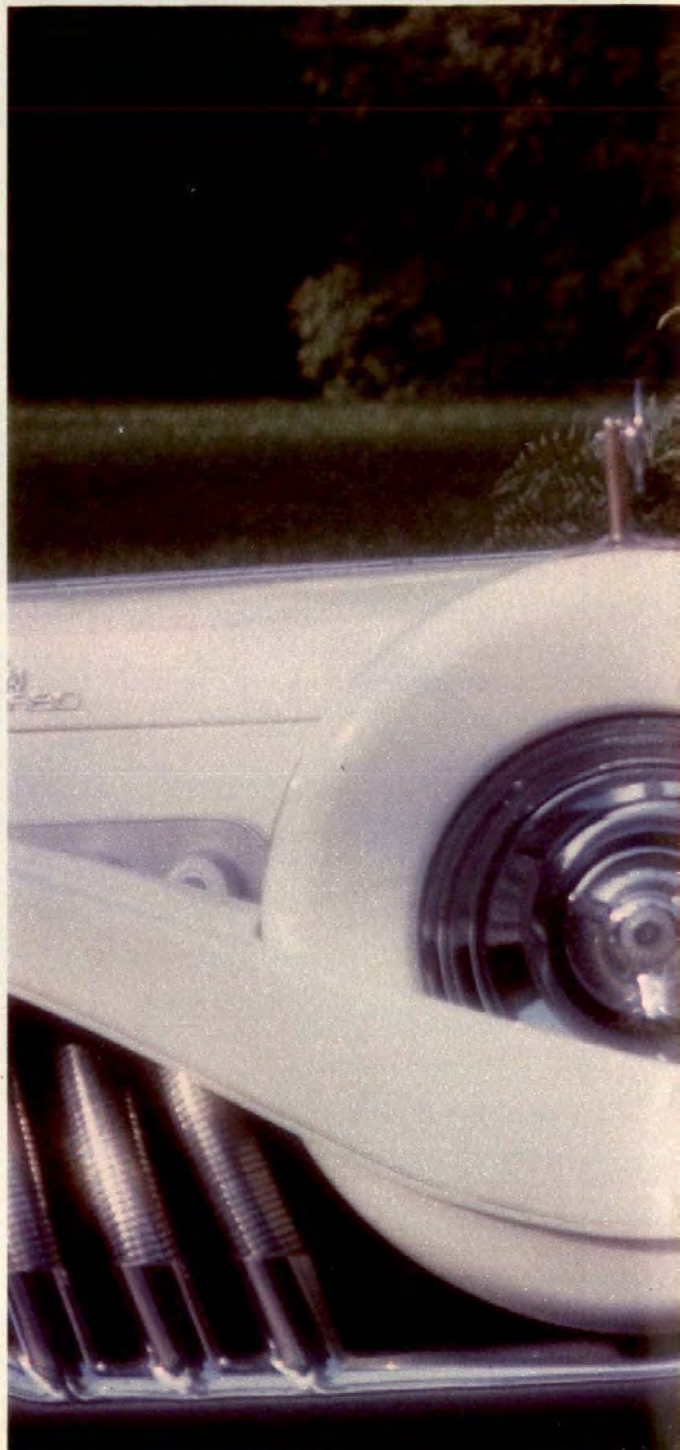
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MERIT

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•Men who aren't
in shape don't
have the energy in
bed that I
require...•



THE GOOD LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Paula Warnick always travels first-class: custom-made Glenets and thoroughbreds are her two favorite means of transportation. Her penchant for the good life is obvious, when you consider the job she's held for the past three years: scheduling guest activities at Club Med resorts around the world. Tahiti was terrific, she maintains, and Playa Blanca was beautiful. But her favorite Club Med's in Martinique, where she met a dashing half-French, half-Argentine scion. Paula, the playboy, and his ponies soon became inseparable. Call it a serendipitous case of animal magnetism...





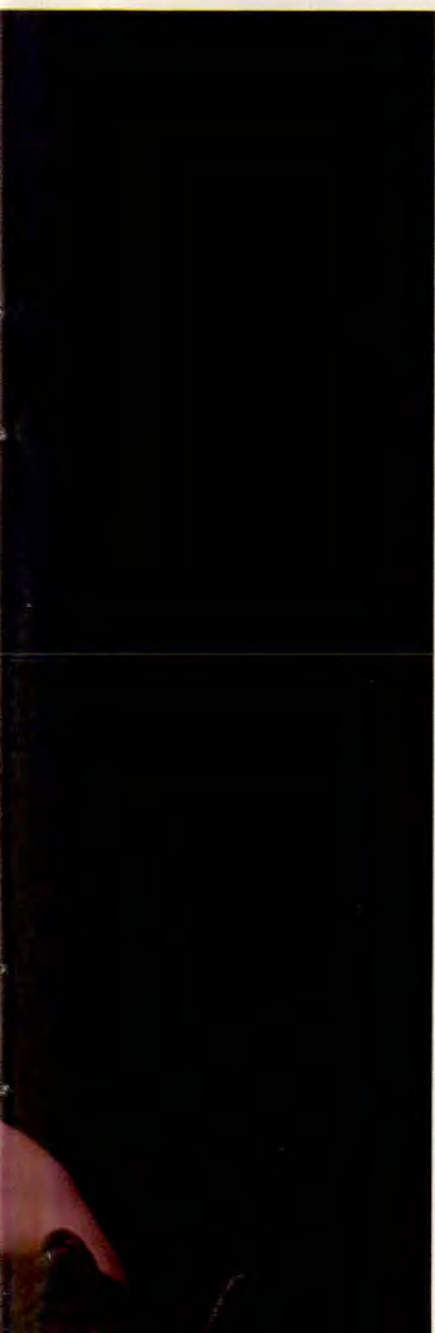
Not that our winsome and worldly twenty-four-year-old has settled for just one man. She's prepared,

she laughs,
to try her
hand at ten-
nis pros, and
dabble in
investment
bankers...



Also, she'd love to be an objet d'art for a cultivated intellectual type—but only if he'd keep himself in shape. "I can't stand men with pasty skin or squishy muscles," admits our mounted trophy. "Men who aren't in shape don't have the energy in bed that I require..."







Our feisty Pet rarely goes to bed exhausted, but loves to fall asleep in that condition! Her hedonistic bent's the result of growing up in Murray, Utah,

where summer's a fleeting dream
and winters drag on forever. Small wonder our pretty opportunist intends to make hay while the sun shines!





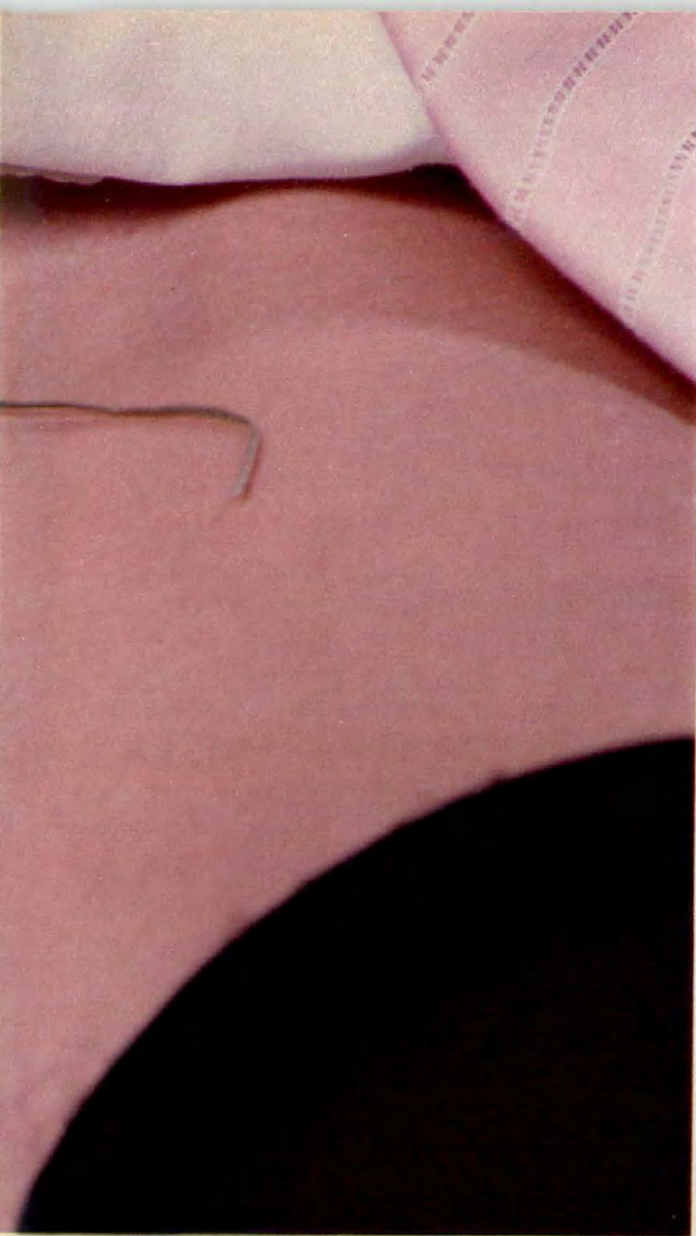
Paula has a sophisticated Swedish attitude about showing off her body beautiful. "Posing nude for the very first time didn't make me nervous at all," she reveals, "though I did come down with a fever!"

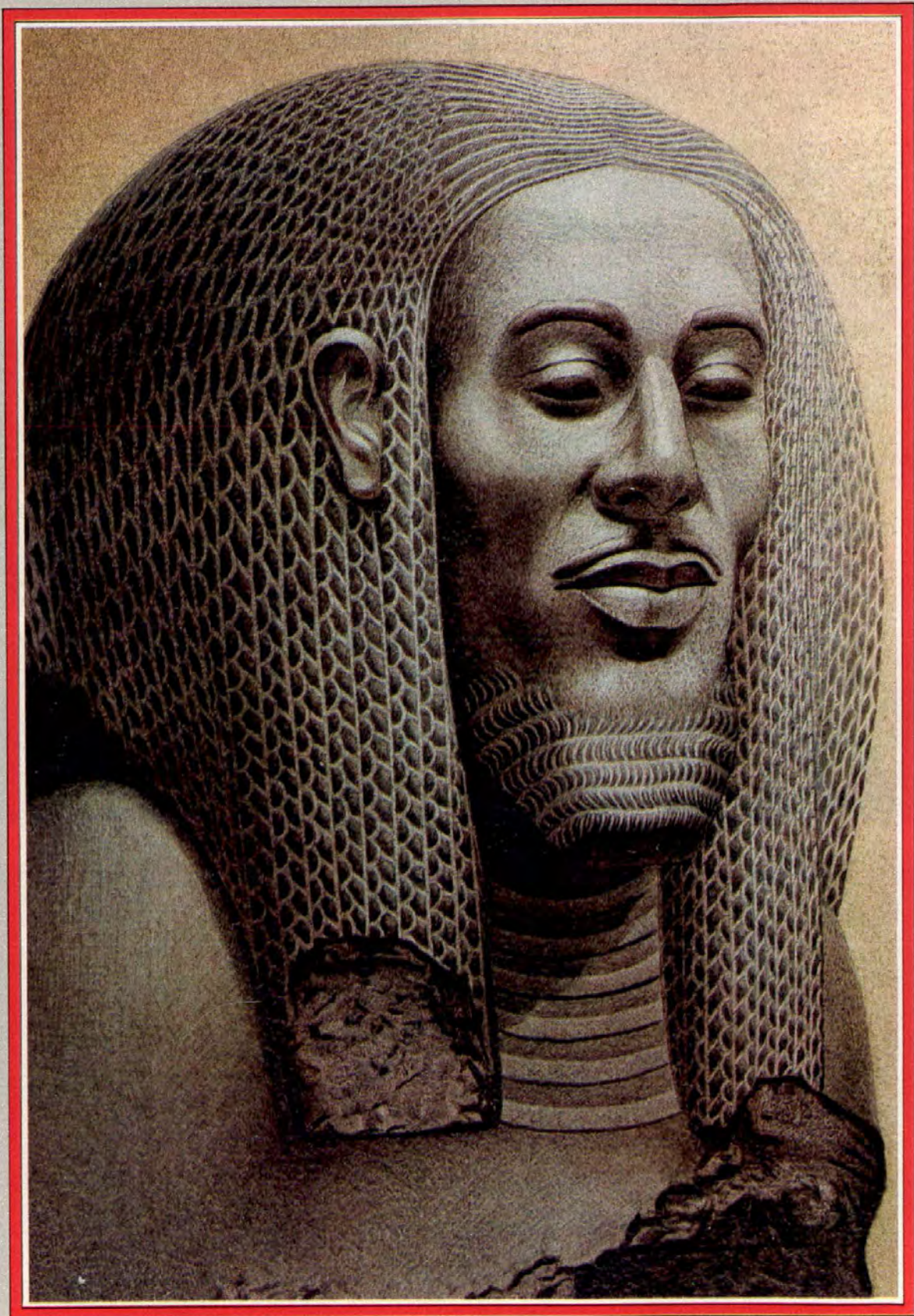






The experience also inspired her new career plans. If she really had the nerve, she grins, she'd follow her animal instincts and become a professional horse thief. But being more beautiful than brave, our willowy blonde will instead move to L.A. and do some modeling. No doubt she'd be great at either endeavor: if we could catch a thief like Paula, she could steal our heart away. O—





Bob Marley was the undisputed King of Reggae, but getting trapped in a bloody confrontation between vicious Jamaican political hoodlums and committed Rastafarian cult followers almost proved fatal in the hour of his greatest triumph.

CATCH A FIRE

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

The twentieth century was three-quarters spent when Bob Marley leapt out of the inky shadows of the shantytowns of Kingston, Jamaica, in 1975, serving notice of the rise of the black pariah and the ghetto "sufferah," of the collapse of "Babylon," the sin-decayed modern world, and of the impending Apocalypse, wherein the vassals of Satan would be cast into the Bottomless Pit. If the message was murky and menacing, the music that fueled it was maddeningly intoxicating: chanted, vengeful vocals more at home in some cabalistic rite out of the Old Testament than at a rock concert, their fervor fueled by a curious tempo that was the inside-out opposite of funky soul, an up-for-the-down-stroke time signature that resembled a drunken metronome. This was reggae, Jamaica's answer to James Brown and Jimi Hendrix, but without the vaudeville of flashy footwork or the reveries of acid feedback. Steeped in images of revolution, burnin' and lootin', and the ultimate, savage retribution of the planet's ultra-oppressed, it celebrated a grim agenda gleaned from the Book of Revelations. Marley was the undisputed king of reggae, and 1975 was the year that he lit the final fuse with a flourish.

Incredibly, Marley was scoring his biggest

critical and commercial successes as a recording act in America and Europe, where young whites had become enthralled by the ethno-political thrust of his snarling reggae anthems. Indeed, no one in Marley's native Jamaica had been prepared for the impact its own percolating blend of rock and soul would have when presented by Bob and his band, the Wailers. Marley's songs were becoming a global sensation, covered by stars like Eric Clapton, who made his version of Bob's anguished ghetto confessional "I Shot the Sheriff" a mainstream smash in 1974. Marley was being hailed as a major musical and sociopolitical influence.

Still, few observers could make sense out of the turbid tenets of the Rastafarian religion that Marley and his dreadlocked (long, matted ropes of hair) brethren espoused, incredulous that anyone could actually believe, as the Rastas did, that Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie I was Jah, the Living God; that ganja was a sacramental herb, blessed by King Solomon himself, and should be incessantly smoked in croissant-sized spliffs (hand-rolled cigarettes) by those aspiring to righteousness.

The nerve center for reggae was West Kingston, site of some of the worst slums in the Western Hemisphere, communities liter-

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

ally built on garbage dumps, boasting names like the Dungle, Lizard Town, Concrete Jungle, and Trench Town, Marley's boyhood stomping grounds. In seedy, sweltering studios off back alleys and goat paths, musicians cranked out the angry stutterbeat that was the soundtrack of shantytown. Further uptown, the headquarters of reggae's sovereign was Island House, a rundown great house at 56 Hope Road that had been purchased in the early 1970s by Chris Blackwell, the white Anglo-Jamaican head of Britain-based Island Records. It was a whitewashed, two-story jalousied building set back from the road behind rusty gates. The palatially shabby complex was just down the street from both Prime Minister Michael Manley's residence and Devon House, a showpiece of colonial architecture built in 1881 by a millionaire who had made his bucks in South America.

Marley, a lanky, sinewy dread with luminous eyes and a caramel complexion that was the legacy of his half-white creole heritage, had begun to frequent Island House late in 1972, and he was plainly covetous of the place. By 1973, when the Wailers' debut Island album, *Catch a Fire*, was released, Bob had made a deal with Blackwell whereby he would eventually take over the property so that he would have a proper address at which to meet and greet the press. He moved in with his wife, Rita, and their four children, several dread brethren from Trench Town, and Lee Jaffe, a white musician-filmmaker who had met Bob in New York City through Jim Capaldi of Traffic, another Island Records act.

The early Hope Road scene could be described as a nondogmatic religious hippie commune, with an abundance of food, herb (ganja), music, and casual sex. Others drawn to the ghetto Rasta equivalent of Club Med were Esther Anderson, a beautiful mulatto Jamaican actress who had starred in such films as *The Touchables* (1968) and *A Warm December* (1972) opposite Sidney Poitier; the equally ravishing Cindy Breakspere, a local beauty queen from a well-to-do family; Antonio ("Gilly") Gilbert, the resident Ital (a Rasta term meaning "pure") cook who prepared the meatless, saltless spreads each day; Bunny Wailer, a.k.a. Neville O'Riley Livingston, Bob's boyhood companion since they'd grown up together in the rural Jamaican parish of St. Ann; and one third of the original Wailers. That trio, completed by Winston Hubert Mackingtosh, better known as Peter Tosh, had recently disintegrated in the wake of international jealousies stoked by Peter, who resented Bob's ascendance as leader and chief songwriter of the group. While Bunny was a Hope Road regular, Peter now came by only periodically. One other notable figure at Island House was Alan ("Skilley") Cole, a professional footballer and coach of international renown—on a par, some said, with Pele—and the only dread on the heavyweight soccer circuit,

playing for the Jamaica Santos team.

A close, even symbiotic, relationship existed between Jamaican footballers, musicians, and gunmen for as far back as the ghetto brethren could recall. But there had never been so prestigious and powerful a combination as Skilley Cole and Bob Marley, and the gunmen involved in the violent tug-of-war (local political rhetoric labeled it as "Heavy Manners" and the CIA-funded "Final Battle for Jamaica") between the Jamaica Labour Party (JLP) and Michael Manley's Democratic Socialist People's National Party (PNP) were inevitably drawn into the inner circle at Hope Road, completing an awesome, unholy trinity.

When word shot through the slums in August of 1975 that Haile Selassie I, who had been deposed in a military coup, was dead at his palace in Addis Ababa, Bob took time out from the recording of the Wailers' forthcoming *Rastaman Vibration* LP, the group's fourth Island album, to cut

●

The house at Hope
Road was the site where all
hatreds and horrors
would reach their apotheosis
for Marley. It was
the hour of the Dark Sphinx.

●

a special single, "Jah Live." Within a week, "Jah Live" was in every record store in Kingston. A fellow from Jamaica's *Daily Gleaner* came past Harry J's studio on Roosevelt Avenue to ask Marley about the instant record, and Bob gave him a look that nearly stopped the reporter's heart in midbeat.

"Yuh cyan't kill God," he whispered.

The people of the ghetto nodded and understood, but as they watched the scene at Hope Road steadily attracting a faster, more sinister crowd, they remarked amongst themselves that Jah's disciples, both true followers and frauds, would doubtless prove less invulnerable than their Almighty African Father.

There is a sphinx in Egyptian mythology from which the Greeks fashioned the beast they called the chimera. The ghastly creature had a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail. Bob Marley, freshly crowned king of reggae, was the lion in the Jamaican chimera, Skilley the kicking goat, the gunmen the nested snakes. The house at Hope Road was destined to be the site where all curses and spells, all follies and dreams, all hatreds and horrors that pursue sufferers in shantytown would

reach their apotheosis for Robert Nesta Marley. It was the hour of the Dark Sphinx—the chimera. As the Bible-thumping Rastas liked to say, "Prophecy guaranteed to be fulfilled."

The Wailers and the I-Threes (their female vocal backup trio, which included Rita Marley) had done a hot U.S. tour in the summer of 1975, with sold-out shows in San Francisco and New York. They had gotten considerable attention in the national press, and shortly after the tour Bob was approached by none other than Stevie Wonder. A Wailers-Wonder "Dream Show," arranged by Kingston-born Wailers manager Don Taylor and noted New York-based promoter Karen Baxter, was scheduled in Kingston for Saturday, October 11, 1975, with much of the proceeds earmarked to benefit the Salvation Army School for the Blind.

After some equipment problems, the Wailers, with Peter back in the fold for a last flamboyant swan song or two, locked into a set that included "Rasta Man Chant," "Legalize It," and "Battering Down Sentence," a song Bunny had written about his 1967 prison term. It was an unusually powerful show, especially considering that the majority of the audience was made up of middle- and upper-class Jamaicans who had shown up to see Stevie Wonder.

When Wonder, backed by his Wonderlove band, segued from his recent hits into "Boogie On, Reggae Woman" and then invited the Wailers to come out and jam with him, the significance of the intermingling of the best of reggae and American R&B was lost on no one. As police shifted uneasily on the outskirts of the crowd, the Wailers launched into "I Shot the Sheriff," with Wonder playing piano in enthusiastic support.

The *Gleaner* hailed the concert the next day as one of the best arena shows ever held on the island, devoting considerable space to its coverage. The significance of the concert was inescapable: it had been an inadvertent display of power on the Wailers' part, demonstrating that they could attract the biggest musical star in the Third World simply because he admired what they were about—from Rasta reverence to anti-police diatribes and calls for the decriminalization of herb. The Wailers-Wonder show marked the last time the original Wailers would ever perform together, and it heralded a turning point in Bob's fortunes. Several months later, in 1976, *Rastaman Vibration* was released, and Bob Marley replaced Stevie Wonder as the biggest musical superstar in the Third World.

But Marley was also, as it turned out, the Third World's most vulnerable music superstar. For one thing, a soccer injury he had suffered in September had, strangely enough, only just healed. For another, he simply didn't know how to screen all those who suddenly craved access to him, or how to weigh the demands they made on



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his time and his spirit. As the hungry new faces came at him in increasing numbers, he looked for psychic support to the old friends he had begun to feel he had outgrown. He was unprepared for the inevitable isolation that such circumstances were creating.

These strains finally exceeded the breaking point on a night at Hope Road when, ironically, the mood had started out magnificently mellow. Gilly, Bob, Bunny, and Skilly were in Bob's upstairs bedroom "reasoning" (talking) when Peter blew in, catching them all completely off guard with his good humor and a lavish gift: a sizable stash of aromatic top-of-the-stalk sinsemilla. Many spliffs later, Bob, Bunny, and Peter were lying on their stomachs on the floor, talking soulfully, their arms around each other, and Skilly and Gilly were leaning against the back wall, admiring the unity among the childhood bred-dahs.

Tosh eventually rose and groped his way out, bidding everyone a good-night, and left for home with his woman, Evonne. Whipping onto the Spanish Town overpass in his VW Beetle, the car was struck head-on by another that was speeding down on the wrong side of the road. Evonne was in a coma for three weeks, her body entirely crushed; Lee Jaffe drove Tosh to visit her every day. Peter's own facial injuries were so severe that fans and even close friends did not recognize him. Throughout the time that Evonne was in intensive care, Tosh stayed away from Hope Road. "Peter superstitious," Gilly told Bob. "Him don' feel right comin' 'round jus' now." When his woman died, Tosh buried his ties to the Wailers with her, and he turned his back on the Island House scene for good.

Island Records had just begun to send small press junkets to Kingston. These groups were largely composed of white rock journalists—who seemed the most interested—but a few black writers came as well. The blacks were put off by the haughtiness of middle-class Kingstonians, and they couldn't unravel the patois. Neither, of course, could most of the whites, but the blacks were at least willing to go outside the hotel compound to try. Most of the white writers stepped off the plane expecting a manicured landscape like Bermuda's, with a lot of courtly black policemen attired in white duck and pith helmets directing traffic with a meticulous flourish from quaint little traffic gazebos. What they saw on the taxi ride along the Palisades, past the cement factory and the Rockfort Mineral Baths and into the heart of West Kingston, turned their pale faces alabaster: goats grazing in the front yards of tumbledown stucco hovels, every wall that was still standing half-painted in pathetic shades of some soiled excuse for a pastel; cart people screaming and suffering vexing and breddahs sleeping on gully banks; gnarled foliage lifting up the teeter-totter sidewalks and hovering over the rum sheds in the heart of the madness,

as if to serve notice that the jungle wasn't going to be held back another damned minute.

Arriving at their hotels, the writers would encounter barbed wire and guard dogs at the entrance. They would be accosted just outside the fence by three or four toothless sport boys who twirled some sort of contraptions in the fingers of one hand that looked, through the blur, like praying mantises, but on closer scrutiny proved to be ratchets (switchblade knives). At which point the writers would hurry up to their rooms and book a safety's-sake seat on the next flight off the island. Many correspondents never actually left the Kingston Sheraton or the Pegasus Hotel, insisting on staying by the pool, as close as possible to the few reassuringly Germanic types who were in town selling watches and—yes—ratchets in bulk.

When the sun went down and no moon came out, and they had to listen to the pigs grazing over in the vacant lot across the

When Marley put
"Johnny Was" on the album on
which he announced
his allegiance to the Twelve
Tribes, it meant he
was choosing sides; he was
showing his hand.

street, they found themselves nearly jumping out of their skins every time they heard a piece of lawn furniture scrape against the concrete porches outside the guest cottages. The Englishmen drank double shots of Appleton's Special and caught that 7:20 A.M. flight to Miami the next morning. Some of the Americans left in such haste that they forgot their tape recorders and failed to notify the press officer from Island.

Those who went on up to Hope Road and were fortunate enough to find Bob on the premises then had to learn in a big hurry how to talk with the man. This didn't take any special talent; you simply had to figure out what he'd said by the time he had finished saying it and not allow yourself to be eased into an anxiety attack by the one-eyed dread with the shiny machete who was leaning hard against your shoulder, listening in.

In the beginning, Bob didn't mind reporters, because most of the important interviews were conducted down in Kingston and the few writers who showed up were genuinely enthusiastic. He talked slowly, and tried to tone down the slanging and the patois. Peter, who was still willing

to do interviews about the past (and to promote his aggressively pro-ganja solo album, *Legalize It*, which had taken two years to complete), was easy to understand; he was an articulate, witty raconteur—when he wasn't swingin' a blade, trying to scare the living shit out of some correspondent for the kick of it. Bunny was the most elusive; it was difficult to figure out when and if he would be disposed to talk, what he had to say, where he could be found.

Some of the press complained, especially about Bunny. They said that they were told that everything had been set up, yet they found themselves waiting for four hours in some squalid yard, and Bunny never showed.

Blackwell had to laugh. He himself had just gone through the unnerving ordeal of signing Bunny to a contract for his forthcoming solo LP, *Blackheart Man*. After days and days of hanging out and waiting around and checking for him here in the bush and there in the ghetto, Chris was sitting in a rental car, ready to turn the key, start the engine, and split for good, when he decided that maybe he ought to stop pushing so hard and just behave like a bloody Jamaican—i.e., adopt a "soon-come" approach. So he smiled, exhaled, glanced casually to one side, and saw that Bunny was sitting in the seat next to him; the car door on the passenger side was still locked.

"B-B-Bunny! I've been looking everywhere for you!"

Bunny shrugged. "Lissun," he said. "When de right time come, me call for you and"—he grinned eerily—"ere you are suh, seen?"

Even the breddahs in the Rema section of Trench Town said that as Bunny had grown up—calm, collected, self-absorbed—he'd acquired a "guzu-guzu" (natural mystic) capability. Living out by himself in Bull Bay, not needing to be in touch for the sake of being in touch, he had tapped into an elemental force that he had bent to his will. Moreover, he was Bob's closest friend. And it was not a friendship predicated on proximity. There was never a moment when they didn't wish each other "irie" (the absolute, spiritual, and temporal best), and each had always stated—out of earshot—that the other was his favorite singer.

It was a relationship of transcendent goodwill that Chris Blackwell might have envied, particularly after Bunny, in a highly uncharacteristic departure from his Rastaminded aversion to all death-related issues, requested that Blackwell insert a "death clause" in Bunny's solo contract so that if anything should happen to Chris, he would be free of all obligations. Blackwell thought about it and said, "Well, I don't know, really, about that. . . . But . . . okay. I suppose we could do it."

"Good," said Bunny. "That means I can get out of my contract at any time."

While all the reporters from the States, England, and elsewhere were trying to get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152



● I'd like to make
love three times a
day or, roughly,
ninety times
a month! ●

JANET





REIGN OF TARA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

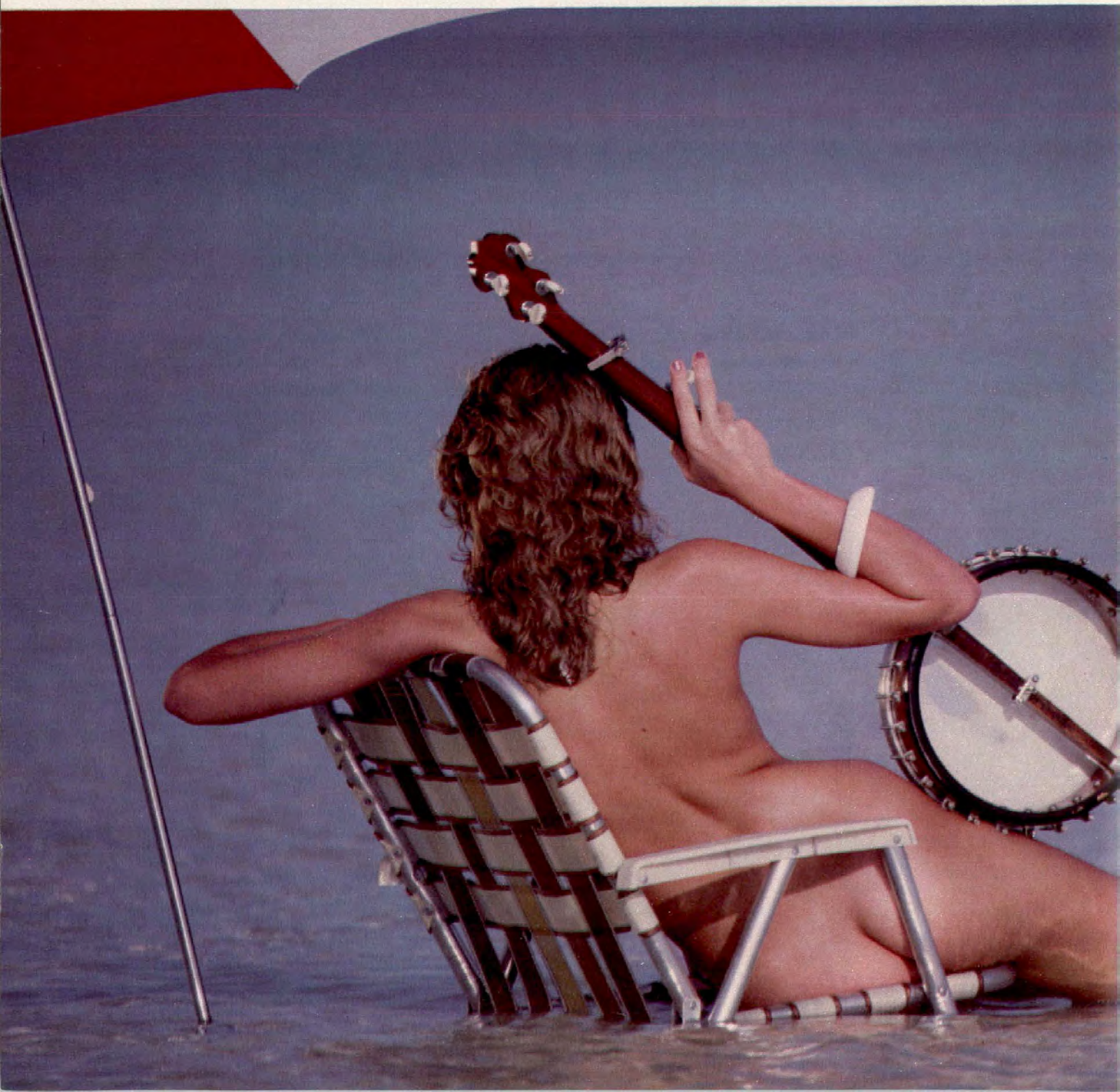
Pet of the Month Janet Sharpe is a native of Atlanta, Ga., a modern-day southern belle: Rivals the legendary Scarlett for sex appeal laced with savvy. We envision

our 35-22-34-inch star in *Gone With the Wind*, halting Sherman's march to the sea by stunning him with the beauty she owns in lush abundance...



Since the age of fourteen, our pouty-lipped temptress has successfully stunned dozens of beauty-pageant judges from Biloxi to Birmingham. They're impressed not

only with her looks but also with her multiple talents. Janet's an ace on the clarinet, and not half bad on the banjo. She also twirls a mean baton and sings in a local church choir...





Clothes by Jackie Shapiro, shoes by Maud Frizon, accessories by La Crasia





Does the latter mean she's always angelic? Not necessarily. No problem, she's found, in pleasing both God and man: just let the spirits move you in different mysterious ways...







In every conceivable way, this has been Janet's greatest year. Last summer she was named first runner-up in the Miss Georgia pageant; this spring she learned she'd be our Pet of the Month.





The good news literally rendered her speechless. "I got so excited, I lost my voice for four days! My boyfriend called it 'the week of

piece and quiet.' " But it's obvious, as we can see here, that Janet knows a number of ways to express herself nonverbally.





A bit more southern than traditional, our Pet has conflicting emotions about women's changing roles. She's a professional bookkeeper now and

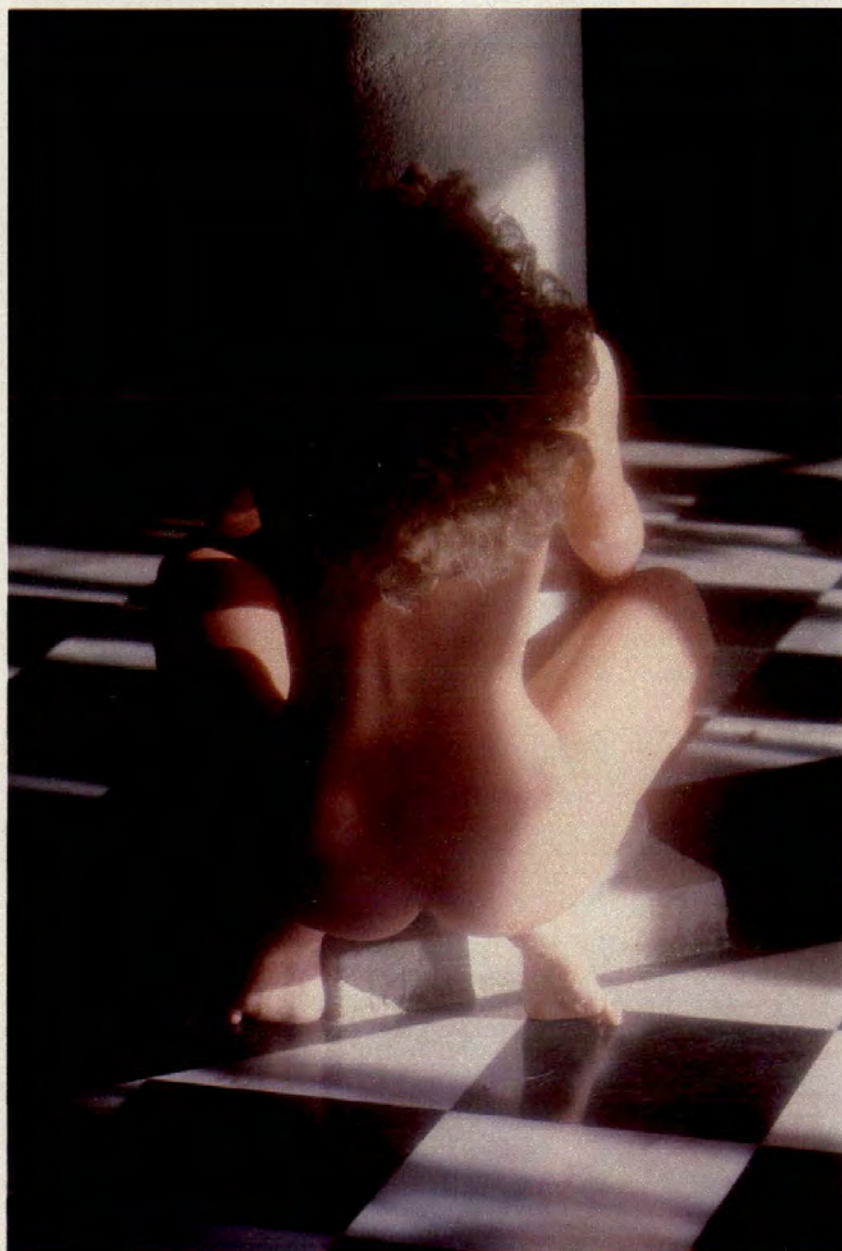
someday intends to work in public relations. But she also loves the idea of marriage and a child, and excels at the care and feeding of her current beau.





She also
nurtures her
fantasies:
like a sexy
three-way
juggling act
where most
of the fun
begins when
you drop
the ball...





Her favorite fantasy, though, involves living on a grand plantation with dozens of randy Rhett Butlers at her beck and call. "I'd like to

make love three times a day or, roughly, ninety times a month..." With a reign of Tara like that, the South will rise and shine again!





100% NATURAL CHARPE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The Vietnam War was one of the most divisive events in our nation's history. Its aftermath has been no less painful. For years Vietnam veterans have had to combat the image of themselves as losers, drug-crazed killers, or guilt-ridden victims. It is easy to forget that 80 percent of them have successfully reentered mainstream society. They have become businessmen, politicians, doctors, and lawyers, oftentimes battling extraordinary odds and handicaps to achieve their goals.

During those difficult years when the country was unable to separate the warrior from the war, returning veterans began quietly helping each other. The informal networks that sprung up across the country have now grown into the Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program, a unique government volunteer program that asks veterans to step forward once again and help their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

The VVLP is the brainchild of Tom Pauken, a Vietnam veteran himself and now the director of Action, the national volunteer agency. The idea of veterans sharing their resources with other veterans crystallized at a Dallas reception honoring those who served in Vietnam several years ago. Pauken, a prominent attorney at the time, was struck not only by the caliber of talent in the room but also by the low profile his talented cohorts had maintained.

Inaugurated on Veterans Day 1981 under the auspices of Action, the VVLP was given three years and \$6.1 million—less than it cost to run the Vietnam War for half a day—to set up fifty programs across the country.

The goals of the program are to demonstrate the leadership abilities of Vietnam veterans as they help other veterans find jobs and dispel the public's negative perceptions of them. So far, 1,700 volunteers have dedicated more than 66,000 man-hours, collected some \$150,000 in private donations, and placed more than 1,000 veterans in jobs. After three years, the money will run out and the programs will end unless they can become self-sustaining by then.

Based on its successful drive in getting many top-notch veterans involved in the VVLP, the national office is focusing on convincing franchisers to give priority to veteran job applications. The response has been favorable.

Each of the fifty sites is generally working to publicize the assets of Vietnam veterans. But because each community has

different needs and resources, the programs vary accordingly. Around the country:

- Houston's VVLP has been operating for less than a year, but with twenty to thirty active well-connected volunteers offering tips on who in the business community is hiring, Vietnam veterans often have a jump on getting jobs. Houston's problem is the huge influx of job-seeking orphans from other parts of the country. To assist in their job search, the Houston office wrote a text, called "The Job Seekers Guide," that tells veterans where and how they can find jobs. More than 600 copies of the book have been distributed.

- St. Louis's VVLP has counseled more than 500 veterans in the last nine months and placed 260 of them in jobs ranging from \$30,000-a-year salesman to part-time minimum-wage jobs. Volunteers are also offering job training seminars to teach veterans résumé writing skills and to demonstrate interviewing techniques.

- Nashville's VVLP has identified over 300 full-time positions by hooking up with two of the city's largest employers, as well as by making arrangements with the state employment agency to ensure that veterans get priority application privileges. Seventy members sit on its voluntary advisory board, using their connections in the old-boys veteran network to track down more job openings and opportunities. The VVLP was also active in getting the state to support an annual Vietnam Veterans Recognition Day.

- Chicago's VVLP has developed a series of entrepreneurial and job training seminars during its first year, attended by some 400 to 500 veterans. The thrust for the second year will be setting up a scholarship program to retrain veterans for high-technology jobs.

- Hartford's VVLP has established contacts with the major insurance companies in the area, who have promised competitive consideration to qualified veterans along with other applicants with special needs. In addition, the insurance companies have donated professionals to improve veterans' job-interview skills.

The VVLP may finally be the last step in finishing the unfinished business of Vietnam. For more information, write: Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program, c/o Action, 806 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20525.—Cherri Senders O+

It is easy to forget that 80 percent of the veterans who served in Southeast Asia have successfully reentered society. They can now begin to help their less fortunate brothers and sisters.



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



John Muth

BY ANN MARIE CUNNINGHAM

The author, a free-lance investigative reporter who writes frequently on nuclear issues, was on the staff of the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island. She is co-author of *The Technopeasant Survival Manual* (Bantam) and *Future Fire: Weapons for the Apocalypse* (Warner), from which this article was adapted.

INDECENT EXPOSURE: NUCLEAR WARFARE'S CATCH-22

Pentagon insiders have a dirty little secret they don't want the public in on: there's no way we can fight a limited nuclear war. The reason: a mysterious aftereffect of nuclear explosions called EMP—electromagnetic pulse. EMP knocks out all electronic communications equipment, including the radio and satellite links the president uses to command our armed forces. EMP means that if we suffered a nuclear first strike, the president couldn't order a counterattack—or stop our nuclear forces once they had gone on the offensive. EMP is becoming the “missile gap” of the 1980s. The Pentagon doesn't know exactly how to fix it, and hasn't done much about it. Meanwhile, the Soviets know about EMP too, and seem better prepared than we are to deal with it.

Our Department of Defense had its first inkling of EMP in 1958, during nuclear weapons testing twenty-seven and forty-eight miles above Johnston Atoll in the Pacific. Up in the ionosphere, these detonations created disturbances that mysteriously disrupted radio communications and radar. Four years later, in July 1962, the United States tested a 1.4 megaton hydrogen bomb high above the atmosphere, some 258 miles over Johnston. In Hawaii, some 800 miles away, something bizarre (and at the time, inexplicable) happened simultaneously. Street lights went out, burglar alarms went off, and circuit breakers in power lines popped open.

The 1963 international ban on atmospheric nuclear testing forestalled the research needed to find out what these disturbances were and how devastating their effects might be. But pre-ban tests did indicate that the 258-mile-high detonation over Johnston Atoll had indeed been related to the peculiar events in Hawaii. In 1963 physicists at the Rand Corporation first fingered EMP as the mysterious phenomenon that accounts for radio and radar blackouts occurring after high-altitude nuclear explosions. By a complex mechanism, any nuclear explosion produces some EMP; but only bursts outside the earth's atmosphere produce microsecond pulses, which at ground level can radiate over thousands of miles. Just one of these split-second pulses is 100 times stronger than a lightning bolt. Any metal object picks up the pulse. And if that object is an antenna or cable connected to sensitive electronic components, such as those in the Emergency Action Message system, which the president would use to deliver the doomsday signal, the pulse can cause extensive damage.

The military implications of EMP are horrendous. If the Soviets should strike first—say, detonating a nuclear warhead 200 miles above our Strategic Air Command headquarters in Nebraska—the resulting EMP would knock out unprotected communications equipment across the entire country. Although the president is supposed to have forty-three other communica-

“Pentagon insiders have a dirty little secret they don't want the public in on: if the U.S.S.R. wanted to destroy our entire communications network, it wouldn't even have to launch a missile.”

tions channels at his disposal, conceivably they all could be rendered useless by EMP from a Soviet blast.

For some time, military scientists have been privy to even more devastating information on which the Pentagon has been noticeably slow to act: if the U.S.S.R. wanted to destroy our entire communications network, it wouldn't even have to launch a missile; the picture-taking Cosmos satellite could do the job. Routinely crisscrossing the United States, in orbit 200 to 450 kilometers above the earth, the Cosmos, if fitted out with a couple of pounds of plutonium and detonated, would produce enough EMP to damage our total power grid. America would lose all electrical equipment lacking its own power supply: traffic lights, computers, radio and TV, telephones, and military channels.

In short, EMP makes a mockery of the eleven to fifteen minutes the president is supposed to have for ordering a counter-attack. The chance definitely exists that he would have no way of issuing a call to arms.

Since the 1963 atmospheric test ban, most information on how to counteract EMP has had to be acquired through simulations—and the evidence is far from conclusive. Meanwhile, the Pentagon is worried that the Russians may know more than we do about EMP. Their high-altitude tests were carried out over central Asia, which, though sparsely populated, does have some cities—enough to allow Russian physicists to study the effects of EMP on earth-based electronics systems. As far back as 1968, the DOD was alarmed to discover, Russian experts were on to EMP. A Soviet Ministry of Defense publication reported that “powerful nuclear explosions set off at great altitudes” constitute a considerable threat to ICBMs “because the impulses of electromagnetic energy created by such explosions can put out of commission not only the on-board missile equipment, but also the ground electronic equipment of the launch complexes.”

There is some evidence that the Soviets may have already protected their weapons against EMP. In 1976 a Soviet defector flew his MIG-25 to Japan. Upon investigating the plane, the Pentagon noticed that its electronic computer circuitry was technologically up-to-date except for the fact that it used old-fashioned computer vacuum tubes. By the 1970s, physicists had discovered that the old vacuum tubes are about 10 million times as resistant to EMP as modern semiconductors' micro-circuitry. The Pentagon concluded that the Soviets may have known how to “harden” their planes against EMP.

Today, our government is pouring billions into the “hardening” of electronic instruments against EMP by means of steel shielding, special grounding and circuit layout, and perhaps even by reverting to the use of vacuum tubes. But some sci-

tists claim that only the bare minimum is being done.

Some experts believe that the Pentagon and its contractors realize they're building self-defeating systems but justify what they do on the grounds that the weapons will never have to be used. For example, the official Pentagon position is that the president's Emergency Action Message system is “especially designed to endure the effects of jamming, physical destruction, nuclear blackout, and electromagnetic pulse.” Yet the giant ground-based military communications system uses a great deal of metal in its copper cables, microwave towers, switching centers, and command posts, and metal is what attracts EMP. In addition, the system's vastness makes testing all its parts for hardness against EMP virtually impossible. The few tests that have been conducted so far were not encouraging.

More reliable than ground-based communications systems are those using satellites. At present, the Pentagon relies on satellites for more than 70 percent of its long-distance communications, and it is planning on more. But our satellite communications are vulnerable to Soviet “killer satellites” and haven't been sufficiently tested against EMP for DOD to judge them completely capable of penetrating ionospheric disruptions after high-altitude nuclear explosions.

What can we do about the complicated threat of EMP? No one at the Pentagon knows for sure. Our ground-based communications network may never be “hard” enough; our satellites can be blasted out of the sky by other “killer” satellites; the government's only contractor for defense communications, Bell Laboratories, lags behind smaller companies in developing EMP-resistant technology.

In the meantime, our “communications gap” vis-à-vis the Soviets is rapidly becoming a hot political issue. Doves claim that closing the communications gap (including hardening our networks against EMP) is impossible. Hawks, among them Dr. Edward Teller, inventor of the H-bomb, would like the 1963 test ban waived so that more could be learned about EMP. They claim the gap can and must be closed as soon as possible—regardless of cost—for the sake of national security.

One thing does seem clear: the communications chaos caused by the first bolts of EMP would mean that we could never participate in a nuclear back-and-forth, but would have to fire off our entire strategic arsenal at the start. In other words, only a “use it or lose it” philosophy would apply. EMP would swiftly eliminate the precise, elaborate command systems needed to observe the effects of nuclear strike and direct a limited war. In the light of what's known about EMP, Vice-President George Bush's idea that nuclear exchange is just a gigantic tennis match—in which “you can have a winner”—is a dangerous pipe dream. 

DIAMONDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

of managing illusions, not commodities, and it is fully aware that once the diamonds-are-forever illusion is tarnished by fluctuating prices, it may never be restored. Harry Oppenheimer, who has brilliantly headed the cartel for the past quarter-century, explained this precise problem to his shareholders in the following terms: "A degree of control is necessary for the well-being of the industry . . . simply because wide fluctuations in price, which have, rightly or wrongly, been accepted as normal in the case of most raw materials, would be destructive of public confidence in the case of a pure luxury such as gem diamonds, of which large stocks are held in the form of jewelry by the general public." These large—and potentially destructive—supplies of diamonds held by the general public are known in the trade as the "overhang."

What makes this above-the-ground supply of diamonds truly menacing to De Beers is its sheer and irrepressible magnitude. Except for those few stones that have been permanently lost or destroyed, every diamond that has ever been found still exists, and virtually all the diamonds are in—or on—the public's hands (or readily accessible in vaults and strong-boxes). This inventory is conservatively

estimated to exceed a half-billion carats. It hangs over the market like the proverbial sword of Damocles. If even a small fraction of this overhang were suddenly sold back into the market by the public, it would easily overwhelm all the delicate mechanisms that De Beers has devised to sustain the diamond illusion.

To prevent this from happening, De Beers has attempted to inhibit, psychologically, people from selling their diamonds. When the cartel developed its advertising campaign thirty years ago, its advertising agency, N. W. Ayer, stated the problem in an internal memorandum: "Diamonds do not wear out and are not consumed. New diamonds add to the existing supply in trade channels and in the possession of the public. In our opinion old diamonds are in 'safe hands' only when widely dispersed and held by individuals as cherished possessions *valued far above their market price*" (emphasis added). De Beers and its advertising agency thus embarked on a campaign to make women add a sentimental value to diamonds, a value that would prevent them from attempting to resell them. Indeed, women would be led to conceive of these glittering pebbles as their "best friends," who would never desert them (though their husbands might). Such psychologically conditioned women were the "safe hands" to whom De Beers sought to distribute its diamonds.

But advertising alone, no matter how brilliant, cannot be expected to keep diamonds in "safe hands" if people realize that diamonds are precipitously losing value. Once this occurs, the overhang will inevitably come pouring back into the market. De Beers therefore has no choice but to prevent, somehow, the price of diamond jewels from notably declining (even though it was unable to stop the crash of investment diamonds). This imperative requires, in turn, that De Beers borrow or beg sufficient funds to maintain prices in the public eye. It is an extraordinarily dangerous strategy.

The real test for a cartel comes when the market for its product is glutted. It then has two possible strategies for survival. Either it can cut back its own production until the glut disappears, or it can continue its production full-blast and use the profits from this production to buy up the surplus directly off the market. Saudi Arabia, in dealing with the oil glut, has chosen the former strategy, cutting its own oil production by some 50 percent to reduce the glut. De Beers, however, has opted for the latter strategy. It has kept its own mines in South Africa and Namibia producing at near full capacity and then used the proceeds from the sale of these diamonds to buy out the production from the mines of Russia, Zaire, Sierra Leone, Ghana, Angola, Tanzania, and other countries. As long as the



"I heard you, dear . . . you were working in the garden and you discovered Jesus."

profit from the sale of its mines exceeded the cost of buying out the production of foreign mines, this strategy was viable—if expensive.

However, as the proportion of the production increases in the 1980s, De Beers's costs will far exceed its revenues (especially as the cost of mining diamonds in South Africa has increased by 10 percent a year). Since De Beers cannot force other countries, such as the Soviet Union, to cut back their own production, the only real alternative it has is the "Saudi solution"—to close down its own mines in South Africa. But even if this were politically feasible in South Africa, it would leave De Beers in the impossible situation of spending billions of dollars to maintain a world diamond market without itself participating in it. In short, De Beers now finds itself caught in a financial trap: it must go into debt to support a diamond illusion from which it derives a smaller and smaller share of the profits. Indeed, in 1982, it was forced to cut the dividend it had formerly paid to its own shareholders in order to meet payments to the Russian and African producers. Under such circumstances, its only chance for surviving through the 1980s is a sharp decline in the number—and proportion—of diamonds coming out of the mines it does not own.

Throughout its history, De Beers's primary interest has been suppressing, not finding, new diamond mines. When De Beers received news in 1903 that a giant new diamond mine had been discovered in Transvaal, Alfred Beit, a life governor and financier of De Beers, suffered a heart attack. In this case, the dread of a competing pipe mine spewing millions of carats of diamonds on the market was abated when De Beers managed to get control over the Transvaal mine (called the "Premier"), but the possibility of another large discovery of diamonds continued to haunt the cartel. Then, in 1977, the nightmare was realized: hundreds of volcanic pipe formations looking ominously like those that yielded diamonds in South Africa were discovered in the barren desert of Australia.

Initial tests of some of these pipes completed in 1982 suggested that the Australian mines would produce between 20 and 40 million carats of diamonds a year, an amount equal to the total production of South Africa. And, even more threatening, it seemed inevitable from the geology of this vast, unexplored region that thousands more pipes would be discovered, of which some, at least, would contain diamonds. To be sure, it would take until the mid-1980s to get them into production, and, as in all pipe mines, a large proportion of the diamonds would be fit only for industrial purposes (such as abrasive powder and drilling stones). Nevertheless, a new South Africa had been discovered in Australia, and the diamonds it would produce could not be easily absorbed in the existing markets.

Initially, De Beers attempted to buy a

Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners,
Leroux Peppermint Schnapps
and crisp chilled beer. The
glow of the schnapps with the
icy cold of the brew is smooth
and easy all the way, uniquely
delicious. Discover the drink
that's sweeping the country.
And always ask for Leroux.
Its great natural taste always
comes through.

Leroux Schnapps
Peppermint • Spearmint • Cinnamon

Once you've
tasted Leroux
no other schnapps
will do.



share in key Australian mining companies through intermediaries in London and Malaysia. This move aroused Australian suspicions that the diamond cartel might take advantage of this indirect ownership to stifle the development of its diamond mines—a suspicion reinforced by four years' delay for what seemed like interminable testing of the pipes. De Beers did, after all, use its partial ownership of mines in African countries, such as Botswana and Zaire, to set the level of production according to its own needs. As the controversy over the cartel's role in Australia became more heated, De Beers slightly relinquished its indirect approach, and began direct negotiations with the mine owners. In 1982 it reached an agreement that provides for De Beers to purchase the gem-quality mines at prices to be determined.

Although this agreement received considerable attention in the financial press, it was more a face-saving device than a solution for De Beers. The deal, as it turns out, is merely a marketing arrangement, and it does not even touch upon the core of the problem: unrestricted production. Australian mines remain free to produce as many diamonds as their steamshovels can scoop out, which may be more than the entire production of South Africa, and De Beers is obliged to buy up the gems, which it presently cannot sell, for hard cash that it must borrow. (Without this marketing agreement, De Beers could buy up the Australian diamonds in the open market, and probably at a cheaper price.) At best, the agreement gives De Beers the dubious privilege of buying diamonds without controlling the mines that produce them.

Even if De Beers can afford to absorb the initial flood of diamonds from these mines in its vaults, Australia promises to become a bottomless pit as more and more volcanic pipe mines are discovered in the outback. Aside from gem diamonds, Australia will become one of the world's largest producers of industrial diamonds. This, in turn, will destroy the price of industrial diamonds, which is already depressed by competition from synthetically made diamonds. And since the sale of industrial-grade diamonds has until recently paid the cost of operating most of the De Beers mines, De Beers will be left with less profit to continue its strategy of preemptively buying up gems.

In addition to all its other problems last year, De Beers was confronted with a mutiny: Zaire, which presently has the richest diamond mines in the world in terms of sheer quantity—though not quality—broke out of a long-standing agreement that effectively allowed the cartel to control its production. De Beers, which had foreseen the threat of uncontrolled production from these mines since the 1930s, had organized the mining and diamond-sorting in Zaire to maximize the production of the lowest-quality diamonds, known as bort, which were crushed into a fine black pow-

der and used as industrial abrasives. These procedures also served to minimize the extraction of gem-quality diamonds that would compete with those from De Beers's own mines in South Africa. Up until the late 1950s, this arrangement was not entirely unfavorable to Zaire, since industrial abrasives fetched as much as seven dollars per carat, and Zaire produced some 10 million carats a year. However, after General Electric invented synthetic diamond abrasives, the price began falling, as did Zaire's revenues. When the Zairian mines attempted to increase the proportion of gem diamonds by changing the sorting procedures in the 1970s, the cartel objected, claiming that these changes would lead to an increase in diamond theft—and smuggling. Finally, in 1982, displeased with the arrangement as well as the revenue, President Mobutu of Zaire announced he was ending the arrangement with the cartel that had spanned nearly a half century.

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If people
realize that diamonds are
precipitously
losing value, they will
pour what they
have back into the market.

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New mining and sorting techniques would now aim at greatly increasing the number of gem stones extracted from Zairian mines, even at the risk that many of these diamonds would be stolen and smuggled out of the country. Mining experts in the United States estimate that Zairian mines could produce more than a million carats of gem stones a year; and, whatever the channel through which these diamonds reach world markets, De Beers, as the buyer of last resort, will have to absorb them.

In 1983, De Beers is facing a crisis of unprecedented proportions: there will be more diamonds available this year than ever before in history. Not only will Australian mines begin spewing forth diamonds, but Zairian mines will begin upgrading their production from industrial bort to gems. And new mines in Botswana, Guinea, and Angola will add to this burgeoning surplus.

On top of this embarrassing abundance, private hoards of diamonds are still being liquidated as the world financial bind tightens. Banks in Israel, which hold diamonds valued at nearly \$1 billion—the

remnants from the bankruptcy of over 100 dealers and cutters in Ramat Gan and Tel Aviv—will continue to sell during 1983. In America and Europe, speculators will most likely sell their remaining diamonds.

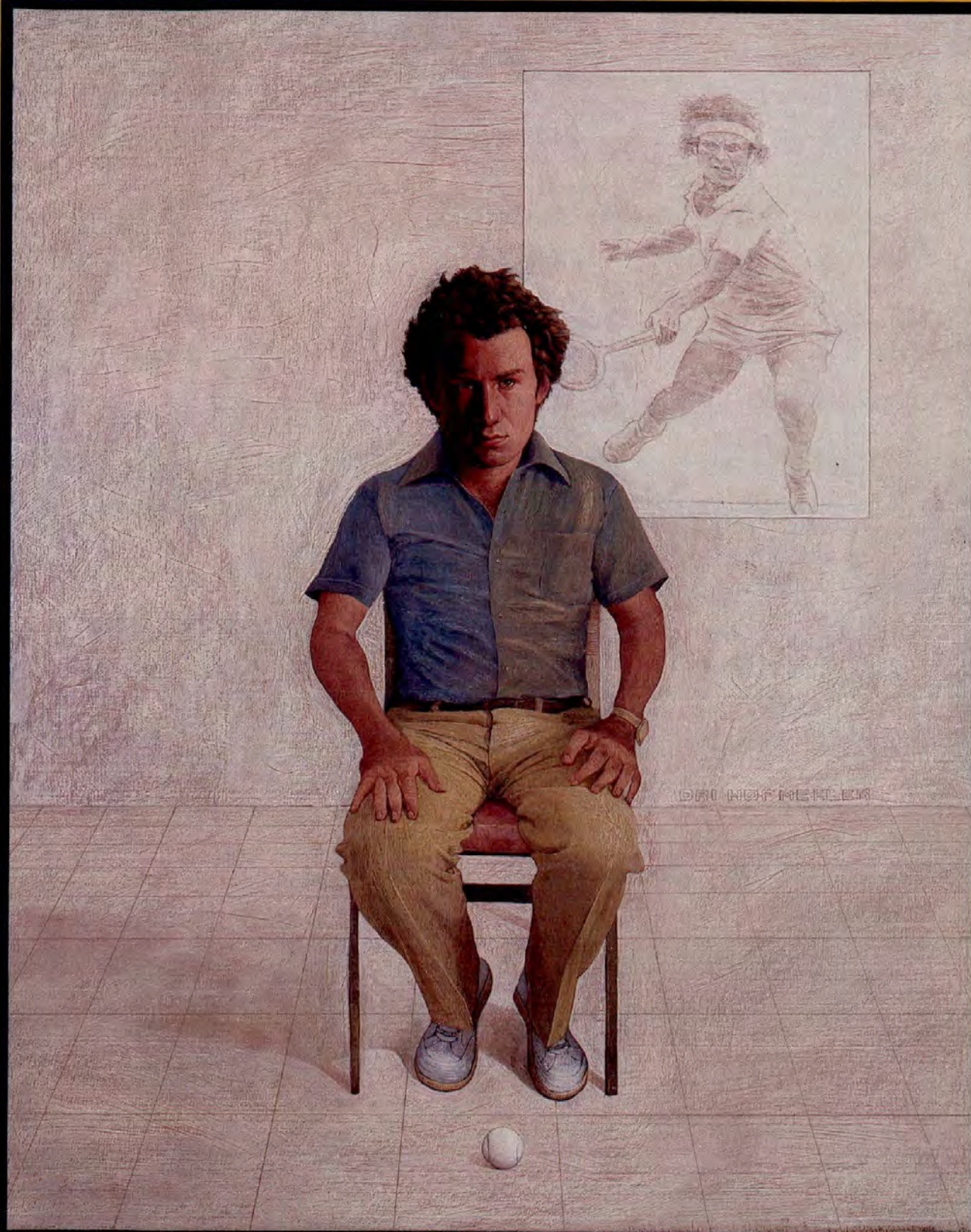
In the face of this overwhelming glut of diamonds, demand is actually slackening. With the market for investment diamonds now dead, the diamond cartel has lost about one third of its customers—a serious loss, by any standard. Furthermore, the world recession has reduced the size and value, if not the number, of the diamonds purchased for jewels.

Finally, for the first time since the Great Depression, De Beers is completely out of cash reserves, and as of last September it was more than a half billion dollars in debt. Moreover, in the months ahead, De Beers will be obliged to buy more than \$600 million worth of Soviet diamonds. And as its debt soars, the cartel will be forced to pay substantial interest.

Can De Beers survive? Aside from its holdings in diamond mines and service, De Beers has large investments in gold, platinum, copper, coal, and other minerals, which, according to the latest evaluation by its board of directors, are worth about \$1.3 billion. Even if it liquidated this entire portfolio of investments and paid off its debt and the Soviet consignment, it would have only about \$200 million left over, which would not be enough for the cartel to continue to buy up the surplus of diamonds. Indeed, it spent over \$1 billion in 1980 attempting to maintain prices—and the diamond illusion. And once it begins liquidating its non-diamond assets, banks will be reluctant to loan the billions of dollars it needs solely on the collateral of a vault filled with glittering pebbles.

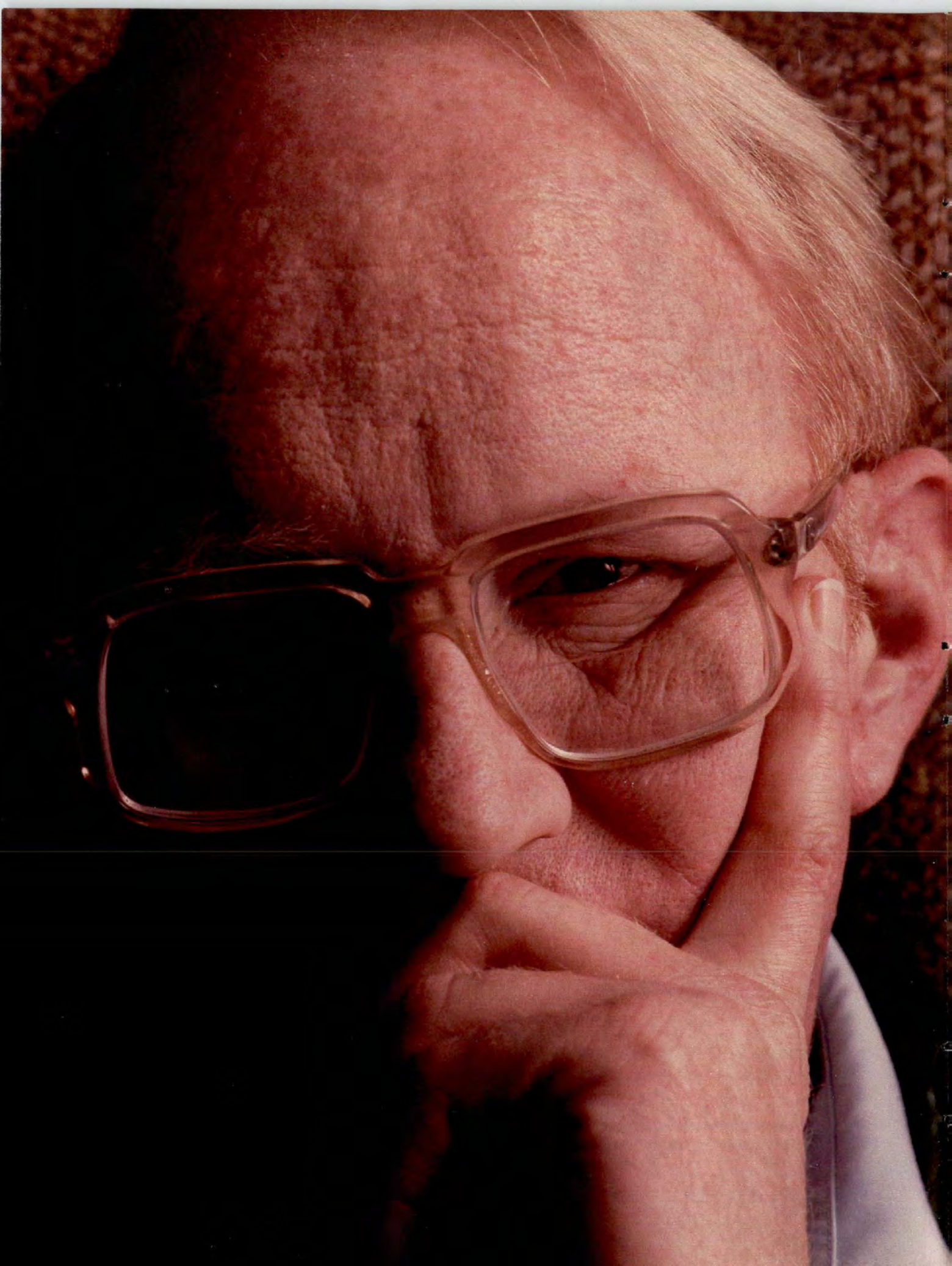
To remain solvent, De Beers may have to abandon its strategy of acting as buyer of last resort for Russia, Australia, and all of Africa. It could simply allow diamonds to seek their own price in a free market, even if that spells the end of the diamonds-are-forever illusion. Even if the value of diamonds sank to less than \$50 a carat, De Beers, with vast mines (and a 200-mile-long beach in Namibia and Namaqualand dusted with billions of diamonds), might make a respectable profit. In this way, a diamond would become a semiprecious stone, an inexpensive token for engagements, marriages, and high school graduations, which De Beers would market around the world. Instead of investing one quarter of their net worth in an engagement ring, as average bridegrooms do at present, men would give their lovers diamonds for their sentimental value, as they would a bouquet of roses.

To many Americans, who have been brought up on the belief that diamonds are forever, such a notion may seem inconceivable. But as De Beers realizes that it can no longer afford to finance its multi-billion-dollar illusion of scarcity, diamonds will be recognized for what they are—brilliant, glittering, and exceedingly common pebbles. O—



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 2

Okay, John, take it easy! Haven't we told you to stop acting like a spoiled brat? So how come when the United States needed you to grow up and win the Davis Cup you decided to pick a fight with some punks in the stands? Listen, kid, we'll let you in on a secret: everyone's tired of your crap! Thanks for losing fifteen games in a row while you were whining. Now go sit in the corner until you learn to behave. And no—you can't go outside and play.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

• Scientology and all the other cults are one-dimensional, and we live in a three-dimensional world. Cults are as dangerous as drugs. They commit the highest crime: the rape of the soul. •

L. RON HUBBARD, JR.

For more than twenty years L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., has been a man on the run. He has changed residences, occupations, and even his name in 1972 to Ron DeWolf to escape what he alleges to be the retribution and wrath of his father and his father's organization—the Church of Scientology. His father, L. Ron Hubbard, Sr., founder and leader of Scientology, has been a figure of controversy and mystery, as has been his organization, for more than a generation. Its detractors have called it the “granddaddy” and the worst of all the religious cults that have sprung up over the last generation. Its advocates—and there are thousands—swear that the church is the avenue for human perfection and happiness. Millions of words have been written for and against Scientology. Just what is the truth?

L. Ron Hubbard, Sr., and the very few who have worked at the highest echelons of the organization have never spoken publicly about the workings and finances of the Church of Scientology. Firsthand allegations about coercion, blackmail, and just how billions of dollars the organization is said to possess have been accrued and spent is lacking; that is, until very recently. In an extraordinary petition brought November 10, 1982, in Superior Court in Riverside, Calif., by L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., to prove that his father is dead and that his heirs should receive the tens of millions of dollars being dissipated from his estate, some of the mystery about Scientology has begun to unravel. Some of the details are shocking.

L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., is a survivor. His appearance on earth, May 7, 1934, was the result of failed abortion rituals by his father, and Ron, after only six and a half months in the womb and at 2.2 pounds, entered the world. His mother, Margeret (“Polly”) Grubb, was to have one more child, Catherine May, before her husband ditched her in 1946 to enter into a bigamous marriage with Sarah Northrup. A half sister, Alexis Valerie, survived that union. Soon after that,

the founder of Scientology married Mary Sue Whipp, the current Mrs. L. Ron Hubbard, Sr., who at this writing is serving four years in federal prison for stealing government documents. There were four children: Diana and Quintin, who died under mysterious circumstances in 1976; Arthur, who has been missing for several years; and Suzette.

Ron Jr. says that he remembers much of his childhood. He claims to recall, at six years, a vivid scene of his father performing an abortion ritual on his mother with a coat hanger. He remembers that when he was ten years old, his father, in an attempt to get his son in tune with his black-magic worship, laced the young Hubbard's bubble gum with phenobarbital. Drugs were an important part of Ron Jr.'s growing up, as his father believed that they were the best way to get closer to Satan—the Antichrist of black magic.

Ron Jr. also recalls a hard-drinking, drug-abusing father who would mistreat his mother and other women, but who, when under the influence, would delight in telling his son all of his exploits. Finally, Ron Jr. remembers his father as a “broke science-fiction writer” who espoused that the road to riches and glory lay in selling religion to the masses.

Nineteen fifty was a watershed year for the sixteen-year-old Ron Jr., when his father's book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* was published. While in the 1980s self-help books hold little novelty, *Dianetics* was a pioneer of that genre. Happiness in 1950 could be a reality, if only one practiced the strange amalgam of science fiction and psychoanalysis offered in the senior Hubbard's best-seller. It was an unexpected success for Hubbard, then living in New Jersey, when the mailman would deliver daily sacks of letters from the unhappy and desperate who had read the book and wanted L. Ron Hubbard to take them to the promised land. It was a dream come true—a science-fiction writer who not only created a world of fantasy but packaged it and sold it as reality.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MUTH

In 1950 L. Ron Hubbard opened a Dianetics clinic, where the hopeful and newly converted could come, for a fee, and their ills—from loneliness to cancer—would be cured. Dianetics was the new Scientific Revolution, and L. Ron Hubbard was its prophet.

Scientology is essentially a self-help therapy. It is based on the premise that by recalling negative experiences or "engrams," a person can free himself from repressed feelings that cripple his life. This liberation process is assisted by a counselor called an "auditor," who charges up to hundreds of dollars a session. The auditor's basic aid is the "E-meter," a skin galvanometer that is said to help him ascertain the problems of his client.

Soon the New Jersey authorities and the American Medical Association challenged the veracity of the new faith. L. Ron Hubbard met the challenge by fleeing the state (not the last time this was to happen). A frequent memory of Ron Jr. is his father's packing up shoe boxes with thousands of dollars to move on to greener and safer pastures.

Coming into manhood in the early fifties, Ron Jr. learned the virtues of flimflam and keeping one step ahead of the law and creditors. But he admits that he accepted his father's teachings and example as correct. By the time his father started the modern Church of Scientology in Arizona and New Jersey in 1953, young Hubbard was not only a disciple but a willing organizer in the new movement. He was to be so throughout the 1950s.

While Ron Jr. may never have questioned his father and the mushrooming cult of Scientology, a growing uneasiness began to take hold of him. In 1953 he married Henrietta, whom he never allowed to join the church. They were to have six chil-

dren—Deborah, Leif, Esther, Eric, Harry, and Alex, age twelve, who suffers from Down's Syndrome—plus six grandchildren, none of whom were ever members of Scientology. The importance of family life, especially in contrast to his own upbringing, caused Ron Jr. to question his life as a member of Scientology, albeit privately. Other factors also caused Ron Jr. to think about breaking away from the cult that was dominating his life. His father's autocratic and arbitrary control of Scientology often led to violence, and the young Hubbard began to be disturbed by his own participation. Certain questionable transactions involving drug dealing and the transfer of large sums of money abroad by his father was another troubling factor. But, he says, the breaking point came over his father's involvement with the Russians. Finally, in 1959, when his father was in Australia, Ron, his wife, and two children fled the Church of Scientology.

According to Ron Jr., life was to become a nightmarish existence. No matter where the family went in the United States, it would not take long for a member of the organization to find them. Because he knew too much about Scientology and its founder, Ron says, attempts were made to ensure his silence. For many years L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., kept a low profile.

Keeping silent did not end Ron's terror of what his father and followers might do to him and his family. In 1976 his half brother Quintin died under mysterious circumstances that Ron is certain was murder. Quintin, a son of Scientology's leader, was a drug abuser and an embarrassment to his father. Whether all these questions were signs of paranoia finally became less important to Ron than discovering, once and for all, the truth about his father. In 1980 Ron became convinced

that his father was dead, and that his death was being kept a secret by the Church of Scientology lest knowledge of his death cause chaos in the organization. He filed his petition and an open war was declared. Should he win the suit by proving that his father is either dead or incompetent, Ron and other family members will receive the millions of dollars believed to be part of L. Ron Hubbard's estate.

For some thirty years, stories, rumors, and innuendo about the Church of Scientology have been whispered, and sometimes reported, internationally. Obviously, the final judgment of L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., and his allegations remains to be made. But because of his high-level involvement for such a long time with this controversial organization, he himself has become a newsworthy figure. To find out what this man at the center of an international firestorm is like, *Penthouse* sent contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein to Carson City, Nev., where he met Hubbard in the small three-bedroom apartment in which he lives (he manages the apartment complex). "DeWolf," Sonnenschein told us, "is a stocky and ruddy-complexioned man, with thinning red hair. Despite his almost continuous involvement with lawyers on both sides of his case, DeWolf was very relaxed during the several hours I spent with him. He seemed convinced that his desire to tell his story after all these years was of vital importance... and he spoke with a firmness and intensity befitting a person who claims to be risking his life by speaking out."

Because of the seriousness of Mr. DeWolf's charges and because his father has affected the lives of thousands, if not millions, of people, *Penthouse* will be launching an independent investigation of these charges. The results will be published in a forthcoming issue.

Penthouse: Before you filed your lawsuit and began speaking openly about Scientology, there was very little news of it in the media. Why do you think there has been so little investigation of Scientology?

Hubbard: It's very simple. Scientology has always had a "fair-game doctrine"—a policy of doing absolutely anything to stop an investigation or publication of a critical article in a magazine or newspaper. They have run some incredible operations on the several people who have tried to write books about Scientology. It was almost like a terror campaign. First they'd try throwing every possible lawsuit at the reporter or newspaper. We had a team of attorneys to do just that. The goal was to destroy the enemy. So the solution was always to attack, full-bore, with every possible resource, from every angle, instantaneously. It can certainly be overwhelming. A guy would get slapped with twenty-seven lawsuits, and our lawyers would start depositioning absolutely anybody who ever knew the man, digging up dirt while at the same time putting together an operation that would get him into further

trouble. I know of one case, concerning Paulette Cooper, who wrote a book called *The Scandal of Scientology*, in which they spent almost \$500,000 trying to destroy her.

Penthouse: So you think the press was intimidated?

Hubbard: Oh, absolutely. All the way through, since the fifties. I found this very sad. It seemed very much like Germany in the thirties. The freedom of the press seemed buried. They got scared. They thought, "Well, who wants to go through ten years of lawsuits, just because we printed the name L. Ron Hubbard?" I'm delighted to see that *Penthouse* has the balls to print this interview.

Penthouse: Why do you think it's so risky?

Hubbard: My father drilled into all of us: Don't go to court thinking to win a lawsuit. You go to court to harass, to delay, to exhaust the enemy financially, physically, mentally. You file every motion you can think of and you just lock them up in court. The courts, for my father, were never used to seek justice or redress, but to destroy the people he thought were enemies, to

prevent negative stories from appearing. He just wanted complete control of the press—and got it.

Penthouse: What exactly is Scientology?

Hubbard: Scientology is a power-and-money-and-intelligence-gathering game. To use common, everyday English, Scientology says that you and I and everybody else willed ourselves into being hundreds of trillions of years ago—just by deciding to be. We willed ourselves into being ourselves. Through wild space games, interaction, fights, and wars in the grand science-fiction tradition, we created this universe—all the matter, energy, space, and time of this universe. And so through these trillions of years, we have become the effect of our own cause and we now find ourselves trapped in bodies. So the idea of Scientology "auditing" or "counseling" or "processing" is to free yourself from your body and to return you to the original godlike state or, in Scientology jargon, an Operating Thetan—O.T. We are all fallen gods, according to Scientology, and the goal is to be returned to that state.

Penthouse: And what is the Church of Scientology?

Hubbard: It's one of my father's many organizations. It was formed in 1953, basically to avoid the harassment of my father by the medical profession and the IRS. The idea of Scientology didn't really exist before that point as a religion, but my father hit upon turning it into a church after he started feeling pressured.

Penthouse: Didn't your father have any interest in helping people?

Hubbard: No.

Penthouse: Never?

Hubbard: My father started out as a broke science-fiction writer. He was always broke in the late 1940s. He told me and a lot of other people that the way to make a million was to start a religion. Then he wrote the book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* while he was in Bayhead, New Jersey. When we later visited Bayhead, in about 1953, we were walking around and reminiscing—he told me that he had written the book in one month.

Penthouse: There was no church when he wrote the book?

Hubbard: Oh, no, no. You see, his goal was basically to write the book, take the money, and run. But in 1950, this was the first major book of do-it-yourself psychotherapy, and it became a runaway best-seller. He kept getting, literally, mail trucks full of mail. And so he and some other people, including J. W. Campbell, the editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, started the Dianetics Research Foundation in Elizabeth, New Jersey. And the post office kept backing up and just dumping mail sacks into the building. The foundation had a staff that just ran through the envelopes and threw away anything that didn't have any money in it.

Penthouse: People sent money?

Hubbard: Yeah, they wanted training and further Dianetic auditing, Dianetic processing. It was just an incredible avalanche.

Penthouse: Did he write the book off the top of his head? Did he do any real research?

Hubbard: No research at all. When he has answered that question over the years, his answer has changed according to which biography he was writing. Sometimes he used to write a new biography every week. He usually said that he had put thirty years of research into the book. But no, he did not.

What he did, really, was take bits and pieces from other people and put them together in a blender and stir them all up—and out came *Dianetics*! All the examples in the book—some 200 "real-life experiences"—were just the result of his obsessions with abortions and unconscious states. . . . In fact, the vast majority of those incidents were invented off the top of his head. The rest stem from his own secret life, which was deeply involved in the occult and black magic. That involvement goes back to when he was sixteen,

living in Washington, D.C. He got hold of the book by Alistair Crowley called *The Book of Law*. He was very interested in several things that were the creation of what some people call the Moon Child. It was basically an attempt to create an immaculate conception—except by Satan rather than by God. Another important idea was the creation of what they call embryo implants—of getting a satanic or demonic spirit to inhabit the body of a fetus. This would come about as a result of black-magic rituals, which included the use of hypnosis, drugs, and other dangerous and destructive practices. One of the important things was to destroy the evidence if you failed at this immaculate conception. That's how my father became obsessed with abortions. I have a memory of this that goes back to when I was six years old. It is certainly a problem for my father and for Scientology that I remember this. It was around 1939, 1940, that I watched my father doing something to my

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mother. She was lying on the bed and he was sitting on her, facing her feet. He had a coat hanger in his hand. There was blood all over the place. I remember my father shouting at me, "Go back to bed!" A little while later a doctor came and took her off to the hospital. She didn't talk about it for quite a number of years. Neither did my father.

Penthouse: He was trying to perform an abortion?

Hubbard: According to him and my mother, he tried to do it with me. I was born at six and a half months and weighed two pounds, two ounces. I mean, I wasn't born; this is what came out as a result of their attempt to abort me. It happened during a night of partying—he got involved in trying to do a black-magic number. Also, I've got to complete this by saying that he thought of himself as the Beast 666 Incarnate.

Penthouse: The devil?

Hubbard: Yes. The Antichrist. Alistair Crowley thought of himself as such. And when Crowley died in 1947, my father then decided that he should wear the cloak of the beast and become the most powerful being in the universe.

Penthouse: You were sixteen years old at that time. What did you believe in?

Hubbard: I believed in Satanism. There was no other religion in the house! Scientology and black magic. What a lot of people don't realize is that Scientology is black magic that is just spread out over a long time period. To perform black magic generally takes a few hours or, at most, a few weeks. But in Scientology it's stretched out over a lifetime, and so you don't see it. Black magic is the inner core of Scientology—and it is probably the only part of Scientology that really works.

Also, you've got to realize that my father did not worship Satan. He thought he was Satan. He was one with Satan. He had a direct pipeline of communication and power with him. My father wouldn't have worshiped anything. I mean, when you think you're the most powerful being in the universe, you have no respect for anything, let alone worship.

Penthouse: Let's get back to how you saw Scientology working on an individual basis. What if someone wrote to your father asking if he could cure their cancer?

Hubbard: He'd say, Oh, yes, he could handle that.

Penthouse: And what would be the charge for curing cancer?

Hubbard: Back in those days it was anywhere from \$10 to \$25 an hour. Now it's up to \$300 or more an hour.

Penthouse: What exactly did that pay for?

Hubbard: To be audited. In the old days, the patient would lie on a couch and the auditor would sit in a chair and counsel. The words *auditing*, *counseling*, and *processing* are really the same in Scientology.

Penthouse: What would be discussed?

Hubbard: They would say that the cancer and its cure are just incidental to the main problem of one's "spiritual development." And according to Dianetics and Scientology, the explanation for cancer is basically that you have a sex problem.

Penthouse: A sex problem?

Hubbard: Right.

Penthouse: How did he figure that?

Hubbard: Quite simply, according to my father. Cancer is basically cells that are dividing out of control, and so, according to my father, the problem is a sexual thing. Therefore the cancer is rooted in a sexual problem. If you have cancer, you are really screwed up on sex. So what would happen in this auditing—I don't know what it's like now, but it's probably just the same as in the old days—is that they would address a guy's entire sex life. There was certainly an incredible preoccupation, in Dianetics and Scientology, about sex. It was a great means of control. You have complete control of someone if you have every detail of his sex life and fantasy life on record.

Penthouse: What if someone who went through the training just wanted to drop out?

Hubbard: There was no way. There were thousands of people, back in the fifties,

PART FIVE

MALE PROSTITUTION

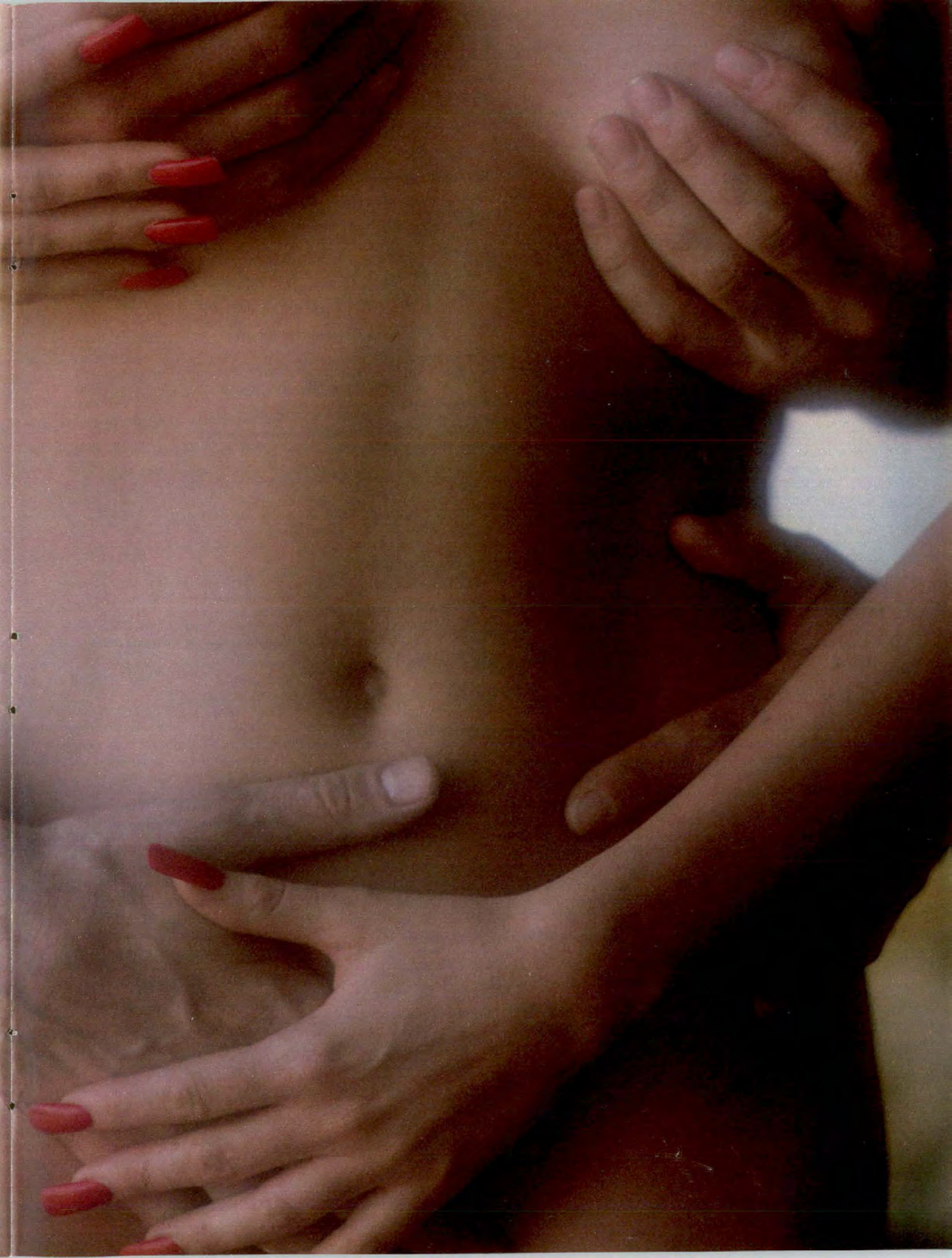
THE THIRD MAN

BY BILL LAWREN

Wives adore him. And husbands pay him.
His business is built on
the all-American concept that more is always
better. Even in the bedroom.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER





The trophy is small and unobtrusive; it stands half-hidden on a shelf top, the luster of its nameplate long since faded. "Boy of the Month," it says, referring to a time when its owner, Frank G., was one hell of a newspaper boy. "I had a system," he recalls earnestly. "I could carry a couple of dozen papers under my arm, band them, and throw them all in the same stroke. Saved me a couple of hours a day."

There is a strange, almost wistful pride in Frank's voice as he talks, and he seems to be completely unconscious of the irony built into that modest little piece of brass. For yesterday's Boy of the Month is now, and has been for the last five years, a male prostitute, a man who has grown used to taking his pride from a wholly different sort of performance. But it is easy to see both these people in Frank: the eager, over-achieving newsboy with the soft eyes and open demeanor; and the relaxed, almost self-consciously sinuous whore who even in these unprofessional circumstances wears a black shirt open to the navel.

Frank is a couples specialist, a man who makes his living by being a professional *numero trois* in an almost dizzying variety of amateur *ménages*. "I've done hundreds of them," he says with an all-in-a-life's-work shrug. "It's gotten to be almost routine."

A far cry, though, from the routine that occupied the greater share of Frank's working adulthood. He holds a master's degree in business administration from a southern California college, and up to the point of his entry into what he calls "the life" he made his living as an accountant.

"I had been married for seven years," he says. "My wife and I had separated, and I took a trip to South America so we could think things out. When I got back we decided to divorce. At that point I had more bills than I could pay, so I found a part-time accounting job. Well, those jobs don't pay much."

"One day I happened to read an article in a men's magazine about a guy in Massachusetts who had advertised in underground newspapers as a 'masseur.' Apparently he'd gotten a lot of response from those ads. So I decided to put an ad in the paper, just to see what would happen."

His first ads—"Rocky had just come out, so I wrote, 'Call the Italian Stallion,' something stupid like that"—were for females only, but he quickly found out that "you don't get rich doing that unless you have contacts." So he put in an ad for females and couples, thinking that "maybe there are some guys out there who are kind of weird, who would want something for their wives."

Well, his first responses were from men, all right, but not from the sort of men who tend to form the better halves of couples. In fact, Frank's first few clients were exclusively gay.

"I was totally passive," he says. "I needed the money desperately, and I just

wanted to find out if I could respond without cringing. Well, I found that I could, that I could get into a fantasy trip, just close my eyes and forget the whole thing."

"The thing is, I hadn't had that much sexual experience. Some, but not a lot. My sex life with my wife was not good. So I really didn't have much idea of what I was getting into. Mostly it was just a matter of seeing if I could do these things at all. When I found that I could, it was like a form of success, and that made me happy."

Happy, but not rich. "I still didn't know what I was doing," he says. "I didn't even know how to tell people there was a fee." But after a few "successful" gay experiences, Frank eventually got his first call from a couple.

"The guy called, gave me some cockamamie story about having a bad back and having a hard time functioning with his wife. He said he wanted to try something new. Well, I still didn't know what to charge, so I had to call some of the ads in

6

"My girl friend doesn't care for my being a prostitute," says Frank, "although she used to be one herself. She feels that I'm giving my customers something that I don't give her."

9

the *Advocate* and ask some of the other guys. Finally we settled on \$35.

"I went out to their house—they lived way out in the sticks, on a farm or something—and I was surprised to find that they were both pretty nice-looking. He was actually better-looking than she was, but she wasn't bad. Now he had claimed on the phone that he wasn't going to watch, but I figured he was or he wouldn't have brought me out there in the first place. I mean, what's he going to do while I fuck his wife, watch TV?"

"But I'd never done anything like that. I didn't even know if I could function with somebody else watching me."

"Well, he got undressed first and I gave him a massage while his wife watched TV in the other room. Then he called her in and coaxed her into taking off her clothes. She was really shy about the whole thing. Then he walked out, but I knew he was watching through the door. So I started massaging her, trying to get into it, figuring if I can get excited and do this, it's going to be great—it means I've succeeded. Again, it was a matter of can I do this or not."

"So anyway, I found that massaging her

like that kind of turned me on. I was able to get an erection and fuck her. In the middle of it I turned my head and saw that he was looking. I was afraid that might wilt me, but it didn't. It didn't turn me off."

"After a while she told me I could come, so I did. But I didn't collapse on top of her or anything—I didn't think that would be very professional. Then we got dressed, he paid me, and I left."

"On the way home I was really happy. It was a big kick to realize that I'd just been paid to fuck somebody. I was thinking, gee, maybe I can really make some money at this. In fact, I was so happy that I stopped at the record store and spent the whole thing on records."

A brief lull followed this first session, but soon business began to pick up. "After I put ads in three papers," Frank says, "the phone started to ring. And once you start seeing people occasionally, unless you're a complete nerd you're going to start getting repeat business. So it was just a natural progression."

As part of that progression, Frank began to develop a *modus operandi*, a style. "I like to be friendly and open. Put people at ease. You know, talk to me, say whatever you want. Ask questions. Feel free to do what you want and let's have fun. Let's be relaxed. Don't look at me as a professional on a pedestal."

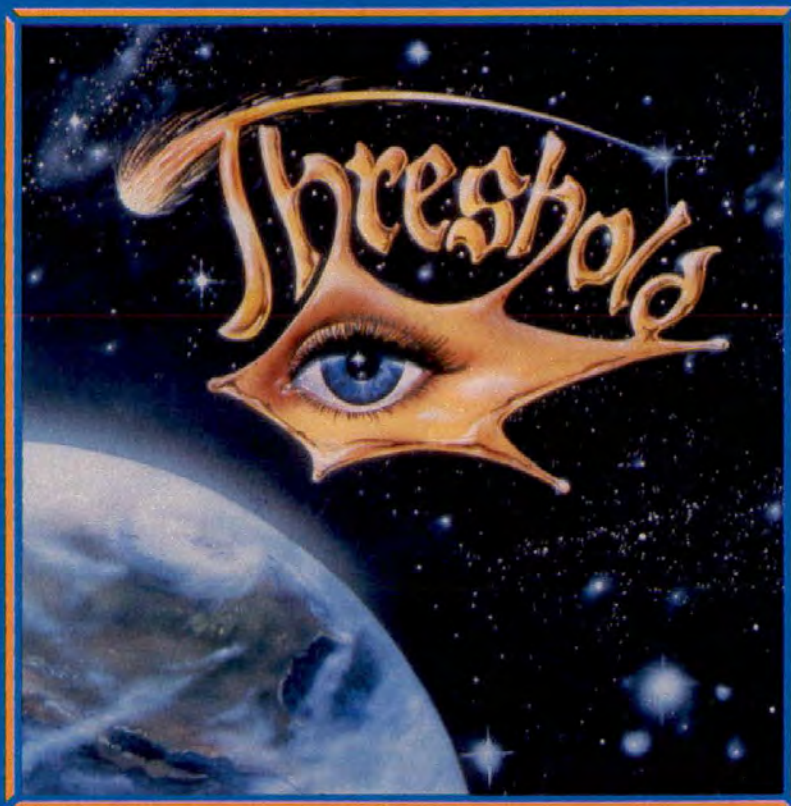
He also developed a get-down-to-business technique of breaking through the inevitable first-session jitters. "I used to sit down with them, have a drink, talk for a while until they got comfortable. But after a while I found it's much better to just get into the bedroom, get their clothes off, and start in with a massage. If they can lie there and feel my hands on them, that's going to be much more relaxing than sitting in the living room having a drink and getting all uptight about what's going to happen ten minutes down the line."

Unless a couple has something definite in mind—which is rare, Frank says—he will usually take the lead. "I do it whether they're experienced or not," he says. "I try to do the sorts of things I think they might enjoy, and hope that if there's something they want they'll feel relaxed enough down the line to say, 'Oh, let's try this.' If they don't, I just continue to take the lead. If I'm fucking her brains out and he's off to the side or something, I might say, 'Hey, would you like to join in, or let's switch positions'—anything to try and get him to take part."

Of course, the question arises (pardon the expression): how does one manage to unfailingly, day in and day out, get an erection on cue in the company of total strangers? "Sometimes I'll fantasize about something," Frank says. "A movie I've seen, or a photograph, something in my mind that's been a turn-on. But usually I manage to get genuinely sexually excited. It's very hard to just make your dick rise on command. Maybe it can be done, but usually I'm not the type who can pull it off. I have to be sexually involved."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

SPACEWAVE

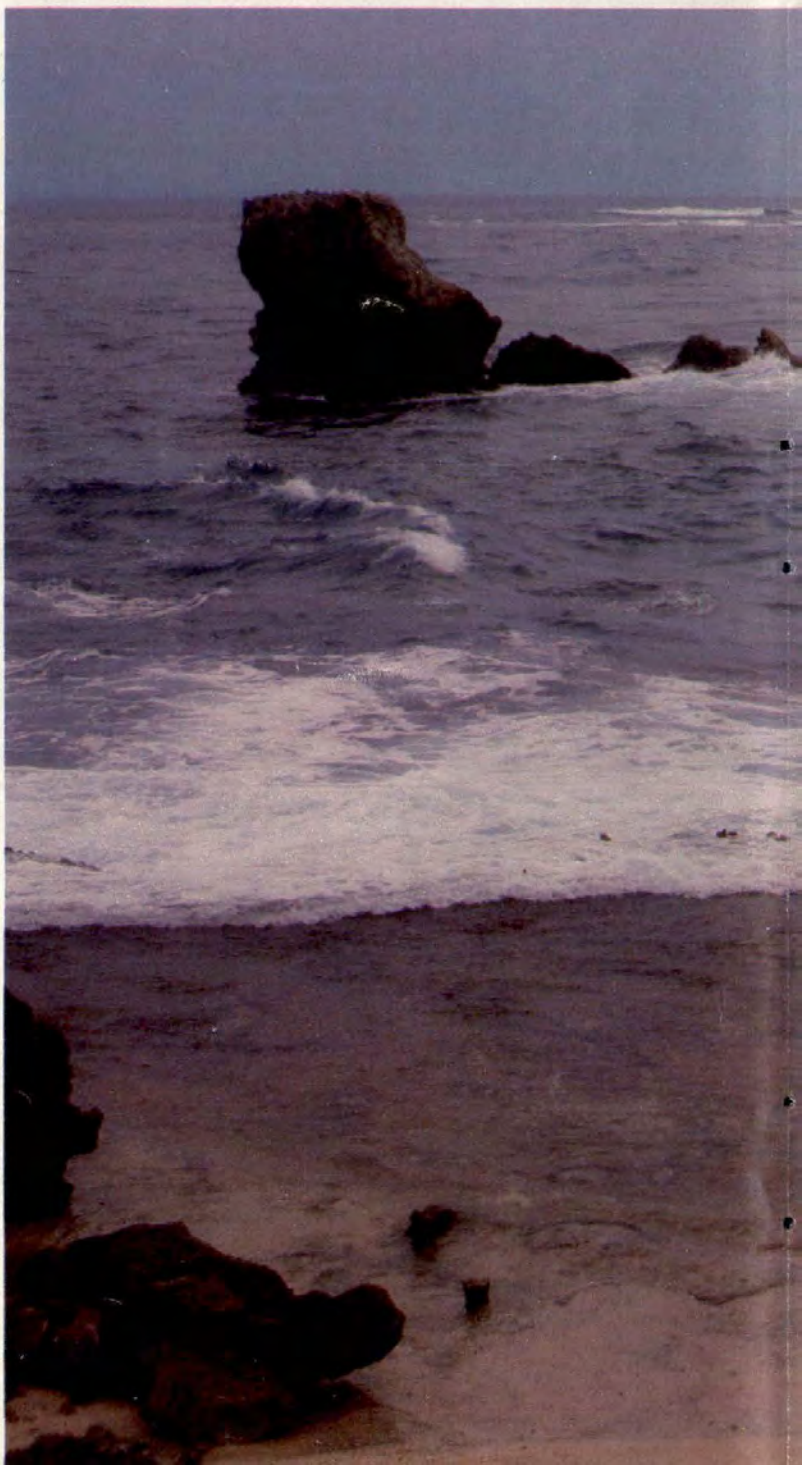


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STEVE AND LEANNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

They steal away before daybreak, rumbling over the highways to the weekday-deserted beach. Echoing dawn's early light in their glowing faces, they rejoice in these hours of togetherness, delight in deliciously contrasting pleasures: the warmth of hands holding hands, the coolness of tide-polished pebbles. Nature seems to give its tacit blessing; they know the murmuring surf won't whisper their secret. For once they can relax and forget—the duties they can discard, the vows they could not keep...





His searching hands favor her body—the spongy firmness of breasts, the sinewy strengths of flanks. Biting one fleshy globe of forbidden fruit, he becomes a fallen man who has soared to heaven...



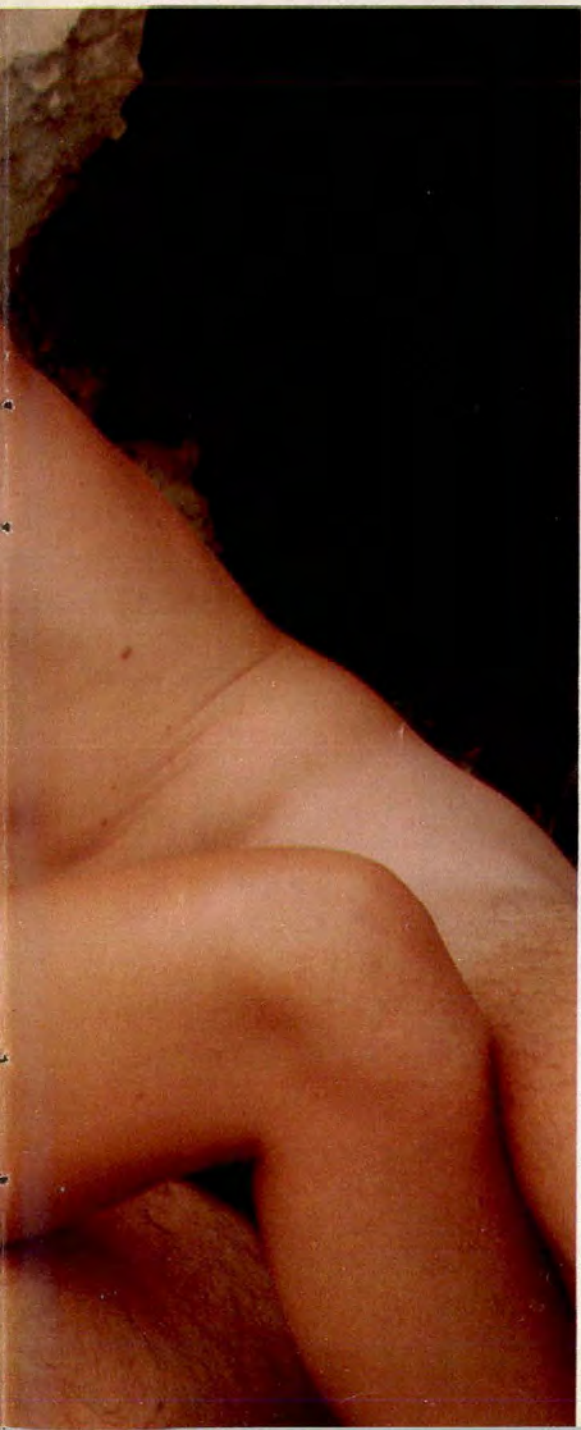






Like the Hawaiian lagoon that gives them shelter, their new love's an uncharted wilderness, ripe for bold exploration. As primitive passions take hold, she becomes his adoring accomplice, caressing her own trembling body and awakening dormant desires...







Once sated, they survey their surroundings, eager for the added closeness of shared discoveries. A cliff-side cave becomes their hideaway; they pledge to keep it secret from the world, and pledge to keep no secrets from each other...







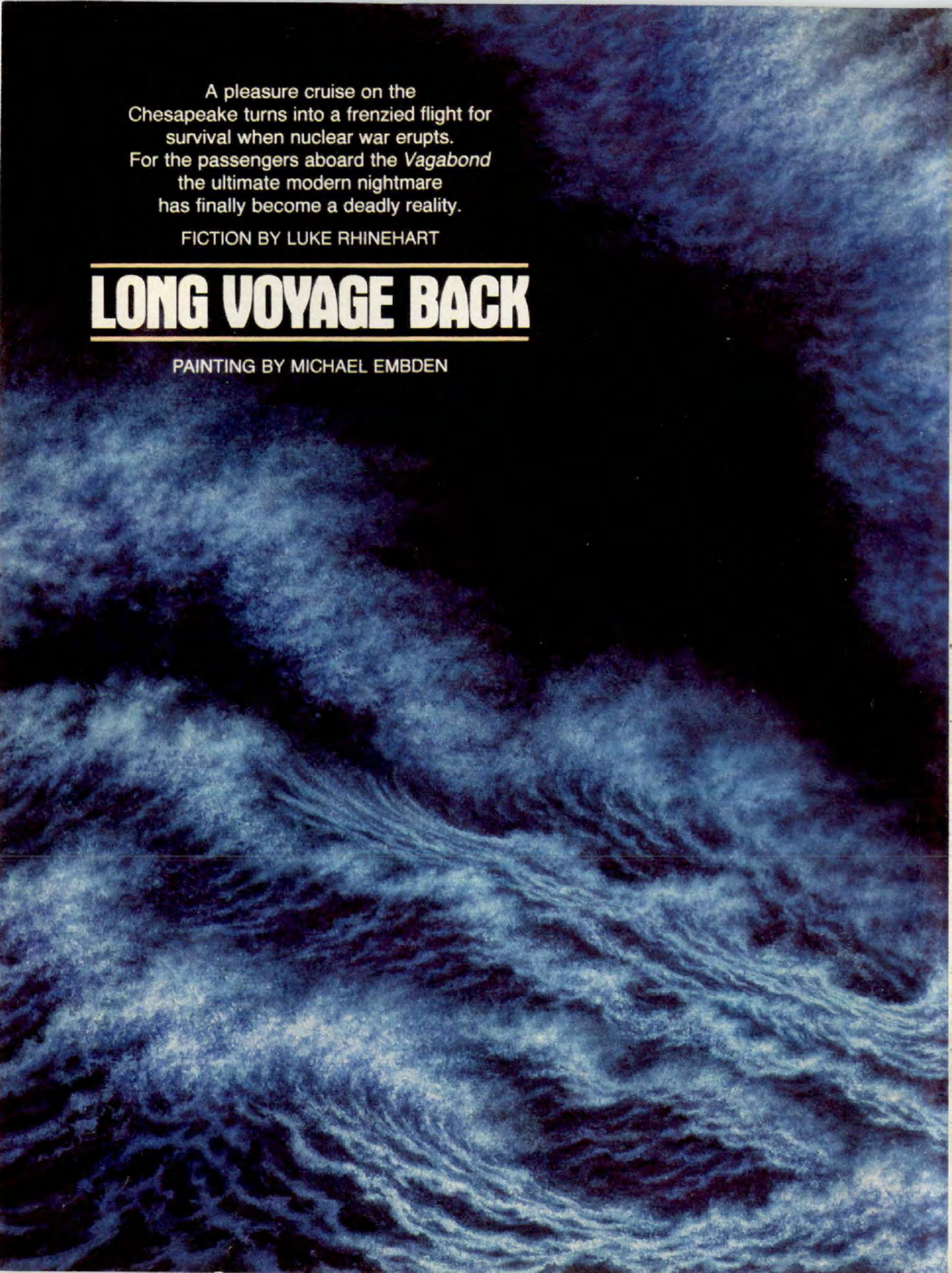
Once again passion grips them both,
growing more urgent as the afternoon
shadows grow longer. Lost in the realm of
their senses, they live and love
for the moment. O+

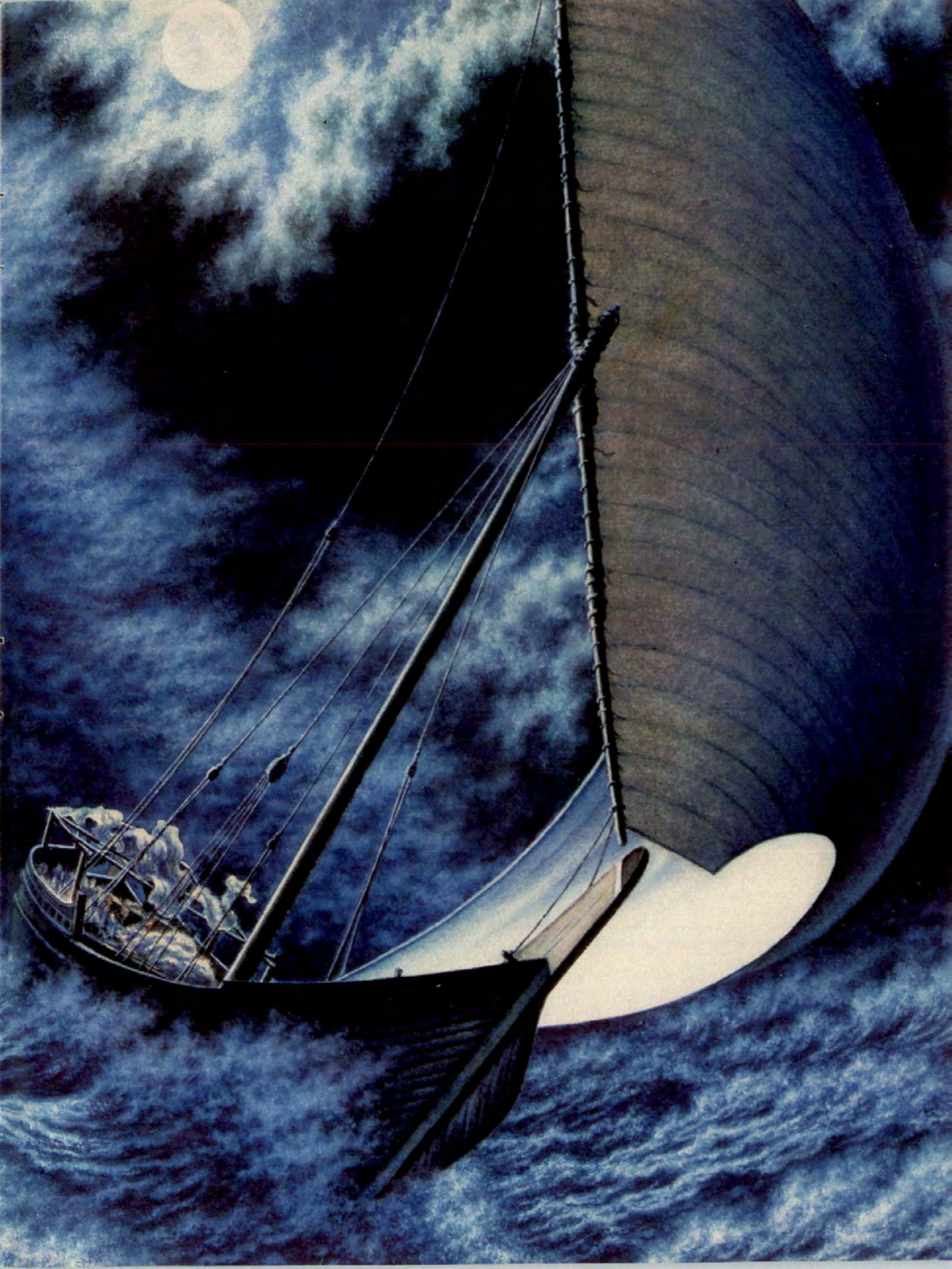
A pleasure cruise on the
Chesapeake turns into a frenzied flight for
survival when nuclear war erupts.
For the passengers aboard the *Vagabond*
the ultimate modern nightmare
has finally become a deadly reality.

FICTION BY LUKE RHINEHART

LONG VOYAGE BACK

PAINTING BY MICHAEL EMBDEN





Free. Except for the threat of radioactive fallout, of storms, of pirates, or their overloaded trimaran breaking apart, of death from thirst or starvation or disease, of mutiny, of the antagonism that the whole rest of the world now felt for the white people of America and Russia, both of whom they blamed for the war, those aboard *Vagabond* were free to do as they pleased. They sailed south.

The war sailed with them. Although they increased their distance from the coast as they moved south, and the threat of fallout receded, its consequences in the bodies of Frank and Olly and possibly others remained. Frank looked much more haggard than anyone else, had lost ten pounds, and was sick again after a three-day remission. Olly was "better" but still feeling "poorly." Even Neil still felt unaccountable nausea once or twice.

Their destination was the West Indies, initially Puerto Rico, but by the end of the third day they were so close to the Bahamas that Neil felt they should make a landfall on Grand Abaco Island. There they might barter for more food and water, even, if they found the right conditions, try to settle. However, Radio Nassau reported debilitating food shortages throughout the islands, and Americans were not welcome. If the principal food was fish, they might as well continue at sea.

Fishing was, in fact, the focus of each morning and evening's effort. They had two ocean rods and reels with good line, but only five lures, one of which they lost on their second day. At dawn and dusk they usually trolled with both rigs, one from each cockpit. The rods were usually jammed into place with a strong drag on the reels so that no one had to sit and hold them all the time. When a fish was hooked the helmsman would bring the boat up into the wind to slow it down, and someone would stand by with a gaff and large net while the other man on watch duty, who was responsible for the rods, would begin to reel in the hooked fish.

Because this type of fishing was new to most of them and because their lives depended on it, the bringing in of a fish was a major community event. They caught three bluefish their first evening, a twenty-pound tuna the next dawn, a dolphin and a tuna at dusk, then inexplicably lost two hooked fish and a second of their lures during the next dawn.

They were adapting to a world of scarcity. Neil restricted the use of their remaining two gallons of diesel fuel to the charging of the three batteries. Oil was now unavailable everywhere except to the military. To avoid having to charge the batteries any more than necessary, Neil used them solely for the shortwave radio. For illumination they used kerosene lamps and, when necessary, flashlights. They had only four gallons of kerosene, and that, too, might never again be easy to obtain. The two dozen candles aboard Neil stored as light of last resort. Even matches were scarce. Fortunately, no one smoked

except Jim, who smoked marijuana and was abstaining, and Macklin, whose cigarettes had been confiscated by Neil to use in the West Indies as barter.

The meals were repetitious and skimpy. They were rationing themselves severely on the last of their canned foods and some remaining fruits and vegetables, and salting and drying some of their fish steak for later. They were cooking in salt water and had cut their fresh water intake to a quart per person per day. The six adults were all experimenting with drinking a cup or two of sea water each day.

To help avoid unnecessary gloom, Neil became a censor. He permitted only Frank and Olly to listen to the shortwave and transistor radios with him. The violent anti-white, anti-American talk they were picking up from stations in the West Indies they kept to themselves. The probability of mass starvation on many of the islands within a month they did not mention. Offi-

Officially, they
were sailing for islands
untouched by the
war. In his heart, Neil knew
that no place, no
one . . . nothing would ever be
untouched by this war.

cially, they were sailing for islands untouched by the war. In his heart Neil knew that no place, no one . . . nothing would ever be untouched by this war.

Shortwave and AM reports from the U.S. mainland raised on the third day at sea a new specter. A summer flu that seemed to be afflicting many people in the West and Southwest had already caused an unusually high number of fatalities. One ham operator speculated that a biological warfare laboratory had been destroyed and that one of its germs was responsible for the epidemic. In any case, it now seemed to be killing more people than the fallout. Typhoid had also become a problem. Of the fighting itself there was little news. The superpowers were still technically at war, but now they were more like two exhausted and glassy-eyed fighters who had landed such devastating blows in the first round that they now seemed barely capable of standing, much less hitting each other. Thus it seemed that each day the ramifications and elaborations of the world disaster spread a little further, like a spilled bottle of black ink slowly soaking along a paper towel. Cuba had been heavily bombed by conventional means

early in the war, and when the Cubans tried to take the U.S. Navy base at Guantanamo, the U.S. had used a tactical nuclear weapon to destroy most of the enemy force. Cuba's air force and navy had allegedly been destroyed, but no effort had been made to invade. Guantanamo was being evacuated.

Although nuclear explosions had destroyed the Panama Canal, Miami, Cape Canaveral, and oil refineries in Venezuela, the Caribbean area had been spared nuclear explosions since the third day of the war. Some rich Americans were flying to Puerto Rico, and this influx of the privileged was resented. Despite the presence of the U.S. Navy, which, with the losses of its other Caribbean bases, now had its largest facility outside San Juan, pirate attacks were occurring on both private and commercial ships, both small and large. Food riots occurred on a regular basis in San Juan and smaller cities although officially there was as yet no starvation.

It was to this island that *Vagabond* was supposedly heading, but in the new world that all had experienced over the last ten days, no one aboard expected anything. Neil set a course, they sailed on. In this new world the future was something that could only hurt or terrify or kill. To look beyond the next wave was dangerous. Neil set a course, they sailed on. To hope for more could only be done in whispers.

According to Neil's noon sunshots, *Vagabond* was now about fifty miles north of the reef and cays lying off the northeast coast of Great Abaco Island. Sailing at about seven knots, *Vagabond* might come within sight of land a little before sunset.

It was a little before the changing of the watch at two o'clock that Jeanne, using binoculars, spotted a ship. At first this was all she could be sure of. Ten minutes later she and Neil, alternating use of the large pair of binoculars, had determined that it was a sailboat heading north, but without any sails up. A minute later, when the sailboat altered its course to the west, Neil thought that it, like the only other sailing vessel they had seen on their trip south, was starting to flee from them. Then he realized differently.

"What is it?" asked Jeanne, brushing her long, dark hair away from her eyes as she again took the glasses.

"It's a drifting sailboat," he replied. "Probably abandoned, a derelict." As she began studying the mysterious ship, Neil walked out into the port cockpit where Frank and Tony were looking through the smaller glasses.

"Alter course," Neil said to Tony at the helm. "We're going to take a look."

"What the hell for?" Tony asked.

"There may be survivors," Neil replied. "If not, there may be supplies we can salvage."

"Anybody still alive on that boat we can do without," Tony commented. "This close to land the ship's probably been sacked already."



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"We're going over," Neil said.

Within a half hour *Vagabond* had come to within a hundred yards of the derelict. The ship's white paint was blistered and peeling, fragments of the mainsail lay loosely along the boom, and a halyard was loose and swinging idly back and forth with the rocking of the boat. There was no sign of life.

"Ahoy, *Windsong*!" Neil shouted as Tony brought *Vagabond* so close to the wind all three sails luffed and she became almost dead in the water ten yards short of the forty-foot ketch.

"Hit the horn," Neil said to Tony, who gave one loud blast from the air horn on the control panel shelf.

"Are you going to board?" Frank asked Neil.

Just then a figure emerged from the cabin into the ship's cockpit. Crouched and blinking into the bright light, a small, unshaven man in his forties, wearing only a bathing suit, stared at them.

Neil and the others, stunned, stared back.

"Can we assist you?" Neil asked loudly after the shocked silence.

"Water," the man said hoarsely. He was hollow-eyed. "Water," he repeated more loudly.

As young Jim ducked below to get some of their precious water and the man peered down into his own cabin, Frank came up to Neil.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, his haggard face looking even more worried than usual.

"Take him off," Neil answered, staring glumly at the stricken *Windsong*. "Back her off a bit," he added to Tony, "then bring her up to the port side. Get the fenders."

"There must be others aboard," Jim said arriving with water. "He can't be alone." His boyish face was excited.

"The guy's practically dead," Tony said, easing *Vagabond* alongside *Windsong*. Neil and Frank moored the two boats side by side, with the fenders cushioning their impact.

"Do you want to abandon ship?" Neil asked. "We can take you aboard."

The man, the bones of his rib-cage protruding grotesquely beneath the skin of his emaciated body, lowered his head and stared at the water.

"We're all dying," he answered. "I don't know."

"Radiation sickness isn't necessarily fatal," Neil said. "You may recover."

The man looked up at Neil.

"I know," he said. "That's what's hell. But my wife and daughter . . . are almost dead. They'll never make it."

Jim now handed a plastic jug of water across to the man who, with sudden agility, grabbed it and hugged it to his chest.

"Let me go below and . . . decide what we'll do," he said and made his way, less nimbly, down into the cabin of his boat. Neil, Frank, and Tony were left in the side cockpit waiting.

"What is this shit?" Macklin suddenly said, appearing beside them, looking sleepy, the hair of his chest glistening with sweat. "You bringing more people on to raid our food and water?"

Neil didn't reply.

"If they're all dying," Tony said, backing up Macklin as usual, "It'll just be a waste. You said yourself that prospects of finding food in the Bahamas don't look good."

"I know," Neil said.

The man emerged from his ship's cabin.

"I'd appreciate it if you could take us off," he said. When they stared at him, he finally added, "I'll need help."

"Mac," said Neil, "go aboard and give the man a hand."

"Go yourself," Macklin said and stalked away.

"I'll go," said Frank. He boarded *Windsong* ahead of Jim but suddenly noticed along the combing and in the corners of

“No weapons,”
Captain Olly replied, heading
Vagabond into the
wind and slowing her up some.
“You try to board
us, and we’ll blast you all
to kingdom come.”

the cockpit a fine gray ash. He first took it to be sand, but with a stab of fear realized it was radioactive debris. He clambered quickly back onto *Vagabond*, pushing Jim back ahead of him.

"Jesus Christ," he told Neil. "There's fallout on deck."

Neil looked and frowned.

"This is ridiculous," said Tony. "Let's get out of here."

Neil hesitated again, then turned to Frank.

"I'll board and help them abandon ship," he said.

"I'll help you," said Jim.

"You stay here," Frank said gloomily to Neil, grabbing his shoulder. "With your bum arm you're the wrong man for the job."

When Frank boarded *Windsong*, Jim quickly followed. Ducking below into the main cabin, Frank saw that there were two women lying under dirty sheets on opposite sides of the main salon on what normally would have been settees. The cabin was a jumble of pails, towels, open cans of food, dirty dishes, clothing, blankets. The stench of sweat, urine, and excrement was stifling. The small hollow-eyed man

stood apologetically next to his wife.

"They can't walk and I can't lift them," he said.

Frank pushed himself forward to the older woman, bent over, and tried to force himself to smile. But when he saw the gray-faced, frozen apparition that was staring up at him, the "hi" he had been about to speak froze in his throat. He gasped. Without further effort at sociability, he leaned over and picked her up and headed back towards the gangway. The woman was almost dead. She was wearing nothing under the sheet, and the contact of his hands with her naked flesh after seeing death on her face horrified and disgusted him. He wanted to run up the stairs, but Jim appeared, descending.

"Bring the girl and get out quick," he said sharply.

Teeth gritted, his face showing his fear and disgust, Frank climbed the cabin steps, went quickly to *Vagabond* and, refusing Jeanne's offer of assistance, thrust himself from one boat to the other.

"Come on," he said to the man, and began his return to *Vagabond*.

"Are there things we can salvage from *Windsong*?" Neil asked Frank when he came out of his cabin after placing the woman up on his double berth and instructing him to put the girl beside her. Macklin stood nearby, glaring.

"No," Frank snapped back. "Let's get away now, fast."

The skeleton of a man, standing slightly bent over in the starboard cockpit a few feet away, grimaced.

"We've got a few emergency rations that you can have," he said. "It's stored . . ."

"Let's go!" Macklin said sharply to Neil. "That ship's contaminated. Everything on it may be carrying death. Let's go." He brushed past the man and untied the aft line that held *Vagabond* rafted to the other ship, then hurried forward to get the other line. In just a few seconds *Vagabond* fell away, then surged forward and past the stricken *Windsong*.

The owner turned and looked at her as *Vagabond* steadily sailed away, then moved slowly to go below.

Trembling, Frank stepped into the wheelhouse to deposit the fenders Macklin was handing back to him under the settee seats.

"Take it easy, Frank," Neil said.

"We've brought death aboard," Frank said grimly.

Neil, staring forward past the little transistor radio which lay on the control panel shelf, was as tight-lipped as Frank.

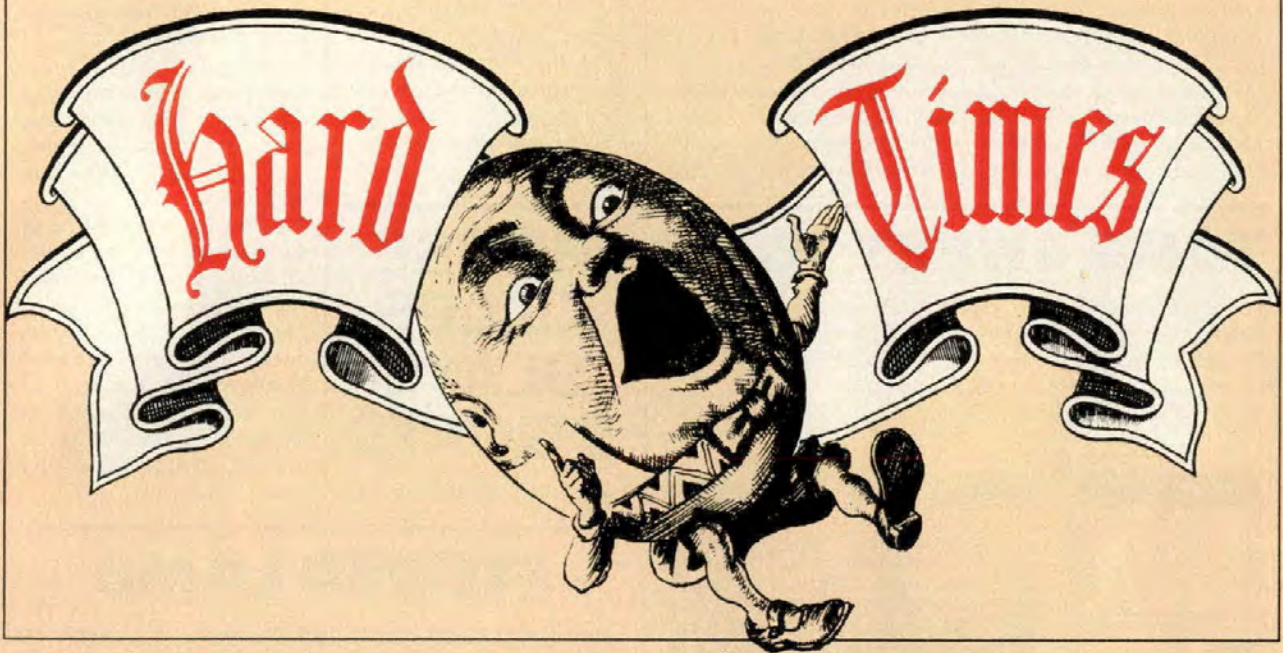
"I know," Neil replied. "But when was he not aboard?"

The presence of the three apparently doomed refugees upset the occupants of *Vagabond*. Having three dying people aboard was a disturbing reminder of their own danger and created among some a guilty resentment of the new burden of stricter rationing and more limited space.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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. 5

SUCK MY TOKEN!



A number of New York City youths are stealing subway tokens—sometimes dozens a day—by sucking them from subway turnstiles (shown above) according to transit and police officials.

In some cases, the youths sabotage the turnstiles by jamming them with cardboard. In other cases, they simply suck out the token before the subway patron can go through the turnstile. When a token is deposited into a turnstile slot, it falls about two inches and sits on a lever until the patron goes through.

"Some kids are making \$50 to \$100 a day sucking tokens," said Hillel J. Valentine, deputy inspector of the Transit Authority Police Department. The youths resell them.

People of all ages evade the fare, an official with the Transit Authority said, but those who suck tokens are generally youngsters. He strongly advised against it, "I frankly couldn't think of anything more downright unhealthy," he added. (*New York Times*—submitted by Bill Lee)

ANNALS OF POLICE LORE

Riverhead, N.Y.—William Lai had just finished describing how he shot and killed 19-year-old Richard Berger during a gas station stickup last March, according to Suffolk Homicide Squad Det. William Mahoney, when he turned to his interrogators and asked,

"After this is all over, do you think I could become a police officer?"

The detective said Lai was serious when he asked that question. According to Mahoney, his partner, Det. James McCready, said sarcastically, "Yeah, I'll send you an appli-

cation."

That exchange and Lai's description of the killing are among statements made by the suspect that the defense has moved to suppress. (*Newsday*)

That's not at all surprising.—Editor

TOMB SWEET TOMB

Police in Oceanside, Calif., ousted three men they said had been sleeping in a mausoleum in Oceanside Cemetery since October. The three shared their resting place with dead people—in another section—and pet rats, police said. (*Newsday*)

There's no crypt like home.—Editor



THE ULTIMATE TV FAN

Brentwood, Calif. (UPI)—A 13-year-old boy killed himself because his parents banned him from watching television.

He left a suicide note saying, "In my heart I will take my TV with me."

Authorities said yesterday that Genaro Garcia decided life without television was

not worth living, so he shot himself to death with his father's .38-caliber pistol.

HORSE KILLER SLAYS 2 GOATS

Last June, Ramon Rodri-

guez of Manhattan attacked a thoroughbred with a pitchfork in Jersey City. He told police both that the horse reminded him of his wife and that he thought the horse was his wife.

On Friday, police said, Rodriguez, 25, returned to the same tank farm where animals graze and killed two goats with a crowbar and then drank their blood.

Rodriguez is being held in the psychiatric ward of the Jersey City Medical Center where he was sent by Hudson County Judge Edward F. Zampella. The judge ordered Rodriguez held for observation "so we can find out what makes this man tick, unless he is a member of a cult, which I doubt." (*Newsday*)

STEWED LAMB

Grove Tavern owner Robert Buchana has a great gimmick for getting the customers in the doors. The Londoner keeps a 4-month-old lamb, Mint Sauce, munching and drinking at barside. (*Weekly World News*)



He killed himself Jan. 26, a few hours after his father removed the TV set, saying it would not be returned until the boy quit complaining of illness and went back to school.

Investigators said the boy apparently wanted to watch TV more than he wanted to attend classes at Edna Hill Intermediate School in eastern Contra Costa County. (*New York Post*)

PHOTO TRENDS



WARWICKSHIRE NEWS AND PICTURE AGENCY

THE MOUSE THAT SOARED

Mice at the Gonzales Byass winery in Spain are willing to climb to any heights to sip their favorite sherry. (*Star*)

A HUG JURY

San Antonio, Tex. (AP)—A panel of jurors sentenced a woman for murder, then left the jury box to give her a hug.

The 12 jurors took just 10 minutes Friday to arrive at the sentence of five years' probation for Sara Bond Clarke, 33.

She faced a maximum of life in prison. Prosecutor Bill Harris had asked that Clarke be sentenced to 30 years.

She was convicted as the accomplice to Stephan Peter Morin, 32, once on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted List, in the 1981 shooting death of Carrie Marie Scott, 21.

Fred Rodriguez, appointed by the court to defend Clarke

because she couldn't afford a lawyer, told the jury earlier that she was an unwilling participant with Morin, who pleaded guilty to capital murder charges and has been sentenced to die.

Rodriguez said he never before had seen jurors hugging someone they had just sentenced for murder. (*New York Daily News*)



SAY IT AIN'T SO, SIR JOHN!!

Yes, that really is Sir John Gielgud (third from right) disguised as an aging punk for "Scandalous," a murder-mystery comedy that recently finished filming in London. Gielgud dons the biker's garb as part of an elaborate blackmailing scheme against an American TV personality, played by Robert Hays of "Airplane" (third from left). Aiding the fiendish goings-on are Pamela Stephenson (second from left) and Bow Wow Wow (the other four pictured, who perform a concert in the film). (*Rolling Stone*)

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.

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STEPPING OUT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW UNANGST



(Above) Copy your favorite tapes with Sanyo's MW15F, mini AM/FM double cassette recorder (\$199.95); the world's smallest color TV, the Outsider by Panasonic (CT-3311) has a 2.6-inch screen and weighs under 3½ pounds (\$499.95); voice-activated, hands-free Pathcom 3002 FM Communicator with ¼-mile range (\$179.95); Casio's TS-1000 watch, first of its kind, tells air and water temperature (\$49.95); JVC's 4.4-pound video recorder (HR-C3) with standard VCR features and compact cassettes (the size

of a deck of cards) (\$799.95); as small as a pack of cigarettes, Aiwa's HS-M2 Stereo Micro Cassette Recorder delivers high-fidelity sound (\$200).

(Opposite) Pioneer's stereo cassette recorder (SK-750) with one-touch music search (\$349.95); Toshiba's CA-045 4.5-inch color monitor/receiver is battery-powered for total independence (\$499.95); play computer chess anywhere with Mini Sensory Chess Challenger by Fidelity (\$60).





(Opposite) Sansui's CP-7 micro-component system has timer clock and three-selection cuing (\$599); Mister Disc by Audio-Technica plays records anywhere outside, or plugs into home stereo systems (\$149.95); Sony Watchman pocket-size black-and-white TV has 2-inch screen in its 7 3/4-inch-high case (\$349.95); Pacer 7800 cordless telephone by Pathcom operates up to 1,000 feet from its base (\$169.95). (Below) Record video cassettes with stereo

and Dolby using the Panasonic PV 6500 (price not set); expand your personal stereo with Soundman II 8-ounce speakers from Recoton (\$59.95); receive and make calls anywhere within 700-foot base range with cordless, pocket-size Uniden Extend-a-Phone EX-2600 (\$189.95); the Personal Electronic Printer (EP-20) from Brother weighs only 5 pounds and is less than 2 inches high, with print correction and calculator capabilities (\$299.95). 



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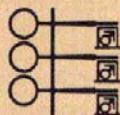
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PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twelve questions to determine if you're a hot tamale or a Caspar Milquetoast.



PSYCHOGRAPH

A gourmand friend of ours, happily consuming a rib roast that could have fed your average professional football team, once declared, "Sex is okay for dilettantes, but food is where you'll find the real essence of life." While his position may have been a little extreme, he had a point. Eating is not only a physical necessity, it's a crucial factor in our psychological development as well.

We come into the world as howling infants, wanting nothing more than a warm breast stuck in our mouths. How and what we're fed can set patterns that will dominate our psyches for a lifetime. Eating becomes a quest for psychological comfort as well as for nourishment. Our food prejudices and preferences become telltale signs not so much of what's going on in our stomachs but of what's going on in our minds. Psychologically speaking, we indeed are what we eat. This psychograph is designed to give you an idea of what your own food preferences say about your personality.

Some of the most interesting research on food and the mind has been carried out at the Parris Island marine camp in South Carolina, where psychologist Richard Wallen discovered that neurotic marines had strong food aversions that were not shared by "normal" marines. Neurotics, he found, showed violent dislike for such relatively innocuous foods as bean soup, cabbage, and veal chops. These guys didn't merely dislike this stuff—they positively despised it. The neurotics, for instance, were eighteen times more apt to turn up their noses at veal chops than normal men and ten times more likely to refuse to eat cabbage.

In the 1960s, University of Michigan psychologist Howard Wolowitz devised a Food Preference Inventory (FPI) that allowed researchers to study finer distinctions in the area of food preferences, and a few years later Veterans Administration researcher George Kish used the FPI to establish very definite correlations between liking certain types of food (spicy as opposed to bland, crunchy as opposed to smooth, etc.) and specific personality characteristics. We've delved into this entire body of research to construct this psychograph, and if you follow the instructions you may find that your tastes in food say some things about your mind that you didn't know before.

You must choose the specified number

of foods you like from each of the following lists. You may select *only* the number of items stated at the head of each list. Even if many of the foods listed appeal to you, you must limit your selections to the required number, choosing those you favor *most*. If, on the other hand, a list doesn't contain enough foods you like to meet the number specified, you must still fill the quota by choosing the foods you find *least objectionable*.

1. Vegetables. Pick 5.

- (a) turnips
- (b) raw carrots
- (c) peas
- (d) celery
- (e) dill pickles
- (f) cucumbers
- (g) red cabbage
- (h) parsnips
- (i) string beans
- (j) wax beans
- (k) creamed corn
- (l) brussel sprouts
- (m) asparagus
- (n) zucchini
- (o) baked beans

2. Potatoes. Pick 3.

- (a) French fries
- (b) mashed potatoes
- (c) mashed sweet potatoes
- (d) candied yams
- (e) baked potatoes
- (f) roast potatoes
- (g) hash browns

3. Soups. Pick 3.

- (a) chicken broth
- (b) cream of potato soup
- (c) tomato soup
- (d) minestrone
- (e) New England clam chowder
- (f) gazpacho
- (g) creole gumbo
- (h) French onion soup

4. Eggs. Pick 3.

- (a) eggs ranchero
- (b) fried eggs
- (c) poached eggs
- (d) scrambled eggs
- (e) plain omelet
- (f) Spanish omelet
- (g) boiled eggs
- (h) deviled eggs

5. Lunch foods. Pick 5.

- (a) egg salad sandwich
- (b) peanut butter and jelly sandwich
- (c) chili
- (d) pizza
- (e) frankfurter
- (f) tacos
- (g) chicken salad sandwich
- (h) reuben sandwich
- (i) quiche
- (j) boiled ham on white bread with mayonnaise
- (k) Genoa salami hero
- (l) turkey loaf on white bread
- (m) corned beef on rye bread with hot mustard

6. Breads. Pick 3.

- (a) oatmeal bread
- (b) pumpernickel
- (c) egg bread
- (d) sour rye with caraway seeds
- (e) commercial white bread
- (f) Parker House rolls

7. Main dishes. Pick 6.

- (a) macaroni and cheese
- (b) sauerbraten
- (c) London broil
- (d) sausage and peppers
- (e) chicken à la king
- (f) venison
- (g) barbecued spareribs
- (h) roast turkey
- (i) duck à l'orange
- (j) tuna-noodle casserole
- (k) spaghetti and hot sausage
- (l) liver, bacon, and onions
- (m) broiled flounder
- (n) boiled lobster
- (o) shrimp scampi

8. Cheeses. Pick 5.

- (a) American
- (b) Swiss
- (c) roquefort
- (d) sharp cheddar
- (e) mild cheddar
- (f) brie
- (g) cream cheese
- (h) stilton
- (i) goat
- (j) muenster
- (k) provolone
- (l) smoked gouda

9. Fruit. Pick 3.

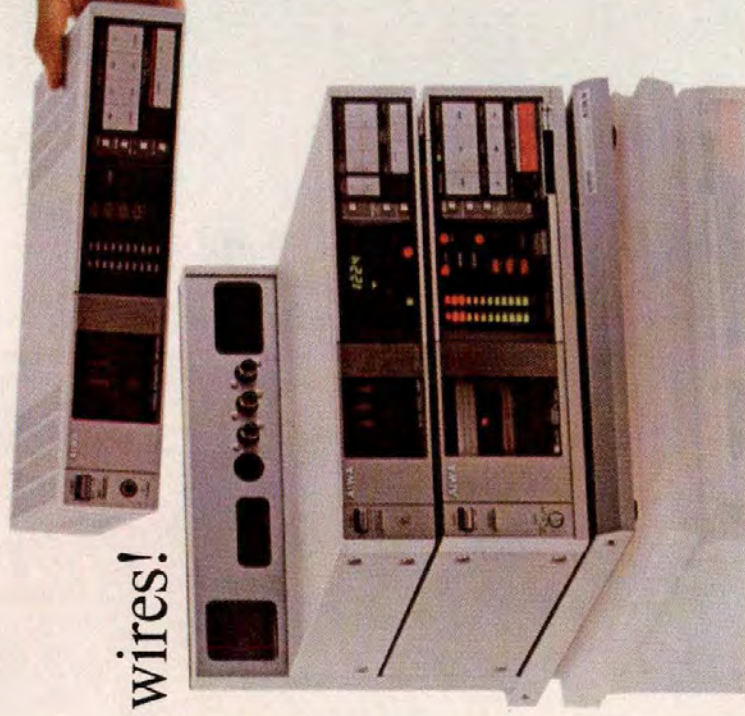
- (a) banana
- (b) grapefruit
- (c) apple

A simple idea



kept simple

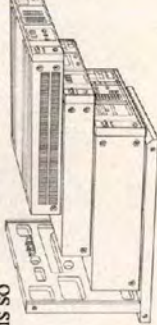
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AIWA
SIMPLY ADVANCED

PSYCHOGRAPH

- (d) peach
(e) pear
(f) rhubarb
(g) watermelon
10. *Sweets*. Pick 5.
(a) graham crackers
(b) chocolate chip cookies
(c) danish pastry
(d) mince pie
(e) ice cream
(f) custard pie
(g) gingersnaps
(h) sponge cake
(i) vanilla pudding
(j) Jell-O
(k) oatmeal cookies
(l) salt water taffy
(m) napoleons
(n) cranberry bread
(o) lemon ice
(p) fruit cake
(q) chocolate fudge
11. *Beverages*. Pick 2.
(a) grapefruit juice
(b) apple juice
(c) lemonade
(d) cola
(e) milkshake
(f) iced tea
12. *Alcoholic drinks*. Pick 5.
(a) whiskey straight or on the rocks
(b) piña colada
(c) martini
(d) beer
(e) black Russian
(f) white Russian
(g) peppermint schnapps
(h) dry red wine
(i) dry white wine
(j) amaretto
(k) stout
(l) cognac
(m) Irish coffee
2. *Potatoes*
a-4, b-1, c-1, d-2, e-3, f-4, g-4
3. *Soups*
a-1, b-1, c-2, d-4, e-2, f-4, g-4, h-4
4. *Eggs*
a-4, b-4, c-1, d-2, e-2, f-4, g-1, h-4
5. *Lunch foods*
a-1, b-1, c-4, d-5, e-3, f-4, g-2, h-4, i-2, j-1, k-4, l-1, m-5
6. *Breads*
a-4, b-4, c-2, d-4, e-1, f-1
7. *Main dishes*
a-1, b-4, c-3, d-4, e-1, f-4, g-4, h-2, i-2, j-1, k-4, l-4, m-2, n-1, o-4
8. *Cheeses*
a-1, b-2, c-5, d-5, e-2, f-2, g-1, h-5, i-4, j-1, k-4, l-4
9. *Fruit*
a-1, b-5, c-4, d-2, e-3, f-5, g-2
10. *Sweets*
a-4, b-3, c-2, d-4, e-1, f-1, g-5, h-1, i-1, j-1, k-4, l-4, m-1, n-4, o-4, p-5, q-2
11. *Beverages*
a-5, b-2, c-4, d-1, e-1, f-4
12. *Alcoholic drinks*
a-4, b-1, c-5, d-4, e-1, f-1, g-1, h-4, i-3, j-1, k-5, l-4, m-2

If you scored 160 to 209 points:

Looking back over your choices, you'll notice that you tended to choose foods exhibiting one or more of the following characteristics: they were sour, dry, crunchy, spicy. You tended to pass over very sweet, mushy, or bland foods. Psychologist George Kish found that people who share your food preferences tend to share several psychological and social characteristics as well. They are, for example, likely to be better educated than people with a taste for sweet, bland foods. They are also more likely to be nonconformists. They tend to go their own way and not care much about what other people think of them. They are not likely to go out of their way to make a good impression when they meet new people. You take them as they are or you don't take them at all. They tend to be anti-authoritarian

and usually rebel if they find themselves in highly regimented job or school situations. In short, they are society's rugged individualists . . . and proud of it.

111 to 159 points:

You have a wide range of food preferences. You chose a number of items from both the sour-dry-crunchy-spicy groups and from the sweet-wet-mushy-bland groups. There's a good chance, then, that you share psychological characteristics of those who scored above you and below you. You probably mix well with people and are willing to compromise on relatively minor matters to make a good impression. But you are not a slavish conformist and you are not likely to compromise basic principles merely to be accepted into a desirable social group. You work well with other people as long as they treat you in a responsible, adult fashion. But you won't take a lot of crap. Men like you may find considerable success in the corporate environment. They are liked because of their flexibility and respected because people know they will bend only so far. Men like this tend to display similar characteristics in their private lives; consequently, they can be successful lovers, husbands, and fathers. Basically, they're kind of your average, well-adjusted guys.

61 to 110 points:

You show a strong preference for foods that are relatively sweet, wet, mushy, and/or bland. Some psychologists feel that people with these preferences still have a lot of unresolved conflicts and unfulfilled needs stemming from early childhood. Infants' foods tend to be sweet, mushy, and bland. When such tastes are held into adulthood it can indicate that a person is looking for something he didn't get enough of as a kid. People in this category may have a strong need for love and affection and will do almost anything to get it. They want to "fit in" at all costs. You won't find them doing anything that makes them look like nonconformists. They have vast amounts of self-control and will suffer all sorts of indignities in their search for acceptance. They will invariably do what they're told even if it's something they are internally opposed to. Unfortunately, such people are often taken advantage of and manipulated. While they think they're earning the acceptance of others, they're actually being used as doormats. 

SCORING

All possible selections on the preceding food lists have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To arrive at your score on this psychograph, add up the point values of food selections you chose. The highest possible score is 209 points; the lowest, 61.

1. *Vegetables*

a-5, b-4, c-2, d-3, e-5, f-3, g-5, h-5, i-2, j-1, k-1, l-5, m-4, n-2, o-1

New UDS Computer Telephones To Be Sold For Only \$10 Apiece In Mammoth Publicity Drive

*All who wish to apply for a new Computer Telephone
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extravagant film impresario Dino De
Laurentiis is dominating the
market with a shop worthy of his
most spectacular epics.

EATING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE

BY ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

Dino De Laurentiis had just come from Toronto, where he had a movie in production with Martin Sheen, Liza Minnelli, and Christopher Walken. But, after years of propinquity, stars dazzle a bit less. Suddenly, De Laurentiis was seized with curiosity about a different passion: food.

"I asked, 'What time is my plane?' " he says. Not for a while, he was told. "I said, 'Let me see all the delicatessen stores.' We drove around. It was terrible, terrible! For gastronomia, I mean. New York, too. You go to the food stores. I don't want to mention any names, but it is very bad. You feel . . . uncomfortable."

De Laurentiis was in his office, which occupies a suite in the Gulf + Western Building, at the southwest corner of New York's Central Park. He is sixty-two, slight, and dapper in a brown houndstooth tweed jacket, lace-up black shoes, and a white shirt monogrammed "DDL." His features are patriarchal, slightly austere, suggesting a banker, or a doctor specializing in fashionable complaints; certainly not one of the world's more ambitiously brash independent movie producers, and even less the creator of what he fondly believes will be the world's fanciest gourmet-food store.

A moviemaker he has always been, of course. Currently, he has \$100 million sunk into a (very) mixed bag of productions. They include *Dead Zone*; Frank Herbert's science-fiction saga *Dune*; a sequel to *Conan the Barbarian*; *Red Sonja*, whose heroine is a kind of female Conan; and *Amityville III*—"in 3-D," he observes.



In comparison with these sporty throws of the dice, the nearly \$5 million that Dino De Laurentiis is pushing into the food trade seem almost pusillanimous, but it has certainly proved enough for an energetic send-off. The DDL Foodshow, his first outlet, opened in Manhattan last December, and occupies practically half a city block on Columbus Avenue at Eighty-first Street. It is in the process of being joined by a smaller operation, a deli in the brand-new Trump Tower, and, in due course, by another full-scale foodshow, this one being in Beverly Hills, Los Angeles.

It is important to understand the nature of the business with which De Laurentiis has become involved. There have always been

small luxury food stores, of course, but what they have tended to sell—caviar, truffles, Dundee marmalade, and the like—has come in jars or cans. What we have seen over the last ten years is the growth of an American taste for expensive, perishable foods—cooked meats, quiches, fresh cheeses, fine wines. It's a market that is already sizable, and growing.

It seems to have begun in New York. At least, some thirteen years ago, Glorious Foods, which does only catering, and Eli Zabar's E.A.T., which started in a small store on upper Madison Avenue, were launched within a few months of each other. Both have now grown mightily, and they have been joined by a number of others, from Dean & De Luca, which is downtown, to Pasta & Cheese, which has many outlets all over uptown.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN WOOD

Not that the phenomenon is confined to New York. Fanciful good-foodish places of variable quality have appeared in almost every city with metropolitan aspirations. In Los Angeles, there is the venerable but amplified and spruced-up Hugo's, to say nothing of the rather whimsically named Charmer's Market. There is a gourmet emporium called One Fish Plaza in Chicago, and a place called Food-stuffs in the well-heeled suburb Glen Cove. There is Marty's, which is in the Oak Lawn section of Dallas, and the Sutton Place Gourmet in Washington, which boasts of a selection of 425 cheeses and a mail-order business, called—what else?—Epicurean Imports.

This, then, is the wave upon which Dino De Laurentiis is launched, and very nicely, too. Except for one question. Movie production consists of a sequence of gambles, of which the results are speedily known; the losses can be dire, but the profits dizzying. So what drew Dino De Laurentiis into the gourmet food business, which is, by comparison, a matter of growing by inches or dying by degrees?

De Laurentiis gave a shrug. He has a repertoire of shrugs, which are Italianate but muted, rococo rather than baroque. "My hobby is to cook," he said, and tapped his cranium. "*Ferma il cervello!* It stops my thinking. . . ."

Dino De Laurentiis was born in Torre D'Annunziata, which is just outside Naples. His father was a pasta maker. He came to Rome at the age of fourteen. Wanting to become an actor, he went to the main experimental film school. "A little boy sees a movie, and that's what he wants to do," De Laurentiis says. "But I realized I was more interested in what happens behind the camera."

In 1941, he produced *Song of Love*, his first movie. Just seven years later he produced *Bitter Rice*, a successful and highly regarded movie. It starred the stunning Silvana Mangano. Mangano became Dino De Laurentiis's wife, and remains so today.

He went on to produce quantities of European movies, ranging from those that were excellent, like Fellini's *The Nights of Cabiria*, to those that were big, like *The Bible*, to those that were fairly horrible but made money. Then the floundering of the European movie business brought him to America. Los Angeles, first. But not for long.

"Los Angeles!" De Laurentiis spread his hands wide. His gesture was one of neither admiration nor horror, just pained bewilderment. "I like New York," he added. "This is where I live. . . ."

How many movies has he made since he moved here?

"Twenty?" he said after the briefest pause, and called next door, asking a secretary for a list.

The secretary arrived, bearing the certified list. De Laurentiis studied it closely. His eyebrows are upward, like wings in flight, formed behind spectacles shaped

like TV screens. "Not twenty," he emended. "Twenty-four." The list includes *King Kong*, of course, and ambitious failures, like *Ragtime*, and Robert Altman's *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, to say nothing of the fabulously trashy *Mandingo*.

It's a hefty list for a major studio, let alone an independent. Why in the world get tangled up with even the fanciest of food stores?

"My philosophy is very simple," De Laurentiis remarked, a shade portentously, in the manner of a man confiding even the simplest of philosophies. "The film business is my main business. But if you love to do something, you can find the time for it. I get up at five in the morning. Every morning! It doesn't matter if I went to bed at midnight, at two. And I am usually in the store by seven."

"We have proposals for Dallas . . . Houston . . . Chicago," De Laurentiis said, opening his arms as though ready to take possession of these cities manually, if

Gael Greene wasn't
jesting when she said that Dino
had needed persuading
not to have the launch of his
new food emporium attend-
ed by King Kong personally.

necessary. How foolish I had been to think that food writer Gael Greene was jesting when she said that Dino De Laurentiis had needed persuading not to have the launch of the DDL Foodshow attended by King Kong personally.

"You just missed Rock Hudson," a svelte Italian woman told me, her voice warm with regret. "A very charming gentleman . . ."

The woman works for the DDL Foodshow on Columbus. This was my first visit, a scouting trip, and that the place had what moviemakers call production values was not in doubt from the moment I saw the light bulbs flashing amongst the artful piles of foodstuffs in the main DDL window. Inside, it is large, some 12,000 square feet, but pleasantly broken up. There are brick walls, arched in the Roman manner, with trailing plants. There are tiled floors, black columns, polished brass rails, and brass plaques reading "Chocolate," "Rotisserie," and "Gastronomia."

The Gastronomia section has a high see-through roof. "This is the focal point—the Atrium," an earnest person told me.

"This used to be the Palm Court of the old Endicott Hotel." Twenty chefs are toiling downstairs in the huge, white-walled kitchens to keep the Gastronomia supplied. "They can do 150 dishes," the keen young woman added. "But there is no room for more than forty to be displayed at a time." Today's most eye-catching offering was the *Porchetta alla Roma*, a stuffed suckling pig. Much of the hindquarters had already been removed, but this did nothing to abate the feral glow in the animal's maraschino-cherry eyes.

I wandered off, popping occasional questions at the clerks—I almost called them extras—who sport not the stiff, white hats of French and British cooks, but floppy scarlet numbers, which make them look like members of some religious order on a spree. The pastas include dark-red linguini, flavored with beetroot, and there are fetching breads, including a spinach-hued loaf, shaped like a non-Lacoste alligator.

There were aromas everywhere. Cooked meats, cheeses, roasted coffee. This is something Europeans revel in but which many Americans still find mildly disgusting, as though they had finally admitted that sensuality was okay in lovemaking, but, so far as eating goes, it's best to keep things clean and functional.

It was Saturday, one of the DDL Foodshow's biggest days. A bevy of movie executives were swarming around De Laurentiis, and the air was as thick with congratulation as if they had all just wound up a good story conference. "Look around," Dino urged them.

They took off, setting their course toward a table, mountainous with Motta panetone. "Does this cost as much as the Universal Studios tour?" a movie person demanded, cheerily.

Dino—everybody calls him Dino—joined us within moments. "*Frenetico!*" he said, with satisfaction. I wondered how his tastes had been affected by spending his childhood in Naples, the home of southern Italian cookery, then moving to the very different culinary world of Rome. In simple terms, the southerners use oil, and lots of it; northward from the center, there is a love of butter. Dino De Laurentiis remains a devotee of oil.

"In my opinion it is better for the health," he said. "Heart doctors will tell you that. Virgin oil!"

Virgin oil?

"Oil from the first pressing," an aide interpreted.

"If you come home, you will see we have no butter," De Laurentiis said. "None at all."

What does he like to cook himself?

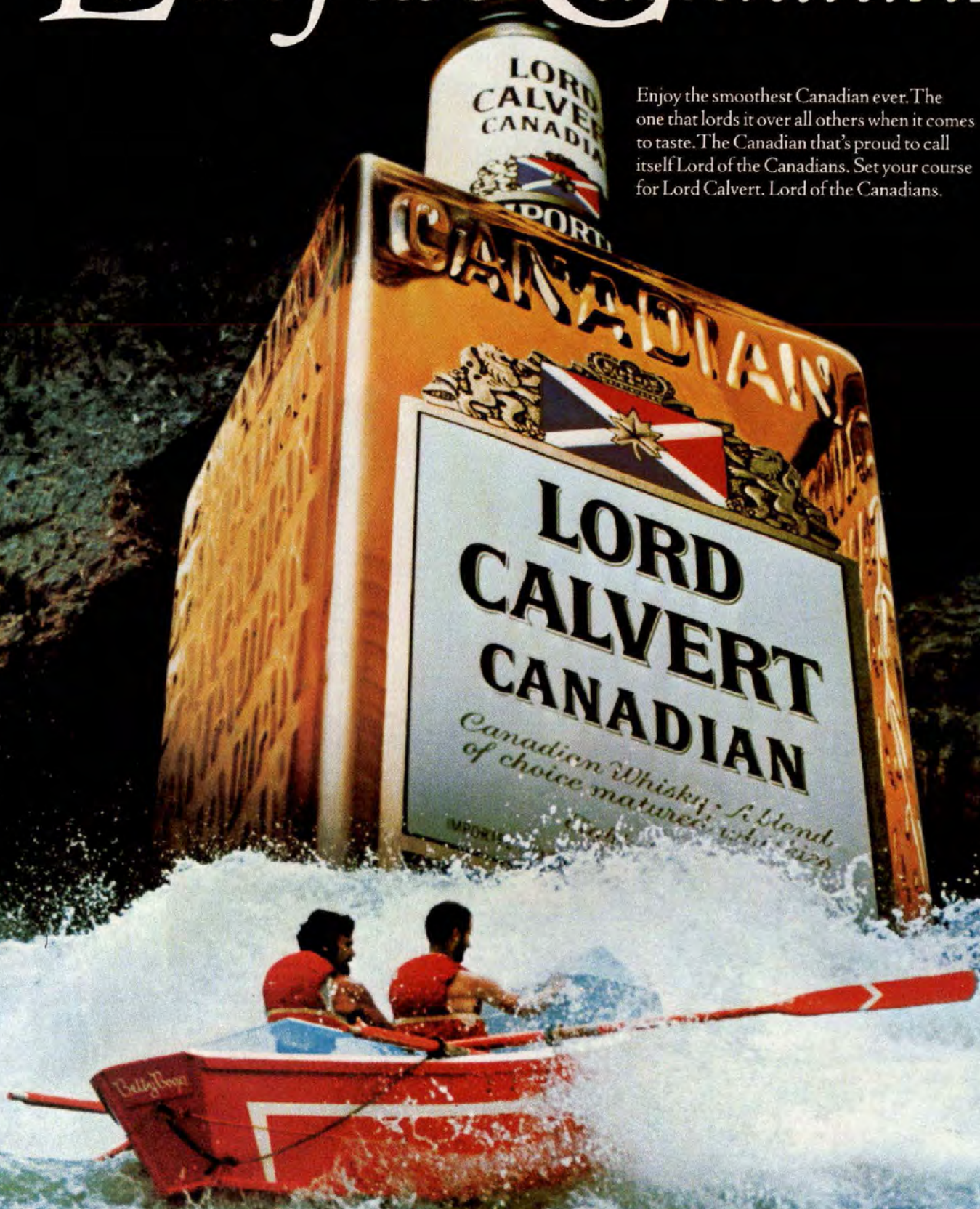
"Pasta . . . spaghetti . . . vegetables."

I observed that he hadn't mentioned meat.

"I am not crazy about meat personally," he said. "Maybe I will eat meat once a week. My wife is a vegetarian. She specializes in rice. *Risotto*."

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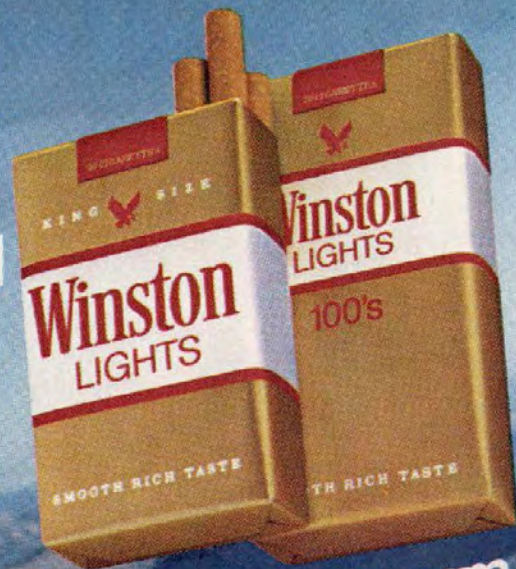


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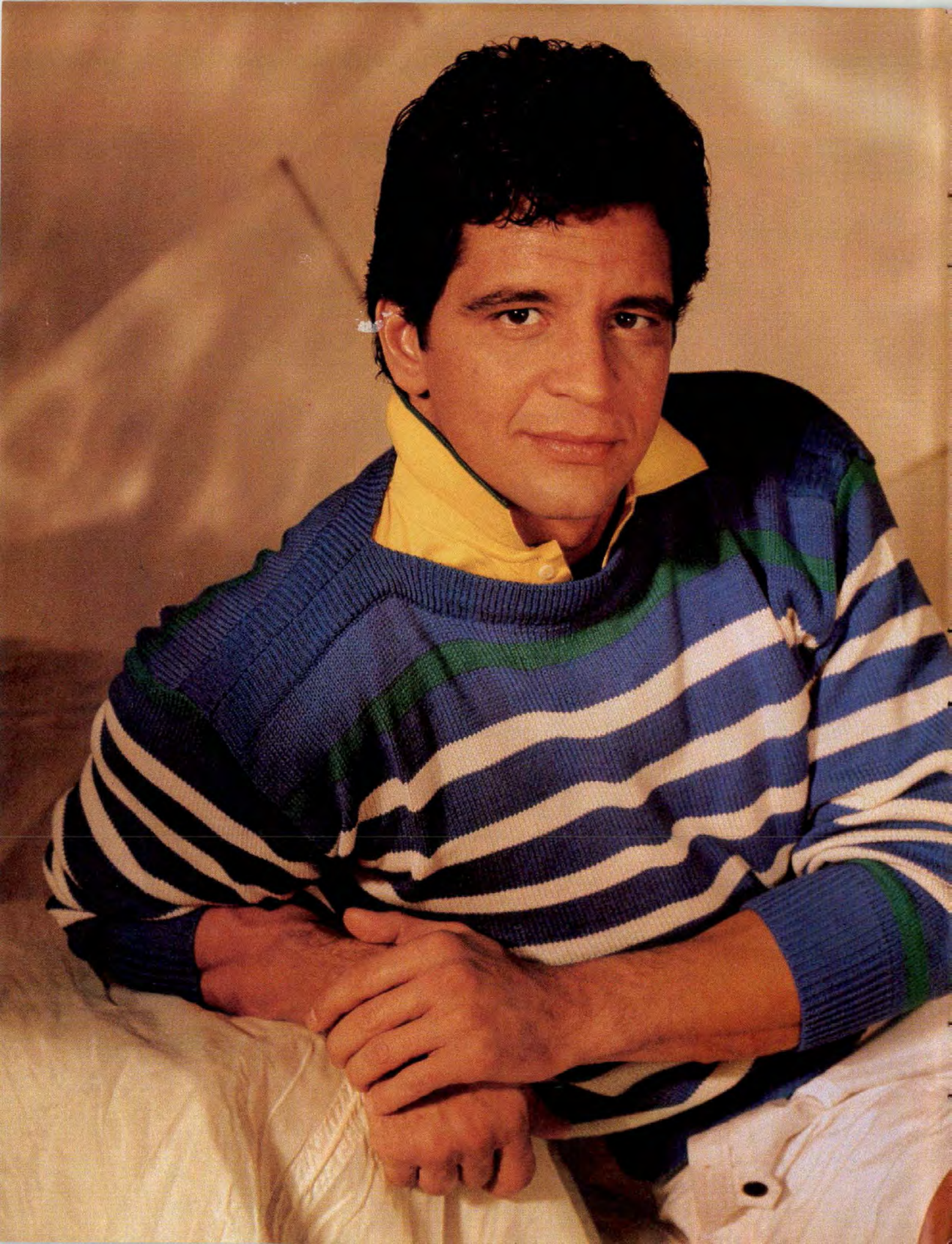
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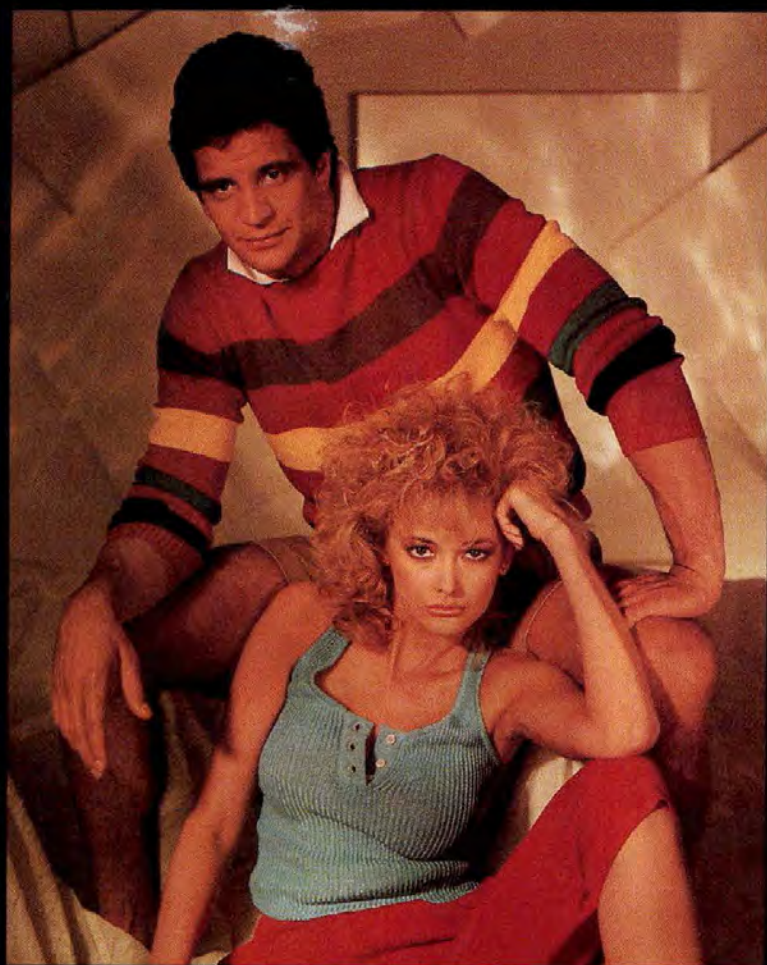
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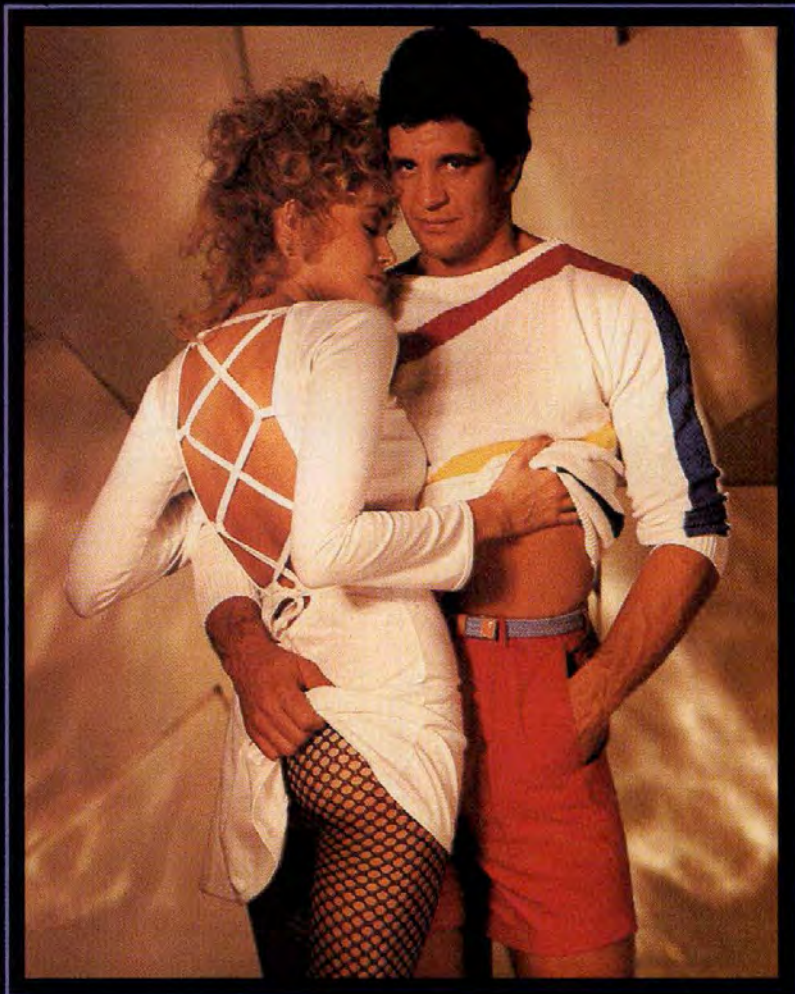


Hair and makeup by Bill Westmoreland

Few football stars have slid as smoothly and stylishly into the limelight as sultry Ed Marinaro of "Hill Street Blues." On the beat as Officer Joe Coffey, off-duty Ed keeps his cool with Gianfranco Ruffini's subtle summer cottons. Ruffini's power-packed primaries and pastel stripes, shrewdly augmented by rough-edged masculine tailoring, put these sweaters on the top of everyone's most-wanted list.

(Above) His crewneck sweater (about \$45) is by Gianfranco Ruffini. Her knit top by Daniel Caron; red pants by John Karl, Ltd.
(Opposite) Boatneck sweater (about \$45) by Gianfranco Ruffini; cotton twill shorts (about \$35) by Calvin Klein Menswear.

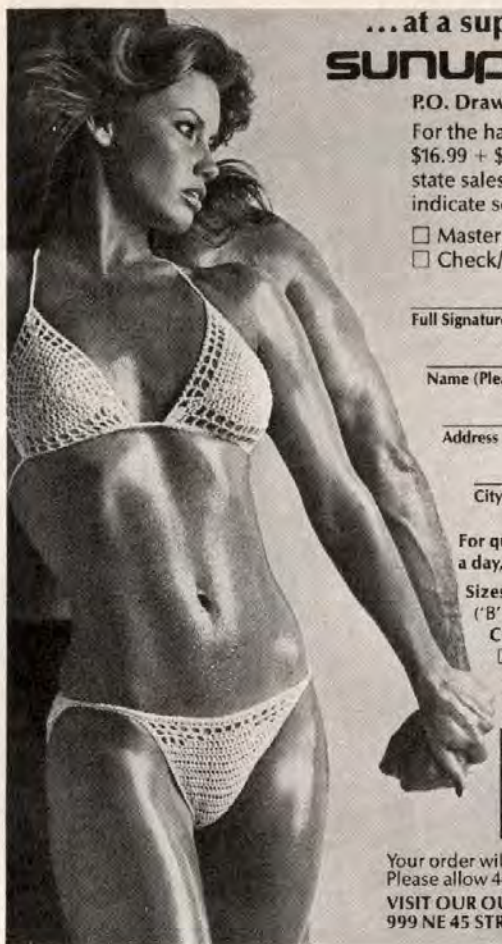
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANCE STAEDLER



White boatneck sweater with multicolor diagonal stripes (about \$55) by Gianfranco Ruffini; red cotton Bermuda shorts by Jean-Paul Germain. Her backless minidress and fishnet tights by Betsey Johnson. (Opposite) All-cotton, striped short-sleeve polo (about \$25) and all-cotton long-sleeve sweater (about \$35) by Gianfranco Ruffini. Her yellow top by Daniel Caron; polished cotton miniskirt by Betsey Johnson. Phone or write Gianfranco Ruffini Menswear, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104 (212) 489-9780.







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VOYAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Sam Brumberger told his story after dinner that night. It seems Sam, his wife, and daughter and two male friends had left Miami to bring their boat north for the summer. On the night the war started the ship was shaken by a tremendous blast. With his two friends on watch, Sam was with his family below. He was thrown off the settee berth onto the floor. Recovering, he staggered up and hurried topside. Although there was a terrifying brightness to the southwest which lit up the night, he couldn't at first see anything wrong. He called to his friends and got no reply. Then he saw one of them lying across a seat in the rear of the cockpit. His friend's body was smoking. He had been literally fried to death.

The other friend had disappeared, presumably thrust overboard by the blast. His wife, sleeping in an upper berth forward, had been badly burned on the stomach and upper thighs. He and his daughter had escaped direct injury from the blast.

That morning when fallout began to fall onto his deck, he got his engine going and motored northeast for eleven hours, skirting north of Grand Bahama Island until he ran out of fuel. Meanwhile, he, his wife, and his daughter had begun to vomit.

On the fourth day Sam spotted a fishing boat and fired a flare and the boat came over to investigate. It was a beat-up twenty-five-foot runabout with an outboard on its last gasp. There were two black Bahamian men aboard and one white man. They looked shocked at the sight of Sam and his boat and Sam's wife. At first Sam was afraid they were just going to motor away. But they decided to stay. They locked Sam in the forepeak, looted *Windsong*, and took turns raping his daughter on the settee berth three feet away from her dying mother. Since then *Windsong* had been drifting helplessly.

When Sam told his story, Frank found it strange to listen to a man who knew he was dying, accepted that he was dying, and looked at everything with emotionless objectivity. He was also strangely apologetic in what he said and did, as if the needs of a man who was going to die were futile and irrelevant. Commenting on the war, Sam seemed to speak from some other world that he alone had moved into. "I never thought we could spend a trillion dollars on something without sooner or later demanding our money's worth."

At dawn the next day Sam came up from his cabin to report that his wife and daughter were dead. He made this announcement apologetically, as if announcing that he'd broken someone's tea cup. He and Neil discussed the deaths briefly and concluded that the women should be immediately buried at sea. Land was visible four miles to the south and Neil was worried about both pirates and Bahamian govern-

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ment boats bothering them.

The adults gathered self-consciously in the cockpit outside Frank's cabin and looked morosely at the covered bodies of the women, which were stretched out alone on the cockpit seat. Jeanne had wrapped them together in a clean sheet and Neil weighted the bodies with an old dinghy anchor.

Sam Brumberger was Jewish but his wife was not, and he had told them he had no strong feelings about how she should be buried, only that he wanted to speak publicly over them before they were committed to the sea.

As he watched and listened, Neil was struck by the grotesqueness of this funeral. Everyone, including Sam, was dressed in a bathing suit or cut-offs or jeans, and was either bare-chested or wearing a T-shirt. *Vagabond* was sailing forward under cloudless blue skies, through sparkling blue water. Only an unpleasant odor—either from the bodies or from Frank's cabin—and everyone's increasing thinness reminded him of death.

"Human beings don't plan to die," Sam concluded his talk. "They get picked, incredulous and protesting, and leave the stage like a vaudeville performer getting the hook. In some ways Ingrid and I've been lucky: we got to say our good-byes, sing our final song, and walk off the stage under our own power, knowing precisely where we were going."

"So, Lord, we commit Ingrid's body to the sea. I thank you for her life. I thank you for her death."

At first, when Sam ceased speaking, Neil was uncertain that he was really finished. Then he nodded at Frank, and Neil joined Frank in lifting the shrouded bodies up to the edge of the combing, and then, with a quick thrust, tipping them into the sea.

Sam was standing with lowered head and he didn't raise it to watch the bodies swirl aft, slowly sinking. Jeanne came up and gently embraced him, held him for five or six seconds, and then wordlessly went back to the wheelhouse. Neil, surprised at his mild revulsion at seeing Jeanne hugging the dying man, then went up and put his hand on Sam's shoulder.

"That was fine, Sam," he said, feeling awkwardly that he sounded as if Sam had just done a good job hauling anchor.

The others too, after saying a brief word to Sam, moved into the central part of the boat. It was Neil who, turning back to adjust the mainsheet, saw Sam Brumberger climbing up out of the cockpit. Neil saw him, one leg already over, straddling *Vagabond's* combing, moving clumsily and weakly, knew what he was doing, knew he could stop him, but didn't. As he watched, Sam pulled his other leg up onto the combing, looked down into the water rushing past, then pushed himself off.

"Hey!" Frank shouted from behind Neil, and then rushed past into the cockpit.

Sam's head bobbed up briefly in the wake of *Vagabond's* starboard hull, then

disappeared. Frank stared after him.

When Neil turned into the wheelhouse, he saw old Captain Olly steering *Vagabond* as if nothing had happened.

"Good man, Sam," Captain Olly said, staring forward and smacking his gums together. "Got himself a good death, too."

For Neil, Olly's wisdom made only the slightest dent in the horror.

The low smudge of land lying on the horizon dead ahead grew slowly toward them through the hot still morning. They had listened at eight to news of destruction and starvation throughout the world that made their recent deaths and current privations seem insignificant; yet Neil sensed his ship approached this land reluctantly, with more fear than hope. They'd had no rain, and foresaw none through the next day anyway, and Neil felt that they had to duck into an outer cove for water if an opportunity arose. Unfortunately, a Bahamian government edict required all foreign vessels to

6

In this new world
the future was something that
could only hurt or terrify
or kill. To look beyond the next
wave was dangerous. To
hope for more could only be
done in whispers.

clear customs and surrender all their arms in either Nassau or Freeport.

By one o'clock they were only about a half mile off from where surf was breaking against the outer reef. They were sailing south-southeast along this barrier, low islands being visible across the emerald lagoon beyond the reef. When they came within clear sight of an abandoned light-house Neil was able to verify their landfall: they were off Man-of-War Cay. The next opening in the reef was six miles down, into Marsh Harbor, the most populated town on Great Abaco Island. Neil knew that they should land for food and water, but before he decided on whether to try to sneak in for supplies, or sail to Nassau or bypass the Bahamas completely, he hoped to be able to talk to someone on one of the local boats.

An hour later the gloom that had accompanied the first hours of their fresh contact with land deepened when they sailed past the marked channel leading into Marsh Harbor. They could see the town and a few boats anchored in the cove and at the dock. They sailed past. They were outcasts.

After another mile Neil ordered Jeanne

to bring the ship about to head offshore to avoid the reef. As soon as they had tacked, he noticed a launch speeding toward them from the Marsh Harbor inlet. Neil ordered them to take their prearranged defensive positions: Jeanne and her two children below amidships with smoke flares; Neil standing in the aft cabin hatchway holding Macklin's .45; Frank in the forepeak hatch with the .38 revolver; young Jim in the starboard cabin hatchway with the Navy 9mm pistol; and Tony in the port cabin hatchway with the flare gun. Captain Olly was with Katya at the helm. They all kept their meager weapons momentarily out of sight, their intent being to create the illusion of having four heavily armed men on guard at four widely separated points.

Neil, standing on the second step of his aft cabin, with his head and shoulders sticking out above the cabin opening, clutching the .45 in his right hand, watched the launch speed up to them from the left. It had a machine gun mounted on the foredeck, manned by two black men. As the launch slowed, he saw in the cockpit two additional black men, one studying *Vagabond* through binoculars. When the launch swung up behind them, Neil saw that the second man in the cockpit, who was wearing white shorts and shirt in contrast to the khakis and jeans of the others, was smiling a big, white-toothed smile at *Vagabond*. Neil had the momentarily absurd idea that he was about to shout "Welcome to the Bahamas!"

Instead the launch pulled up broadside to *Vagabond*, holding off about thirty feet. For perhaps fifteen seconds the men on the two ships contemplated each other, their two vessels slicing serenely through the water side by side at five knots. Captain Olly broke the silence.

"Hi there, fellas," he shouted amiably. "How they hanging?"

As far as Neil could tell, the launch was manned only by the four black men already visible, all of whom looked back at Captain Olly blankly.

"We need some food and water," Captain Olly went on. "You fellas know where we can get some?"

"Where you headed, mon?" the officer whom Neil had seen grinning shouted back.

"Puerto Rico," Captain Olly replied. "Where you fellas headed?"

"You have permit for Bahamian waters?" the officer asked.

"Shit, no," Captain Olly replied. "We're heading to Puerto Rico."

"No weapons permitted in Bahamian waters," the officer shouted. "You have weapons aboard?"

"No weapons," Captain Olly replied, heading *Vagabond* into the wind and slowing her up some.

"We will board you then for routine inspection," said the officer, grinning.

"You try to board us," Captain Olly replied in the same easygoing tone, "and we'll blast you all to kingdom come."

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in a low tar cigarette.

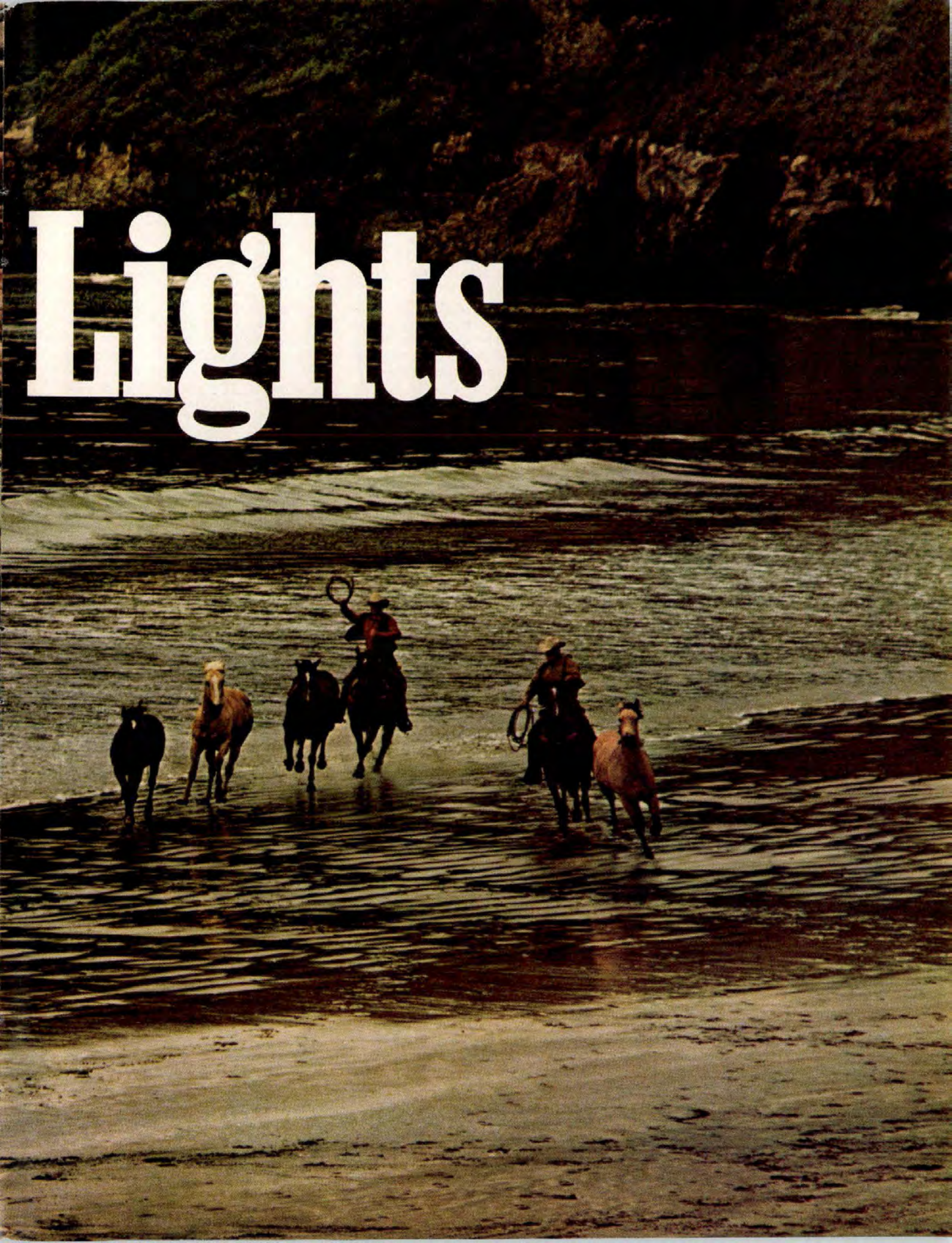


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Lights

The white-toothed smile disappeared from the man's face.

The officer turned to the shorter man at his side and they whispered together urgently. The two men at the machine gun were staring back, looking for orders.

"What you have to pay for watah, mon?" the officer shouted.

"Got a good Johnson outboard," Captain Olly replied. "Got some cigarettes."

"You have gold? Silvah? Jewelry?"

"Maybe," said Captain Olly. "You selling water?"

"We sell you fifteen gallons of watah," the officer replied. "You pay in gold, silvah, or diamonds."

"Can't we sail in to one of these here little islands and get some water?"

"Not without permit," the officer replied, grinning. "For permit you must go to Nassau and surrender all your weapons."

"Need a permit for water, huh?" said Captain Olly. "Seems a little shitty to me."

"You have gold? Silvah?"

Olly frowned and looked aft at Neil, who shook his head slightly in the negative.

"Not a drop, Sonny," Captain Olly said. "Got some fancy clothes, though, you fellas might like. You like fancy clothes? Also got a bottle of whiskey."

"I think maybe we go trade, right, mon?" the tall officer said and flashed his smile.

"Right, Sonny but you tell those two fellas with the peashooter to point it forward, okay? I get indigestion staring at the open end of a barrel."

After the two men manning the gun moved aft, the two boats eased in closer to each other, Captain Olly bringing *Vagabond* up into the wind so that they could tie up to each other. He instructed Jeanne to come up and help Katya prepare the fenders, the four other men maintaining their defensive positions.

When the two ships were secured, Olly went below and brought back up two of Frank's dress suits while Jeanne brought two packs of cigarettes and a half-full bottle of whiskey from the main cabin. After the goods were spread out on the cockpit seat, negotiations began. The launch crew had brought up on deck five three-gallon containers of water. While the grinning officer came aboard to finger the material of Frank's suits and hold them up to his body to check the size, Captain Olly dipped a finger into each of the water jugs to see that they were fresh and potable. They all tasted heavily chlorinated but drinkable. Olly grimaced each time he sampled the water.

"Worst water I ever tasted, Sonny," he said to the Bahamian officer. "This horse piss or what?"

The black man just grinned.

"Two suits, whiskey, and cigarettes for nine gallons watah," he said.

"No sale," Captain Olly replied. "I'll give you that blue suit there for all fifteen gallons, including the jugs."

The black Bahamian officer laughed and gaily slapped his brown bare thigh be-

low his clean white shorts.

"You crazy, mon," he said, glancing at Katya with a grin. "Watah is gold. This suit's just pretty shit. No way it's gold."

"Take it or leave it, fella. We got to get on to Puerto Rico."

The black man glared.

"I sell you good watah, mon. You pay me whiskey, cigarettes, and suits. You want me to arrest you?"

"Now, now, fella," said Captain Olly, his wrinkled face breaking into its toothless grin. "I got an army of sharpshooters in all four cabins. Unless that there peashooter can shoot in four directions at once, you ain't arresting nobody—least, not on this boat."

The black man still glared, puffing out his chest and breathing heavily. The other three men looked on from their cockpit indifferently. The officer's eyes abruptly narrowed and he scrutinized Captain Olly carefully.

"I sell you fifteen gallons without the

I don't mind explosions
or tidal waves or fires or big
winds. A sailor's
meant to have to deal with
those. But when it
rains death, how do you
reef for that?

jugs, for this blue suit, the whiskey, and the cigarettes."

"With the jugs."

"With two jugs, mon. I cannot give you more."

"Okay, fella, you got yourself a deal."

Captain Olly grinned and stuck out his hand. The officer grinned back and they shook hands heartily. The three men in the other boat began laughing and talking, the whole atmosphere abruptly changing. Olly asked Katya to bring up three empty plastic containers to transfer the water from the three jugs, and the Bahamian officer called one of his men over to admire his beautiful suit. Both men took a slug of the whiskey and then handed it over to the last two blacks still aboard the launch.

"Well, now, tell me, Cap," said Captain Olly to the officer, after taking a slug of whiskey himself when it was handed to him. "Why's your government so fussy 'bout our landing and getting a little water?"

"I don't know, mon," was the reply. "Too many you Yahnkees, s'pose."

"Your government have other boats southeast of here likely to bother us?" Captain Olly asked.

"Doan know, Cap'n," the officer answered. "But it's not us you 'av to worry about, it's pirates. South of here the pirates so thick you can walk across their decks all the rest of the way to Puerto Rico. You ought to get to Nassau quick, mon. Pirates stay clear of Nassau."

"Who are the pirates?" Olly asked, frowning.

"Everybody, mon!" the officer shot back, grinning broadly. "Everybody who's got a boat. 'S only way a mon can make an honest living."

Olly frowned again.

"Well, thanks, Cap," he said, and stuck out his hand again to the Bahamian officer. "We 'preciate your help."

"That's all right, mon," said the officer, shaking hands and then getting back onto his launch with his other men. After placing his new suit neatly on a seat he turned and gave Olly a big grin. "Welcome to the Bahamas, mon!" he said loudly, spreading his arms out wide, one holding the whiskey bottle. "Right?"

And the two vessels parted.

And so they sailed on, past the white sand beaches and gleaming emerald water of the eastern Bahamian Cays and out to sea to the east, having to make long tacks against the southeast wind, Neil wishing it would shift, hoping he could guess which way it would shift, and sailing on, to either San Juan or the Virgin Islands, whichever the wind and the radio reports made appear a more feasible haven.

A new intensity took hold of the voyage. After their first escape from the mainland, a certain exhilaration and hopefulness had accompanied them southwards. They had food and water, and though both were rationed, it was something of a game, merely "contingency planning."

But now they had been turned away from a place they had seen as a source of supplies; now they had been sailing almost a week without a landfall, and the contingency was upon them. There was no way to buy new food, no sure way to obtain water. For at least another week the ocean was the only store in business and the skies the only source of water. Now they would sail successfully to Puerto Rico or the Virgins within two weeks or perhaps die. Now the billowing white clouds that flowed lazily above them represented not beauty but potential rainfall; the color of a sunrise was watched for signs for an approaching low-pressure system that might mean rain or a shift from the trade wind pattern heading them.

Now they began the monotonous, unpleasant, bone-jarring bashing to windward, straight into the seas that the tradewinds seemed to be building malevolently against them. Since it was his decision that they sail on past the Bahamas with insufficient food and water, Neil became obsessed with the battle to sail *Vagabond* to windward as fast as possible.

He searched out the boat for useless weight as he might have sought out spies.

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Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once dead-certain that the earth was flat. Man reach the Moon? *Impossible!*

You and I know differently. Yesteryears' "never-happens" are stark realities today. So if you still are a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me.

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I call this technique *SUCCESP*—the science of extra-sensory *persuasion*. Properly used, it permits your thoughts to influence one girl or many!

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Before you actually buy my *SUCCESP* manual for ten dollars, I want you to try it out as my guest for 31 days. During this free-trial, you won't be on the hook for one cent. Because I promise *not* to cash your check or money order for at least 31 days *after* I've sent it to you.

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Overboard went the portable television set, some rusted chain, two dozen of the ship's trashy novels, old magazines, half-finished cans of paint, some junk wood, and nine or ten heavy bolts.

They also discussed removing *Vagabond's* diesel engine, both to lighten the boat and to create a private berth for Olly to ease the overcrowding. With Frank concurring, Neil decided that its possible future usefulness in a world mostly devoid of fuel didn't match its burden of six hundred pounds extra weight. In a six-hour operation that involved all the men, Frank and Olly supervised the unbolting and winching up of the heavy engine. By the time they were done they had had to use half a dozen jury-rigged pulleys hanging from the main boom, wheelhouse roof, and mizzenmast. When the engine, from which they had removed the alternator, finally rolled off the aft deck into the sea, the men let loose a long cheer and, dirty and sweaty, confiscated a beer each as their reward. It was the first successful mutiny on *Vagabond*, and Neil, clutching his own bottle, accepted it with a smile. The trimaran gained an inch on her water line aft, and her trim was now much better.

But as *Vagabond* sailed on, the mood of her ship's company became heavy. The meager meals, unvaried and sparsely seasoned; the stink of the fish steaks drying in the sun; the stiffness of clothes washed in salt water; the familiar, grizzled faces and unkempt hair of one's fellow crewmen day after day; the constant surge, sway, and smash of *Vagabond*; the constant hunger and the suspicion that others were somehow eating more; the depressing reports from the outside world indicating war, disease, starvation, and violence spreading faster than they could flee—all these oppressed them. Neil, Frank, and Jeanne, caught in a tense triangle that couldn't last, lived each day according to the rules of routine and decency, then retired each, alone to loneliness.

They sailed on. The squalls that hit them four days after leaving Great Abaco eased the water problem. To gather water, all the self-bailing cockpits were stopped and even the inflatable dinghy was brought up on the foredeck and partially inflated to catch water. They gathered two and a half gallons in the first ten-minute downpour, and close to six additional gallons in the two heavier showers that followed.

After the squalls the wind shifted to the south, the seas grew calmer, and *Vagabond* began a long tack directly towards San Juan. With the reduced weight of both man and material, *Vagabond* began to race toward San Juan at an almost 180-miles-per-day clip.

A week after leaving the Bahamas, when they were less than eighty miles northwest of San Juan, the outer world, the one they were trying to escape, the one they were trying to rejoin, paid them a fresh visit. It was after one A.M. when a

sudden glow lit the distant horizon ahead of them, bloomed briefly like a bright flower, and warned the watchers that man had again unleashed his madness on man.

They reacted to this explosion over San Juan not with terror but with a kind of bewildered mechanicalness. It seemed somehow so wrong, so unjust, that after fleeing for almost three weeks and for over two thousand miles they should find, ahead of them still, more, that they could feel no emotion except dull dread.

Jim and Lisa, on watch, turned *Vagabond* off the wind to sail away from the explosion, Lisa going crisply to the winches to let out the sails—as if responding to this explosion were a normal part of their nautical duties. At Jim's call Neil came hurriedly up on deck, saw the light, now behind them, and went to the helm to check the course. Disoriented, he took a half a minute to realize that it was probably San Juan that had been hit. After calculating their approximate position, he ordered Jim to alter course back east. They would have about two hours before a tidal wave would arrive; only then would they turn to run before it. Because of the immense depth of water he guessed that the wave wouldn't be breaking and would probably be less of a threat than the wave in the shallow Chesapeake. Meanwhile they would head east toward the Virgin Islands. When Neil took out the transistor radio and tuned it to their usual station in San Juan, they found it was no longer broadcasting.

The tidal wave overtook them in the early morning hours on schedule. A wave a little less than twenty-five feet high appeared among the three-foot seas that had been running. Frank was at the helm in the darkness, Neil sleeping in the wheelhouse behind. Frank saw it almost the last moment, a huge wall of water glistening in the light of the moon, rolling at them. He swung *Vagabond* away to run before it, but the gigantic unbreaking swell hit him on the aft quarter. *Vagabond* lurched violently and skidded along the wave at tremendous speed, carried like a toy for forty or fifty feet, and then lurched again as she toppled back to starboard at the crest, the wave rolling under her like the back of a mammoth whale. The huge sea was followed by several other large waves in the fifteen-to-twenty-foot range, but by then Frank had swung *Vagabond* downwind and had her running before them, surfing down their faces sometimes for a half minute, and setting him to grinning, with incongruous exhilaration, at *Vagabond's* speed and grace under pressure.

The sunrise the following morning provided a terrible beauty. The whole southeast became a glowing sweep of bright reds and oranges such as none of them had ever seen before. Already, above them, high, dark clouds were spreading out across the sky, tinged now with the most delicate pink but, as the sun rose higher, shading to tannish yellow, then brown, then a brownish gray, and finally

and simply to the all-pervading, thick, dull gray that they had so hated and feared in the Chesapeake.

By 9:00 A.M. San Juan was about seventy miles to the southwest. Sailing east, they were moving in the direction opposite from the high-altitude flow of radioactivity, which was westerly. Yet, even sailing at eight knots, they didn't gain on the expansion of the cloud; it spread outward from its center faster than they could flee. When the familiar, terrifying ash first appeared on their decks, Neil once again ordered everyone below and had Tony dress in foul-weather gear to sweep the decks clean. By the time he had finished just the first cleanup, he was collapsing from the heat and, calling weakly, had to be helped down into the main cabin.

By noon, they were no longer able to see any evidence of additional fallout. The dark cloud was mostly west and south of them; only a thin gray layer was above.

It was Captain Olly who seemed most disturbed by the latest explosion. Neil discovered him late that afternoon sitting forward on the starboard hull, staring blankly out at the gray water to the southeast.

"What's happening, old fellow?" Neil asked him, standing nearby, holding onto a stainless-steel shroud for balance. Vagabond was rolling and plunging uncomfortably as she reached eastward in the southerly wind.

"Feeling a little poorly," Olly answered after a brief pause.

"Your stomach?" Neil asked, concerned about radiation sickness.

"My heart," said Olly.

"My God, what's the matter?"

"Not that heart," said Olly irritably. "I mean . . . I mean that dust gets me down."

"I know."

"I don't mind explosions or tidal waves or fires or big winds. A sailor's meant to have to deal with those. But when it rains death, how do you reef for that?"

Neil didn't answer. They stared out at what seemed to be an ugly gray sea beneath the cloud bank to the south.

"And the ocean . . ." Olly went on in a low voice. "For fifty years I been figuring that no matter how much man ruined the land, the one thing he'd never destroy, no matter how hard he tried, and I knew he'd try his damndest, would be the sea . . ."

Neil let the silence hang briefly and then said softly: "It's not destroyed yet."

Captain Olly removed the perpetually unlit and empty pipe from his mouth and tapped it idly on the deck.

"No," he said after a while. "It ain't. But I seem to have underrated man's talent for making a mess of things. All these years I been depending too much on man's weakness and stupidity. I figured he was just too dumb to mess things up totally." He looked up at Neil, his grizzled face and red eyes looking tired and old. "I just pray the Lord God will save us from man's intelligence."

Neil looked at him a long moment and nodded. "Amen," he said. 

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

who would come in and receive various levels of training, such as a Hubbard Certified Auditor's Certificate or a Bachelor of Scientology or a Doctorate of Scientology, and if they didn't toe the mark as my father wanted them to, then we would cancel their certificates. And then he would notify the Scientologists in the area where the man lived not to have anything to do with him, to disconnect from him. And if information was available about him, we would spread that information around to his wife, his family, his children, where he worked, everywhere. It was straight blackmail. It was "Stay in the fold or else." Then, later on, they developed what they called an ethics review board. If you didn't toe the mark, you'd be put on trial in front of a kangaroo court and then be sentenced to maybe scrub floors. I heard that you had to walk around with a dirty rag tied around your arm like a badge. You could be made to do anything. You would be locked in a chain locker or handcuffed to a bed. This is in later years. We were simpler in the fifties, more direct. I just went out and beat 'em up.

Penthouse: Physical beatings?

Hubbard: Yeah. We'd strong-arm them. I did it myself. And you had to realize that I weighed around 240 pounds in those days. When I taught Scientology, no students ever blew my courses! I would go out and physically retrieve my students.

You know, the Scientologists are now trying to make me out to be the worst person since Attila the Hun. They forget that when I was director of training for the organization, I trained literally thousands of people. I created a lot of the Scientology processes and procedures throughout the fifties. I really helped create and run the organization. I was very deeply involved, very directly, for seven years, during its formulation and building. So I find their attempts to discredit me amusing.

I used to have a thing about saying that nobody ever ran out of my courses. If you think est is tough, you ought to have taken courses under me in the fifties!

Penthouse: What would happen if someone went to your class, decided it was bullshit, and never came back?

Hubbard: If you signed up for a course and you came to my class, I'd keep you there or go physically retrieve you if you left.

Penthouse: You'd already gotten the money, so why did you bother?

Hubbard: Because I thought I was all-knowing, all-powerful—totally arrogant and egotistical—for one thing. I was quite insufferable.

Penthouse: Your father knew this was going on?

Hubbard: Well, sure. Nobody did a thing in Scientology without his direct knowledge or consent or without his orders.

Penthouse: Did it ever go beyond these

physical beatings?

Hubbard: I remember locking one girl up in a shack out in the desert for at least a couple of weeks.

Penthouse: Why were things like this never publicized?

Hubbard: Because the same reign of terror that occurred under Robespierre and Hitler occurred back then in the fifties, as it occurs now. You must realize that there is very little actual courage in this world. It's pretty easy to bend people around. It doesn't take much to shut people up, it really doesn't. In the fifties all I had to do was call a guy up on the telephone and say, "Well, I think your wife would like to know about your mistress." The response would be a shocked "Oh, my God!" I'd say, "Well, nobody really wants to divulge that kind of information. I think it would be absolutely terrible if your wife found out, so I'm going to make absolutely sure that she doesn't find out. Now, if you just drop in here for a little more auditing . . . Now

My mother was lying
on the bed and my father was
sitting on her, facing
her feet. He had a coat hanger
in his hand. There
was blood all over the place.

you know in your heart that the critical things you've been saying about Scientology are just vindictive. They're not really true in your heart. You know that, don't you?" And the guy says, "Yeah, sure, I sure do know that!"

And then, if Scientologists couldn't blackmail you, they'd create some dirt on you through their "special operations." There were quite a few of those operations. This one, for example, happened recently. I wasn't involved in it, but Scientologists tried to get an assistant attorney general of the state of California embroiled in a fake operation where a Scientologist pretended to be a nun and pretended to get pregnant by him and filed papers against him. Then in another scheme they tried to set up the mayor of Clearwater, Florida, for a fake hit-and-run accident. I could give you operation after operation that they set up like this.

Penthouse: This has been going on since the fifties?

Hubbard: Sure. It was pretty tame back then compared to very sophisticated operations like they have now. When we hid assets, for example—I remember being in Philadelphia when the FBI and the U.S.

Marshall's Office were after my father on a contempt-of-court charge. There I was, running across town with my father with our complete mailing list and a suitcase full of money! Heading for the hills!

Penthouse: Where did the money end up?

Hubbard: A lot of it went abroad. But my father always kept a great deal of it around his bedroom so that he could flee at a moment's notice. In shoe boxes. He distrusted banks.

Penthouse: What kind of money are we talking about?

Hubbard: Back then? Hundreds of thousands at least. The last time I saw my father, in 1959, he mentioned that he had at least \$20 million salted away.

Penthouse: Did he invest the money?

Hubbard: No. He wanted to stay really liquid. Very fluid, so he could cut and run at any time.

Penthouse: Where did all this money come from? How much did it cost to be audited, in Scientology parlance?

Hubbard: It cost as much as a person had. He had to stay in the organization, getting audited higher and higher, until he paid us as much as he had. People would sell their house, their car, convert their stocks and securities into cash, and turn it all over to Scientology.

Penthouse: What did you promise them for this price?

Hubbard: We promised them the moon and then demonstrated a way to get there. They would sell their soul for that. We were telling someone that they could have the power of a god—that's what we were telling them.

Penthouse: What kind of people were tempted by this promise?

Hubbard: A whole range of people. People who wanted to raise their IQ, to feel better, to solve their problems. You also got people who wished to lord it over other people in the use of power. Remember, it's a power game, a matter of climbing a pyramidal hierarchy to the top, and it's who you can step on to get more power that counts. It appeals a great deal to neurotics. And to people who are greedy. It appeals a great deal to Americans, I think, because they tend to believe in instant everything, from instant coffee to instant nirvana. By just saying a few magic words or by doing a few assignments, one can become a god. People believe this. You see, Scientology doesn't really address the soul; it addresses the ego. What happens in Scientology is that a person's ego gets pumped up by this science-fiction fantasy helium into universe-sized proportions. And this is very appealing. It is especially appealing to the intelligentsia of this country, who are made to feel that they are the most highly intelligent people, when in actual fact, from an emotional standpoint, they are completely stupid. Fine professors, doctors, scientists, people involved in the arts and sciences, would fall into Scientology like you wouldn't believe. It appealed to their intellectual level and buttressed their emotional weaknesses. You

Omni

ON SALE MAY 24

FICTION



Larry Niven is best known in the science-fiction field for his Hugo and Nebula Award-winning hard-science novel *Ringworld* and for his powerful and popular collaborations, *Lucifer's Hammer* and *Oath of Fealty*. *Omni* excerpted the latter in the October 1981 anniversary issue. This month *Omni* will feature Niven's newest work of fiction, "A Teardrop Falls." It's a tale of futuristic robot "berserkers," machines that have been primed by unknown masters to destroy every living thing in their paths. Also in June, Cherry Wilder's first story for *Omni*, "Kaleidoscope," shows how three lives are disrupted by a freak tropical storm that pulls the characters into another time stream.

COMSATURATION



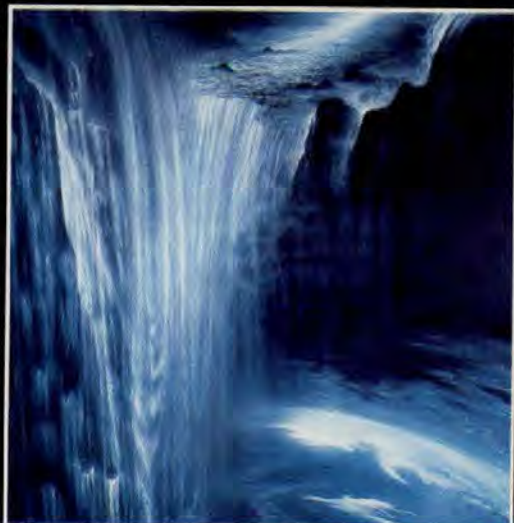
International business conferences with holograms of their participants sitting around the table. Rock shows, Broadway plays, even religious services that hundreds of millions of people attend. These will be some of the by-products of a quiet revolution now going on 22,300 miles out in space as the next generation of sophisticated communications satellite is launched. Read in this month's *Omni* how this amazing new technology could make our society truly global.

ROCKSONGS



To the Indian of the American West there is a mythical, magical quality to the world around him, particularly to the stones of the desert. In this month's *Omni* you will see the effort of one man, photographer Dan Morrill, to capture some of the allure of the monoliths of the desert. In a spectacular portfolio of images, rockscapes are transformed and reborn through the white magic of photochemistry. Barren landscapes vibrate with energy. The shapes of the desert become the stuff of dreams, surreal environments where stark vistas explode in a palette of vivid colors.

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS



What is behind the random turbulence of a waterfall, the maddeningly unpredictable hop and skip of the ball in a roulette wheel, or the exasperating quirkiness of the weather that eludes the predictive powers of science? Get ready for a heady trip into *chaos*, a new intellectual discipline that tries to analyze what was once considered unexplainable. Employing the incisive intellect of mathematicians and the patience of Zen masters, a growing number of theorists have been working on the study of randomness, or chance. And their excursions into the netherworld of randomness have unleashed a zoo of bizarre discoveries—with names like "strange attractors" and catch phrases like "sensitive dependence on initial conditions." These insights are already providing us with new ways to study how the brain works, why random cells become individual people, how diseases afflict us, and even how society has evolved. Read about it in the June issue of *Omni*.

A man with a mustache, wearing a blue and yellow wetsuit, is sitting on the side of a boat. He is smiling and looking down at a cigarette in his right hand. In his left hand, he holds a scuba regulator with a gold-colored chain. The background shows a body of water and a hilly coastline under a clear sky. Scuba gear, including a tank and BCD, is visible on the boat's deck.

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show me a professor and I revert back to the fifties; I just kick him in the head, eat him for breakfast.

Penthouse: Did it attract young people as much as cults today?

Hubbard: Yes. We attracted quite a few hippies but we tried to stay away from them, because they didn't have any money.

Penthouse: A poor man can't be a Scientologist?

Hubbard: No, oh no.

Penthouse: What do you think of the great popularity of cults in this country?

Hubbard: I think they're very dangerous and destructive. I don't think that anyone should think for you. And that's exactly what cults do. All cults, including Scientology, say, "I am your mind, I am your brain. I've done all the work for you. I've laid the path open for you. All you have to do is turn your mind off and walk down the path I have created." Well, I have learned that there's great strength in diversity, that a clamorous discussion or debate is very healthy and should be encouraged. That's why I like our political setup in the United States: simply because you can fight and argue and jump up and down and shout and scream and have all kinds of viewpoints, regardless of how wrongheaded or ridiculous they might be. People here don't have to give up their right to perceive things the way they believe. Scientology and all the other cults are one-dimensional, and we live in a three-dimensional

world. Cults are as dangerous as drugs. They commit the highest crime: the rape of the soul.

Penthouse: You mentioned that Scientology attracted a great many well-known or important people. Can you give us some examples?

Hubbard: Two of the people we were involved with in the late fifties in England were Errol Flynn and a man who was high up in the Labor Party at the time.

My father and Errol Flynn were very similar. They were only interested in money, sex, booze, and drugs. At that time, in the late fifties, Flynn was pretty much of a burned-out hulk. But he was involved in smuggling deals with my father: gold from the Mediterranean, and some drugs—mostly cocaine.

They were both just a little larger than life. I had to admire my father from one standpoint. As I've said, he was a down-and-out, broke science-fiction writer, and then he writes one book of science fiction and convinces the world it's true. He sells it to millions of people and gets billions of dollars and everyone thinks he's some sort of deity. He was really bigger than life. Flynn was like that, too. You could say many negative things about the two of them, but they did as they pleased and lived as they pleased. It was always fun to sit there at dinner and listen to these two guys rap. Wild people.

Errol Flynn was like my father also in that he would do anything for money. He

would take anything to bed—boys, girls. Fifty-year-old women, ten-year-old boys. Flynn and my father had insatiable appetites. Tons of mistresses. They lived very high on the hog.

Penthouse: And what about this Labor Party official?

Hubbard: He was a double agent for the KGB and for the British intelligence agency MI5. He was also a raging homosexual. He wanted my father to use his black-magic, soul-cracking brainwashing techniques on young boys. He wanted these boys as his own sexual slaves. He wanted to use my father's techniques to crack people's heads open because he was very influential in and around the British government—plus he was selling information to the Russians. And so was my father.

Penthouse: Your father was selling information to the Soviets?

Hubbard: Yes. That's where my father got the money to buy St. Hill Manor in East Grinstead, Sussex, which is the English headquarters of Scientology today.

Penthouse: What information did your father have to sell the Soviet government?

Hubbard: He didn't do any spying himself. What he normally did was allow these strange little people to go into the offices and into his home at odd hours of the night. He told me that he was allowing the KGB to go through our files, and that he was charging £40,000 for it. This was the money he used for the purchase of St. Hill Manor.

Penthouse: Do you know any specific information that the KGB got from your father that might have been harmful to security?

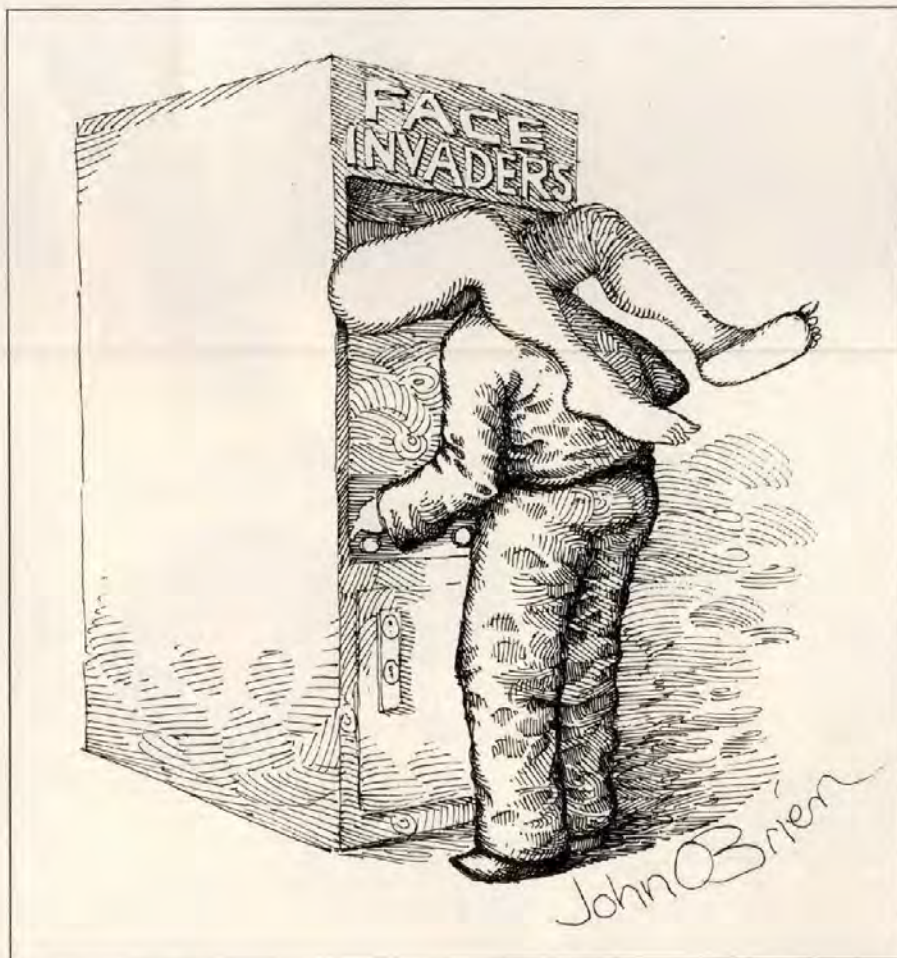
Hubbard: The plans for an infrared heat-seeking missile in the early fifties. They obtained the information by extensive auditing of the guy who was one of the head engineers. There were great infiltrations, clear to this day. There has always been an inordinate interest on the part of Scientology in military and government personnel. There's no way for me to prove it sitting here, but I believe that the KGB trained East German agents who came via Denmark to London to the United States who were, supposedly, Scientologists. They made very good Scientologists. They were very well trained.

Penthouse: Did your father do this just for money?

Hubbard: Yes. The more he made, the more he wanted. He became greedy. He was really just interested in the use of money and power, wherever it was or whosever's it was. Morality and politics made no difference to him at all.

Penthouse: Did the Labor Party official get any of his young men via Scientology?

Hubbard: Yes. The British were ripe for Scientology. The British school system fosters lesbianism and homosexuality, because from the time you're born until you're in your twenties, all you see is the same sex. The schools are so segregated. And you'll notice in Scientology the focus



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on sex. Sex, sex, sex. The first thing we wanted to know about someone we were auditing was his sexual deviations. You know, in actual fact, very few people exclusively practice missionary-style sex. So all you've got to do is find a person's kinks, whatever they might be. Their dreams and their fantasies. And if you find that central core, their sexual drives and desires and fantasies, then you can fit a ring through their noses and take them anywhere. You promise to fulfill their fantasies or you threaten to expose them—very simple. And people do have outrageous sexual fantasies. Nothing wrong with that—I'm the last guy on earth who should make a value judgment about somebody's sexual practices. But once you find their sexual core, you've got them. And you find this by brainwashing, through auditing, through interrogation, investigations, following them, photographing them, tapping their phones, whatever.

Penthouse: You did all that?

Hubbard: Sure.

Penthouse: Were there any other high-level British government people in Scientology?

Hubbard: There was a member of Winston Churchill's medical staff. We had him by the balls.

Penthouse: Did he give you any information about Churchill?

Hubbard: Yes, certainly. You see, these

people didn't realize where their information was going. They always thought that in Scientology auditing they had the priest/confessor's confidentiality—but it was never that way. People just assumed it, and still do. But everybody knew what was in everybody's files.

Penthouse: What was the first example you can remember of your father's espionage activity?

Hubbard: I remember one day in 1944 when he came home from the naval base where he was stationed in Oregon with a big, gray metal box under his arm. He put it in our little attached garage and put a tarp over it. That weekend a couple of funny little guys came over to the house. I remember it was summer and they were wearing heavy woollen overcoats—dark brown overcoats. It stuck in my mind: what are they doing wearing overcoats when it's hotter than hell? I was only about ten at the time. Anyway, these big, sweating guys take the box and put it in their car and drive off. But before they'd come, I'd snuck a look in the box. It had this strange-looking object in it. I didn't know what the hell it was.

Later on, in the fifties, I was walking through a war surplus store and I suddenly saw an object that was just like the one I'd seen in the box. It was the heart of the radar. During the war—when those men took it from our garage—it was super-secret, super-valuable, worth thousands of

dollars. I remember that people were told to commit suicide if it ever got captured in order to blow it up.

Then, in 1955, I went to work in the Scientology office in London. I noticed a woman in the office doing strange things with strange people in the office, so I investigated her. I found out she was a card-carrying member of the Communist Party. I got very angry at her and broke into her apartment, where I found dozens of little code pads. They looked like little milk pads with a whole mess of letters and numbers on them. I had people follow her to the Russian Embassy. I finally wrote a long report to my father about her. He was furious. He told me not to investigate anymore, not to write anymore, not to tell anyone what I had found out, to destroy all my evidence. I yelled at him, "The goddamn Russians are running around the office and doing God knows what." He yelled back, "I want 'em there!" He told me that she was placed there by the KGB with his knowledge and consent. This really bothered me. My grandfather, who was a lieutenant commander in the navy, had impressed me with his red-white-and-blue honor and integrity. He was an officer of the old school, 180 degrees different from my father. In fact, I credit him a great deal with my ability to get rid of Scientology and get my head straightened out, because his patriotism had gotten through to me and made me sour on what my father was do-



Ed Collins

"I just love to sit on the porch after dinner and listen to Delbert play the wind chimes."

ing in dealing with the Russians.

Penthouse: Was this why you became disenchanted with Scientology?

Hubbard: It was the beginning. I began to see that my father was a sick, sadistic, vicious man. I saw more and more parallels between his behavior and what I read about the way Hitler thought and acted. I was realizing that my father really wanted to destroy his enemies and take over the world. Whoever was perceived as his enemy had to be destroyed, including me. This "fair game" policy since the beginning. The organization couldn't exist without it. It keeps people very quiet.

Penthouse: Do you mean killed?

Hubbard: Well, he didn't really want people killed, because how could you really destroy them if you just killed them? What he wanted to do was to destroy their lives, their families, their reputations, their jobs, their money, everything. My father was the type of person who, when it came to destruction, wanted to keep you alive for as long as possible, to torture you, punish you. If he chose to destroy you, he would love to see you lying in the gutter, strung out on booze and drugs, rolling in your own vomit, with your wife and children gone forever; no job, no money. He'd enjoy walking by and kicking you and saying to other people, "Look what I did to this man!" He's the kind of man who would pull the wings off flies and watch them stumble around. You see, this fits in with his Scientology beliefs, also. He felt that if you just died, your spirit would go out and get another body to live in. By destroying an enemy that way, you'd be doing him a favor. You were letting him out from under the thumb of L. Ron Hubbard, you see?

Penthouse: It's been said that many Scientologists have similar philosophies.

Hubbard: Yes. Many are sadistic, just like he was. Very Teutonic, very Gestapo.

Penthouse: Do you think they would stop at murder?

Hubbard: Many wouldn't. The one super-secret sentence that Scientology is built on is: "Do as thou wilt." That is the whole of the law. It also comes from the black magic, from Alistair Crowley. It means that you are a law unto yourself, that you are above the law, that you create your own law. You are above any other human considerations. Since you came into being by an act of will, you can do anything you will. If you decide to go out and kill somebody—bam!—that's it. An act of will. Not connected to any emotions or feelings, not governed by any ethics or morality or law.

They are very vicious people. Totally into attack. Most people think these people are so insane and wild and berserk and unpredictable. Not to me. Insane people are very predictable, because they're trapped on the same mental and spiritual merry-go-round and all they can do is go round and round. For years I've been able to counter them—to stay alive—simply because I was one of them. I had a helluva good teacher.

Penthouse: Was your father violent in his

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behavior with his family?

Hubbard: Not to me. But he beat up a lot of women very badly. Blood, black eyes, busted teeth, the whole thing. He beat the holy hell out of women. His rages were incredible. I've read reports of the kinds of rages Hitler used to have, and they sound just like my father's. He was especially touchy about food. He would always have somebody else at the table sample everything on the table before he'd eat it. I've seen him pick up an entire dinner table and throw it against the wall if he didn't like the food or thought it was suspicious. He got very strange in the fifties. He had to have his clothes washed and washed and washed. He would take showers half a dozen times a day. I have often wondered if all of this might have been caused by the massive amounts of drugs and medication he took.

Penthouse: Did your father take a lot of drugs?

Hubbard: Yes. Since he was sixteen. You see, drugs are very important in the application of heavy black magic. The personal use of drugs expands one's conscious ability to break open the doors to the realm of the deep.

Penthouse: What kind of drugs did he generally use?

Hubbard: At various times, just about everything, because he was quite a hypochondriac. Cocaine, peyote, amphetamines, barbiturates. It would be shorter to list what he didn't take.

Penthouse: Did he encourage you to do drugs?

Hubbard: Well, he used them with me. He was a real night person. We used to sit around all night, sit around his office or home, get loaded up, and talk. He had a pretty liquid tongue. He loved to talk. And of course, in the fifties, he decided that I was the heir apparent, so he wanted to teach me everything he knew. He started me out by mixing phenobarbital into my bubble gum, when I was ten years old. This was to induce deeper trances in order to practice the black magic and to get an avenue to power.

Penthouse: How exactly would this work?

Hubbard: The explanation is sort of long and complicated. The basic rationale is that there are some powers in this universe that are pretty strong. As an example, Hitler was involved in the same black magic and the same occult practices that my father was. The identical ones. Which, as I have said, stem clear back to before Egyptian times. It's a very secret thing. Very powerful and very workable and very

dangerous. Brainwashing is nothing compared to it. The proper term would be "soul cracking." It's like cracking open the soul, which then opens various doors to the power that exists, the satanic and demonic powers. Simply put, it's like a tunnel or an avenue or a doorway. Pulling that power into yourself through another person—and using women, especially—is incredibly insidious. It makes Dr. Fu Manchu look like a kindergarten student. It is the ultimate vampirism, the ultimate mind-fuck. Instead of going for blood, you're going for their soul. And you take drugs in order to reach that state where you can, quite literally, like a psychic hammer, break their soul, and pull the power through. He designed his Scientology Operating Thetan techniques to do the same thing. But, of course, it takes a couple of hundred hours of auditing and megathousands of dollars for the privilege of having your head turned into a glass Humpty Dumpty—shattered into a million pieces. It may sound like incredible gibberish, but it made my father a fortune.

Penthouse: When was the last time your father was seen in public?

Hubbard: Sometime in the sixties he granted an interview to British television. After that he didn't appear in public and

SCIENTOLOGY RESPONDS

In order to present both sides of the controversy involving the Church of Scientology and L. Ron Hubbard, Sr., to our readers, *Penthouse* contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein conducted a lengthy telephone interview with the Rev. Herbert Jentzsch, president of the church. Excerpts from that interview follow.

Jentzsch: Let me say this. The media have been hyped by a number of people who are criminal—extortionists, perverts, etc.—and they make all these claims, and then you're supposed to respond to them. . . . The credibility of the individual is just absolutely out the bottom. And I don't find it instructive for us to just sit and respond to a bunch of allegations. . . .

Penthouse: Is it true, as DeWolf claims, that Scientology is an extremely expensive and time-consuming process?

Jentzsch: It isn't expensive if one is looking at something that works. And Scientology is an extremely workable system. The churches that I know of—and I deal with religious leaders all across the country—some of them have a titling system, and they pay it for their entire lifetime. That can be quite a bit of money, and it's also worthwhile. But let's move it out of the religious field and look at the psychiatrists, and they're running all this crazy stuff, you know? You've got psychiatrists who are essentially charging an arm and a leg for electric shock, psychosurgery, drugging, all kinds of things which really are destructive to the individual. And they're funded

by the state for those activities, into the billions and billions of dollars. So Scientology comes along. . . . First of all, it can be done from a person picking up a book like *Dianetics* and using it. And it costs them the price of the book. Or it can be done from the standpoint of the professional counselors and so forth.

Mr. DeWolf hasn't been with the church for twenty-four years, so he's hardly an authority on where we are at the present time. But it's like you say—is it expensive or time-consuming? Well, long before I joined the staff I did Scientology extensively and I didn't find it time-consuming. I found that I was able to do it and still carry on at a profession and do both.

Penthouse: Can a poor man go through Scientology counseling?

Jentzsch: Sure.

Penthouse: He can?

Jentzsch: Sure. I mean he can go on the staff . . . and for that he receives his counseling, and he can do the whole thing. . . .

Penthouse: Is it true that the media have been intimidated by church members when they try to report on the organization?

Jentzsch: Ha. Well, I just say, look with your own eyes. If they're intimidated, boy, how do you explain *Time* magazine, "20/20" on ABC-TV, Cable Network news national, ABC-TV's "World News," the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *New York Times* reporting all in one day on Scientology? I mean, how do you explain that? I mean, give me a break. . . .

Penthouse: The allegation has been made that the Church of Scientology has hounded ex-members who have spoken out negatively about the church.

Jentzsch: Can you give me the names?

Penthouse: Gerald Armstrong is the first that comes to mind.

Jentzsch: Mr. Armstrong is my step-son-in-law; I know him quite well. He was a clerk, and he also drove a car. And that's all he ever did. When he left, he sort of tried to raise his status. If he thinks he's been hounded by Scientologists, I'll offer this: he says he's getting phone calls? We'll go to the police and put a trap on the phone. You know what a trap is, right? It just traces the phone call. . . . Let's find out where the phone calls are coming from, because it isn't coming from our people. And I want to know. So to every guy who's screaming that, that's the thing I offer.

Penthouse: How do you respond to charges that L. Ron Hubbard, Sr., may no longer be alive?

Jentzsch: Mr. Hubbard wrote me a letter last week. He wrote the court that has the records under seal and is keeping them in safekeeping, per our request. Now he wrote, and he carboned me, with a very well-documented, extensive kind of forensic background in this letter. What it is is one of the top forensic scientists in this country put together an ink that could have been formulated by the second of February 1983. He put that ink into a pen and sent it to Mr. Hubbard. Mr. Hubbard wrote a letter to the court, carboning me, and he also placed his fingerprints on that letter,

just slowly became a recluse. One of the reasons he became a recluse was his own physical and mental condition was deteriorating so badly that he couldn't let the public or the Scientology membership know just what kind of shape he was in. He was a testament to the fact that Scientology didn't work.

Penthouse: Looking over the past twenty-odd years of your life, what would you have done differently?

Hubbard: That's a complex question. I guess if I had it to do all over, I would do the same thing. With a father like mine, I don't think I could live it differently. It's been twenty-three years of hell, but sometimes you have to go through hell to get to heaven. It's been a very exciting life, I can say that. We come from a long line of rogues and scoundrels, going back 200 or 300 years, at least. And so I guess we're built for this kind of life. I've said that I am a preacher of adversity and controversy, and I thrive on it. Plus maybe by our example, people will quit trying for god-ship.

Penthouse: What if your father is alive? Would you be able to confront him?

Hubbard: Yes, I would love to.

Penthouse: Do you have any fear of him?

Hubbard: No. If he is sick, I would make

sure he receives the best treatment I could find in the world for him. I consider him a victim of all this as much as I consider myself a victim. I consider him a victim of his own involvement with black magic, drugs, and his own delusions. He became a victim of himself.

Penthouse: Many people would say that your father is guilty of a great many sins and crimes. Do you think he should be punished?

Hubbard: He hasn't escaped punishment. I think at this juncture, dead or alive, he fell into his own insanity, and that's quite sufficient punishment. That is the most terrible jail of all, to be trapped inside his own head. With him it must be like being locked inside an exploding fireworks factory with no way out.

Penthouse: Have you ever wished your father dead?

Hubbard: I don't believe so, no. Regardless of the things he's done to me—we had a helluva good time!

Penthouse: Ripping the world off?

Hubbard: We did! I enjoyed my life then, and I enjoy it now. And really, as far as crimes go, I think my father has received the ultimate punishment, which is being locked and trapped in his own insanity. There's no way out for him. 

underneath the ink and to the side. And top forensic analysts have proven that that is the ink that was formulated the second of February 1983. Number two: that is his writing. Number three: those are his fingerprints. End of theme. But this letter establishes, in terms of forensic science and in terms of court-acceptable records, that Hubbard Sr. is very much in control of this whole scene and his own monies, his own life, his own activities. . . .

Penthouse: Is it possible to speak to Mr. Hubbard?

Jentzsch: I . . . I don't think that *Penthouse* magazine, given its past activities, would ever do a decent article on Mr. Hubbard. I think they would do everything they could to try to denigrate, to try to impugn the man, to try to destroy any credibility he has. . . . I've read *Penthouse* and the hate they have for anyone who is opposed to psychiatry, anyone who is opposed to electric shock and psychosurgery, as we have been. . . . I have only to characterize it; that's the only reason they're opposed to it—that Hubbard has instituted an incredible educational capability. They hate it. Absolutely hate anything. . . . [Editor's note: Reverend Jentzsch is not as familiar with the editorial content of *Penthouse* as he thinks. Among the very many critical articles on psychiatry the magazine has published are "Psychiatric Holocaust" (January 1979), "Psychiatric Kills" (April 1981), and "Electroshock: The Horror Continues" (June 1982).]

My current frame of mind is that the media will have to prove to us that they have some sort of modicum of ethics and integ-

ity. . . . At this current point, I have no reason to trust them. None at all. I find them rapacious. I find them to be not interested in anything. . . . Six and a half million people who are living good lives, with a tremendous capability. . . . but I don't find the media wanting to cover any of that. . . .

Penthouse: We feel that Mr. Hubbard has a right to respond to the allegations made by Mr. Hubbard, Jr.

Jentzsch: What you're saying is that you give a man who's a criminal the same right as a man who is not.

Penthouse: We're just trying to determine the truth.

Jentzsch: I've got to tell you, I've heard the same thing from every major media that has talked to me. And every one of them had just not one modicum of integrity.

Penthouse: We would be willing to work out any problems you might have before we meet with Mr. Hubbard.

Jentzsch: Well, I don't know that you could meet him, because I have no idea where he is. . . .

I will tell you this: if I were ever asked by Mr. Hubbard, I will make sure that all of the media who have currently interviewed him will never, ever, ever, get a personal interview. I mean, I can guarantee you that *Time* magazine will not. . . . I can guarantee you ABC-TV will not. I can guarantee you that all the others will not. I will promise that, and I will campaign for it if he ever decides that he wants to do a major media event of any kind or an interview of any kind. I will make sure that every one of those gentlemen never, ever, ever, ever, gets an interview with him. 



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Sweet Chastity

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WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE'VE CAUGHT AN INTRUDER, MR GREYBLOOD! HE WAS ...ER... DOING THINGS TO SISTER CHASTITY!

DOING THINGS? WHAT KIND OF THINGS?

SLAVER!

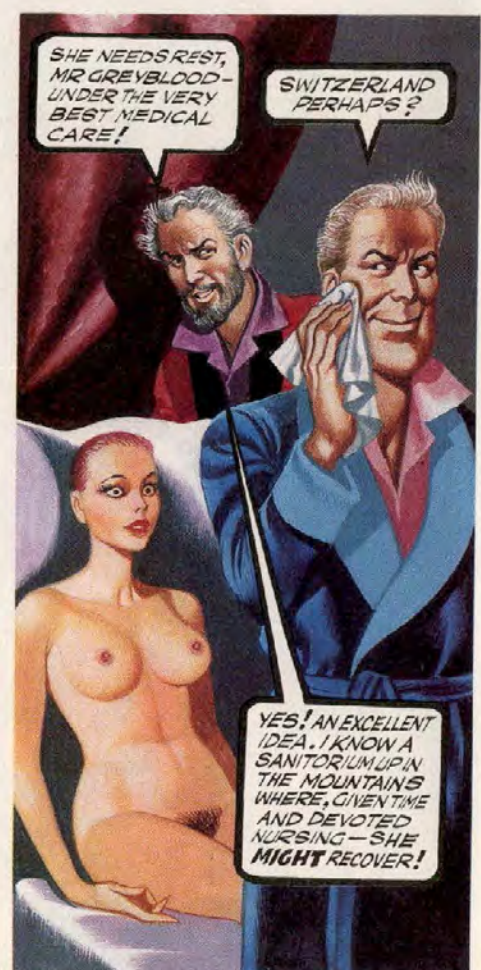
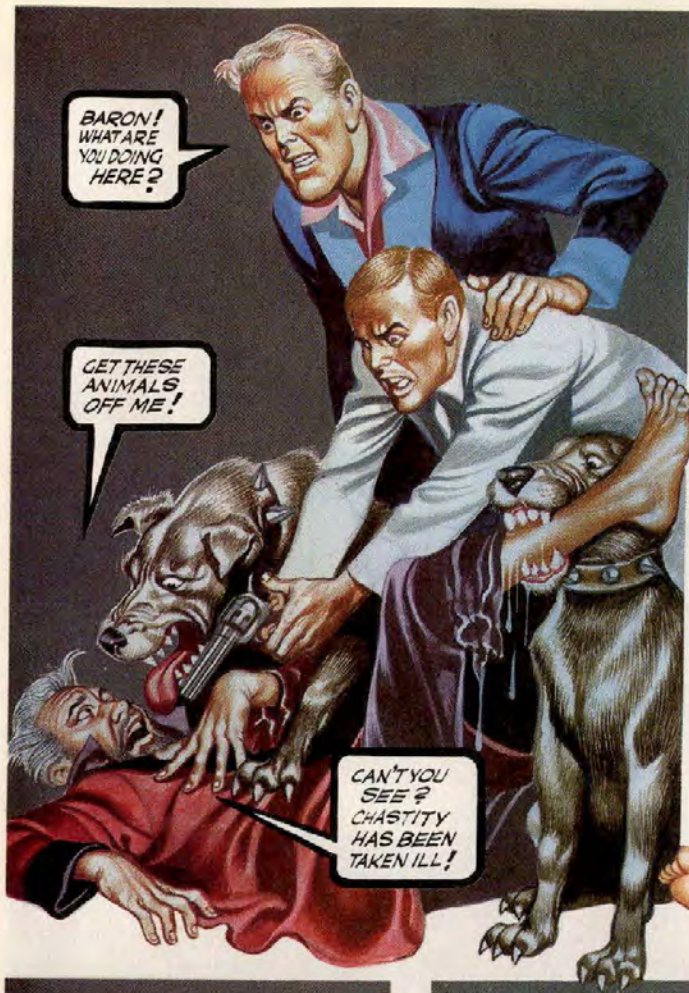
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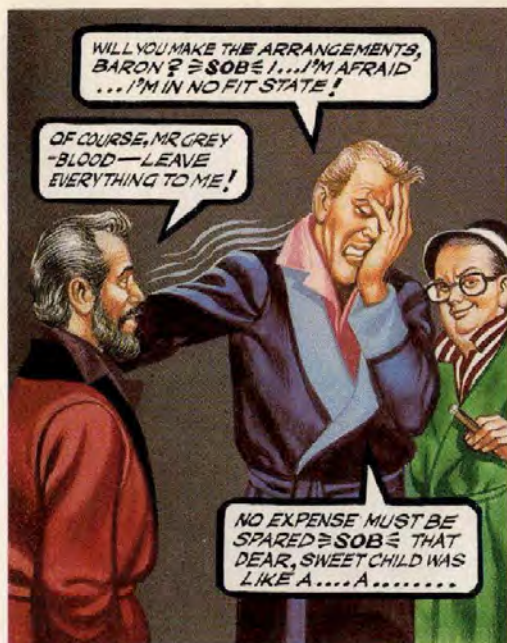
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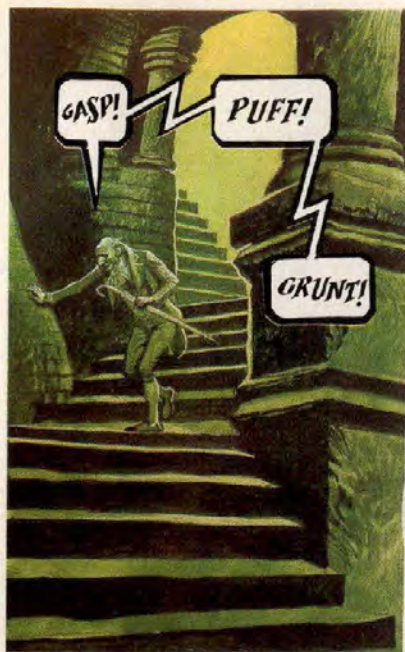
KERUNCH!

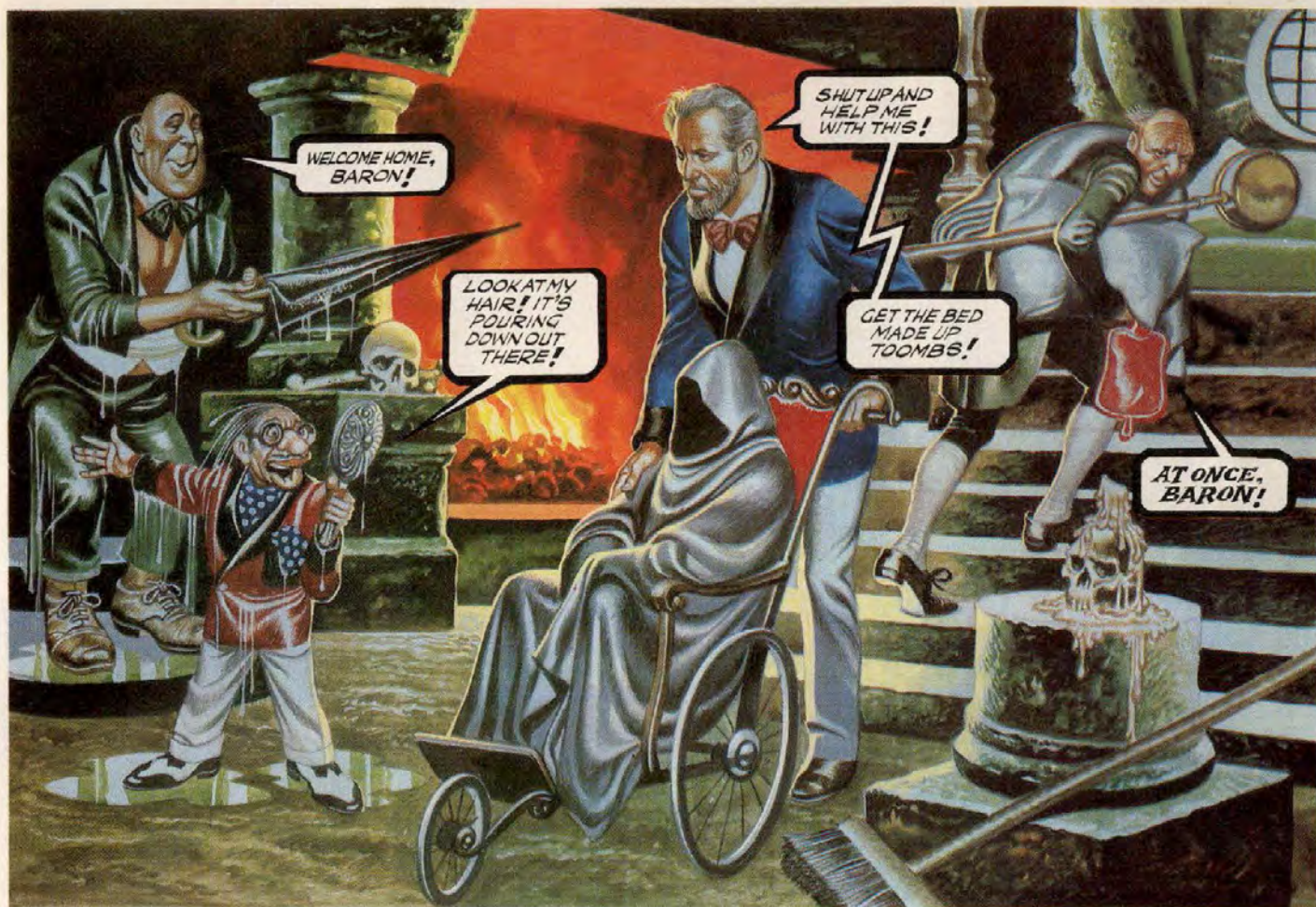
AAAGHH!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE











YOU'LL WORK IN SHIFTS—I SHALL BE FULLY OCCUPIED SUPERVISING THE COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PROJECT OUT THERE!

SHIFTS?



I CAN'T WORK SHIFTS! IT WILL PLAY HAVOC WITH MY COMPLEXION! AND WHY SHOULD I SACRIFICE MY LOOKS FOR HER? LOOK AT HER—SHE'S A MESS! A FAILURE!

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YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN THE WATER DUNGEONS IF YOU DON'T SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

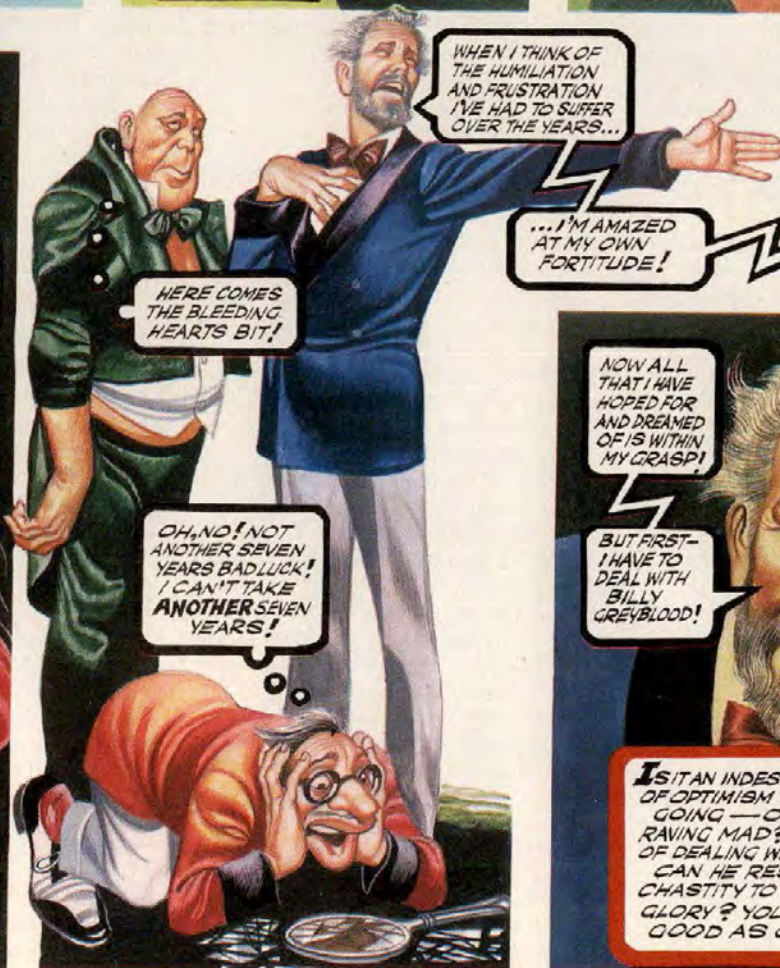
IF IT WASN'T FOR MY INHERENT BELIEF IN THE WORK ETHIC AND MY DOUBTS ABOUT MY ELIGIBILITY FOR SOCIAL SECURITY—THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'D GLADLY QUIT THIS JOB!



OH, MY GOD! I THINK HE MEANS IT!

I WAS KIDDING, BARON! A JOKE—IT WAS JUST A JOKE!

THE WATER DUNGEONS! SHUDDER! I'D DIE IN MINUTES!—ONLY FUNGUS THRIVES DOWN THERE!



WHEN I THINK OF THE HUMILIATION AND FRUSTRATION I'VE HAD TO SUFFER OVER THE YEARS...

HERE COMES THE BLEEDING HEARTS BIT!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK! I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SEVEN YEARS!

...I'M AMAZED AT MY OWN FORTITUDE!

A LESSER MAN WOULD HAVE GIVEN UP YEARS AGO! ONLY MY DEEP ROOTED LOVE OF FAMILY AND TRADITION—AND MY SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY TO THE MENIALS WHO SERVE ME, HAS GIVEN ME THE STRENGTH TO GO ON!



NOW ALL THAT I HAVE HOPED FOR AND DREAMED OF IS WITHIN MY GRASP!

BUT FIRST—I HAVE TO DEAL WITH BILLY GREYBLOOD!

IS IT AN INDESTRUCTIBLE STREAK OF OPTIMISM THAT KEEPS HIM GOING—OR IS HE STARK RAVING MAD? IS HE CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH BILLY GREYBLOOD? CAN HE RESTORE SWEET CHASTITY TO HER FORMER GLORY? YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

an audience with a Wailer and a grasp of Jah, there was a big change occurring in the Rasta orthodoxy as it was adhered to at the Hope Road house, and many observers felt it was another manifestation of the power that Bob Marley had accumulated and the interest others had in being close to it, having a share in it—or in destroying it.

There were new Rasta doctrines being preached in the ghetto, the most influential, mystical, and divisive being that of the emerging Twelve Tribes of Israel sect, which had been founded in Trench Town in 1968 by a man named Vernon Carrington. Originally a juice man who had a pushcart and sold cowfoot—a medicinal drink made from the juice of the cowfoot leaf—Carrington had read the Bible devoutly and claimed to have been blessed with a vision. He called upon his followers to prepare themselves by mystical means for repatriation, when they would migrate to an area in Ethiopia's Goba Valley called Shashemenē. The principal dogma they had to embrace beforehand proclaimed that the human race was divided into twelve scattered tribes, each named for one of Jacob's sons, whom Jah sent down into Egypt.

Each tribe was associated with a certain month of the year, symbolized by a certain color, and endowed with a secret blessing. Starting with the month of April, which was the first month of the ancient Egyptian calendar before it was corrupted by the Romans, the canon was: April—Reuben, silver; May—Simeon, gold; June—Levi, purple; July—Judah, brown; August—Isachar, yellow; September—Zebulun, pink; October—Dan, blue; November—Gad, red; December—Asher, gray; January—Naphtali, green; February—Joseph, white; and March—Benjamin, black. Lastly, there was the matter of Jacob's daughter Dinah, to whom no month was assigned; as she was a neutral presence, her colors were those of the entire spectrum.

Since Carrington was born in November, he became known as Prophet Gad or Gadmon. In promulgating their beliefs, the Twelve Tribes of Israel made use of a book called *Hebrewisms of West Africa—From Nile to Niger With the Jews*, by Joseph J. Williams, S.J., published in 1930. A dense, abundantly documented study by a Jesuit historian (ironic, since the Twelve Tribes had no use for Christianity, particularly as practiced by the Ethiopian Orthodox Church), the book describes the proliferation of Judaism and Jewish culture through Africa. Using the Bible and other religious texts, as well as previous histories, journals, studies, and his own observations, Williams argues that Judaism was prevalent in Egypt, Ethiopia, the Sahara, and West Africa, offering scholarly confirmation of the belief (generally ac-

cepted among Rastas) that they are actually black Hebrews.

The Twelve Tribes of Israel had a reputation amongst Rasta brethren in Jamaica of being the most highly organized sect, with a ruling council and a group of alternates consisting of twelve men and twelve women plus one—a pyramidal structure. And it was precisely because of this strict hierarchy that Rasta leaders like Mortimo Planno (who had been instrumental in acquainting Bob Marley with the basic dread creed) disapproved of the Twelve Tribes. He felt the new group signaled a move away from the democratic traditions of Rastafarianism. The concept of a Rasta elite (would-be converts could be turned down, and it was believed that only 144,000 would be saved come Judgment Day), the emphasis on conversion, the various rigid dicta, and, most significant of all, the secret rites—all of this traditionally had been anathema to Rasta. To make matters worse in the eyes of other Rastas,

Marley stared at the men who were pointing pistols at him, their grips growing unsteady. He stared at them a long time, and they knew they were marked.

the Twelve Tribes were collecting money; believers were asked to donate twenty cents a week to a fund for repatriation.

Nevertheless, Prophet Gad had had much success in converting uptown youths in the early 1970s, along with prominent singers and athletes like star quarter-miler Ruppert Hoilett and Bob's buddy Alan Cole. Alan, in turn, put a lot of energy into converting Bob.

Bunny, on the other hand, believed that no Rastaman should come on heavy or apply the slightest exertion or force on anyone to become a believer. Granted, some solidarity seemed to be in order of late; police had recently seen fit to forcibly shear more than eighty Kingston dreads of their locks, spontaneously prompting an island-wide Grounation (sacred convocation) reasoning, out of which was formed a Jah Rastafari Holy Theocratic Government. A thirteen-member delegation from the Theocracy, as it was called, had a series of meetings with Prime Minister Michael Manley to improve communications "between both governments." When the Theocracy established a settlement in Bull Bay, led by Bongo Shafan and Bongo Gabby—who were friendly with

Bob—Bunny was cordial toward them but ultimately standoffish. Same with the Bubbo Dreads of the Ethiopian African International Congress. Why, Bunny reasoned, must he join something he already belonged to, Jah's Kingdom? More important, for Bunny, the concepts of converting and believing were contradictory. (The Twelve Tribes made much of the fact that they had several white members; traditional Rastas countered that *anyone* was welcome into the faith.)

"Nuh one cyan tell a mon where him head rest," said Bunny. "Him rest wit' Jah." But Bunny tired of the argument itself. "Yuh don' argue Rasta; yuh reason it, yuh celebrate it, yuh fin' yuh own path into da Oneness."

The fact that Bob chose to convert to the Twelve Tribes of Israel is perhaps not nearly so significant as the consequences: an intensive power struggle developed at Hope Road between believers and nonbelievers. Inevitably, it was the traditional *downtown* Rastas versus the *uptown* Twelve Tribes Rastas, with the former eventually bowing out of the scene.

Eventually, Bunny withdrew to Bull Bay and generally kept out of sight. He and Neville Garrick (a Jamaica-born U.C.L.A. art school graduate who designed the Wailers' album jackets) had been staying in a little two-bedroom shack on the Island House grounds that they had rigged up nicely, but they cleared out. As the preparations for the 1976 tour were being made, Bob asked Gilly to come along as his cook again, but Gilly had to tell him, "Skip, me t'ink it too heavy wit' de Tribes," and he stayed behind, being replaced by Michael ("Mikey Dan") White—a member of the Twelve Tribes.

For Rita's part, she accepted Bob's conversion as she accepted his casual affairs with other women, and the children they bore him; it was all a part of life in Jamaica for the sufferer. She did her best to remain as neutral as possible and keep her and Bob's children (including little Stevie, born in 1974) shielded and protected.

The *Rastaman Vibration* album was distinguished by four notable features. The first two were relatively innocuous: its brand of reggae was closer to hard rock than that of any previous reggae LP and it had an embossed, burlap-patterned jacket that, as was pointed out in the inside liner notes, made the cardboard surface "great for cleaning herb."

The third exceptional feature was the "Blessing of Joseph" on the back cover, announcing in formal, albeit cryptic, terms Bob's entrance into the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

The final extraordinary element on the album had to do with the *other* power struggle being waged at Island House: Who was top dog among the top dogs in Kingston—the bad men or the "ranking" (hippest) reggae Rastamen? One of the tracks on the new album was a heart-breaking reggae ballad called "Johnny Was":

Woman hold her head and cry
'Cause her son has been
Shot down in the street
And died. . .

Johnny was a good man
Never did a thing wrong.

Every dread and gunman in Kingston recognized the "Johnny" in the tune as Carlton ("Bat Man") Wilson, brother of singer Delroy Wilson. An authority figure among the youths in Trench Town, Bat Man was a kind of Johnny Too Bad with a blackheart of gold. Being a hard-liner on protecting the people of the ghetto, he had a habit of walking into "rude-boy" (hooligan) hangouts and even into the center of rudie confrontations-in-progress, two pistols drawn. Moving quickly, he would disarm both sides and take their guns, smashing them up and tossing them into Kingston harbor.

Since the presence of loaded guns among the sufferahs in Jamaica had reached epidemic proportions, maybe Bat Man was trying to spare the poor and save the youths from the mandatory life sentences imposed by the Gun Court for possession. (The sentence had been indefinite detention until Britain's Privy Council ruled indefinite detention to be illegal in the Commonwealth.) Whatever his motives, Bat Man's actions were not universally appreciated. Since virtually every violent man in the ghetto had some political affiliation, Wilson's double-barreled Samaritanism annoyed certain factions who had need of their firepower. So they decided to set Bat Man Wilson up one night.

A pretty "la-la" (sexually indiscriminate) girl with round hips and a grindy walk was dispatched "to mek him tek her a rum bar." Once they had Carlton where they wanted him, the rudies aimed to fill him so full of holes that his belly wouldn't be able to hold a thimbleful of Appleton's. They nearly succeeded. Diving for cover, Bat Man took slugs in the shoulder and the abdomen; several innocent bystanders were also wounded, at least one young boy seriously. Seeing him sprawled face down in a puddle of his own blood, his assailants left Bat Man for dead, but he crawled away from the gory scene once the coast was clear, hiding out until the heat was off and then somehow managing to escape to Brooklyn.

When Bob put "Johnny Was" on the same album on which he had announced his allegiance to the Twelve Tribes, it meant that Bob was choosing sides; Bob was, in one way or another, showing his hand.

But since slavery days the sufferah had been taught that one should never establish a position that can be clearly identified, never assume one form to the exclusion of others. In the ghetto, people who become too visible, too easily categorized, are good for only one striking thing—target practice.



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The JLP bad men had their hands full down in Tivoli Gardens over the Christmas holidays. A press release was dropped off at the *Gleaner* offices on the morning of Tuesday, December 30, 1975: "The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Edward Seaga, has written to the Commissioner of Police charging him with sending sporting missions into Tivoli Gardens shooting recklessly like drunken cowboys, discharging tear gas bombs like pirates sacking a city."

The most recent incident had taken place the previous day, Seaga charged, when police riding in two jeeps drove into Tivoli, and a female officer in one of the vehicles fired at a woman hanging out clothes in her yard while another shot six-year-old Wayne Christie in the face. The police charged that residents of the area were the aggressors, attacking their patrols with stones, bottles, and gunfire; furthermore, they reported, the day before a young civilian driving along Bustamante Highway had been stopped by a gang and beaten. The people of Tivoli counter-charged that they had handed the young man over to police after discovering guns and a large sum of money in his automobile.

It was the same in every neighborhood in shantytown. An election year was approaching, and the gunmen were getting a

head start on the campaign. Things were so nasty that the tribalist practice among ghetto landlords of demanding to know someone's political affiliation before he moved into even so much as a refrigerator box had been escalated, and people too impoverished to merit eviction were literally getting their clothes stolen and burned, so they had no choice but to sleep naked in the lonely goat lanes as warnings to those who tried to buck tribalism.

In Kingston, it was hot. The random violence leading up to the election was intense and widespread. The managers of two downtown movie theaters whose patrons continually riddled the screens with bullets decided to erect whitewashed cement walls on which to project the films.

At noon on June 19, 1976, Gov. Gen. Florizel Glasspole declared a state of emergency, putting Jamaica under martial law. Michael Manley stated that the police and security forces had been battling what they believed to be calculated unrest orchestrated by Edward Seaga, leader of the JLP, who they thought was in league with the CIA to discredit the present government.

Down in Trench Town, students taking their high school examinations had to be transferred to the Lyndhurst Methodist Church Hall because of snipers. There were so many bullet holes in the black-

boards at Trench Town Primary School that they were written off as useless by school officials. Parents removed all but 600 of the area's 2,100 students from school until after the election.

Shortly before the Wailers took off on the *Rastaman Vibration* tour, Skilly Cole, who had a job as a soccer coach at the National Stadium—a PNP patronage job in the eyes of ghetto residents—had become suspiciously friendly, in some bad men's minds, with JLP tough Claudie Massop. Then Massop invited Skilly and Bob out to Cayamanas Race Track, where Claudie enjoyed considerable social cachet, and they made the mistake of accepting, although Bob declined to bet on anything. As a result, word traveled that Bob and Skilly were playing it both ways in case Manley couldn't get past Seaga in the next election. The politicians were not pleased. And in Kingston, when politicians express their displeasure, it's often because their gunmen have come to them in a blind rage.

To further complicate matters, some bad men from Concrete Jungle had made a deal while they were hanging out at Island House to fix the Double Event (Daily Double) at Cayamanas; a jockey was then kidnapped and made to understand that he was to throw the first two races. The jockey did as he was told and then left for



Canada as planned. The fixers made a fortune, with no one else the wiser.

Unfortunately, some of the gunmen had skipped to Miami with the money, neglecting to pay off the rest of the syndicate. Knowing the deal had gone down in the front yard of Island House, dudes from Concrete Jungle paid a visit to Hope Road to urge Bob to pay his breddahs' debts. Bob was on tour, Skilly with him. After the tour, Marley went back to Kingston, while Skilly went on a pilgrimage to Ethiopia with some members of the Twelve Tribes. Down on Hope Road, the bad men were waiting impatiently.

They took Bob out to Helshire Beach and told him that they wanted \$2,000 a day in two daily pickups until the money, plus interest, was paid. Bob, who knew nothing about any fixed-race "runnings" (goings-on), expressed mixed emotions about such an arrangement. The bad men were jumpy. A few drew guns.

Now this was indeed a crazy move, the surest imaginable indication that all of Kingston had gone completely mad. It had long been an incontrovertible fact: nobody pulled a gun on the Tuff Gong, as the feisty Bob had come to be known. Not even in his scuffling days as a rude boy down on Second Street in Rema would anyone have considered such a stunt.

Bob was staring at the men who were pointing pistols at him, their grips growing unsteady. He stared at them a long time, and they knew they were marked. A Concrete Jungle heavyweight named Donkey Collar stepped in and tried to cool everybody out. The pistols went back into their holsters and waistbands, but the men who had drawn them were wavering on their feet, perspiring freely, their minds muddled. These men were vexed. The group dispersed. The collections began shortly thereafter, the bad men's courier showing up twice a day, like clockwork. Regular assignments such as this do not go unnoticed in the sluggish atmosphere of Kingston.

In October, a contingent of PNP bad men showed up at Island House, and Bob escorted them to his small upstairs office. Closing the door behind them, they opened the discussion by asking a few casual questions about his career, but it soon became clear that they were there to conduct an interrogation. They wanted to know whether he saw himself as a "hip dread capitalist" in a Democratic Socialist country.

At length, they got to the point: would Bob be willing to do a free outdoor "Smile Jamaica" concert on December 5? No politics, they said, just music to "keep de lid on 'til de election on December 16."

"Yah, mon," he said quietly. "Me do da concert."

The show was originally scheduled to be held on the grounds of Jamaica House, but was shifted to the National Heroes Circle to make it look less partisan.

Dread brethren came to Bob and told him to wait until after the election. "Nuh,"

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he said. "Me mus' do it now."

The courier from Concrete Jungle continued to arrive twice daily for his money; the receipts, signed by Bob, had begun popping up in the possession of select Jungle toughs, who treated them like "rankin' souvenir t'ings." Bob knew he was trapped right out in the wide-open.

On Friday, November 19, Cindy Breakspere, reigning Miss Jamaica Bikini and Miss Universe Bikini, phoned Bob at Hope Road from London to tell him that she had been crowned Miss World the previous night. She also told him she couldn't wait to see him again.

In the early hours of the morning on November 25, Bob awoke, drenched with sweat. He had been dreaming of gunfire; there were no images in the nightmare, just shadows, but the sounds, sparks, and smells of discharged bullets were streaming from them.

By the end of November, many of the Wailers were getting too tense to rehearse. Marcia Griffiths of the I-Threes came to Bob and told him the show's timing was a mistake. He said, "Nuh, nuh. It cool." Marcia got on a plane and left Jamaica.

Starting on Monday of the week before the "Smile Jamaica" festival, scheduled for the following Sunday, an armed cadre of PNP vigilantes calling themselves the "Echo Squad" mounted a twenty-four-hour guard at Hope Road. Brandishing automatic rifles, they allowed virtually no one but members of the band either on or off the property without permission.

Monday morning, the courier from Concrete Jungle arrived, describing himself as a "bredren" of Bob's, but was turned away; the same thing happened in the afternoon. The routine was repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Friday, the courier never showed.

At 7:00 P.M. that night, Chris Blackwell and friend Dickie Jobson arrived at the Kingston Sheraton Hotel from Strawberry Hill to meet with Jeff Walker, head of publicity for Island Records, and Don Taylor, Bob's personal manager. Also on hand were director David Silver, there to film the concert, and colleague Perry Henzell (who made the landmark reggae film *The Harder They Come*) as well as several dreads. Taylor left to go to Hope Road. Blackwell was in a so-so mood after having decided to fire Agnes, the Strawberry Hill housekeeper, for practicing "obeah" (black magic) on the property and scaring the other staff with "duppy" (evil spirit) business.

At 8:30, the pregnant Judy Mowatt of the I-Threes vocal trio tired from rehearsal and, feeling nauseated, vomited in the bathroom at Island House. Neville Garrick drove her home after clearing it at the front gate with the guards from the Echo Squad.

At 8:45, Wailers percussionist Seeco Patterson chanced to glance out through the jalousies on the front porch of Island House and noticed, as the sun was set-

ting, that there were no longer any members of the Echo Squad on the grounds out front.

The torpor of the quiet tropical night was interrupted by a queer noise that was not quite like a firecracker. Bob was in the kitchen at the rear of the house swallowing a sweet-sour segment of grapefruit when a dull crack caused him suddenly to drop the fruit. That was when Don Taylor, who had been walking toward Bob and chatting, felt the bullets entering the backs of his legs.

Taylor was thrown forward by the force of the bullets' impact. He went down but remained conscious, hearing a lot of gunfire around him from what sounded like automatic weapons. Then Don blacked out.

It was 9:12 P.M. when a rifle-wielding assailant jumped back through the kitchen pantry, into which he had nervously, then recklessly, fired.

"Did you get him?" shouted an armed

6

Swaying slowly and
half-steppin' to the beat, Bob
Marley opened his
shirt and rolled up his left
sleeve to show
his wounds to the crowd.

,

confederate, his voice darting out of the darkness, as the rifleman ran out.

"Yeah!" he said. "I shot him!"

Don Taylor lay in a heap on the kitchen floor, bleeding internally and externally from four slugs lodged in his upper thighs and another at the base of his spine. He was unaware that because of his casual proximity to his employer, he had shielded him with his body and thus saved Bob Marley's life.

Only moments before, the six or so members of the Wailers had been assembled, along with the Zap Pow Horns, on the side porch of the house, rehearsing. A short break had just been called when Taylor, detained by the business meeting at the Kingston Sheraton, had driven onto the Island House grounds and begun searching for Bob.

Unbeknownst to Taylor, two white Datsuns with at least seven Concrete Jungle gunmen had been following his car. While he strode into the house, they slipped through the rusty gates at the bottom of the driveway, one car blocking the exit while the other swiftly approached the building. In an instant, the two cars had emptied and the gunmen were peppering the

house with a barrage of rifle and pistol fire, shattering windows and splintering plaster and woodwork on the first floor. Four of the gunmen surrounded the house while two others guarded the front yard.

Rita was shot by one of the two men in the front yard as she ran out of the house with the five Marley children and a reporter from the Jamaica *Daily News*; the bullet caught her in the head, lifting her off her feet as it burrowed between the scalp and skull.

It was at that point that the second gunman, a kid of no more than sixteen, pushed through a door facing Hope Road. Keyboardist Tyrone Downie's girl friend was standing right behind the boy—he never even noticed her—as he pointed a pistol around the corner into the rehearsal arena, shut his eyes, and proceeded to empty his gun, bullets striking the organ and the ceiling.

Meanwhile, a man with an automatic rifle had burst through the back door of the kitchen pantry, pushing past a fleeing Seeco Patterson to aim beyond Don Taylor at Bob Marley, who made no attempt to dodge his assailant. When he saw the barrel of the automatic bobbing into the room, he assumed that it was the Echo Squad or the police making a spot check. Then Bob realized the rifle was *raised*.

The gunman got off eight shots. One bullet hit a counter, another buried itself in the sagging ceiling, and five tore into Don Taylor. The last creased Marley's breast below his heart and went clean through his arm.

American lead guitarist Donald Kinsey, the newest addition to the Wailers, had been standing down the hall from Taylor and Marley when the rifleman stormed through the pantry. Kinsey ducked into the next room and took cover behind an equipment case, cowering. He had no idea whatsoever what was happening. It was Kinsey's first time in Kingston.

Miraculously, no one was killed in the nighttime raid. A passing police car happened on the scene at the height of the pandemonium, frightening the would-be assassins into a high-speed retreat. If the night riders had sought to murder Marley and his family and friends, they had failed. But Don Taylor was critically injured; Bob's friend Lewis Griffith needed immediate medical attention for his stomach wounds; Rita was bleeding profusely, Bob stumbled about in a daze, and huge, blotchy bloodstains marred his khaki outfit at his chest and thighs. The post-melee mood was one of stunned defeat and static terror.

Ambulances arrived and took the injured to University College Hospital, since Marley's was an uptown address. Michael Manley met the motorcade at the entrance. Taylor and Griffith were placed on the critical list. Rita underwent surgery for removal of the bullet lodged in her scalp, and Bob was treated and, after a quick conference with Manley, was released.

Marley was hustled away under police

escort to a secluded encampment high in the Blue Mountains above Kingston, accompanied by various dreads. Heavy protection by soldiers in mufti around the retreat was supplemented by contingents of machete-toting Rastas, who kept a constant vigil, some hiding in the surrounding trees. Chris Blackwell and Dickie Jobson chartered a private jet and left the island.

Jeff Walker, Island's press chief, was one of the very few who knew Marley's whereabouts. The evening after the shooting, Jeff joined Bob and his brethren in the mountains for a conference. During the discussion, it was respectfully pointed out by several of the Rasta elders on hand that if the gunmen had been trying to stop the music, they would still have accomplished what they had set out to do if Bob did not play the next night. After a reasoning of several hours' duration, the question of the Wailers' appearance at the "Smile Jamaica" festival was left up in the air.

Spirits at the hideout lifted a bit on Sunday morning with the news that Don Taylor's condition had improved, although plans were being made to fly him to Miami's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for removal of the bullet lodged against his spinal cord. If complications arose during the delicate operation, Taylor might never walk again.

There was also considerable concern over the fact that the gunmen had not yet been apprehended. One of the getaway cars had been found abandoned in Trench Town, but the police announced that the identities of its messengers remained a mystery.

As the day wore on, conversation about the festival was minimal, but the camp kept abreast of developments at the site. Rita was released from the hospital and brought to the camp, along with the kids. Singer Roberta Flack, who had flown down to Jamaica to see the show, arrived later in the afternoon, driven up by intimates of Bob; her private talk with him boosted his spirits considerably. One of the "Smile Jamaica" film crew had also found his way up to the camp—minus his camera. The Rastas had no inkling of it, but the cameraman was Carl Colby, son of CIA director William Colby.

Manning the walkie-talkie at the Hero's Circle as dusk fell were Ibo and Cat, keyboardist and lead guitarist, respectively, of the Third World band, which was expected to open the show in the absence of Bunny Wailer, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear, none of whom had shown up for their scheduled sets. Despite the slim chances of the Wailers' appearing, the turnout at the site was a staggering 50,000. The vibes were buoyant and positive.

Both Ibo and Cat spoke with Bob, telling him they had decided to go on. He was able to hear the audience's reaction to Third World's set over the walkie-talkie, held up to the PA system by a roadie. He then listened to a warm tribute to himself and the Wailers, which the female emcee addressed to the crowd.

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HAS SUCCESS SPOILED MASTERS AND JOHNSON?

Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld, clinical psychologist and author of *The Shrinking of America*, challenges the credibility of Masters and Johnson and their amazing success rates. In the *Forum* interview by Philip Nobile, he discloses a recent conversation with Dr. Masters in which the world-famous sexologist discussed—for the first time—his criteria for measuring the successful treatment of inorgasmic women. What Masters said will shock the fields of sex therapy for a very long time to come.

HOT TALK

The single most arousing thing a woman ever said to Bruce Travis was three little words, intoxicating in their directness and simplicity. Reflecting on the language of lust, he finds that it ranges from the merely impersonal to the sublimely literary.

SEX ALL NIGHT LONG

Marathon sex—hour after hour of orgasmic nirvana—may give lovers a feeling of great sexual accomplishment. But therapist Marty Klein advises that it can also be a substitute for real satisfaction and sharing.

DANGER AS AN APHRODISIAC

"In a public rest room the situation is fraught with uncertainty," a European aristocrat and friend of Kinsey reveals. "Yet my sex life requires this kind of supercharging on a regular basis."

VIDEO DECADENCE

Tracy Cabot tells how Hollywood swingers like herself are now videotaping their group sessions. The camera causes members of the audience to perform, while the instant replay prompts them to repeat their starring roles.

Bob requested that someone be sent down to Hope Road to round up the band members. Don Kinsey, Tyrone Downey, and Carly Barrett were located and taken to the arena, where they talked to Bob over the walkie-talkie. Family Man could not be found, so Cat volunteered to fill in on bass.

With Marley still wavering, PNP cabinet minister Tony Spaulding arrived and delivered a pep talk. Bob was finally convinced, and he and his bodyguards were hustled into a red Volvo that was waiting behind an idling police car. As the impromptu motorcade made its way down the narrow mountain roads, Jeff Walker, who was riding in a car behind Marley's, informed the contingent at the arena by walkie-talkie that the Wailers were on their way down. An announcement was made to the throng to that effect, and the exultant roar could be heard over the walkie-talkie's tiny receiver.

Speeding into the center of the city, the motorcade shot past a JLP rally that was dispersing. Seeing Marley, the people lining the roadsides began cheering. Attendance at the thoroughly garrisoned festival site had swelled to 80,000, yet the approach to the stage was remarkably clear. Bounding out of the Volvo, Marley was met at the microphone by Michael Manley, who hugged him with emotion and then stepped to the sidelines, where he stood, for the duration of the show, on the roof of a Volkswagen van, fully exposed, like Marley, to any gunmen.

Shaking his dreadlocked mane in exhilaration, Bob offered a diffident tribute to the sea of faces: "When me decided to do dis yere concert two anna 'alf months ago, me was told dere was no politics. I jus' wanted to play fe da love of da people."

Unable to strum his familiar solid-body Gibson guitar because of his arm injury, Marley murmured that he would sing "one song." As the drummer hit the one-drop, Bob launched into what became a ninety-minute tour de force, opening with "War":

What life has taught me
I would like to share with
Those who want to learn . . .
That until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all . . .
Everywhere is war.

The proceedings were further electrified by the presence of Rita Marley, who was dressed in a nightgown and duster with a scarf covering her bandaged head—the decision to perform had been made so hurriedly that she had not had time to change clothes. At the close of his performance, Bob began a ritualistic dance, acting out aspects of the ambush that had almost taken his life. In Ethiopia, from Solomon's time to Selassie's, whenever a brave hunter killed a lion, he was summoned before the emperor to reenact his feat before receiving the pelt as a badge of his courage. Jamaica was witnessing the Rastafarian version of this

dance in and out of the path of death. Swaying slowly and half-steppin' to the beat, Bob opened his shirt and rolled up his left sleeve to show his wounds to the crowd.

The last thing they saw before the reigning king of reggae disappeared back into the hills was the image of the man mimicking the two-pistoled fast draw of a frontier gunslinger, his locks thrown back in triumphant laughter.

In April 1981, Bob Marley was awarded Jamaica's Order of Merit, one of its highest honors, in recognition of his contributions to the nation's culture. A month later, he was dead from brain, liver, and lung cancer, his body lying in a bronze casket in the National Heroes Arena in Kingston. His gaunt, waxy face was clean-shaven; his dreadlocks, which had fallen out during the radiation treatments, had been sewn into a wig and set back in place. One hand held a Bible, open to the Twenty-third Psalm; the other lay on his battered blond Gibson electric guitar.

When Marley went to Africa exactly a year before to perform at the special Zimbabwe concert, he found several cover versions of his recent single "Survival," selling briskly from Nigeria to Senegal, the records cut by the continent's top singers and musicians out of respect, admiration, and sales savvy. Fans turned out by the thousands to shower him with adulation, and their smiles seemed to evince the essential communion with Africa that all Rastas yearn for. A similar, although more somber spectacle occurred at the public wake in the National Arena. Tens of thousands of mourners—Africans, Americans, Europeans, West Indians—filed past the bier, which was guarded by soldiers in white uniforms who held M-16 rifles, while various "tribute" singles rushed out by local stars crackled and droned in the streets.

At a state funeral presided over by His Eminence Abouna Yeshaq, archbishop of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, passages from the Scriptures were read by Jamaica's governor general, Florizel Glasspole, and by the leader of the opposition party, Michael Manley. The Honorable Edward Seaga then eulogized the Honorable Robert Nesta Marley, O.M.

The Wailers played some of Marley's compositions as the I-Threes backed them up. The Melody Makers, a group that consists of four of Bob and Rita Marley's children (while Marley had a legally recognized total of ten offspring by various women, some relatives estimate he fathered as many as twenty-two), also performed in his honor, and his mother, Cedella, sang one of the last songs he wrote, "Coming In From the Cold."

The coffin was placed on a truck and slowly driven seventy-five miles to his hill-top birthplace in the parish of St. Ann (Jamaica has fourteen parishes), where Rastamen had hewn a sepulcher out of the living rock of the hillside. 

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PROSTITUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

Even when the women are unattractive? "I've been really lucky," Frank says. "Maybe unattractive people aren't kinky, maybe they're embarrassed to call somebody, but most of the people I see are attractive, or at least average. Some of them are surprisingly nice-looking."

But there have been exceptions. "I do have some fat, unattractive customers that I see. I can still do it, but to me it's hard work. I remember one couple: I walked in and there was this guy with a beer belly. Well, fine, sometimes you see a beer belly and there's a beautiful woman next to it. So I walked into the other room, and there's this elephant in a muumuu. I can tell she's not a slim woman because her face is out to here, but I still don't know what she's really going to look like because the muumuu is hiding everything."

"So we go into the bedroom. She lies down on her back and her husband takes the muumuu off. The first thing that flops out are these big, watermelon breasts. Then there's this huge stomach that looks like the whole watermelon patch. So she's lying there and all I can see are these big breasts with this enormous mound underneath them."

"Well, what can I do? I can't say 'barf,' or 'yech'—I have to be cool. And what's

really on my mind is there's no way I can screw her on her back—how am I going to get between her legs, get an erection, and then find it through those gobs of skin?"

"Well, thank God her husband turned her over and fucked her first. While he fucked her she gave me head, good head. The lights are low, her stomach has disappeared underneath her, and she's giving me pretty good head. So I manage to get into a fantasy trip and get an erection."

"But I still had to find her cunt through all that flesh. At first I couldn't find it. So I'm starting to panic, and when you panic you're going to lose the erection. So I start searching and poking, searching and poking. Finally, luckily, I found it before the erection disappeared, so I was able to fuck her. But I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't been able to find it."

Getting it up, of course, is only half the battle. Once achieved, that sometimes elusive erection has to be maintained at all costs. "The minute you panic or tense up," Frank says, "you lose everything. You have to force yourself to keep a relaxed attitude, keep your fantasies in mind. If you don't, the erection will go. The whole thing will be ruined, and you'll feel terrible about yourself."

Although this hasn't happened to Frank in years, one incident that occurred early in his career remains etched in his mind.

"The first time it happened I think I was

actually affected by the guy. He was a very macho New York-style guy, and for some reason he had an effect on me and I couldn't seem to do anything. He would give me head, I would have a nice erection, but when he said to fuck his wife, for some reason I couldn't hold it. To this day I don't know why. I even offered to give them their money back, but they wouldn't take it. They were very nice about it. In fact, she even called me back the next day and said, 'Gee, I'm sorry you couldn't get into it. You seem like a nice person.' That made me feel a little better, but I still felt like shit."

It's equally important, of course, to hold one's mud, to come only when requested. "If you come too much," Frank explains, "you'll become totally disinterested. During these five years I've just trained myself not to." For Frank this is apparently a matter of mental discipline, a sort of zen mastery over the process of reproduction itself. "Obviously," he says, "I have to get excited to a point. But I have to know where that point is, and I have to avoid going through that point. Otherwise I'll come, and I'll blow the whole thing."

Even then, when he goes over that thin line between delight and depletion, Frank has learned how to cover himself. "For example," he says, "there are times when I haven't come completely but I've reached a physiological state in which I'm going to go down before I come back up. In those

cases I have to muddle through for a while before I can come back up. Maybe I'll use my mouth, or my hands, or get the guy to come in and take my place. But I usually don't admit it when it happens, because then they think, Oh, it's all over."

"Muddling through" is not the only technique Frank has developed to deal with ticklish situations. On occasion the deceptions can be comical, almost ludicrous.

"There was a doctor who I used to see all the time with his secretary. We used to do it right in his office—not with the stirrups or anything, but on a couch in his office. His thing was to watch us do it until we both came and then go down on her afterwards. Well, once I couldn't come. I just didn't feel like it. And it turned out that time that she wasn't in the mood either. So we both faked coming, and he didn't know the difference.

"After that she and I developed a signal system. She would either pinch me or wink at me when she'd had enough, and I would fake an orgasm. You know, all the noises and everything. I would fake the come, withdraw, and get off. Then he would come in and go down on her. He was completely satisfied. To this day I don't think he knows the difference."

Frank's good doctor was easily satisfied, at least in part, because he seemed to know what he wanted. This, it turns out, is rare, particularly in working with couples. "It's very hard for a lot of people to tell you what they want," says Frank. "They just can't verbalize it." Generally, though, it's the man who supplies the motivation. "Usually it's the guy goading the girl," Frank agrees. "The women are usually shy, at least initially. I think a lot of them have doubts about why their husbands or boyfriends have called me. They wonder if the guy's going to turn it against them, or use it as an excuse to go out and start fucking other women."

Men's motives, Frank has learned, can run the gamut, from a simple desire to have their women brought to orgasm to the satisfaction of deeper and sometimes darker longings. "A lot of guys," Frank says, "are just sexually lazy. They just don't want to take the time to turn a woman on. Their idea of a sex life is, I've got a hard-on, let me stick it inside you till I come. But they think they're nice guys. They say, 'You want to get off? I'll take you over to see Frank. He's a professional.'"

Occasionally the motive can be sexual competition, in which the man uses the bedroom as a sort of Superdome and Frank as a worthy adversary. "I had a black couple once," says Frank, "where it looked like the guy was using me to compete with him. His wife took a long, long time to come, and it turned into a sort of sexual Olympics, like who could fuck her the longest and who would be in the game when she finally got off. But I didn't really get into the competitive aspect of it. To tell the truth, I got really bored. I was saying to myself the whole way through, Geez, is



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this going to go on all night long?"

Some couples seem to want to use the threesome as a forum for their own arguments—two shrews in need of taming.

"I remember one couple: the guy was a voyeur, and the girl was an out-and-out fox. I started out massaging her, and while I was doing it he kept saying, 'Why don't you suck him? Grab his cock?' And she started arguing back, saying, 'Why don't you?' Well, he couldn't get it up because he needed to see something happening, and nothing can happen because they're sitting there arguing. I'm off to the side thinking, What the hell is this? And I'm having trouble getting it up myself.

"Finally she gets really mad. She looks at me and says, 'Okay, let's do it.' Well, she wasn't really ready for anything. She was completely dry because of all the arguing. But somehow we managed to do it, and afterward she warmed up a little bit. I think she was trying to rub it in with her husband by being nice to me."

Occasionally Frank works for couples whose needs fall at the loonier end of the spectrum.

"A girl calls me one night and says, 'My husband wants you to come over and fuck me.' Well, fine, it's nice to have people be really straight with you on the phone. Then she says, 'Well, it's kind of strange—he's going to be under the bed.' So I think, Oh, he must be an audio freak. He likes to listen to the sounds.

"So when I get there she tells me, 'Okay, we're going into the bedroom and

there's going to be a hole in the bed. He's burned this hole in the bed, and he wants you to place me over the hole while you do things to me.'

"Well, sure enough, there's a hole in the bed, and this guy's underneath it somewhere. I can't even see him. Now, in the process of making love I like to move around and change positions, because it's more fun that way. Well, naturally, if I move around she's going to leave the hole. So I guess he must have moved over and stuck his head up from under the bed to see where we were. Right at that moment I happened to put my head down, and I stuck my thumb right in the guy's eye. I hear this huge owl, and then his wife and I start to giggle. I mean, she thought the whole thing was ridiculous anyway. We got to giggling so bad that we just couldn't go on.

"Amazingly, the guy asked me to come back. The second time he says, 'Look, all I want you to do is put her over the hole and fuck her.' So I said, 'Okay, fine.' I get her in bed, over the hole. We're fucking away, and all of a sudden the bed breaks! It just caves in, falls right on top of him. So that was the end of that experience. I have no idea what happened to the couple, but it was probably the craziest thing that ever happened to me."

In at least one case, the "craziness" of the husband took a turn toward viciousness and violence. Frank remembers it vividly, and with at least a hint of shame. "It was a couple from somewhere in the

Middle East, someplace where the man is the absolute boss. The woman had just gone through a hysterectomy. I really don't know why this guy wanted to do it, because his wife was still recovering from the operation. But he wanted someone to fuck her. He wanted it badly. Well, the woman wasn't interested and I really wasn't either. I mean, I didn't want to hurt this woman.

"It seemed like I was there for a long time, I guess because of all the tension. We finally put her in a chair, and then he used me as an instrument to rape her. That's really what it amounted to. I mean, I didn't hurt her; I was as gentle as I could possibly be, but that's basically what it was. I was an instrument he used to rape his wife.

"Afterward, when he went out of the room, I told her I was sorry. I know it was a little late for that shit, but I had such ambivalent feelings about what was going on... But she kept telling me it was okay, so I felt a little relieved. When I left there I remember thinking, Gee, this couple is doomed."

If Frank is willing to perform such marginal and potentially dangerous acts as rape by proxy, the question then becomes: where does he draw the line? What does it take to get him to say no? Are there any entrees on the sexual menu that he finds disgusting? Apparently, the question comes up far more often with men than with women. "I won't fuck a guy in the ass," he says, "and I won't allow myself to be fucked that way. Also, whatever I'm doing, I always stop short of injury.

"Other than that, I've never really passed the line on anything. I've spanked guys, fist-fucked them, pissed on them, I've gone through oral trips with guys who wanted to be berated or dominated in some way both verbally and physically... But nothing was ever disgusting, okay? There have been things that I thought were hard, like kissing guys, but nothing was ever disgusting."

On the brighter side of things, there are times when Frank actually seems to be doing a social service, when he functions not only as a paid stud but as a sort of amateur sex therapist. "A lot of women," he says, "just want somebody to talk to. They can't talk to their husbands for whatever reason, so they use me as a sounding board. They think that I'm the guy with the experience, so they ask me the questions. Sometimes you have to do a lot of soothing."

But it's not only the women who are in need of comfort and assurance. "I've had to soothe an awful lot of men," Frank says, "who could not get it up when they thought they should. I know how I would feel in a situation like that—here this other guy's fucking my wife's brains out, and then it's my turn and I can't get it up. So I say, 'Hey, this happens all the time. You're not used to having another guy with your wife, you're not used to having somebody watching, and there's a lot of pressure on you.' So I just try to build their



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egos back up a little bit."

Basically, though, Frank is well aware that most of the couples who come to him are struggling through a difficult period in their own relationships. "There's something wrong," he says, "and they're experimenting in the hope it's going to save their marriage." The women in particular seem confused, perplexed. "Sometimes the girl will call me back the next day. She realizes that her relationship is not what she wants it to be, and she doesn't know what to do about it. She just wants someone to talk to."

Occasionally Frank's sympathy moves past the talking stage and becomes downright intervention. "If a guy's really obnoxious," he says, "when he leaves the room I'll try to see if the girl realizes that she doesn't have to put up with all this. I mean, I don't come out and say the guy's a schmuck—you can't do that—but I might say something like, 'Hey, you don't have to do this. He's just a guy, and there are billions of us around.'"

This approach has on at least one occasion produced a surprising twist, in this case with an unmarried couple.

"One woman called me and asked me if she could see me on the side. I said sure. I mean, business is business. So I saw her a number of times by herself. Then one day she called me up and told me she had married her boyfriend. She said, 'Well, he keeps asking me and asking me, so I finally gave in and married him.'"

"Well, she wanted to go on seeing me

on the side. So we talked about it, and I said that maybe it would be a good idea if she put her energies into the marriage and see if it's going to work before she starts seeing me or anybody else. I mean, why get married if you're just going to turn around and get divorced?"

In the end, it seems, very few of these troubled relationships survive, and Frank is ultimately rather uncomfortable with his role as extemporaneous sex therapist. "I'll always talk to them," he says, "but I'm not a trained sex therapist. I always tell them that they shouldn't accept anything I say as the word of God, that I'm only speaking from my own experience. Actually, when you get right down to it, I feel kind of foolish in that role."

It's not hard to see why. Frank himself has to struggle to preserve the one truly important relationship in his own life, a two-and-a-half-year live-in arrangement with his girl friend Jessie. (Actually, they share two apartments—one where Frank does his work, the other where he avails himself of a family life with Jessie and her son.) To make matters even more complicated, Jessie herself was once a working prostitute on the streets of Philadelphia. But she has left "the life" with a vengeance, and now regards it with all the zealous distaste that one usually associates with reformed drunks.

"Jessie does not like my work," Frank says simply, "despite the fact that she used to do it herself. She can handle it better than 99 percent of the people, but she

still gets upset. She seems to think that I don't give her enough sexually. I think she gets it in her head that I'm giving my customers something that I don't give her. It's not true, but that's what's in her head."

The central problem revolves, as these problems often do, around orgasm. "There are times," Frank explains, "when I just don't feel like coming. I'm more excited and more pleased just holding Jessie, kissing her. If we're having intercourse and she comes, that's fine with me. I don't have to go on. But she seems to think that if I don't come I haven't enjoyed it."

Jessie also has a complaint that's more standard among the wives and girl friends of professionals: her man can be called away from her side at a moment's notice. This can be particularly annoying when he is called from her bed to the bed of someone else's wife.

"Jessie was upset yesterday. We were in bed in the morning, and I got a call from a couple. Well, it was Sunday morning and we had invited some friends over. We had to clean up the house, make rigatoni . . . All of a sudden I'm gone, and we both know it's going to be longer than fifteen minutes. Naturally, she's going to get a little upset."

These episodes, which can happen as often as twice a day, put extra pressure on Jessie, and she often turns that pressure back on Frank. "She's very direct," he says. "She wants me out of the life."

Bizarre customers. A disapproving girl friend. A limited future (like athletes, a prostitute's career is very much a function of age, and Frank is now thirty-six). Danger (he's been busted twice). With all these negatives, what is there about this work that keeps Frank going? The satisfaction he delivers to his customers is obvious, but where are the satisfactions for Frank himself?

Apparently, it's not the sex. "If I wasn't in a relationship with a woman," Frank says, "I might be getting my sexual yah-yahs from my work. But since I do have a relationship with somebody that I really love . . ."

There is the money, of course. Although you'd never know it by his low-key lifestyle (he lives in a nondescript, vaguely funky apartment and drives a Japanese sedan), Frank does very well by most standards. Figure-shy for understandable reasons, Frank will admit to working an average of twice a day at a minimum of \$50 a crack. Sometimes the fee with "bonuses" can run as high as \$500. This means a minimum income of roughly \$25,000 a year, with the real take probably much higher. Not bad for an out-of-work accountant.

Then there are the social benefits. Frank is a genuinely friendly, gregarious sort, and he likes to meet people. "Some of them are very interesting," he says. "They're well-to-do—poor people can't afford this sort of thing—and sometimes famous. I've met a few celebrities, sports



figures, music figures, and that's kind of a kick. But mostly it's the idea that each time you meet someone and go through a sexual experience with them, you're growing also."

But more than the money, more than the contacts, it's the freedom and mobility that keep him interested. "I know," he says, "that there's probably not going to be another period in my life when I'm going to have this much freedom. I'm free to wake up when I want to, go to sleep when I want to. I can take vacations when I want to. For example, this summer I went to Russia just because I felt like going. The thing is, I can do that. I don't have to go to my employer and ask permission."

And when all is said and done, how does this ex-accountant, this onetime Newsboy of the Month, assess himself in light of what he has become?

"I'm certainly a different person than I was five years ago. For one thing, I've matured sexually as I've gone along. With all this on-the-job training, I've become sexually confident in a way that I never was before."

"I've grown up pretty fast. I've had to realize that it's not all peaches and cream, and I've had to learn to be careful. I mean, there are strange people out there—you have to look out for cons and bullshit. So you open yourself up to the possibility that things like that can happen."

"But I'm still very tolerant. You have to be tolerant to put up with people's foibles and fantasies. When you're working in an intimate situation with people, it can be very difficult. You have to have a lot of patience with people, you really do."

There is a realism, an almost self-deprecating maturity about Frank's evaluation of himself and his work. Certainly he does not think of himself as either a bedroom Freud or the world's greatest lover.

"It would be easy to sit down and say, Wow, I'm really doing a service. But hey, you know you're just somebody's sexual fantasy, and if you can't satisfy them, they'll satisfy that fantasy somewhere else."

"You know, when I first started doing this I thought, Wow, I'm getting paid to fuck women; I must be really good. But as you continue doing it, it becomes a job. It's still work, no matter how pleasurable. And when you leave that couple behind, you're still there by yourself. You know you haven't done anything fantastic. You've done the job you were hired to do and that's it. Hopefully you've done it well and hopefully you've given some satisfaction. But you're not going to change the world."

And what of the future? What does a thirty-six-year-old professional prostitute do when he finally hangs up his spike?

"I don't know," Frank says. "I do know all this is going to end and I'm going to have to go back to work. I'm just trying to milk this period of my life for all I can. When it ends, it ends. But I'll keep doing it. At least, as long as the phone keeps ringing..."



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EATING WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Where does he like to eat out?

In London, it's the fish places. "I know all the fish restaurants," he says. "Wilton's is okay. But the best is Scott's."

And in New York?

"I never go out," he said. "Well, sometimes. I like to go to Chinese restaurants. But the Italian restaurants in New York are not really Italian. They make changes. I can never understand why. When Americans go to Italy, they like authentic Italian cooking. They demand it. But I've lived now in New York for twelve years, and none of the Italian restaurants make real Italian food."

He shrugged. "You can have pasta in Nanni al Valletto . . . or Gino's . . . But, really, none of them!"

De Laurentiis himself is far from being a glutton. Breakfast is four or five black coffees. Lunch is a tomato salad, perhaps, or mozzarella, or prosciutto—"One or the other. Not all of them"—and even dinner is not substantial. "I am not a big eater," he says. "Like every chef. They cook for friends."

There have been rumors of staff upheavals. But there are always rumors of upheavals. How is the place doing?

De Laurentiis barked a question at an invisible person through an open door. A young woman in black appeared, bearing a flimsy oblong of paper wrenched from the innards of the in-house NCR computer. He scrutinized it closely. It was now just past four o'clock. At three o'clock \$7,575 had been rung up. The average customer spent \$11. By the end of the day, \$25,000 would have been taken in.

De Laurentiis looked almost gleeful. "We stay open till eleven tonight?" he asked the girl in black.

"Ten."

"Only ten?"

"Eleven next week."

"Come!" he said to me, bouncing to his feet. "I give you a test."

The test, to my relief, turned out to be a taste, and the first taste was of an Italian croissant. I munched it standing at the small bar. "You can have a *bicchiere di vino* . . . whiskey," De Laurentiis said. "There is a little bar at Fauchon's in Paris. In Harrod's there are two. Everything is clean . . . nice . . ."

Actually, I didn't have the wine (\$2.50 for the house wine, \$3.00 for the Beaujolais Nouveau), but settled for what De Laurentiis grandiloquently described as "the only good cappuccino in New York." He ordered a soda, saying, "I am abstemious," sipped half of it, and took my arm, urgently. "Come," he said. "We must go to the *Gastronomia*."

The store was full of shoppers, mostly funky West Side chic. Young women in ratty furs carried tote bags in support of public broadcasting. Middle-aged men wore backpacks or floppy tweed hats.

And the crowd parted in front of Dino De Laurentiis with an odd look of semi-recognition, which is not to say that they knew who he was but that he looked somehow, well, *proprietary*. "This is imported directly from Scandinavia," he said, propelling me behind a counter and waving an arm at some smoked fish. He patted a slab of mottled rosy marble. "And this came from Italy. It was designed for us specially."

"Here we have sausage. All sorts of sausage. This is veal. Jewish people, they cannot eat pork, but they like sausage. Here are all kinds of salami. Except with prosciutto." He looked stoical, as though accepting some major misfortune. "It is impossible to import prosciutto. The Food and Drug Administration . . ."

We are now in the Atrium. Pearly light comes in through the Flexan roof. There has been an addition since my last visit. The hooks, midway up the bare brick walls, naked on my last visit, now supported great baroque swags of mauve and brown onion and wrinkled, purple scimitars of dried chili.

"Rice salad! Shrimp! Look how beautiful it is!" Dino De Laurentiis said, his hand still clutching my upper arm, and visibly more enthusiastic by the second. "Beautiful!"

He pointed at a quiche, stuffed with pepperoni, with the zeal of a museum curator showing a favorite predella, picked up a carving knife, and brandished it. "Sometimes this is my lunch," he said. "Just one slice. That is all I need. . . ."

He replaced the knife and moved me toward a counter at the far wall. "Chicken with stuffing!" he exulted. "Everything we do ourself. That is the secret. The kitchen is the heart of the store."

A chef passed us, holding a tray.

"Gnocchi Romanil!" Dino de Laurentiis said, reverently. "Beautiful!"

"Beautifully done, too," the chef rejoiced. "A feast for the eye!"

De Laurentiis's grip on my arm became, if anything, stronger.

"Food is the most important thing in anyone's life," he told me, urgently.

I thought of various of Dino's movies. I thought, briefly, of some of Dino's movie stars.

"More important than love?" I asked.

He spread his hands, as though conveying a benediction.

"More important than anything," he insisted.

Back in the office: one last question.

De Laurentiis has made movies, and he has made food. Does he have any preference between the two?

"It is different," he said, "but fascinating. You need artists to make movies. You need artists to make food. Every big chef must be a bit of an artist."

But food does have certain advantages, it seems.

"In movies, what's done is done," Dino De Laurentiis said, with a certain degree of resignation. "But bread! Bread you can change tomorrow!" 

you think this will hurt our relationship?—
P.L.

Some men are more into the visual aspects of sex and love either to leaf through girlie magazines or to watch porno films. Others like to listen to their girl friends talking "dirty" through the phone or, as in your case, in bed. There are yet others who make obscene phone calls. For every sadist there must be a masochist, so for each talker there must be a listener. I just hope that you don't run out of stories. Soon you may have to start making up stories to keep him happy. Remember my family motto, though: "Never spoil a good story with the truth." One day you may even have to do some fucking on the side in order to gather more material for your talking sessions!

The other day, I received a long-distance obscene phone call from Paris, France. It was 3:00 A.M., I had just made love and was in a very mellow mood. He was making obscene remarks in French. As it was late, I thought the simplest way out of it was to tell him to call back in the morning. The following morning around 10:00 A.M., my friendly French phone caller rang again. He said, "Say something dirty, *s'il vous plaît*," to which I replied, "Cheri, who is making this obscene phone call, you or me?" He turned out to be quite a nice talker and he managed to get me so excited that I masturbated during our conversation, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, my boyfriend was not in the house and I never bothered to tell him about the above incident. However, later on that night, around 10:00 P.M., the phone rang again and my man picked up the receiver.

I heard him answer first in Spanish and then switch to French. He said, "Pardon, I'm afraid you have got the wrong phone number" and he was just about to hang up when I grabbed the phone from his hand, yelling at him. "Give it to me—that must be my obscene phone caller!" By that time the phone had gone dead.

Some nights when I'm with a man, I call up friends who I suspect are in bed with their lovers. It's fun when all of us end up doing the things we suggest to each other on the phone. I may even talk to the bachelor's girl and instruct her how to suck cock.

I remember one of my phone ménage à quatre's very well. I had just had marvelous sex for about two hours with one of my lovers, Jean-Paul. We were chatting in bed when I said something about one of my girl friends, Loretta, and how I had taught her the fine points of nipple kissing. Jean-Paul got so turned on by my kissing his nipples that we finally called up Loretta, who was in bed with one of her girl friends, and Jean-Paul and I proceeded to give her a refresher course. 

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JOHN LENNON: THE LAST YEARS

Since his death, the true story of John Lennon's final, darkest years has been shrouded in myth and mystery. Unable to write music, jealous and violent towards his newborn son, Sean, alienated from Yoko, no longer with girlfriend May Pang, John lived a lonely, cloistered life in his rambling apartment in Manhattan's legendary Dakota. John Green, hired as a tarot card reader by Yoko Ono in 1975, reveals what really happened to rock's legendary master before his untimely assassination in 1980. Excerpted from the forthcoming book *Dakota Days*, to be published by St. Martin's.



BART BARTHOLOMEW/BLACK STAR

PAROLED—AT YOUR PERIL

Parole boards have a spectacular failure rate. One in every four freed convicts lands back in prison within three years. Nearly one half are returned within six years, frequently for offenses much more serious than their original ones. All of which leads investigative reporter John Godwin to conclude that parole board decisions are little more than guesswork, and not very intelligent guesswork at that. Today nearly half as many convicts are on parole as are in federal and state prisons. No wonder four states have abolished parole, and many others are about to follow.



DAVID MONTGOMERY

SECRECY IN THE ROYAL FAMILY

Few institutions surround themselves with such an air of mystery; indeed, employees must sign nondisclosure agreements. Yet this CIA-like secretiveness has done little to quench the world's seemingly endless thirst for information about the British royal family. For twelve years Stephen Barry lived and worked in Buckingham Palace as valet to Prince Charles. Shortly after he resigned in 1981, he began writing a book about his experiences, the recently published *Royal Service* (Macmillan and Company). Now Barry lays bare the pageantry and pomp of the monarchy in an exclusive *Penthouse* interview with writer Peter Manso that breaks the ancient code of silence. He talks about the *real* Prince Charles; the affair between randy Prince Andrew and Koo Stark; and, of course, Diana, who some see as a self-centered "brat," others as merely a rich innocent in over her head.



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THE RUSSIA NOBODY KNOWS

Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* correspondent Harrison E. Salisbury explains why our so-called foreign policy experts so often misunderstand the Soviet Union and its leaders. Rather than trying to construct a Marxist-Leninist "blueprint" of the Soviets' intentions, Salisbury argues that there is a "real, living Russia, which has changed remarkably little despite sixty-five years of Communist rule." In this article, which is adapted from his new autobiography, *Journey for Our Times* (Harper & Row), Salisbury draws on his many years behind the Iron Curtain to paint a powerful portrait of the eternal, unchanging nature of the Russian soul.



APHRODITE'S PLAYTHINGS

At last, contributing editor Nick Tosches answers all the questions that Richard Dawson will never ask on "Family Feud." Which people came up with the first dildo? The first double-headed dildo? What language has the grandest and most concise sexual vocabulary? Who invented the first electric vibrator? What do you call a Roman cock ring? Who wrote *Venus in Furs*? (Hint: his name is the source of the word *masochist*.) The ostrich plume was what great queen's favorite turn-on device? All this—and more—will be revealed.

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